



ATALANTA



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MISS MARY FOX.

From the Picture by G. F. WATTS, R.A.



OCTOBER 1891 TO SEPTEMBER 1892.



PUBLISHED AT

5A PATERNOSTER ROW

EDITOR

28 NEW BRIDGE STREET

LONDON



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LOVE AND LIFE.

After the Picture by G. F. WATTS, R.A.

ATLANTA

VOL. V.

OCTOBER, 1891.

No. 49.

OF LOVE AND LIFE.

HER feet are set on a rugged way,—
The barren height
Climbs ever upward into the grey
Dim cloud of night.

No respite now till the far-off quest
Be hardly won,
For Life, the Pilgrim, knows not rest
From sun to sun.

Her steps may shrink from the sharp, rough stone,
But they turn not back ;
With fainting soul she must brave alone
The bitter track.

Ah, no !—Look up where an angel stands,—
As a god's his face,—
He reaches forward protecting hands
With pitying grace.

Wherever his sheltering wings are spread
All troubles cease,
The weariest path is soft to tread,
Pain melts to peace.

He guides Life's going with tender care
To the heights above ;
She is safe for ever if he is there,—
Immortal Love.

MARY MACLEOD.

A BATTLE AND A BOY.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD,

Author of "One Summer," "Guerni," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE cattle-market occupied the town common; the child-market was round the corner in the Bach Strasse. Burly peasants, in long coats, red waistcoats, and high boots, tramped with a weighty air from one to the other, and it would be difficult to say which was the noisier—where the children's shrill tones were continually raised in eager bargaining, or where the poor beasts, unable to make terms of themselves, yet lifted up their voices in loud but futile protest against such indignities as thumps in the ribs, having their jaws stretched to the verge of dislocation, and their legs pulled about in attitudes at variance with the laws of their anatomy.

Down the very middle of the long rambling street a mere thread of a brook came rushing and leaping impetuously, trying to overflow its rough board barriers. It was strong, and swollen with spring rains and the melting of ice and snow in the mountains, and made as much noise as if it thought itself a river. Franzl Reiner, kneeling by the swift water, sailed chip boats—some with masts and some without—as diligently as if he had come to the Ravensburg child-market for this sole purpose, and as if his future bread and butter depended upon his skill in this branch of industry.

In all his eleven years he had never seen so many men and women together, so many cattle, and heard so many voices as that day at Ravensburg. At first he had been bewildered by the uproar and strangeness. The animals, indeed, looked familiar and homelike; there was a warm barn-yard smell which he found rather comforting, and he felt inclined to remain near an affable cow that manifested a certain placid pleasure in his society. But the people and children pushed on to the Bach Strasse in front of the Golden Lamb

Inn, and a horse-dealer had sent him along with a slap on the shoulder, and a rough—

"Colts sold here; good-for-nothing boys down there!"

The children formed in a compact little army, until their ranks were broken by people pressing in with sharp questions and scrutiny. Franzl stood for a while on the outskirts of the crowd, uncertain of his course. Feeling shy, he looked sullen and defiant, and scowled at every one whose glance he met, not in the least from ill-will, but rather from a vague instinct of self-defence. Nudging with a prompt elbow every mortal who by chance or with intention nudged him, returning with liberal measure all the amenities of children with which the unregenerate small boy makes the acquaintance of his peer—grimaces, motiveless blows, inconsequent efforts to trip up and knock down—he listened awhile to the others, heard the old hands among the children glibly boasting what they could do, and where they had been, how they had kept cows and sheep on the hill-slopes, how they could scour and run and dig. "Buy me! buy me!" they cried shrilly. But it was all rather confusing; and as nobody happened to inquire what his special accomplishments were, or seemed to desire his services, he gradually withdrew from the greed and turmoil of the market-place, and finally forgot it, devoting his energies to the navigation of chips—for it was really a splendid brook.

Meanwhile, if Franzl was oblivious of his duty to secure a good situation—to "sell" himself, as they say in Ravensburg—for the child-market has its queer idioms as well as Wall Street—the din behind the careless little mountaineer proved that others were less indifferent to their worldly advantage. The swarm of boys and girls was of all ages and sizes; and though some were pale and

sickly, for the most part they were as rosy and clear-eyed as if the Pied Piper himself had led them, dancing to the tunes of his magic pipe, over the hills and far away from their mountain homes in Switzerland and the Tyrol. The truth is, they had been regaled by nothing so merry and melodious. They had patiently trudged many a weary mile to the Ravensburg spring fair. Those of them who had had the occasional privilege of dangling their heels from the back of some jolting cart had deemed themselves lucky. They had been glad of every crust of coarse bread given them on the way; had regarded a few cold potatoes as a feast, and a swallow of bitter beer as a rare boon.

Timid little girls of eight or nine were making their first venture in the great world—a somewhat immature age, it must be confessed, for gaining an independent livelihood and establishing oneself permanently. But nothing makes an experienced maid-of-all-work of a baby of nine quicker than seven or eight younger brothers and sisters, and it is astonishing how motherly and painstaking even a boy becomes when necessity compels from him unceasing domestic ministrations. Where mouths are many and pence are few, the senior infant acquires a goodly amount of routine; and when Number Two becomes nearly as expert, Number One is sent to trade her experience and accomplishments at the child-market. Here the smallest human mite is in demand; for perhaps some childless woman, inspired by practical, not sentimental, motives, has come to hire a little girl, or some hard-working young mother wants a child to tend the baby while she looks after the farm, her husband, and the men.

Large bold girls and boys of fourteen or fifteen, who had been there before, knew how to bandy rough jokes to amuse the bystanders, and in the matter of a sharp bargain were a match for the williest old peasant of them all. A keen-faced big boy stood with his arm thrown round his little brother, making brilliant terms for both, but the timid little fellow invariably hesitated to ratify the bargain. If a boy was quick to seize an advantage, and ready with his tongue, the children were glad to avail themselves of his oratorical talent, and he frequently had a large clientèle. For the boys and girls, while sometimes coming in little herds, with a man in charge like

sheep with a shepherd, were often alone and rarely accompanied by their parents. People so poor that they are forced to send young children on such an errand, have obviously little time or money to spend on journeys. There were, therefore, few partings at the child-market. The little ones had shed their tears, or gulped them down, according to their size and sex, at home. They had left behind all that they knew and loved, and, being poor hard-working little souls, had come to cast their lot among strangers, to find somebody who had need of their young strength, who wanted an extra pair of willing feet—a cowherd, a shepherd, a goatherd, a goose girl, or help in rough work in cottage or field. But whatever was the especial purpose for which they sold themselves, it was for the hardest possible work and the smallest possible pay. The most rose-coloured hope which each child privately entertained was that he would get more to eat in his new quarters than he had ever had at home.

Peasants from all the fertile shores of the Lake of Constance, from Bavaria, Baden, Austria, and Switzerland, strode about, each speaking the dialect of his region, many wearing the old costumes which, although going rapidly out of date, are still worn on Sunday and special occasions. They come to buy, to sell, to see acquaintances and what was going on. Some sought a good horse, some a cow, others a sturdy boy or girl. It was easy to detect a rich farmer, for he was apt to take himself and life with becoming gravity. There was always a dense crowd by the horses, another round the children, and everywhere was a continual commotion, a neighing, a loving, a bleating, scolding, quarrelling, and laughter, tramping in and out of the inns, where every bargain was concluded by a mug of beer; above all, the shrill treble of the children, "Buy me! buy me!"

Franzl knew that the brook was born in the mountains as much as he himself. Only a mountain brook could spin along like that. Theirs on the hill behind the cottage went faster still, and clearer, and foamy over the rocks. Yet, for a mountain brook that had somehow got caught between boards in the middle of a town street, this was a fine fellow, travelling on quite unconcerned, with a brave and merry spirit of its own. All of which Franzl felt in a vague, general way, and with a sense of approval and companionship.

He shaped his masts carefully, and was no more concerned about his future than the most frisky colt round the corner.

A red-haired boy strolled near and watched him. Franzl scowled and rose. The other boy was not dressed precisely like the boys of Franzl's native valley, and was a stranger—reasons enough, as all the world knows, for mistrusting and disliking a person at first sight. A mast would not stand. The boy at Franzl's elbow sniggered; whereupon he punched the tempting red-head to get it out of the way, and the owner returned the blow with the quickness of thought. After which silent interchange of courtesies that made them feel better acquainted and more friendly, Franzl continued to make boats and the other to watch with benevolent interest.

"Pauli! Pauli!" called a woman, coming rapidly toward them. She wore a red plaid shawl over her head and pinned under her chin, and in addition a man's hat, but small eccentricities of toilette were too frequent to be conspicuous at the Ravensburg market. The children glanced up as she approached.

"How can you be idling there, Pauli, when you haven't sold yourself yet? There's a fat Allgauer dairyman who wants to look at you. Josef is already in the 'Lamb' with his Baden peasant. Ach! it is far from us—Baden! And little Vroni—the woman says she'll be easy with her; but dear, dear, who knows? I don't fear for you, Pauli. You are slow and steady, like me, and willing to keep at your work, whether things are rough or smooth. But Josef takes after your father, being sometimes sulky tempered. If they drive him, he won't work well; but if they'll coax a bit, he'll slave his fingers to the bone for them; but how will they know that, the strangers? And my little Vroni, that's the worst! Twenty marks is all they'll give; but if they are easy with the child—well, well! Come, Pauli!"

Franzl dropped his boat and looked gravely after them. He was rather sorry to have Pauli go.

The woman was very poor, and had not yet sold her Pauli. Why should she bother about other folk's boys? she thought. But her good heart made her turn again and say:

"Are you sold?"

"No."

"Do you want a place?"

"Yes."

"Are you here alone?—nobody to look after you?"

"I'm taking care of myself," said Franzl, with dignity.

"I should think you were! All saints give us patience!" she exclaimed. "These boys! There you cut chips, while the best places are taken behind your back. What will your poor mother say to that?"

Franzl did not reply. He dug his heel hard into the ground, swallowed a big choking lump that he now and then felt in his throat, and tried to squeeze away a hot sensation behind his eyes.

Pauli's mother cast an anxious glance at the crowd, caught the eye of her fat dairyman, pointed at Pauli, gesticulated frantically, giving her patron to understand that she was coming in a moment, was somewhat but not wholly reassured by his nod, then turned with impatience to the senseless child taking her time and attention at so critical a moment.

"Where's your mother?" she demanded harshly.

"Dead," muttered Franzl, his voice queer on account of the lump.

"Where is your father?" she asked gently.

"Dead."

"What! both of them? Oh! oh!"

"He died first. He was hunting chamois with the strangers. He never came back. Nobody ever found him. He's down a cliff somewhere."

"Well, well, that is bad luck! This is a world!"

"And your mother?"

"She was always missing him; then she got worse; then she died," said the child unsteadily, digging his heel deeper into the earth.

"Lately?"

"Last week."

"And you've no family at all?"

"Yes, I have, too. I've got some family," he returned, with a flash of resentment and a surprising change of demeanour; but he did not communicate the fact that his entire family consisted of a queer little flannel bundle, with a face that puckered, and ten pink toes.

"Well, well," she returned, with a benevolent but somewhat vague attempt at consolation, "it will be all right sometime," though what was going to be right she did not intimate; "and I'm glad you've got a family after all."

"I have," Franzl declared stoutly, and smiled for the first time—a bright warm smile, which Pauli's mother liked.

"You come along with me," she said briskly. "Your poor mother never wanted you to be dawdling here; and if I was dead, I'd be much obliged to anybody who would look sharp after my Pauli when he needed it."

Without more ado, she grasped his hand and moved toward the market, a boy on either side. Franzl went willingly enough, cheered by her protection and control.

"Now, Pauli, there's your fat dairyman. Run along and tell him what you did last year, and that you'll suit him. Speak up!—don't be bashful! I'll be there as soon as I find little Vroni. She'll be lonesome without me. But there, how like an old fool I talk! She'll have to get used to being lonesome. And twenty marks isn't much. Holy Saint Josef, this *is* a world! Here I am selling three children, and a strange boy too, without any father or mother. What's your name?"

"Franzl Reiner."

"Now, Franzl, you be a good boy and sell yourself as fast as ever you can. I'll be along as soon as I find Vroni. In a crowd like this you could lose your own soul and never know it. And I must speak a word to Josef. He's a good child, but sometimes he's sulky. He takes after his father. Franzl, in the first place, listen a bit. If you had listened instead of playing, you would have sold yourself long ago; for you are a fine strong boy, Franzl. Hear what the others say. Good Lord! some of those children would sell themselves to the Kaiser before he knew it, and talk him stone deaf. Their tongues go like mill-wheels."

Franzl, although not critical, thought that her own tongue was not stiff.

She had elbowed their way well into the noisy throng.

"Now you stand here in the middle, and listen with all your ears, and find out what's going on, and look as big as you can; and if anybody wants to buy you, talk away as bold as a lion, but don't promise anything till I come back. I'll be along as soon as I've looked after Pauli and Josef and Vroni."

On she went with her intrepid elbows, and presently he lost sight of the red shawl pyramid, crowned by the man's hat.

Thus admonished, instructed, and initiated by his new friend, transplanted from the byways of sloth to this great centre of speculation and business, Franzl, who was by no means dull or lazy, felt excited and interested, eager to begin operations, and determined to do well for himself. The touch of human sympathy had melted his defiance and loneliness. No longer scowling and suspicious, he stood alert and sunny, calling, "Buy me!—buy me!" with his fresh young voice, and awaiting his fate.

CHAPTER II.

FRANZL'S fate presently stalked up to him in the shape of a Suabian peasant, who scrutinised him as narrowly as if he were a horse. The solemn ruminating gaze wandered slowly over Franzl's waistcoat, the broad leather belt, the short tight trousers, the stockings that began too late and ended too soon—for they did not approach the bare brown knees or the ankles—the heavy shoes with nails in the soles, and on the curly brown hair the pretty green pointed Tyrolean hat, beneath which the spirited face looked up curiously. His clothes were old, faded, patched, and shabby, but they were the Sunday suit his mother had made for him long ago, and constituted his entire wardrobe. Some of the children laid on the ground before them small bundles containing all their worldly possessions. Franzl's march had been impeded by no such weight.

"Tyrolean—hm!" said the man.

The portentous "Hm!" puzzled Franzl. It sounded disparaging; and he did not yet know enough of trade to understand that stupid people think it sharp to underrate the value of the wares they wish to buy.

"From the Venter Thal," he replied.

"Hm, hm!" repeated the peasant.

"It's a splendid valley," Franzl returned haughtily, offended that anybody should "Hm!" at his home. "It's got snow-mountains, high ones, the highest in the world; and rocks, big ones, the biggest in the world; and chamois, more chamois than there are anywhere else in the world."

The man stared, but otherwise paid no attention to these boasts. He was taciturn as Pauli's mother

was loquacious. He puffed slowly at a long brown curving pipe, and measured the boy from head to foot.

"Ever been out to work?" he finally asked.

"No."

"What can you do?"

"Anything any other fellow of my size can, I suppose."

The peasant felt the boy's arm and gave his shapely legs a few investigating slaps, looked well at the multitude of children to satisfy himself anew that there was no healthier boy on the ground, and again uttered his enigmatic "Hm!" Franzl did not mind it now; he concluded it was part of the business.

"Can you engage for a year?"

Poor homeless Franzl might have replied that he could engage himself for a dozen years, since there was nobody to miss him; but he merely said—

"Don't mind."

"Family?"

"Yes," said Franzl, cheerfully, "I've got some."

"H'm! they'll let you alone, will they? They won't be coming after you?"

"No danger," returned the boy, reflecting that it would be long before those ten pink toes would be coming after him.

A circle had formed round them, for the peasant was known as a man of means and importance and a good judge of cattle. He had inspected several boys that morning without finding an article to his taste. He was so slow, he gave one the impression that he expected to live a thousand years at least, and was paid by the hour for deliberating. While he stared, Franzl counted the silver buttons which, in long dazzling rows, adorned the farmer's portly person.

"I'll give you thirty marks," he proposed.

Franzl felt disappointed and mortified. Why, the woman's little Vroni would earn twenty—a girl—and he a big boy of eleven; as big and strong as some boys of thirteen. Confused at the unflattering estimate of his powers, and indifferently waited for his answer.

Suddenly, at a little distance behind the peasant, Pauli's red head and friendly freckled countenance bobbed into view, and nodded infinite encouragement. With frantic gestures, grins, and disrespectful grimaces at the peasant's broad back, Pauli swung his arms like windmills and silently cheered Franzl on to victory.

The pantomime might have been unintelligible to the mature and sedate, but it was not to Franzl, to whom it said—

"Go on, old fellow! You're all right. He's a fraud. We'll manage him."

Support and sympathy from an old and intimate friend for so Pauli seemed at this crisis—did Franzl's heart good, and set his wits working.

"Why, they always begin low down," he remembered. "That's what I've been hearing all the morning. What a fool I was to forget!"

It struck him that it would take less time and trouble if people would say at once how much they would pay, instead of beating about the bush so long. He did not quite know what he was worth—a nice question, indeed, for any one at any time to decide for himself—more than Vroni, he was sure, but less than Pauli, who, having been bound out before, belonged to the aristocrats of the market, and could put on airs toward novices. Franzl was on the point of declaring he would not take a penny less than fifty marks, when he saw Pauli hold up eight fingers, and make hideous contortions with his mouth.

Franzl understood, and was much excited.

"He means eighty marks. But that's what the very biggest fellows have." Bits of talk and haggling which he had heard with indifference now recurred to him. "Oh yes, he must come up, and I must come down. It's a kind of hide-and-seek. He hides; then I hide."

A merry-looking girl of fifteen or sixteen had joined Pauli, also another boy. All three telegraphed by private wire to Franzl that he must say "eighty." "Eighty," he said boldly; but he felt queer, somewhat as he had once felt when he was a very little boy and his father had told him to jump from a rock into a green, deep lake. He thought it was plain enough how he would get into the water, but how it would be down there, and how he would ever come up again—that was what he did not grasp. This, too, was a leap into the unknown; still he said "eighty" in response to his privy-counsellors.

"Thirty-five," the peasant offered stolidly.

"Here we come," Franzl thought, "one toward the other, like two donkeys crossing a bridge." But he was in good spirits now, and roused to do his best.

With his hands behind him, and making himself

as tall and manly as possible to increase his market value, he exclaimed:

"Thirty-five marks for a big boy like me! You must be joking: you mean seventy-five."

The Council of Three grinned approval. Pauli waved his windmill arms.

Observing Franzl's bright face looking often in one direction, the peasant turned to discover the attraction; but, as his rotund figure revolved slowly upon its axis, he saw nothing but people moving about intent on their own affairs, and three most innocent figures, with heads thrown back, and eyes fixed upon the ancient tower, like connoisseurs, lost in contemplation of its architectural charms.

"Forty," he said, "and it's more than you are worth. Forty marks is a good deal of money nowadays," he remarked solemnly, and looked at the bystanders. His assertions met with sympathy.

"That's true," somebody responded. "Forty marks is a good deal of money. It doesn't grow on every bush."

"Say seventy, and I'll begin to listen," returned Franzl; but it was difficult for him to command his lordly tone, for forty marks seemed a fortune to him.

"Forty," reiterated the peasant. "Forty is my price."

Franzl hesitated. Over the private wire again came sound advice from experienced heads.

"Say sixty; then come down to fifty, and hang on for your life."

Franzl obeyed the instructions conveyed by one animated and expressive "code."

"Sixty," he called boldly.

The peasant puffed some time, regarding Franzl's lithe, strong legs. It was those legs he wished to employ. They were the best ones on the market that day. Since they could run, they had been trained in the mountains to climb and spring, and were sure-footed as a goat, while above them were an unusually deep broad chest, for a growing boy, and perfect lungs.

"He is worth a hundred marks and more to me," reflected the peasant. "I'll give him fifty;" for he would not have enjoyed a golden crown in paradise unless he could feel that he had bought it for half price.

Meanwhile the allied juvenile forces and the

enemy had arrived at the same conclusion. They were all determined upon fifty marks—the three children because they had their special tariff, and fifty marks was the highest price which a new boy under fourteen could obtain; Franzl because they had inspired him with confidence, and it is always pleasant to have one's value set at a high figure; the peasant because such a boy was dirt-cheap on such terms. Nevertheless, the peasant proposed forty-two, and Franzl came down slowly to fifty-eight; and there they remained balancing some time, before they would deign to make further concessions.

Finally, after a great deal of unnecessary shilly-shallying, they arrived by reluctant degrees at fifty, which made all parties secretly triumphant, particularly the conspiracy of Labour against Capital.

If Franzl had been uncertain as to the delicate matter of self-evaluation, he was quite at his ease with respect of certain practical privileges which it was now his task to secure from his new master, and scarcely needed Pauli's lively suggestions from the background.

"You'll give me two suits of clothes"—what he really said was "double clothes"—"a Sunday suit and a workday one?"

The peasant demurred, and wrapped himself in smoke and silence to apparently consider the question; but this again was merely his idea of manners and dignity, for every child thought of evading. "Yes, two suits," he agreed, at length.

"Whole suits," persisted Franzl—"jacket and trousers and waistcoat?"

After another season of profound meditation, the peasant responded:

"Whole suits."

"And two pairs of shoes?"

The peasant puffed a while—stolid, inscrutable, and as important as if the fate of the Triple Alliance depended upon his answer.

"Two pairs of shoes," he repeated.

"Shoes made out of shoe-leather?" Franzl stipulated gravely.

The peasant nodded assent, and the bystanders laughed; but Franzl was quite serious. He had seen shoes made of wood, of felt, of carpet, even of an old coat, and he intended his should be out-and-out shoe-leather shoes, and no mean woolly imitations.

"And school in the winter, Franzl—three months' school," prompted Pauli's mother, who had listened to the closing conditions. Neither party to the sale looked as grateful as he ought for this judicious suggestion—the farmer because he did not want to lose so much of the boy's time, and Franzl for reasons which need not be dwelt upon, since they are evident to every eleven-year-old boy, unless he be a little John Stuart Mill, who, at the age of three, preferred Greek to toffy.

Franzl did not look elated, and something in his eyes expressed the wicked intention of shirking school if he could; but Pauli's mother came forward valiantly, leading little Vroni.

"Now you must let him go to school, you know. Boys must have their schooling. My Pauli and my Josef will have their three months' school. Speak up, Franzl, and say you want to go to school. Fifty marks is good, and the clothes and shoes and everything is all right, except the school. I've walked three days from beyond Bregenz," she confided to the peasant's immovable countenance, "and I've sold three children this morning, and I ought to start for home again; for my man's got a broken leg—broken in two places. I suppose he couldn't help breaking it just at this busy time, with the spring coming on, but it does seem as if men made all the trouble they could. I've got five children younger than Vroni here. This is a world! That's why I have to sell some of them. I don't fear for Pauli. He's steady as a mill, like me. But Josef takes after his father, being a bit sulky in the temper, and strangers won't know how to humour him; and little Vroni—well, well, they say they'll be easy with the child—it's only twenty marks she gets. If you have eight children, you know, and a man with a broken leg—broken in two places—spring's an inconvenient season for broken legs. But it's as much of a pull letting them go off among strangers as if you had only one. Nobody knows what they will find off there. It's as bad as getting married—which is mostly pretty uncertain. I ought to be off. It's no use waiting, now they are all sold. You will let Franzl go to school, won't you? It's his right, you know."

She might as well have addressed herself to the town pump, so far as sympathy and response were concerned. But, happily, all that she required was a listener: the sympathy and response she

herself could provide. Undaunted by the peasant's phlegm, she went on energetically:

"I'm looking a bit after Franzl. I told him I'd see that things were all right. He's got a family, but they couldn't come with him. They want him to go to school. It isn't respectable not to get an education when you're young and not good for much else. Speak up, Franzl; say you want three months' school. Tell him your mother wouldn't want you to miss school."

Franzl flushed, and without more delay muttered ungraciously:

"Well, school, then?" and the peasant grudgingly agreed.

The bargain was now completed. Franzl Reiner was bought and sold, and duly registered. He submitted his papers, which the peasant examined with his phenomenal slowness, then fished from the depths of a leathern purse as long as a stocking a five-mark piece, which he gave the boy in proof of good faith. It was a large heavy coin. Franzl longed to examine it; but the older boys were watching him, and pride led him to drop it carelessly into his pocket.

Little Vroni, however, was more guileless, and worked to unclasp her mother's fingers, which held a similar but smaller coin.

"There, little one," she murmured, in her loving and pretty dialect, "thou seest it, my child. It is thine. Mother will put it away, that it may not be lost. And here is thy woman coming for thee. It is time to go. Be good, Vroni. Mother will come for thee some time. Run along, child."

She gave the little girl a slap on the shoulder; did not kiss her—peasants have not much time to kiss their children; did not shed a tear, as Vroni, somewhat dazed by her vast experiences that day, led by the strange woman, walked out of the crowd and turned the corner of the street, without once looking back. The mother watched, dry-eyed, until the small figure was out of sight, then dropped upon a bench in front of the "Lamb," flung her apron over her face, buried her head in her hands, rocked to and fro, and sobbed and mourned for her children. But tears were a luxury which she could not afford long at a time.

"Lord! this is a world!" she muttered.

As she looked up with her wet red eyes, Pauli stood near, troubled and awkward, and Franzl hesitated at the door of the inn.

"Oh, you boys," she exclaimed, with a strange outbreak of irritation, "mind that you behave yourselves; mind that you are steady and decent, and grow into something worth having. Men folks do an awful lot of harm, and women folks have the worst of it, mostly. But there, what do you know about it? Off with you, Pauli. Josef's gone; Vroni's gone. She stood, smoothed her apron, rubbed the back of her hand roughly across her eyes, and prepared to start on her homeward journey. "Behave yourself, Franzl. Good-bye, Pauli. There is nothing more for me to do here, and there's enough work waiting somewhere else."

She turned from him, suddenly looked back, a word of tenderness in her rugged face.

"You've been a good steady boy, Pauli. You have always worked better than any other boy."

She strode away with the step of a man, and the queer man's hat on her head; in her heart heavy sorrow—the kind, womanly, pitiful heart that, in spite of its own burdens, could care for the interests of a lonely little boy by the wayside.

In the "Lamb," packed close together on benches at long bare tables, sat the peasants and the children who had sold themselves. It was their inalienable right to eat heartily of soup and meat, with beer, as the final ceremony of the market, and the one which they regarded as entirely satisfactory.

Neither Pauli nor Franzl had had a morsel that day, and they fell to in silence and with ravenous appetites, when they found themselves and their respective proprietors sitting before bowls of steaming hot soup. The din of voices, the air dense with the smoke of a score of strong pipes and beer-fumes, could not destroy their zest. Pauli loved his mother honestly, and choked and felt queer when she left him; but he was only thirteen, he could not comprehend her grief or her love; he had never before in all his life had so much soup at once, and this felicity absorbed his being.

When, after a while, the two men moved to a table where great cattle-potentates were discussing prices and pounding with their fists, Pauli remarked with a chuckle:

"Well, we nosed him about!"

"Lucky for me!" returned Franzl.

"Oh, I didn't mind doing a good turn," Pauli

rejoined, with frank indifference. "The mother wouldn't leave you alone. But what I wanted most was to pay him off. He offered me forty marks this morning, and said that was all I was worth. He pretended there was something the matter with my knees. I'm an old boy, and a sixty-mark boy, and when I saw him put his eye on you I made up my mind I'd make the price, and he shouldn't have you for less than fifty. That other fellow was angry with him, too, for some such trick. He and his sister and I, we sold you well. Old Skinflint had to pay fifty. He's rich as a king—ten or twelve cows and no end of vineyards."

Franzl's eyes opened wide at such visions of affluence, but he took exception to Pauli's tone, and remarked loftily:

"Oh, I could have sold myself alone. I was getting on all right."

"We'd better eat all we can stuff," observed the practical Pauli, in no respect moved by Franzl's ingratitude.

Whereupon the boys relapsed into silence and devoured everything that was set before them.

That night, Franzl, wedged between his master and another heavily built man, had his first ride on the railway. The carriage was crowded with peasants smoking their pipes, and talking of the market and prices, and cattle and vineyards and crops. Franzl was wildly excited by the movement, and, although it was an accommodation train of surpassing slowness, he held his breath with delight, and fancied himself flying. He must tell his mother about it, he resolved—the thump-thump, the other motion, and the rushing through the air. She would never believe it. She would say:

"Franzl, thou art a little boy, but a great rogue."

Ah, there was the lump in his throat again. He was always forgetting there wasn't any mother any more. He couldn't run home and tell her anything. She would never smile at him again, never speak again.

The lump grew very big in the smoky dim light. None noticed the homesick, heartsick, tired little boy, squeezed between two broad peasants, the tears rolling down his face.

He wept till he fell asleep, and dreamed a happy dream of the swift mountain-brook foaming down the rocks behind the cottage.

(To be continued.)



DEATH CROWNING INNOCENCE

From the "Garden of Eden" series.

G. F. WATTS, R.A.

"All great Art is Praise."—JOHN RUSKIN

Julia Cartwright

PART I.

IN old times the highest function of art was to inspire worship. The sculptors of the age of Phidias carved their immortal forms on the marbles of Athene's temple. The Florentines and Venetians of the Renaissance painted Madonnas and saints over the altars of their churches. The artist in those days tried to lift up the hearts of men, to set before them "the world where all is beauty," and strive after a divine ideal. In modern times this idea of art has been, as a rule, kept out of sight. Art is held to be the luxury of the rich, the pastime of our idle hours, and its foremost object is to please the eye and amuse the mind. But there are still among us painters who have loftier ends in view—men who, in Millet's words, try to bring the infinite before us. There is, above all, one great master who from first to last has boldly declared that his aim "is not, and has never been, to delight and amuse, but to urge men to higher things and nobler thoughts," to be not only a painter, but a prophet and a teacher.

"Art was given for that.
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out."

If ever there was a painter who lent his mind out to help others, it is George Frederick Watts. "My intention," he tells us, "has been not so much to make a picture that will charm the eye, as to suggest great thoughts that will appeal to the imagination and the heart, and kindle all that is best and noblest in humanity." "Philosophy first, and Poetry afterwards," wrote Robert Browning. Thought

first, and painting afterwards, is Mr. Watts' motto, the key-note of his life-work. And no man has ever pursued his aim with greater earnestness and perseverance. Through the whole of a long lifetime devoted to the service of art, he has never once wavered in his choice or swerved in



G. F. Watts R.A.

GIRL IN ARMOUR.

the slightest degree from the course which he had thus marked out for himself. From the first picture which he exhibited in the year of the Queen's accession to the unfinished design on which he is engaged at the present moment, all his works have been prompted by the same pure motive, the same high endeavour. As Mr. Ruskin has said, "Whatever may be his faults and shortcomings, his aim has always been the brightest and the noblest possible."

But, for the artist's message to be complete, the language in which it is delivered must be perfectly learned. To attain a thorough mastery of form and colour Mr. Watts has spared no pains. His methods are unlike those of other artists. He seldom makes preparatory studies for a picture, but prefers to think his idea out, and set to work on the canvas itself. And he has never wished to rival the skilful realism of the Paris trained student. But, in his own way, he has worked as hard as any artist to perfect his style; and the earnestness and extent of his study have made Mr. Ruskin compare him to the great Athenian painters of whom Plato wrote, "You

know how the intently accurate toil of a painter seems never to reach a term that satisfies him;

but he must either further touch or soften the touches laid already, and never seems to reach a point where he has not yet some power to do more, so as to make the things he has drawn more beautiful and more apparent."

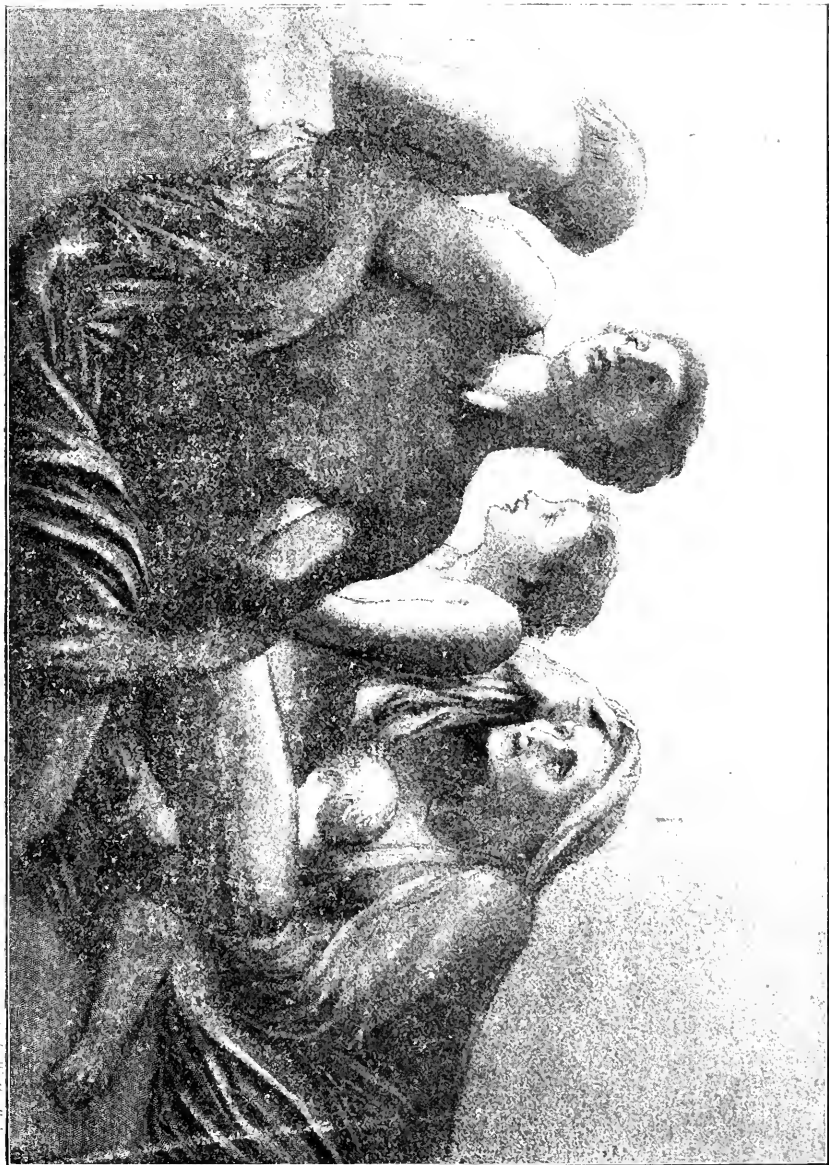
The words exactly describe Mr. Watts' habit of returning to work on his old pictures, and either improving or repainting the actual canvas, or else executing a new and more complete version of the same subject, moved by that passion for perfection which is the surest mark of continual progress.

Of all our great artists, none have owed less to the example and influence of others. From early youth he was his own teacher. As a boy he entered the Academy schools; but, finding no teaching there that was worth the name, he soon ceased to attend, and spent his time in studying the Elgin marbles at the British Museum. The deep and enduring impression which these marvellous works made upon him is

plainly seen in his pictures. The simple grandeur of his forms, the broad sweeping lines and noble



FAITH. G. F. Watts, R.A., pinx.



"THE PEOPLE THAT SAT IN DARKNESS HAVE SEEN A GREAT LIGHT."

by J. H. H. H. H.

attitudes we see there, recall the ideal that was ever present to his mind, and remind us irresistibly of Greek sculpture.

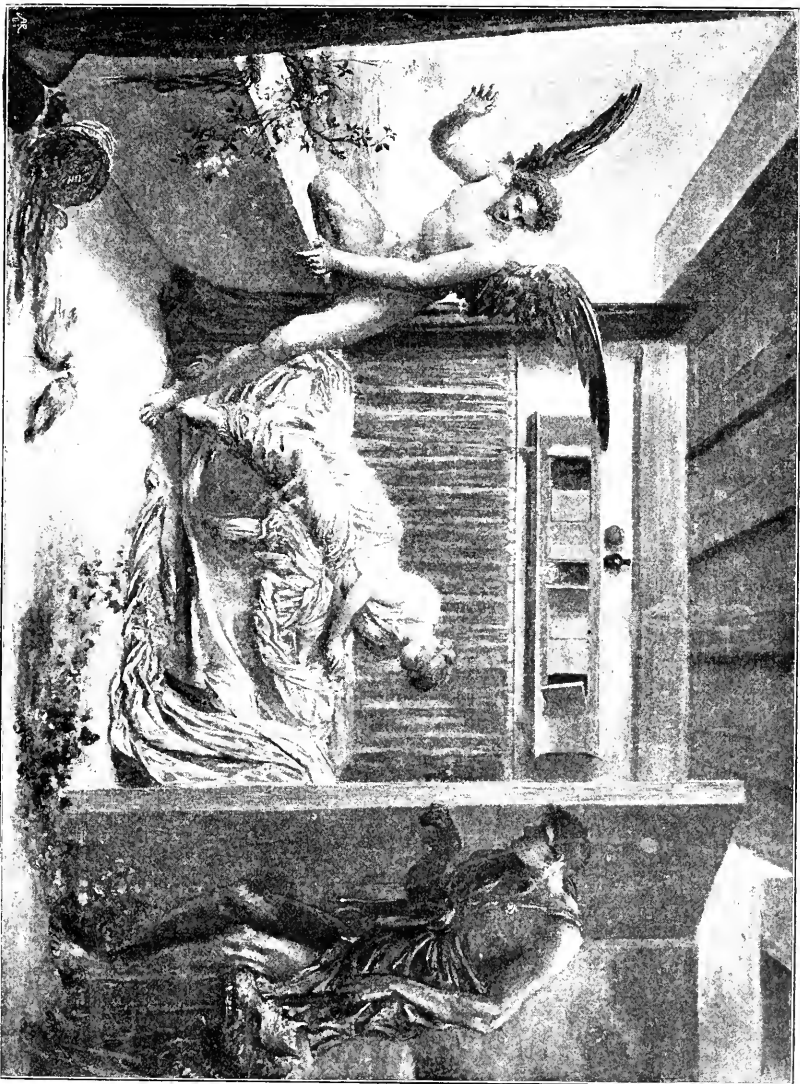
There is a beautiful portrait of the young painter, by his own hand, in these early days. The features are regular and finely cut, and the dreamy eyes are full of poetic fire. It is the very picture of a boy of genius. That genius was soon to find original and independent expression. In 1837 he exhibited his "Wounded Heron" and two portraits at the Royal Academy; and five years later he won a prize of £300 for a cartoon of Caractacus led in triumph through the streets of Rome, in one of the competitions for the decoration of the Palace of Westminster. The money thus earned supplied him with the means to go to Italy, where he spent five years chiefly in Lord Holland's house at Florence, and saw the masterpieces of Italian art. But with characteristic independence, instead of spending his time copying in the galleries, he worked at his own conceptions. In 1846 he sent home a colossal picture of King Alfred inciting the Saxons to meet the Danish fleet at sea. This representation of the first naval victory of England again won a prize of £500, and was followed by another of St. George overcoming the Dragon, painted on commission for a hall in the House of Lords.

The revival of mural painting and the decoration of blank spaces as a means of educating the public taste was, at this time, one great object of his ambition. In spite of the small amount of encouragement which he had hitherto received, he offered to paint the north side of the great hall at Lincoln's Inn without remuneration. This generous offer was gratefully accepted, and, after many delays and interruptions, the fine fresco of the "School of Legislators" was finally completed in 1850. It is the largest painting of the kind in England, being forty feet in height and forty-five in length, and contains upwards of thirty figures. All the great lawgivers of the world are represented, beginning with Moses, who looks up into the face of Justice enthroned between Mercy and Religion, and ending with Edward I. and Stephen Langton. Charlemagne and Alfred the Great are conspicuous figures. Justinian is standing in the centre, with Theodora at his side, and at his feet two scribes are writing down the Code Pandects, which a doctor of the Church and a juriconsult are in the act of delivering to the

representatives of the northern nations. Many of the faces are portraits of living persons. Minos is said to be the Poet-Laureate; Ina is Mr. Holman-Hunt; the lawyer holding the Pandects is Mr. James Spedding; and Justinian himself is Sir William Vernon Harcourt. This noble work, which had suffered considerable damage from the smoke and fog of the London atmosphere, has lately been restored with the utmost care and skill by Professor A. H. Church; and now, for the first time for many years past, its beauties can be once more seen and enjoyed.

A similar offer, which Mr. Watts made about this time, to decorate the hall at Euston Station with mural paintings describing the progress of the human race, was declined by the railway directors, and the artist, thus curbed in his generous zeal for public good, was compelled to seek employment from private patrons. Nor did he meet with much encouragement in other quarters. Already his thoughts were busy with his famous series of allegorical pictures. To build a grand temple decorated by his own hand, and adorned with symbolical designs of the mysteries of life and death, was the dream of the painter's youth. But the opportunity was denied him, and a chance such as seldom comes in a nation's history was thrown away. Stranger still to say, Mr. Watts' ideal dreams met with little sympathy among his own friends and associates. The pre-Raphaelite movement, with Rossetti for its leader and Ruskin for its prophet, was absorbing all the most earnest artistic life of the time, and, highly as these distinguished men esteemed their friend's genius, they looked coldly on his imaginative efforts, and kept their praises for his portraits. The grand picture of "Time and Oblivion" sweeping by in sable skirts—that other brilliant vision of "Life's Illusions," where the youthful knight is seen chasing the many-coloured bubble of fame, and happy lovers and pleasure-seekers gather the rosebuds while they may, were both painted as early as 1848 and 1849. But they met with scant approval, and were looked upon as mere imitations of the old masters and echoes of a worn-out theme. So the painter stood aloof from the world, and, nothing daunted by its neglect, worked on in silence and solitude for many a long year.

One by one Mr. Watts painted those noble poems which abound in profound thought and lofty teaching for all time. A whole philosophy of life is written



WHEN POVERTY COMES IN AT THE DOOR LOVE FLIES OUT OF THE WINDOW.

G. F. Watts, R. I. pinx.

here. On the one hand we see Mammon, the god of this world, throned in his selfish pride, trampling on the bodies of the young and fair, and crushing all the joy out of their lives. On the other, we have the Spirit of Christianity, gathering the children of many Churches under the shadow of her mantle—one fold under one shepherd. Here Conscience, the "dweller in the innermost," looks out from her secret shrine in the depths of the soul and summons us before that bar where we must all some day appear. And here is Time—not as the feeble old man, but as the stalwart youth with stony blue eyes and relentless tread—and at his side, Death, a fair, pale woman, gathering the flowers into her lap with a tender and pitiful smile. Floating above them in the air is Judgment, whose step follows close upon them. In his hand he bears the avenging sword, and the scales in which human deeds are weighed; but his face is hidden from sight, and his secret none can tell. Like the great Florentines of old, Mr. Watts is busy with the thought of death, only that for him Azrael has no terrors. The skull and cross-bones, those grim and ghastly emblems, have all vanished, and in their stead we see the great white robed Angel, who is the consoler of this world's wrongs. The thought is very finely brought out in the large picture called "The Court of Death," one of the grandest and most complete of all Mr. Watts' designs. Here the solemn Angel, robed in a flowing winding-sheet, sits on the ruins of the world, between two attendant spirits waiting on either side to draw back the veil from the unknown. In her lap she bears a little child—type of the new and better life. Before her stands a motley group, obedient to her summons. The soldier at her bidding resignedly surrenders his sword, and the noble puts off his coronet. The cripple and the slave hasten to lay down their burden, and the fair young girl leans her head wearily against the winding-sheet, while the unconscious child plays in its folds, and the lion crouches at the little one's feet—a type of the altered conditions of Death's kingdom. In a smaller and more recent version of the same subject, Mr. Watts has shown us Death and the waiting Angels without the human forms, and with only one other figure—a winged Love sitting on the tomb at the feet of Death, and holding the perfume of the rose, a type of endless life, in his hand. Again we see Death as the messenger of

peace coming swiftly and silently to the tired mortal, who, sick of all that science and books can tell him, cries out in his weariness for rest from his labours. And then suddenly his eyes are opened; and there, standing by his side, gently laying his hand on his arm, is the blessed Angel who bids him come. "Then are they glad, because they are at rest; and so He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be."

Once more, in the touching picture known as "Death crowning Innocence," we have the same great Angel folding the little child in his arms with a love tenderer than that of any mother, and keeping him safe from change and harm. But of all these different images the most beautiful is the famous picture of "Love and Death." Here the figure of Death is draped in white from head to foot. His face is hidden from us as he advances with outstretched arm in his resistless might, all unheeding of Love, the fair-faced boy, who, standing on the threshold of the House of Life, struggles with all his power to bar the way. But alas for poor Love! his efforts are in vain. He is rudely pushed aside—all his bright wings ruffled and crushed in the unavailing fight, and from the door the roses drop withered on the step where the dove moans in her loneliness. Here design and colour are alike perfect. All the details are exquisitely finished, and the onward movement of advancing Death, pitiful, for all its might, is admirably given. It was this picture which made so deep and lasting an impression on the public mind at the first Exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877, and opened many eyes to "the beauty and the wonder and the power" in the works of a painter whose merit as yet had never been fully appreciated. The companion-picture, "Love and Life," is scarcely less beautiful. There, Love is the angel-guide, gently leading tired Life up the rocky path, and helping her over the rough places on her way to the far blue hills of the heavenly country. In another mood and in a lighter strain, Mr. Watts has painted Love, the Idle Child of Fancy, with his bow and arrows, laughing as he sits upon the globe; and again, as the rosy cherub, fishing in the blue waves, or taking to his heels, in the pretty little idyll which has for its motto, "When Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out of the Window." The story is not without its moral: the confusion



LOVE AND DEATH

G. F. Watts, R.A., pinx.



Hopi

G. F. Watts, R.A., *finx*



THE COURT OF DEATH.
(Revised Version.)

of the young wife's household, her tangled skeins and disordered shelves, all help to explain the course of events which have brought Love's young dream to this dismal end.

Faith and Hope, as well as Love, have their places in Mr. Watts' great psalm of life. One of his latest and yet unfinished designs shows us Faith turning from the carnage of battle-fields to bathe her blood-stained feet in the running stream, and listening to the lark's song among the opening flowers, as she looks up into the face of the Great Father. And we are all of us familiar with that wonderful vision of Hope—the saddest and weariest Hope that was ever painted—striking the last remaining string of her lyre as she sits there blindfold in the dim twilight, and bends her head down to catch the faint sound of the music for which she yearns. Not all by chance, it may be, on the wall of the Manchester Exhibition which held so goodly a display of Mr. Watts' pictures this blue-robed Hope was the central figure of the group. For hope is the spring of all his teaching. Sad, unutterably sad, as his deepest thoughts are, oppressed as he is with the common burden of humanity and "the sense of tears in mortal things," his sadness never sinks into despair. Through all drawbacks and difficulties, in spite of failing health, of ideals unrealised, Mr. Watts has never lost his faith and trust in the future, his serene confidence in that

"Far-off, dayne event

To which the whole creation moves."

As we write, the memory of one of his most pathetic pictures comes back to us—the picture of a warrior in gleaming armour, with pale face and straining eyes, looking out into the darkness and asking the oft-repeated question, "Watchman, what of the night?" And through the clouds and the blackness of the night the answer seems to come, "The night is departing; the day is at hand."

Such are a few of the great visions which Mr. Watts has brought before us—visions noble in form and colour, glorified with all the magic of light and shadow and the poetry of atmosphere. His style is grounded on the loftiest traditions of Greek art; but the spirit which animates his dreams is modern to the core, and in these works of his we have the most complete expression of nineteenth-century thought. The same modern sentiment, the same mystic poetry, animate the

pictures which are founded on Greek or Hebrew myths, on the legends of Arthur or the "Inferno" of the Divine Poet. Fata Morgana, the mocking fairy of Boccardo's "Orlando Innamorato" becomes in his hands the image of Fortune ever fleeing from mortal grasp and leading her pursuer a desperate chase over sea and land. The Rider on the White Horse, with the glory on his brow and the light breaking in the eastern sky, as he goes forth conquering and to conquer, is a type of spiritual life and of the final triumph of righteousness. In the smaller version of the subject which the artist has named "Progress," three figures are seen in the foreground of the picture; the one pores over an old manuscript by the light of a dying lamp, the second is busy raking up gold-heaps out of the dust at his feet, while the third, conscious of a larger hope, lifts his eyes heavenwards and sees the vision that is for the pure in heart. In the same way Eve, newly born out of Adam's side, is not only the mother of all living, with the birds fluttering and the flowers bursting into bloom at her feet, but a symbol of humanity stretching out its arms to God. No less suggestive are the designs of the tempted Eve, half buried in the leaves and blossoms of the forbidden fruit, and of Eve repentant, hiding her face against the tree in the agony of her remorse.

Three of Mr. Watts' most strikingly original conceptions have Noah's Flood for their subject. "And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights." Many years ago he painted that pathetic picture of "The Dove flying back to the Ark, with the olive-leaf in its beak," across the wide expanse of grey waters and dreary skies. In the companion-picture, "The Dove that returned no more," the bird is seen resting on a lonely stump which rises out of the receding waters, and the sullen clouds begin to lift from off the surface of the vast sea. And only this year he exhibits a third picture, under the title of "The Forty-first Day of the Deluge." Here not a living creature appears in the picture; only a breaking of yellow light floods the waste of waters as the sun rises from the horizon, and with the return of day the world awakens once more to new life and hope. For vividness of impression, for sense of far-reaching space and atmosphere, these weird scenes can hardly be surpassed. Another of Mr. Watts' grandest conceptions is the awful vision of "The



THE MESSENGER

By J. G. Thompson, 1864



MAMMON.

J. Watts del. pinx.

Wrath of God falling upon the head of Cain, the first murderer,"—a picture now in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy; while in contrast to this tremendous denunciation we have the last scene in Cain's life, where the aged and repentant sinner comes back to die upon Abel's altar, and the light of heaven once more breaks upon him through the dark clouds of avenging justice. But whether Mr. Watts paints Ophelia or the Prodigal Son, whether he takes the gentle Una and her milk white lamb, or Uldra, the lairy of the waters, for his theme, his conception is invariably new and poetic. Even when he illustrates ideas borrowed from other men, he adds some new fancy of his own, as in the picture of "Britomart and her Nurse," where he introduces all the personages of Spenser's tale in the magic mirror behind, and so completes the scene actually imagined by the poet. But it is above all in Greek myths that Mr. Watts' rare faculty of blending the classical and romantic in one is seen. No other painter has ever lingered over these old tales with such deep human sympathy; no one before has ever made them so real and living. Diana stooping from her seat in heaven to kiss her mortal lover; Orpheus clasping his lost Eurydice in the last long embrace as he drops away out of love and life; Psyche, with the sweet pale face and shrinking form, left all alone to grieve

for her lost love and vanished joys; Daphne, the nymph beloved by Apollo, in her glorious beauty beside the laurel-tree; the Three Goddesses coming down through the rainbow-coloured mist to the shepherds of Mount Ida; the Genius of Greek Poetry—these must be numbered among the most perfect creations of modern art.

Of the mediæval subjects, two at least deserve a place in the foremost rank, both for technical completeness and beauty of conception. One of these is the large picture of Sir Galahad standing bare-headed by the side of his horse, in the heart of the forest, gazing with rapt eyes on the vision of the Holy Grail,

"Which never eyes again on earth shall see."

The other is "Paolo e Francesca," beyond doubt the finest rendering of this tragic story that has ever been painted. Here we see the lovers as Dante saw them, whirled together through the black night of space in the passionate embrace which neither death nor hell have had power to loose.

"Come vedi—ancor non m'abbandona."

The expression of Francesca's face—blessed in spite of her irrevocable doom—once seen, can never be forgotten. All the hopeless tragedy of her fate, all the sublime passion of her love and her despair, we feel it as Dante felt it when he fell stricken to the ground, "even as a dead body falls."

"WHERE LOVE IS, THERE IS GOD ALSO."

—Count Leo Tolstoi.

O GOD, in this deep world of ours,
Closed in by field and blue,
Where do the silent portals move
Which let Thy Spirit through?

We strive, and trust to find Thy will
Behind the thing we do;
But self too often hides the doors
That let Thy Spirit through.

And yet, when least aware of Thee,
One word of love rung true
Shall draw us to those portals—while
Thy Spirit passes through.

ANTONIA R. WILLIAMS.

MISS PINKERTON'S PUPILS.

Louisa Foss

LOLA.

THOSE who follow the fashion of the present day, by disparaging all boarding schools, can have had no experience of the "establishment for young ladies" conducted by Miss Pinkerton, assisted by her niece, Miss Octavia. The elder lady, the embodiment of every domestic virtue; the younger, a very "Brown Owl" in wisdom, and mistress of all the arts and the dogies. The house, Laburnam Lodge, was a modest one, but it boasted a garden that many a magnificent mansion might envy, running, as it did, the whole length of a long narrow street in a no longer fashionable quarter of the old town of Plymouth.

It was the year 1850, the time when people were just beginning to breathe again after the agonising terrors of the Indian Mutiny, and many a poor child was brought into their midst without a living creature left upon whom it had any claim. Government did its best in finding schools and refuges for these sad orphans; but the hearts of men and women were torn by being forced to part with these children, whom misfortune or affection had entrusted to their care.

Among the passengers on board the ship which brought the last batch of survivors home was Captain Algernon Lennox, and with him a pale-faced little girl, whom he called Lola. The child's parents had both been butchered, and she probably owed her life to the accident that they had so fallen that their murdered bodies sheltered the little one from view. It was in this terrible situation that Captain Lennox found her, stupified with terror, and overcome by exhaustion and hunger. With her natural trust in an English soldier, the child clung convulsively to him. He could not loosen the little arms which were clasped round his neck, and had to carry her off as best he could, his greatest anxiety being to take her from that scene of carnage. To whom did she belong? Those to

whom he put the question did not know. The station was a small one; it had been surprised by the mutineers, and the English had fallen to a man. There was nothing for it but to take the four-year-old child on with him, he giving a promise that he would look after her.

To relate all that befell the two would be to recapitulate scenes of distress and horror. Suffice it to say that at length the happy day dawned which saw Captain Lennox and his little charge embark on board the "Fiber" for England. "And what are you thinking of doing with her?" was asked by all those interested in the young officer's plans. Captain Lennox's answer did not come very readily. He had no lack of relations; but, having left England when a raw ensign, he and they were strangers to each other. His own kind heart made him feel certain that one of his women-folk would give the friendless child a home; either his sister Jessie, perhaps, who had no children, or Amabel, who had a large family. Already he felt the pang of having to part with the loving little creature who, through his tenderness, had transferred the affection she would have given to father and mother to place it upon him. He was her nurse, her playmate, her teacher. He woke her from her rosy sleep in the morning; at night it was at his knee she lisped the simple prayer the poor mother had taught her. Captain Lennox knew as much about Lola's history now as he was ever to know. The widow of the only other officer at the station had written to say that the rescued child must be the child of Lieutenant Grahame, because her husband, in a letter written a few days before the massacre, had told her that Mrs. Grahame intended going to England with her little girl, and, as they had no relatives, could she recommend a school at which to leave her. The widow—Mrs. Hamilton—deplored that it was not

in her power to offer the child a home; but her health was delicate, her means straitened, she was thankful to live with a relative, so that she could afford to properly educate her now fatherless boy.

Affection had so completely lightened the burden of any expense he might incur through his charge, that Captain Lennox cheerfully contemplated supplementing the Government allowance made to Lola out of his own purse. He had but one care for her—that she should be happy; one wish—that she should not forget him. He had been such a lonely creature all his life, without any one to claim anything from him, that the fact of this helpless little being appealing to, trusting to, leaning on him for everything was a happiness not dreamed of before, and prized so highly that when, having arrived in London, he paid his visit to his sister Jessie with the intention of making his offer of the child to her, he felt that he had come to bestow a great treasure. But Jessie was not the same sister Jessie he had left: the world and its riches had set their hardening seal upon her. "Take a strange child to live with me! My dear Algernon, the thing is an impossibility. In the first place, Robert thinks every child a nuisance, and Indian children are proverbial."

"Then I must appeal to Amabel," said Captain Lennox, showing how greatly he pitied the regret she must feel.

"Well, if she gets among Amabel's family, whatever she may be, I pity her. I may be their aunt, but that does not prevent me speaking the truth. *Of all the little fiends!*—but there, wait till you see them."

Captain Lennox did wait, and then he arrived at the conclusion that he would sooner take the child back to India than let her be with such children or such parents. He had now legally assumed her guardianship, and considered himself as responsible for her welfare as though he had been her father. It was in this difficulty that he wrote again to Mrs. Hamilton, and was by her advised to seek an interview with Miss Pinkerton, and inspect the establishment of that lady.

It was one of Miss Pinkerton's pet stories to relate the, to her, touching incident of the arrival of the young soldier and his little charge.

"After confiding to me her tragic history," she would say, "he told me of his difficulties, but in such a simple way that my heart melted towards

him; when I wanted to speak, only tears would come; but, stupid in me as I then felt it, I do not think he thought the worse of me, and the climax was reached when the dear child herself ran in from the garden, saying, 'Nonny'—from his name being Algernon, that is what she calls him—'I like this place; they've got lots of room—let us stop here.' The girls had taken to her at once; they had shown her their pets and their own particular little gardens; and Captain Lennox said that in an hour she was more at home with us than he had seen her anywhere; and when he went away the matter was settled: Lola was to be left in our care."

When the time of parting drew near, Captain Lennox consulted with Miss Pinkerton how he should best save the child from sorrow. "Shall I bid her an ordinary good-bye, as if I was coming back immediately?"

On such an important matter Miss Pinkerton deemed it wise to call for the counsels of Miss Octavia.

"Decidedly not," said that lady. "So far Lola trusts you implicitly: we must do nothing to endanger that belief in her. I think it a mistake not to treat children as reasoning beings—to, at least, try and explain to them why we are compelled to make them suffer."

And following Miss Octavia's advice, on the evening of a, to Lola, very happy day, when Nonny had never said "No," but had done everything as she asked him, the four found themselves assembled in the drawing-room of Laburnum Lodge, with a shadow of coming sadness resting on them. Nonny looked very grave; tears stood in the eyes of dear kind old Miss Pinkerton, while Miss Octavia quietly lifted the little girl on to her knee.

"Lola," she said, "we want you to pay all the attention you can to what I am going to say. Captain Lennox has to go to India again, and, much as he would like to take you, India is not a place for little boys and girls, you know; so he is going to do what your own dear mamma wished to do—leave you with us until he can come back to you again." The child looked from one to the other; then she slipped off Miss Octavia's lap, climbed up on Captain Lennox's knee, and, with her arms round his neck, hid her quivering face from view. She did not cry because, although no one knew this, Nonny had said it pained him to see her cry. Already little Lola had taught herself

that first lesson of love—to think more of the pain she gave to others than of the relief she gave to herself. "My dear little Lola," Captain Lennox was saying, "it breaks my heart to go away from you, and I wouldn't do so only that in India children get ill and die, and that would be a worse grief to me than leaving you now; because, although it seems a long time, it will go quicker than you think, and then I shall come home again."

"And while you are away," said Miss Pinkerton, "we shall teach Lola to write to you, and to read your letters when they come; and that will be next to seeing you. And I am sure she will be a good girl, and Miss Octavia will strive to make her a clever one; and then the happiness of meeting again will make up for all this sorrow."

And having said this, she made a little sign to her niece, and, with a meaning look to Captain Lennox, the two ladies stole out of the room.

In about half an hour steps were heard crossing the hall, the door was shut, and, returning to the room, Miss Pinkerton found Lola alone. She was sobbing now as if her poor heart would break, and the kind motherly woman showed her sympathy best by taking the little one in her arms and softly crying with her.

Five years went by before Lola saw her kind protector again. She was nearly six when he went; she was eleven when he returned. Except that in place of Captain he was Major Lennox now, there was but little change in him; but of Lola you could not say the same. The pretty child had become a tall lanky girl, who left the impression of being all legs and arms and eyes. If the truth must be told, her appearance gave quite a shock to Major Lennox, who always had pictured her the same little fairy he had left. That her mind was rapidly developing he knew; he had traced that through her letters, which directly she could write she began to regularly send to him.

"Dear darling Nanny,

"This is to tell you that I am well. I have got a doll; the cat has three kittens; Maria Slade has the measles. I am very sorry; but I am very glad to have a holiday. x x x x x x x x x x x x x : all these are kisses from your little

"LOLA."

This style continued for some time, rising by slow degrees to the description of a visit to Mrs. Hamilton, where a tragedy had occurred. "Sholto," Mrs. Hamilton's son, would play at being Red Indians, and he had scalped Lola's doll, and then had laughed at her because she cried. After this, their relations had evidently become strained; for the letter went on to say, "I like Mrs. Hamilton; she is very kind. Sholto is a rude boy, and he is not kind. I hate Sholto. Miss Pinkerton says me oughtn't to hate anybody. I don't hate anybody but Sholto. Miss Pinkerton says me ought always to be very particular to tell the truth. If I said I didn't hate Sholto, it wouldn't be the truth. I hope you will soon come home. You will hate Sholto as much as I do. Miss Pinkerton let me have a party on your birthday. She wore a new cap, trimmed with red, because you are a soldier. The girls made me a wreath, only it would fall off; it fell into my tea, so I did not wear it after that"

Following on this came rapid progress in chirography and composition. The letters made him laugh less, but interested him more. He declared to her that he felt he was returning to an accomplished young lady, whom he should find so clever that he should be obliged to go to school himself in order to keep pace with her.

Talking to Miss Pinkerton soon after his return, he said, pointing to Lola, who, with her companions, was flying about the garden, "I'm a little disappointed not to find her growing up prettier." It was not that he himself cared; but he did not want his relations, who were furious with him about the child, to be able to say she was uninteresting and ugly. The latter she might be; the former never. Already he had discovered that the warm little heart had only grown bigger, and that he still possessed of it by far the largest share. Miss Pinkerton had to allow that certainly Lola was a little ungainly, "but," she added, "I look on her as only of the ugly-duckling order. Nothing would surprise me less than to find her grow into a beauty." Major Lennox smiled dubiously. "After all," he said, "it does not much matter."

"Well, there I cannot agree. Perhaps it is that, like many others, I set an undue value on what I never possessed; but certainly beauty has a great

charm for me, and it is a gift that I have always desired for Lola."

"A husband in your eye for her already," said the major, slyly.

"No, no, not quite that yet. Although I must say that when you return again in another five or six years, it seems to me that somebody will have to marry; if not you, I suppose it must be Lola."

Here the major laughed outright. "Lola will have to be the victim, then: I am certainly not equal to that alternative."

"And yet you are a young man."

"Getting well on in the forties, you know."

"Yes, but that is young; at all events, young to me, getting well on in the sixties;" and after a pause she added, "Lola so counts upon living with you after she leaves us."

"I see; and you want me to make that possible. Well, will you promise to live with us? We'll take good care of you."

"I! No; I hope to end my days among my girls. I should die if I were separated from them: their freshness and youth is life to me."

"Quite as it should be. Ah, well, I shall not bother myself by thinking now. Something is certain to turn up. I'm a very lucky fellow. Since I took that child nothing has gone wrong with me."

Miss Pinkerton gave a smile of sympathy. Unsuspected by the major, her head was full of a scheme which she believed would work excellently, being no other than a marriage between him and her old pupil, Mrs. Hamilton. Poor Mary! widowed at such an early age. What a happy ending to her sorrowful life! By this union Lola would secure a mother's care, and Sholto the guidance of a father. Then the circumstance of the parents having died together—oh! it would be a romance—the happy ending to a tragedy, and, speaking from this train of thought, she said, "You have never seen Sholto Hamilton, have you?"

"Never; but I mean to, and if he goes to India I hope to be of service to him. It's the only way I have of showing his mother how grateful I am to her: through her I knew you; think of what that has been to Lola." Miss Pinkerton's face beamed with pleasure. "Poor Mary!" she said, "she was one of our dear girls here. I often wish Sholto had been a girl. Mary would have brought up a daughter so beautifully."

But the good old lady's bait was thrown away; Major Lennox only repeated that when they were in London he would have young Hamilton up from Addiscombe, and then Miss Pinkerton too could enjoy his society. This visit to London was immensely looked forward to. It was a treat planned by the major—an invitation given by him, which included Miss Pinkerton, Miss Octavia, and Lola. The few friends he had laughed heartily at the idea of a man coming home from India to dangle about after two elderly maiden ladies and a gawky little school-girl; but I doubt if they extracted more enjoyment out of their amusements than Major Lennox did from his three companions. He felt a keen pleasure in knowing that he was giving pleasure to them, and the sight of their happiness more than doubled his own. The nearest approach to failure was the few days that Sholto Hamilton spent with them, during which time Lola wrapped herself in an impenetrable mantle of reserve: she would neither walk, talk, nor join with him in any conversation, to the great concern of the three elders and the equally sublime indifference of the young gentleman, who did not seek to conceal that seventeen had nothing in common with twelve.

The door had scarce closed behind him before Lola, sitting in the drawing-room, had sprung to her feet, and flinging her arms round Major Lennox' neck in one of those embraces with which, in moments of excitement, she rather embarrassed him, "Oh Nonny," she cried, "how glad I am he's gone; isn't he disagreeable? Oh! he's horrid; I hate him more than ever."

"Lola, my dear!"

"No; now, Miss Pinkerton, you know I may always say what I want to in the holidays, and I'm sure I behaved beautifully while he was here; I never once looked at him or spoke to him."

"That's a pretty way of treating a visitor," said Major Lennox, laughing.

"It is, indeed," put in Miss Pinkerton, "a nice specimen of Laburnam Lodge manners."

"Oh, but, dear Miss Pinkerton, you know what I mean. We've only got Nonny for three weeks longer, and we don't want a nasty boy, who thinks himself a man, when we're so happy and comfy."

The three weeks—which would end the holidays, after which Major Lennox would very soon re-embark—quickly passed away. They were

spent, after leaving London, at a village on the outskirts of Dartmoor; and life there was so simple and free that Lola, in a burst of enthusiasm, proposed that next time when Nonny came home, "never to go back any more," they should take a house at Horrabridge and live there altogether.

"The Sharpes' house on the hill, that's the one that I should like, shouldn't you?"

"Oh dear," said the major, "what grand notions we have; we should want more than one person to keep us in order there."

"No, we shouldn't; we shouldn't want any one. I know what you like. I could order dinner, and that's all there is to do."

"Not so fast," said Miss Pinkerton. "The mistress of a house has many more duties than ordering the dinner, Lola."

"Why, of course I know that, Miss Pinkerton, and I'm going to learn; all the time Nonny's away I shall be learning, and when he comes back I shall be seventeen; that's almost a woman. I'm already writing things down in a book," she added, after a minute's reflection. "Gertie May advised me to do that—she's doing it for her father; and what do you think Bella Jackson said?—that it was time thrown away; he was certain to marry—all men did. That isn't true, is it? You don't want to get married, Nonny, do you?"

"No; at present I certainly don't."

"No, but never; you must! If you want to get married, you must marry me. I won't give you up to any one else. You might love her better than me; I can't let any Mrs. Nonny come between us two—you and your little Lola;" and she tried to laugh, but her face screwed itself up in quite the wrong way. There was a minute's struggle to get rid of the tears which blinded her eyes—all of no avail: her arms were round Major Lennox's neck, and she was sobbing in a passion of tears.

"You silly goose! Lola, my dear child, don't distress yourself about anything so imaginary."

"Only, you must promise."

"Promise that I must never marry any one but you? Most certainly I promise; and what promise are you to make?"

"That I won't ever marry anybody at all."

"Then we shall agree admirably; and Miss Pinkerton will be a witness to the bargain." Lola's smiles came back again. She pressed her flushed cheek against her old schoolmistress', who

administered a little reproof by shaking her head at such folly.

"I know you think I've been very silly; but you're not very vexed with me, are you?"

"Not very," said Miss Pinkerton indulgently. "I'm very glad, though, that Miss Octavia was not here."

"Oh, so am I. I think, if you don't mind, we won't tell her. Let it be a little secret between us three."

Again the day of parting came, this time better borne by Lola, who kept repeating that this was the last good-bye they would ever have to say. When Nonny next came back, it would be to remain, and she would then leave school and only come to Laburnam Lodge as a visitor, like the married girls did, and beg a holiday for the others. She intended to study very hard, to practise her music most attentively, and to begin drawing, so that she and Nonny might sketch together. Oh! what happy days were in store: the anticipation of them would make the years pass quickly.

And the years did pass quickly; and now it was Colonel Lennox who was expected home, and this time a rich man, for an eccentric old cousin had died and had left him all his money, and, unknown to any one, this good fortune came through Lola. While listening to the jeremiads of the Lennox family on the folly of their brother, and joining most heartily in their censure, a something in the story had touched a soft spot in the heart of the seeming misanthrope, who still kept hidden there the unguessed secret of a romance of his early days: he decided to make Algernon Lennox his heir; and having encouraged the sisters to retail everything that they could find out against that "stupid, ugly, horrid child" and their "idiotic brother," he soled himself by picturing their chagrin when they learned the contents of his will.

If generous when a soldier with nothing but his pay, it is certain that Colonel Lennox did not stay his hand now. His gifts verily rained on those who had shown the smallest kindness to him. The drawing-room of Laburnam Lodge was like an Indian museum; the shawls worn by Miss Pinkerton and Miss Octavia caused those ladies to be the cynosure for all eyes.

Of course Lola was not left without gifts, but then everything the colonel possessed he looked on as

belonging to her. Her letters during these five years had shown the gradual development of her character, had revealed her sweet, frank, loving nature. They had been the delight and solace of the lonely man until every fibre of his heart was bound up in her. With the anxiety which love begets, he was filled with a growing fear that some ill might befall her, and only knew content when he found himself in the dear old drawing-room of Laburnam Lodge with Lola standing before him.

"Why, my darling," he said, "and you've grown into a beauty too."

Lola covered her blushing face with her hands. "Oh, but Nonny, you mustn't tell me."

"As if your glass had not told you so already."

"Well," she said coyly, "I certainly have thought I was getting better looking. There was room for improvement when you went away. Oh dear! how the girls used to laugh at me! They used to call me 'the long-armed ape' and 'the bald-faced stag.' You know, girls are very candid with each other: you always get the truth from them."

"And what do they call you now?" asked the colonel, laughing.

"Oh, nothing now; it's the turn of others who have come after me. I wear my hair turned up;" and she craned her neck to show her shapely head. "I have long frocks also;" and she curtsied to the ground. "I am a young lady, nearly eighteen; and," catching him by both hands, she pirouetted round, "my dear old Nonny is back again; and we're going to live together for ever and ever, and be as happy as the days are long."

Now, why did the colonel, whose face was beaming with joy, hastily swallow down a sigh? and why did that sigh sink down into the bottom of his heart, and lie there as heavy as a lump of lead? Ah! human nature is more complicated than the most intricate machinery. In that instant Colonel Lennox had realised, for

the first time, that Lola was young, and that he was old. He had never felt that when she was a child; but now that she stood before him in all her girlish beauty, a chill of sadness came over him—a terror that somebody else would want her—would want to take her from him, and he would again be left alone. No, no, he could not give her up; and he caught her in his arms, Lola returning the embrace, little dreaming that her beloved protector was, for a moment, torn by an agony of grief. Fortunately the fit passed as quickly as it came, and did not return again that day; but during the happy week which followed paroxysms frequently came back, and it determined Colonel Lennox not to delay going to London, where important business was awaiting his arrival, and remaining there until he could decide on his plans and what he called "get himself in hand." "I don't know what I expected," he would say to himself. "Her letters had prepared me to find her no longer a child, and yet I am upset to see her a woman. Is it because as a woman she will have joys which I cannot share, and sorrows from which I cannot shelter her?" A sigh gave the answer. "A woman," he went on, "who will love—will marry—will stake her all in that lottery of happiness or misery. What a treasure for some one to possess! Will he value her?—value her as I do? I, who know now what the love of such a being would have been to me when I was of the age to win her love;" and, perhaps for the first time in his life, Colonel Lennox deliberately walked to the glass and critically surveyed himself.

Apparently he was not pleased with his own reflection; for with a bitterness very foreign to him he said, as he turned away, "Why cannot we feel as old as we look? Twenty years ago I was a very Methuselah among fellows of my own age. Now I envy every boy I see."

(To be continued.)



THE GATEWAYS, ROTHENBURG.

Thos. H. M. 1855.



ROTHENBURG ON THE TAUBER.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

PART I.

THIS city still possesses the charm of remaining as it was at least three hundred years ago; so that it is easy, as one walks through its streets of quaint houses, to call up a picture of German life in the sixteenth century: oil lamps hang from chains stretched across the streets, and now and then one has to wait while a flock of geese is driven by, the gooseherd clad in a long-skirted long-waisted coat and a high banded cap that must have been worn in the time of his great-grandfather.

But there is something more than mere antiquity in Rothenburg on the Tauber, and I think a traveller who finds himself either at Nuremberg or at Würzburg will find much to repay him for the trouble of going on to see this beautiful untouched old town.

We had driven over from Crailsheim, and before we reached Rothenburg we had been greatly impressed by its warlike array of watch-towers, some of them red-capped, others with little tourelles at each corner or face; most of the towers had a doorway below, set in the old grey wall that surrounds the town. There is a wide breach in one part of this wall, through which Marshal Tilly entered in 1631; this opening is on the south-west side, and it still remains a memorial of the famous siege of Rothenburg.

The town stands at the end of a ridge of hills,

and on the south and west sides there is a steep descent to the Tauber; the inhabitants seem to have relied on these natural defences, for on the north and east, where the town stands almost level with the surrounding country, there is a moat outside the walls, and by far the larger number of the towers that still exist are east and north of the city.

Tradition says that Pharamond built a tower here; but the first mention of Rothenburg in contemporary history is that, in the year 750, Rudolph, Count of Rothenburg, became the husband of Adelburg, daughter of King Pepin of France and sister of Charlemagne: in 783 Charlemagne married Fastrada, daughter of Count Rudolph.

The original Rothenburg forms the centre of the town, and many traces of the inner wall which once surrounded it still exist. The road from the railway station leads through the Röderer gateway, surmounted by its fortified tower, from the top of which there must have been an extended outlook over the surrounding country.

There is not much to see in the Röderer Gasse; but at its farther end is a most picturesque tower and gateway; this is one of the oldest in the town, and is called the Markus Thurm or the Inner Röderer Thor. It was formerly the town prison, evidenced by its heavily barred windows,

and from this point the inner circle of walls, which mark the limits of the ancient Rothenburg, can be traced. On the right is an extremely picturesque street which leads to another of these inner gateways, with a lofty tower above it, called the Weisser Thurm or Galgenbogen; from this a broad, straight street leads back to another lofty tower, called Würzburger Thurm, and a little way up this street is a good view of the picturesque Weisser Thurm; the tall, massive tower narrows at the top, and is crowned by a cupola. The tower is built in on the left by a broad-windowed gabled house, while on the right an old building, with a projecting oriel, completes a really charming picture.

When we had learned our way about the little town, we tried to make the entire circuit of the old walls; but they have been so built in by houses and warehouses that we had to give it up. The Hafen Gasse, which leads on from the Röder Gasse, is full of interest; there are old carved entrances to several of the houses; on the left a lofty gabled house has Renaissance windows on the first storey. The Hafen Gasse leads out on the market, one of the most picturesque in Germany: facing the Hafen Gasse, on the opposite side of the square, is the imposing Rathhaus; this only dates from the year 1573, but at first sight, environed with much older buildings, it looks very imposing.

A colonnade runs along the front, and just above this, projecting from the centre of the building, is a three-storeyed oriel, with a cupola above, and a fan-like decoration on the three sides that front the square.

The steep roof has a triple series of dormers, and on the right appears the slender spire of St. Jacobi, the principal church of Rothenburg. At the left-hand corner of the Rathhaus a most

graceful oriel seems to be poised in air over the street below; beyond it a very lofty gable is surmounted by the figure of a knight with lance and pennon. Still beyond this is the remaining Gothic gable of the ancient Rathhaus, with its lofty and slender tower.

Inside the low-arched doorway of the remaining fragment of this former building is a most interesting Hof, or courtyard, green with age and damp, but full of temptation to the sketcher: the circular-headed doorway, with the low window over, and the old

lamp-iron and the crumbling steps, is an example of this.

The broad street which runs down to the Burg Thor from the angle of the Rathhaus is called the Herren Gasse, and at the corner near the market-place is another beautiful oriel of one storey only, with a figure of the Blessed Virgin and Child; it belongs to a handsome old gabled house; close to this, at the corner of the Platz, is a beautiful fountain. There are many noticeable fountains in Rothenburg, but this fountain of St. George is the best; the lower part is richly carved with masks and arabesques, and the square pedestal that rises from its centre bears on each face a lion rampant clasping a crossed shield; on the slender column above the

pedestal, stands the figure of St. George in the act of slaying the dragon.

Formerly, on the first Tuesday after the feast of St. Bartholomew "the Shepherd's dance" took place round the fountain of St. George. The shepherds and shepherdesses assembled in great numbers early in the morning on the Franken Hill outside the town; they then walked in procession to the Wolfgang Church, where they heard Mass, and, after a good dinner at the Gast-Haus of the Lamb, they proceeded to the market-place, and danced round and round the fountain, to the delight



DOORWAY OF OLD RATHHAUS.

of the assembled townspeople. What a quaint scene it must have been; and what a pity it seems that so simple a merry-making should have been given up!

Taken as a whole, the view from the end of the *Hafen Gasse* would make a fine picture, especially on market-day, when the great open place is thronged with peasants and poultry: flocks of geese and vegetable stalls fill up the space, and quaint costumes are often seen in the crowd; the head-dress of the country-folk is much like that of Alsatian women, except that the broad ribbon bow worn on top of the head is always black, and the ends fall behind in some cases as low as the knees. But our first sight of Rothenburg was not on market-day, and the *Platz* was comparatively clear when we went up the broad steps of the *Rathhaus*.

A winding staircase led us up to a large hall, from the ceiling of which hung one of those curious carved and coloured wooden chandeliers so often seen in old German town-halls; this one, however, is said to be a barometer, and to be as old as Charlemagne! From this hall we passed into the council-chamber, a very fine room, into which exactly two hundred and sixty years ago, that is, in October, 1631, Tilly and his generals marched, at the end of the siege, with drums and trumpets; the brutal marshal sentenced the Burgomaster Berthold and his colleagues to immediate execution. The condemned



SPIRE OF ST. JACOB.

Thos. Macquoid, R.I., del.

Raths were only rescued by the self-devotion of one of their number—George Rusch, a former burgomaster of Rothenburg.



SOLDIER IN THE PLAY.

This brave fellow consented to drink off at a draught the contents of a pokal—a tall glass pitcher holding eighteen pints of wine—on condition that the lives of his colleagues were spared. Rusch swallowed the mighty draught; it is said he lived for six years after.

A glass-maker of the town, Herr Horber, has dramatised this event in the history of Rothenburg. The day after our arrival, we saw the "Meister Tank" acted in this very council-room in which "the great drink" was swallowed. Townsmen and townswomen, shopkeepers, filled the parts in the drama very effectively. The costumes of the period were most carefully reproduced in Munich. The play had been acted once before in the previous May; since then it has been performed two or three times a year, as a solemn glorification of the hero of Rothenburg.

We were told that the original pokal from which Rusch took his mighty draught was to be seen in one of the Patrizier houses in the Herren Gasse.

From the Rathhaus we went along the Schmidt Gasse towards the hotel: but it is not easy to walk quickly in Rothenburg; attention is every moment claimed by some wonderful old house, with the quaintest and most original ornament on its stepped gables. Two houses on the left of the street are especially interesting: the front of the Baumeister we stopped some time to look at; and not only at the front, we also found our way into its inner Hof, which is most picturesque: it is one of the oldest interiors in Rothenburg. The other is called Toppler's house, and there is said to be an underground passage connecting the cellars with those of the Rathhaus. Farther down the Schmidt Gasse, on the opposite side of the way, is the hotel, the "Goldner Hirsch."

The English-speaking landlord, since dead, I am sorry to say, had given us a cordial welcome on our arrival; he said he loved the English; he had lived five years in London; during our stay he was most anxious to make us comfortable, and



THE BAUMEISTER'S HOUSE.

was indefatigable in showing us all he considered worth seeing in Rothenburg. Our rooms, built on the town wall, gave a very pleasant view over the surrounding country.

A few steps from the hotel on the right is one of the most picturesque views in Rothenburg. Just below a house with a very lofty gable, a street opens on the right, and runs steeply down a narrow street of quaint gabled houses, no two of them alike, to the triple gateway of the Kobolzeller Thor, one of the most remarkable gateways in the town; on the left, or rather straight before us, the street goes up steeply, till it reaches the dark grim-looking Inner Spital-Thor: looking through this gateway, we see that the street goes on to another entrance tower, and beyond this is the drawbridge over the now dry moat. But the view as we look down to the Kobolzeller Thor is full of green leaves flecked with gold as the sunshine glints down on them. The steep red roofs of the gabled houses are set with many rows of small windows, which look sometimes like half-opened eyes, as the small round glazed openings peer under the curved tiling above.

As we stood in the middle of the road admiring the this varied picture, a sudden cackling and a loud cry warned us to seek the pavement, or rather the strip of roughly paved road marked off by a line of stones for foot-passengers: looking round we saw the street filled up from one side to the other by a huge flock of geese cackling and hissing, driven by an ancient man with a coat like that of a wooden Noah in a Noah's Ark toy, except that it was black instead of being coloured; instead of a hat, this gooseherd wore a black cloth cap set on a band about four inches deep; he evidently considered that his

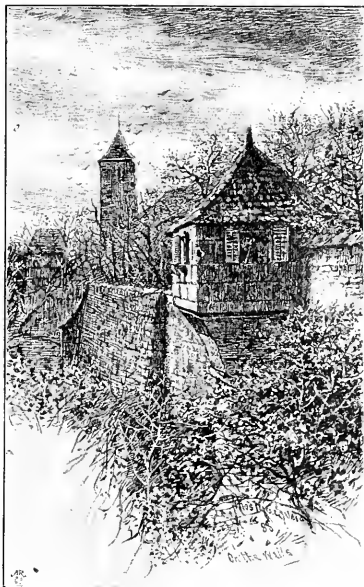
flock had the best right to the street; and higher up we saw that a cart had stopped, so that the cackling crew might pass unmolested through the Spital-Thor.

We had a very pretty walk through the Kobolzeller Thor to the old part of the wall near the remains of the ancient Burg; and there is another walk from the Spital-Thor outside the walls to the Kobolzeller Thor, which is full of charm. The hilly sides of the town were clothed with hanging gardens and vineyards, and on the low wall on the left, which projects westward, we saw a quaint summer-house with three shuttered windows and flowers on every ledge. The little grey building had a dark background of forest trees, and below it, clinging to the quaintly buttressed wall, was a wild tangle of honeysuckle and clematis, and much varied greenery which had climbed up to wreath the wall from the depths of the moat below; the town wall rose behind the trees, and in the distance appeared one of the tall watch-towers.

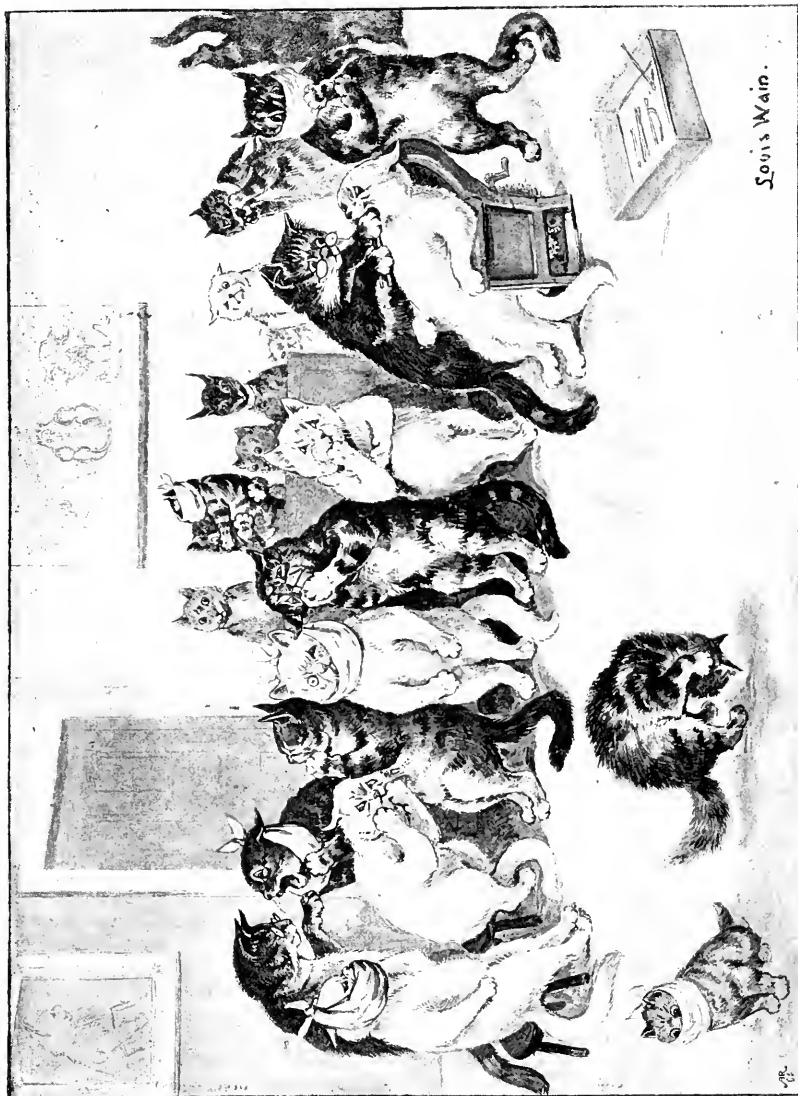
Outside the Burg Thor is a pleasant park, and from this we had a fine view of the town and its tower-crowned walls. Now and then a round tower

shows among the far larger number of square ones; the Burg Thor is one of these exceptions, but it has, like all the others, a pointed and tiled roof.

The lower part of the town wall is made of large rough-hewn blocks of stone; the upper part is far more carefully built; a kind of gallery on the top is either thatched or tiled; frequently the high-pitched gable of a house rises above it. The houses seemed to us to be very large and numerous, considering that there are only six thousand inhabitants in Rothenburg.



ON THE WALLS.



Louis Wain.

THE DENTAL HOSPITAL.

THE DENTAL HOSPITAL.

THE other night the moon shone bright
And bathed the world with milky light;
And so of course we cats went out,
And in the moonlight played about.

And then, like well-conducted cats,
We looked about for birds or rats,
And found at last a supper nice—
About three dozen fat grey mice.

In a paved yard we saw them all,
As we were walking on the wall;
With kindling pleasure did we see
Their innocent festivity.

Straight from the wall, all in a row,
We sprang upon the feast below;
Alas! it was not what it seemed,
And oh! how we poor pussies screamed!

Believe my story if you can,
Those mice were clockwork, made by Man;
Their brazen bodies nearly broke
The jaws of us poor pussy-folk.

The wicked people in that house
Bait cat-traps with that kind of mouse;
But though they rushed to seize their prey,
All we brave pussies got away.

Only next day we journeyed all
Up to the Dental Hospital,
And what we had to suffer there
Our pen refuses to declare.

That pain we never shall forget,
It wrings our furry bosoms yet;
And now we're much too sad and wise
To break our teeth on clockwork mice.

E. NESBIT.



"The girl rose and walked to the house, looking at the flowers in her hand."

MAISIE DERRICK.

Katharine S. Haegvoord

CHAPTER I.

A WALK.

THERE had been mist since early morning : the far-off country was completely blotted out ; the old grey church-tower that rose above the village at the foot of the hill had also disappeared ; only the budding branches of the trees asserted themselves and showed like unsubstantial phantoms through the dull grey atmosphere. Now, at two o'clock, the mist was still thick in the village, but it had become less dense round Yardon Hall, which stood half-way up the lane that climbed steeply between the church and the common : the windows on the north side of the old-fashioned house now gave a clear view of the common and its distant surroundings, but from those on its southern side the church-tower was only an indication, and the tops of the trees appeared without any sign of trunks below.

The old house stood some way back from the lane which, with its tall forest trees and hedges newly powdered with a tender green, made a pleasant avenue-like approach to the entrance-gates, and to the long winding walk that led to the house ; the gates were on the left of the lane as one climbed up from the village ; the winding path within them had been newly gravelled, and made a vivid contrast to the closely packed shrubberies that bordered it ; these were edged with stones half hidden by mossy saxifrage and other small-leaved plants ; behind the green edging primroses and late snowdrops and the golden gleam of crocus-blossom took away all monotony from the rich brown earth and the mass of evergreen foliage above it.

A girl in a grey woollen gown was bending down while she gathered a handful of the snowdrops

which had clustered out of sight at the foot of a huge rhododendron.

"How lovely they are !" she sighed with enjoyment ; then she stooped down again for a few of the blue-green blades which looked too pure and fresh to have forced their way through the mould.

The girl rose, and walked to the house, looking at the flowers in her hand. Maisie Derrick was dark-eyed and dark-haired, yet there was a likeness between her and the snowdrops. She looked exquisitely fresh and bright ; her brown eyes sparkled, her clear, brown skin glowed, and as her lips parted into a smile of perfect content, her white and even teeth showed between them. Maisie was tall and erect, and she was well formed and very pleasant looking ; she was not beautiful, yet there was in her face a special character that attracted notice, and made strangers ask who she was.

It was this expression that likened her to the snowdrops ; it seemed to say she might be deceived over and over again, but that she would go straight on, trusting and believing in every one. She carried the snowdrops into the house and upstairs into a dainty-looking bedroom that faced southward. On the dressing-table a tiny basket filled with moss stood waiting for the flowers.

Maisie put in the blossoms with a deft yet careless touch that made the flowers seem to be growing in the moss. Then she gave a look round the room, and came down the stairs and the broad stone steps outside the entrance ; she crossed the desolate-looking gravelled space in front of the house, and took her way along the winding shrubbery path until she reached the entrance-gates.

Maisie paused here, and looked down the village ; then, with another soft, contented sigh, she turned to the left and began to climb the hill to the common.

There was not much light and shade on the path, for the sun had at last pierced the mist, and as the trees were leafless and not thickly planted, it shot down a warm golden glory on the yellow road; its glare dazzled the eyes of a man who just now came in sight at the top of the hill, where the steep road seemed to touch a distant background of trees. Maisie saw him before he could make out who she was.

Her face at first showed a sudden delight, and then the bright expression faded; she looked timid, almost ill at ease. It was curious to note the opposite effects of this meeting in the two faces. The man's doubtful scrutiny of Maisie's advancing figure altered in a second to joyful certainty, his pace quickened, his figure seemed to dilate, and a warm, expectant smile lighted up his handsome face and parted his expressive lips. It was plain that these two were more than mere acquaintances, and that the man cared very much for the girl. It also seemed plain that Maisie shrank from showing pleasure at the meeting.

"Good morning." He held her hand while he said, "How is Mr. Yardon?"

"Quite well, thank you. Were you coming to see us?" She half turned to go back to the Hall.

"Yes," he smiled, "I was going there; but why should I stop your walk? May not I go across the common with you, and then come back and have a talk with the Squire? Everything looks extra cheerful after that dreary morning mist."

"You know you must not call my grandfather Squire," Maisie laughed, as she turned and walked up the hill, side by side with Mr. Stanmore.

He was so tall that he bent down his head to listen while she spoke; and, though she knew his face by heart, Maisie was thinking how remarkable it was.

There was something eagle-like in the strong line of his profile; his eyebrows were curved and dark, and, though his mouth was wide, it was well shaped and full of rapid changes of expression. A keen flashing rapidity was perhaps the first reading one took from his face, and the light springy step and careless grace of his movements fitted well with this idea of his character; but the piercing glance of his dark, deeply set eyes, now fixed on Maisie with an ardent gaze beneath which hers drooped, indicated a grasp of intellect suited

to some sound reasoner, and at once gave the impression of a man meant for success.

Mr. Luke Stanmore was on the verge of life; he was six-and-twenty, a promising engineer, just now entrusted with the making a branch line of railway between the village of Figgsmarsh, at the bottom of the lane, and the thriving city of Blievedon, which, as all the world knows, is placed in one of the pleasantest parts of southern England.

Mr. Stanmore had come to Figgsmarsh a total stranger, and, greatly to the surprise of the inhabitants, who in general took far more trouble about their neighbours' affairs than they ever took about their own, Mr. Stanmore had at once been invited to dine at Yardon Hall; the owner of which was considered a misanthrope, even if he were not better suited for a lunatic asylum than to be owner of the only good house in the neighbourhood, always, of course, excepting the Manor House in Wentworth Park.

There was, indeed, the Vicarage at the foot of the hill, but that, the Figgsmarsh people argued, did not count. The clergyman and his family were bound to be friendly and sociable with their parishioners, but it was a burning shame and an irritation to the Figgsmarsh mind that such a well-to-do house as Yardon Hall might have proved itself should be rendered useless for all hospitable purposes by the eccentric habits of its owner.

There was no especial mystery about Mr. Yardon's exclusiveness; every one in the village knew his story, or thought they did. He had been a banker in one of the great northern towns, and had retired early in life to a beautiful country home near the Lakes, though he kept up an interest in the bank; he had been fairly benevolent, though people said his good deeds sprang from his wife, but he was considered proud, reserved, and tyrannical. Till his wife died everything had prospered with Mr. Yardon; she must have been dearer to her undemonstrative husband than people thought, for at her death he sold his estates and went abroad.

His daughter, an only child, had married before her mother's death, and when Mr. Yardon suddenly returned to England, after many years of wandering, he found this daughter, Mrs. Derrick, in a lingering decline, and, in spite of the liberal settlement her father had made on her at her marriage, he found her living in a small house in London with only a couple of maids.

Her marriage had displeased Mr. Yardon; she had chosen for herself a Mr. Derrick, an interesting young curate without a penny. It appeared that marriage had developed ambition in Mr. Derrick; his father-in-law had provided him with a small country living, and the young rector attended fairly well to his parochial duties; but he had a passion for orchids, and he also liked to ride and drive better horses than his neighbours did. His wife was known to be the only daughter of a rich man; so Mr. Derrick was allowed to go on happily with these expensive hobbies. He disliked business, and had a habit of tearing up bills without looking at them: but he had some good qualities.

He was a kind and affectionate husband, and his wife did not dream of doubting his judgment on any matter, spiritual or temporal. A fall from one of his favourite horses broke his neck, and then his idolising wife discovered in the moment of her crushing sorrow that her husband's affairs were in utter confusion, and that he had died overwhelmed with debts. As Mr. Derrick had not kept any accounts, his widow was at the mercy of the numerous claimants, who were now as impatient for settlement as they had been previously indifferent.

Perhaps the mental shock to Mrs. Derrick helped on a natural weakness of constitution; she at first refused to appeal to her father, who had not been heard of for nearly a year. The poor woman hoped by strict economy and self-sacrifice to keep the knowledge of her husband's imprudence a secret, but she wrote at last when she felt that life was nearly over, and asked her father to come to her.

The sight of him and the comforts with which he surrounded her revived her, and she lingered for some months after his return; then she died, and left him the sole charge of her only child, his grand-daughter Maisie. Mr. Yardon settled down at Yardon Hall with this girl of eighteen, and although Miss Derrick was by this time twenty, Mr. Stanmore was the first person who had been asked to the house.

The Figgsmarsh people said that the young engineer was also eccentric; he wore his hair longer than any other young men did, and his clothes did not look as well made as the vicar's or the doctor's did, yet he was evidently well-to-do. The impression he had created on the Figgsmarsh

female mind was that of being always in a hurry; even when he came out of church he went along the path with long, swinging steps, looking neither to right or to left, a stray lock of hair over his bright dark eyes, which were seemingly bent on some object far ahead. Every one in Figgsmarsh could tell how the acquaintance had begun between the impulsive young man and the overbearing old one. There had been a quarrel; Mr. Yardon had accused the engineer of trespassing on his land, which was nearly grazed by the line of the new railway, and Mr. Stanmore had had the best of the dispute, and had so completely proved himself to be in the right, that Mr. Yardon, after being very rude, had called at the young engineer's lodgings, had apologised, and had asked him to dinner. This was the Figgsmarsh version; but when Mr. Vernon, the vicar, heard it from his sister, he laughed.

"My dear Auricula," he said, "I am always sorry to contradict you, but I cannot fancy Mr. Yardon making an apology to any one."

There could be no doubt, however, that Mr. Yardon liked Luke Stanmore; the young fellow's manner had taken his fancy, and now at the end of a few months they were firm friends.

The young couple in the lane had walked on rather silently, till they reached the breezy common. A lark was singing high above them, and the sunshine was gilding the faded bent, as well as the fresh green blades of grass that tried to blot the bent out of sight.

Mr. Stanmore said suddenly:

"You expect Miss Savvay to-day, do you not?"

Maisie looked up brightly.

"Yes; I can hardly say how much I am looking forward to her visit, she is such a dear old friend, and there is no one like her."

"You prefer her to Miss Vernon, then?"

Maisie felt uncomfortable; she gave a swift upward glance of inquiry, and discovered that Mr. Stanmore had an amused expression of inquiry on his lips.

"It is so different, you see," she said, as if she were excusing herself. "I have known Miss Savvay ever since I was a child, and she knew my mother long before that. Miss Vernon has only been here a few months; she did not come as soon as her brother did."

Maisie paused, with a look of discontent; then, as her companion remained silent, she added

quickly, and with the truthful look that made her so attractive, "Even if I had known Miss Vernon longer I do not think that we should have found much sympathy; she is modern and accustomed to society, and I am"—she hesitated—"well, I am shy and old-fashioned; it is not likely Miss Vernon could care much for me; I am sadly behind the rest of the world."

She laughed, but there was a timid appeal in her eyes.

Mr. Stanmore longed to say "You darling," but he had determined not to be premature in speaking openly to Maisie; he knew by instinct that, unless he meant to give serious offence to the master of the Hall, he must not make love to his grand-daughter until he had asked leave to do so.

"So much the better," he said, and his smile soothed the girl's doubting heart; it was delightful to have the assurance that this new friend really sympathised with her.

Stanmore swished nervously at a bare red blackberry arm that projected from the furze.

"I wonder if your friend will care to inspect the new line of railway? Do you think she can walk as far as Beadon? I could explain its course to you both, but perhaps you would both be here."

He said this with so little of his usual ease that Maisie was surprised.

She wondered why Mr. Stanmore, who never seemed to care for the opinion of any one, should wish to please Miss Savvay.

"I think she would like it very much," she answered, and her calm, direct words set him at ease while she went on: "Miss Savvay takes an especial interest in this part of the country—she is Captain Wentworth's aunt."

"So I hear." He looked grave again. "May I ask if Captain Wentworth is a friend of yours?"

Maisie laughed out at this question.

"I have never seen him. Captain Wentworth has been away for years; he came back once or twice, it seems, but Miss Savvay says that for some years past he has stayed on in India. The beautiful old house has been shut up, and is much the worse for it, I believe. In her last letter Miss Savvay says her nephew is perhaps coming home to live at the Manor House."

Stanmore turned from her impatiently and looked down the lane.

"I will call for you to-morrow afternoon, then," he said; "or shall I meet you and Miss Savvay on Beadon Hill?"

"I think that will be best," Maisie said.

They had left the common and were crossing the road that separated it from the lane. A passing cloud made it seem as if they were entering into shadow, as they went down the road between the trees.

"There is my grandfather at the gate," the girl said.

Luke Stanmore raised his hat, but Mr. Yardon did not seem to see him.

Maisie felt suddenly dull and constrained; she had become once more the stiff, shy creature she felt herself to be when she was alone with her grandfather.

CHAPTER II.

MAISIE'S GRANDFATHER.

ONCE upon a time a new keeper was engaged to attend on the lions and tigers of a Zoological Gardens.

The new attendant had first-rate testimonials, and his punctual attendance and his care with the animals were warmly praised by the head keeper when he made his rounds. The man had also proved himself to be observant, for he had detected a weakness hitherto unsuspected in the eye of a valuable lioness.

He was for three weeks in high favour. Then there came a change, not in care or attention to his duties—these were as unremitting as ever; the change was in the beasts themselves, they became sulky and irritable; the pet lioness actually refused her food and pined at the back of her den, while the lions and tigers growled and snarled till the new keeper felt more or less nervous on approaching them.

This was not all: a young tigress who had hitherto been graceful and docile, with the caressing ways of a petted domestic cat, became suddenly dull and lethargic; she moved about her den in the most common-place manner, only rousing from her apathy to growl now and then at her new attendant, with whom she had at first been affectionate and full of play.

It was soon rumoured that the new keeper wished to give up his post; he complained that the beasts were bad tempered; his life was not safe among them, he said. This accusation irritated his superiors, and the other keepers asserted that on the contrary the beasts were remarkably docile and good-tempered, and the man was reminded that he had himself expressed this opinion at the beginning of his service.

While the head keeper sat lost in perplexity at this sudden change in the behaviour of the animals, a man who was employed to work in the gardens asked leave to speak to him.

"What is your business?" the worried official gruffly asked.

The new-comer put his withered, cynical face on one side.

"I guess, sir," he said, "you'd like to know the meaning of this snarling and growling?"

"Eh, what!" The head keeper looked suspicious; a sudden idea came to him that an underhand plot against the welfare of the beasts was about to be revealed to him.

"It lies in a nutshell, sir," the wizen man went on. "Them beasts," he jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of their dens, "is dull, poor critturs, and that's the long and short of it."

"Dull? I don't follow you."

"Yes, sir, dull; they walks on four legs, but what o' that? They're uncommon like ourselves, 'cept that they eats their joints raw and we takes ours cooked. If you'll call yourself to mind, sir, you'll agree as there's nothing more trying than dulness to such as can't go about to amuse thayselves. Why that there Peter as you discharged

on account of his being in liquor, you should just hev hearkened to Peter when he was a-sweepin' out the lioness—I mean Susan, sir, the savage one this chap calls her. 'Sukey,' he used to say, 'my old gal Sukey, aint she a beauty now, eh, Sukey, lass? Was she a purring puss, then, and a doodling old darling of a Suke?' Bless you, sir, he'd go on with such a string of nonsense talk as you never hearkened to. He was just the same with the lions and tigers, too; the

beasts was never tired of listening to the chap, he spoke that pleasant to them; as for the little tigress, the saucy beauty he called her—I've seen her, bless you, sir, I've seen her roll about on her back and let him tickle her

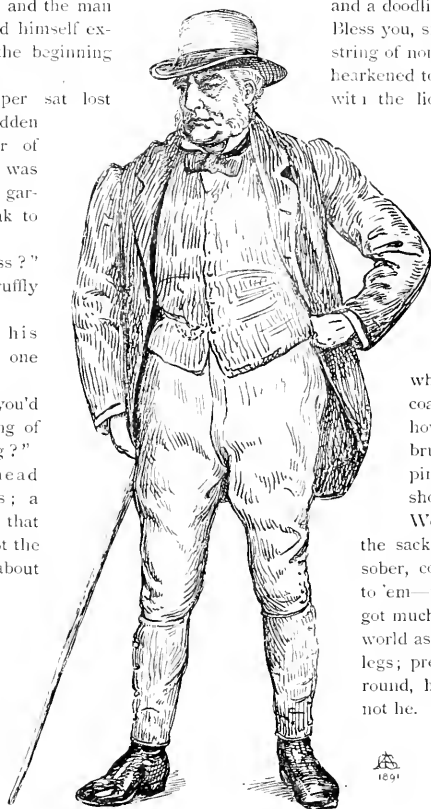
while she listened to his coaxing ways; he just knew how to amuse them dumb brutes, that was the whole pint of it, and in course they showed him their best sides.

Well, sir, you give Peter the sack, and comes in this yere sober, correct party, and he talks to 'em—what talk he does, he aint got much of a tongue—for all the world as if the critters went on two legs; precious dumb chap he is all round, he never wastes a word, not he. He grumbled at the poor brutes for growling and snarling; bless you, sir, that was only their way of swearing at the dulness."

"Why wasn't I told this before? Perhaps Nash might learu to do better with them?"

The answer came with great contempt.

"You know better than that, sir. I take it, feelings for dumb critters can't be taught, sir. There's them as can't rest till they see the folk they lives with happy and bright like, and



"How stern he looked."

there's those as only wants to be pleased their-selves."

Now the influence of Mr. Yardon's atmosphere on Maisie Derrick had been nearly related to that exercised by the silent keeper on the great carnivora.

The warm-hearted sensitive girl could not snarl or growl, but she drooped and languished for the affection which had been lavished on her by her father and mother, by Miss Savvay, and by every one who had known her. Maisie had always been shy and retiring; but she possessed a rare gift, the faculty of attracting love without seeking it. She had begun to study with the idea of teaching, before her grandfather's return; Mrs. Derrick had become a complete invalid, and the girl longed for power to increase her mother's comforts; she had been encouraged in this idea by the old friend who was coming to-day to Yardon. This was her friend's first visit since Maisie had gone to live with her grandfather, and the girl had been counting the hours to Miss Savvay's arrival, she hungered so for love and kindness.

Mr. Yardon seldom blamed his granddaughter, but the girl felt that he was utterly indifferent to her presence or her absence; even when he spoke he never looked at her, and Maisie believed that she owed this avoidance to a slight likeness to her father. This avoidance and her grandfather's sternly repressive manner had, week by week, frozen up the girl's frank though timid nature. She was growing nervous and self-conscious, and Mr. Yardon was becoming deeply vexed by her silence and by the constraint of her manner towards him.

She blushed when she saw how stern he looked as he stood at the gate. She almost read his thoughts, and heard him say to himself, "Conceited creature! always conscious of her own personality and what others think of her. I must get rid of her, that's the long and short of it; the very sight of her puts me out of temper."

Mr. Stanmore, who lived too much in the open air to be troubled with irritable nerves, was not sensible of the mute antagonism of his companions.

"Why did you not come and meet us, Squire?" he said; "it was delightful on the common."

Mr. Yardon looked at him repressively.

"Captain Wentworth is the Squire here, Stanmore; pray do not misapply titles: I have no

wish to deprive Captain Wentworth of anything which he really possesses. Well, I won't detain you; you no doubt wish to prolong your walk.

He nodded, and seemed not to see Mr. Stanmore's outstretched hand, but turned his back on the gate when Maisie had passed into the shrubbery walk.

Mr. Yardon did not try to overtake the girl, and they walked back to the house in silence. The delicious flutter which had darkened Maisie's eyes and made them liquid with happiness was weighed down by her wonder at this change in her grandfather towards the engineer.

"He has always asked Mr. Stanmore to come in; he did not even shake hands with him to-day. What can have happened?"

Maisie had an uneasy consciousness that she was the cause of Mr. Yardon's churlish behaviour; it was a relief that, being at least two yards behind her, he could not see her guilty looks.

The hall was so large that her grandfather had come in before she had time to reach the foot of the staircase.

"I want you in my study," he said.

His voice sounded rougher than usual. Maisie drew a deep breath, and felt as if she were going to have a tooth out.

Mr. Yardon went into a room on the right of the hall, and seated himself behind a writing-table that faced the door by which Maisie had to enter; he also faced the fireplace, and at his back were two windows, so that while he sat in comparative shadow, the light fell full on the girl's face as she stood before him.

There was a likeness between them of expression rather than of feature; both faces expressed truth, and also a power of reticence; there was likeness enough to make them think in unison, and also there was an indication of qualities which would make confidence between them difficult, unless love brought it forth.

As their eyes met, Maisie saw a stern look of dislike in her grandfather's. Indeed, just then Mr. Yardon almost hated her; she had come in the way of all his plans and future projects; she even interfered with his solitary amusement—a chat with Mr. Stanmore.

"Confound her!" he thought; "the fellow comes to see her now, not me, and I won't play second fiddle to any one in my own house."

"Do you want me, grandfather?" Maisie had become so shy under his stern eyes, that one shoulder insensibly rose higher than its fellow.

"Yes." Then in an angry tone, "Can't you stand straight, girl? I do not wish Mr. Stanmore to be invited by any one but myself, Maisie; I wish you to remember this, if you please."

Maisie flushed, hesitated, and then said in a shy voice—

"I did not invite Mr. Stanmore, grandfather."

"That is a mere excuse. If girls go out to meet young men, the men consider themselves invited. I am not blaming Stanmore; the young fellow only did what was natural: I blame you. You

should keep out of his way, Maisie; he—he does not care for you."

He had been sometimes uncourteous, but never so rude as this, and Maisie's spirit rose at the taunt.

"It does not signify about that." She had raised her head, and was looking straight at him; and Mr. Yardon saw how very bright her eyes were, and how dark they looked. "I met Mr. Stanmore, but he was on his way here to ask Miss Savvay and me to come and see the new line of railway to-morrow; he has met Miss Savvay in London."

Mr. Yardon gave a grunt, but he did not answer; he took up a newspaper, and Maisie felt that she was dismissed.

(To be continued.)

TO MY BULLFINCH.

Blanche Lindsay.

DEAR and happy little bullfinch,
Blithe, and pert, and tame,
Rosy feathers puff'd a full inch
From your tiny frame;
Pretty minstrel that you be,
Come and sing your song to me.

'Tis a tune with fancies laden,
Wrought in vagrant moods,
Love-lilt trill'd by many a maiden
Through Bavarian woods,
As her eager dark eyes burn
For her soldier-lad's return.

You, dear bunch of heart and feathers,
Pipe, and bow, and bend,—
You, whom fond affection tethers
Close to me, your friend,
Hopping round about my feet,
Earnest in your pleading sweet;

'Tis not need of hemp or groundsel
Brings my Bulbul nigh;
That his simple tongue can sound well,
Let no man deny—
Would that every human throat
Utter'd such an honest note!

LONG-NOSE, LONG-NECK, AND STUMPY.

C. Lloyd Morgan

“AND which of the animals in the Zoo do you like best?” I said to a bright fair-haired little girl whom I had assisted in her descent from the elephant. “I think I like Long-nose, Long-neck, and Stumpy best, because they are so big and curious; and Long-nose best of all, because he has given me a ride. Did *you* know it was his nose?” Of course I affected the most extreme surprise and delight at the novel suggestion that the big patient animal’s trunk was really his nose, and said that I had always thought it was his proboscis. “No, it isn’t that; it’s his nose. Auntie says so. That’s auntie over there waiting for me. I suppose you’ve seen Stumpy.” I inquired who Stumpy was, and whether I might not know him by another name. “I think they sometimes call him Potturns; but we call him Stumpy. Now I must go to auntie.” And so my little maiden ran off, happy at having taught a fellow-creature something new.

I know not whether what I have to tell about little Fairhair’s big friends, the elephant, the giraffe, and the hippopotamus, will be very new to those who do me the honour to read these pages. Perhaps my information will not be much more novel than that of the nine-years maiden when she said so impressively, “No, it isn’t that; it’s his nose.” But, after all, my object is not so much to give information as to awaken interest. And if I induce a few young folk to go to the Zoo and look at Long-nose, Long-neck, and Stumpy with a new interest, and with some wish to learn more about them than I have here the space to tell, I shall not have written these lines in vain.

The three animals which, at Fairhair’s suggestion, I have brought into association afford good examples of that essential similarity which underlies well-marked and even conspicuous diversity. Who would have supposed that the number of joints or vertebrae bones in the neck

of the giraffe and of the hippopotamus, of Long-neck and of Stumpy, was the same? Yet this is so. Each has seven bones, as you may see for yourself in the Natural History Museum—the same number that Long-nose has, that you and I have, and that nearly all mammalian animals have. Watch the giraffe as he bends his long neck to one side. You may see some indications of the seven straight long joints. Very different is the graceful neck of the swan, in which there are a great number of short bones, very beautifully and perfectly hinged together. The neck of the swan, therefore, is very much more supple than that of the giraffe, and its sweeping curves are unbroken by angularities.

Look, too, at the limbs. How very different the long, slender legs of the giraffe from the massive hinged pedestals of the elephant. Half-way down the fore leg of the giraffe is the so-called knee, making, when the limb is bent, an angle with its hinge directed forwards. Higher up, near the body, the leg is hinged so as to swing out freely in front; and lower down, a little above the hoof, the horny substance of which is very beautiful, there is another hinged joint. This lowest hinge-joint answers to the knuckles of your own middle and third fingers, and the hoofs to your finger-nails. The giraffe has only two fingers or digits. The knee answers to your wrist; and the long bones in the lower part of the fore leg to the bones you may feel in your own hand, between the wrist and the knuckles. Above the knee is the part that corresponds with your fore-arm below the elbow, the giraffe’s elbow being close to the body. The upper arm is easily traceable, as the muscles swell out beneath the skin. In the elephant this upper arm is relatively longer, and when he kneels down to be mounted he bends his fore leg at the elbow with all the

lower part of the limb projecting in front. The wrist is quite low down, near the flat five-toed foot, with its curious large nails or hoofs.

The same kind of story is told by the hind limb. The ankle-joint in the giraffe is high up, the part answering to our heel being half-way up the leg. I will not call it, as it is called in the horse, the hough (hock) lest you should say, "No, it isn't that; it's his heel." The thigh is short, and shades off gracefully into the body. But in the elephant the thigh is much longer, and the ankle-joint is not very far above the foot, which has four (rarely five) nails in the Indian elephant and three in his African large-eared cousin. Now watch the elephant walk. The gait is at first sight curious and awkward. And why? Because of the unusual position of the elbow and the knee, which are much lower down the leg than in most of the quadrupeds we are wont to see, to whose limb-movements we insensibly grow accustomed.

Then again the teeth. The teeth in these three animals are as different as they well can be. Yet they show us modifications of a single definite system, though the modifications in the case of the elephant have certainly been pushed to extremes. In our own mouth we have the front teeth, or incisors, two on each side of the middle line in each jaw. (Why don't you feel for them with your tongue?) Then come the eye-teeth, or canines, which are often larger in savages than in civilised folk, and form cruel fighting-weapons in some of the apes. Behind these again are the grinding teeth. We have two sets of teeth—the early set of milk-teeth and the later set of permanent teeth. As the latter grow, they press on the roots of the milk-teeth and cause the part embedded in the jaw to be absorbed; and from this absorption the early teeth become loose, and at last can be pulled out quite easily. To these two sets the kindly dentist in our old age often adds a third, which have the advantage of never aching. They used to be made of hippopotamus ivory, which does not, like that of the elephant, turn yellow: so there is a closer connection between Stumpy's teeth and your grandmother's than you suspected.

Now let us turn to Stumpy's jaws. He will open them wide for you to pitch a bun on to that great pink tongue of his. You probably will not be able to see the grinders, which form nearly parallel series of seven teeth all told in each jaw and on each

side. When they first cut the gum, they present a number of rounded projections giving them a hilly appearance, such as you may see in the jaw-bone of Stumpy's second-cousin once removed, the pig. But the work of grinding down the coarse vegetable food wears off the summits of the hilly prominences and displays the dentine, or ivory, lying beneath the hard glistening white enamel which coats the tooth. Then a double trefoil pattern is produced on the worn teeth. These teeth do not differ so very much from yours. In the front part of the hippopotamus's mouth these are, as in yours, two cutting teeth or incisors and one eye-tooth on each side of each jaw. But I do not think you would care to exchange the arrangement of yours for the arrangement of Stumpy's. The eye-teeth of the lower jaw stick out sideways like ugly tusks, while the inner cutting teeth project forward in a most forbidding manner; and all the front part of the mouth, armed with these awkward misshapen projections, is broadened out so as to give support to the enormous blubbery lips.

Not a refined face, Stumpy's, is it? Scarcely a refined animal in any sense. Its habit of wallowing in the water has made it lumpy and unwieldy, and, according to the Board-school boy, thick-skinned. "The hippopotamus," said this little fellow, "is like a little masked elephant with its trunk sawed off. Its skin is so thick that it can stay in its pond all day without the water soakin' through." I like that boy; he had imagination. I forget if it was the same boy or another who wrote—they had been to the Zoo, and were told to write of what they saw—"When we got to the giraffes, I did like them. They are just the same as the pictures, only alive and walking about. They have little tails; but the giraffes is so big, that you'd say as they couldn't wag 'em. But they can, just as easy as a little dog can, whether you b'leeve it or don't." Personally, I do believe, for I've seen them do it.

It is with the giraffe's head, however, and not his tail, that I have now to do. A much more refined personage is Mr. Long-neck. He occupies a good social but somewhat peculiar zoological position in the animal kingdom, standing near the horned cattle and the antlered deer, allied to both, and yet distinct from either group. Like all these animals, he has no cutting or canine teeth in the front of the upper jaw, but, instead, there is a pad

against which the lower teeth close. The giraffe makes great use of his long flexible tongue, with which he daintily plucks the leaves off the trees on which he feeds. From his great height he can reach leaves eighteen or nineteen feet from the ground. But his favourite food, Sir Samuel Baker tells us, is the red-barked mimosa, which seldom grows higher than fourteen or fifteen feet, and on the flat heads of which the giraffe can feed when looking downwards. He can, if he likes, feed on the grass at his feet, but he has to straddle his front legs into an attitude so exceedingly uncomfortable that I expect he usually regards a vegetable which only grows a few inches high as beneath his notice. In any case, the food cropped by the tongue, aided by the lower incisors, is masticated by the strong grinding teeth, which wear down so as to give a crescentic pattern; the crescent being marked out in hard enamel, within and between which is the softer dentine. This crescentic pattern is characteristic also of the cattle and the deer. Like these animals, the giraffe has horns; but they differ from the horns of cattle and the antlers of deer, for they consist of long cores covered with hairy skin, with a tuft of stiff bristles. In old giraffes there is also a prominent projection in the middle of the forehead, looking somewhat like a third horn.

Notwithstanding certain marked peculiarities in the tooth arrangement in the hippopotamus and the giraffe, the ungainly tusks of the former and the absence of upper front teeth in the latter, both these animals, like us, have two sets of teeth – the baby set of milk-teeth and the larger and fuller series of permanent teeth; and these permanent teeth come up from below to displace their smaller precursors, except the hinder cheek-teeth, which, like our large molars and wisdom teeth, have no milk predecessors. But when we come to the elephant's teeth we find some of the most marked peculiarities which are exhibited by any members of the animal kingdom.

Most striking, perhaps, are the long curved tusks, which continue to grow throughout life. They are incisors. All the other front teeth and the canines are non-existent in the elephant's upper jaw, and there are no front or canines in the lower jaw of the existing elephants, though a fossil elephant, the *Mastodon*, has long incisor tusks in the lower jaw. The tusks of the elephant

are the only teeth which in this animal have milk precursors or baby-teeth in the ordinary way.

If you examine the cheek-teeth of an elephant, in the skulls, for example, in the Natural History Museum, you will find that they are few in number but of great size. Their worn surfaces show the eroded summits of a number of ridges running across the tooth, each with a shallow valley at the top, and separated from the neighbouring ridge by a deeper valley-trench. In the tooth which lies before me as I write, and which weighs nearly six pounds, there are seventeen such ridges. But the hinder part of the tooth had not cut the gum, and the last seven ridges have not undergone any alteration. The ridges are composed of hard enamel, the shallow valley along its summit disclosing the softer dentine which lies beneath the fold of enamel. Between the folds of enamel-coated dentine is a much softer substance, called cement, by which the folds are bound together. Since the cement and the dentine are much softer than the enamel, they are more readily worn away, and the tooth always preserves its ridgy, grinding surface.

The accompanying figures, one of which shows the appearance of a tooth as seen from above, while the other shows a diagrammatic section of a tooth cut in half along its length, will, I hope, enable you to understand how this most elaborate but most efficient grinding surface is produced by the folding of the substance of the tooth into a number of parallel ridges and by filling up the interspaces between the ridges with cement. In the Indian elephant the foldings are much deeper and much closer than in his African cousin.

This folded structure is, however, not the only remarkable thing about the grinding teeth of the elephant. Instead of the milk-teeth being succeeded vertically by permanent teeth coming up from below, as is usual among mammalian animals, the teeth succeed one another from behind forwards. During the long life of the elephant, which runs to a hundred years or more, six cheek-teeth in each jaw and on each side are developed. Of these the first three seem to answer to milk-teeth, while the last three belong to the permanent series. The teeth are successively larger and more complexly folded from the first to the last; and the whole series of teeth is gradually pushed forward in the jaw, those in front being worn away and their

roots absorbed before the hinder ones come into use. Thus there are never more than portions of two teeth in each jaw and on either side in use at the same time, and sometimes only one. If you will visit the saloon in the Natural History Museum, you will find an elephant's skull arranged so as to show this; the fifth tooth of the complete series is in position for immediate use, while the sixth and last of the series is ready formed behind to take its place. I beg you, if I have aroused a particle of interest in this matter, to go and see it for yourself. And before you leave the museum, do not fail to examine the elephant's skull that has been cut in half to show the character of the bones. When you see the elephant at the Zoo, or look at pictures of some noble Indian or African tusker, you are apt to think, "What a fine forehead he has! No wonder he displays such remarkable intelligence." But a glance at this specimen in the museum will show that the massive forehead does not bespeak a massive brain within, but is due to the large development of air-cavities in the bones, the object of which is to afford at the same time strength, size, and comparative lightness: strength to support the heavy tusks and trunk; size to afford attachment to the great muscles; and yet lightness from the spongy structure of the bones. The brain-case itself is comparatively small, and may be a foot or more behind the prominent forehead. Though Jumbo's weight was some six and a half tons, his brain did not probably weigh more than nine pounds at most.

But I must now turn from the structure of these animals to say a few words concerning their habits and intelligence. Not that I have by any means exhausted the points of interest and those profitable for comparison in the matter of structure. But space, and perchance your patience, are not limitless.

All observers seem to agree that the giraffe is one of the gentlest and most harmless of animals. No doubt he will kick when hard pressed; not to do so would betray meanness of spirit impossible to a beast who holds his head so high. Sir Samuel Baker, the great large-game sportsman, says: "I have never pursued them except upon occasions when my people were devoid of meat, as the destruction of such lovely creatures without some necessary purpose I regarded as wanton cruelty." Would that all sportsmen were animated by the

same spirit! I do not suppose the giraffe is conspicuous for intelligence. But, after all, cleverness is not everything. He has a melting eye. "The eye of the giraffe," says Sir Samuel, "is worth special study, as there is nothing to compare with its beauty throughout the animal creation." I expect he looked down tenderly with that eye on Miss Fairhair. That, no doubt, is how Long-neck came to be one of her favourites. We know that Long-nose kindly gave her a ride; and kindness will always win a maiden's heart—that is, so far as *liking* is concerned. How Stumpy managed to ingratiate himself into her affections is a problem I have not altogether satisfactorily solved. I imagine he must have accepted a bun with a heavy sigh of gratitude and a well-meaning attempt at a smile with those blubber lips of his. Our hearts are always warmed to those who accept with gratitude—be it never so clumsy, as long as it is genuine—the favours we bestow on them.

Although he can be grateful for kindnesses from a bonny lass, Stumpy can be a dreadfully savage fellow if put out. He will charge a boat and knock a hole in its bottom, or drive his tusks through the iron plate of a steamer, or take a huge bite out of the side of a canoe. He can travel a good pace, too, under water. Sir Samuel Baker's steamer going ten knots an hour down stream only gained upon one, that was racing ahead of it, when the engineer put on full steam.

If you will watch the hippopotamus in his tank, you will see that when it needs a breath of fresh air it only just raises the nostrils out of water and then sinks again beneath the surface. It is, from this habit, difficult to shoot these amphibian monsters, unless you come upon them unawares. And even if you do shoot them, they sink, and no one is much the gainer. The Arabs harpoon them, swimming up to within a few yards of them when they are basking half asleep, hurling the harpoon home and then diving for the shore. To the harpoon is attached a rope and float. Other ropes are then made fast to the float, and a number of hunters haul the great beast towards the shore, where they pierce him with their sharp lances. Often he boldly challenges and rushes at his foes, and crushes their lances in the grip of his powerful jaws. But in the end cunning and agility prevail over brute force, and their huge prey lies quivering at the Arabs' feet.

According to the Rev. Mr. Bingley, the Egyptians manage things much more simply. They mark out the places which the hippopotamus chiefly frequents, and there deposit a quantity of dried peas. Stumpy, prowling around that way, fills himself with the peas; hence arises an insupportable thirst; he rushes to the river and drinks copiously; the peas swell, and the poor beast——But I think we may draw a veil over the last scene of the tragedy. When sufficiently young and tender, his skin, we are told, makes excellent turtle soup.

Every one knows a number of anecdotes in illustration of the sagacity of the elephant. It will therefore, perhaps, be a surprise to hear that Sir Samuel Baker, who knows the elephant so well, says that in his opinion he is overrated. "He can be educated to perform certain acts, but he would never volunteer his services. There is no elephant that I ever saw," writes Sir Samuel, "who would spontaneously interfere to save his master from drowning or from attack. An enemy might assassinate you at the feet of your favourite elephant, but he would never attempt to interfere in your defence; he would probably run away, or remain impassive, unless guided and instructed by his mahout. This is incontestable; the elephant will do nothing useful, unless he is specially ordered to perform a certain work or movement. While condemning his apathetic character, however, we must admit that in the elephant the power of learning is extraordinary, and that it can be educated to perform wonders."

Without presuming to support or gainsay the opinion of one who is intimately acquainted with the elephant, I would suggest that we are apt to expect too much from the sagacity of animals. How inscrutable must be the ways of men to the intelligence of the elephant! How can we expect him to interfere and do something useful in so mysterious and complex a business? Employed in tiger-shooting and in war, he might well come to regard, were he able to consider the matter rationally, assassination as part of the normal progress of things human, in which elephantine interference was neither expected nor desired.* What astonishes me is that he is able to throw himself into the strange business of human life with such apparent zest. For there are many well-authenticated instances of his modifying his conduct

intelligently to meet exceptional circumstances in his daily routine.

We are so apt, too, to use misleading expressions, and thus to credit animals with a kind of knowledge which is to them quite impossible. We read, for example, "Most wild animals possess a certain amount of botanical knowledge which guides them in their grazing." To speak of this instinctive preference of certain food-stuff as botanical knowledge is, of course, ridiculous. I happen to prefer carrots to parsnips; but I base thereon no claim to botanical knowledge. Sir Samuel Baker tells of an elephant which, having found fruit beneath a tree, looked up at the laden boughs, and then retiring for a few feet, rammed his great hollow brow against the stem and shook down a plentiful shower of the coveted fruit. Sagacious old fellow! But this implied neither botanical knowledge nor acquaintance with the laws of gravitation. Botany and physics lie in a region of thought beyond the grasp of the most sagacious of brutes.

With all his great size and strength and cleverness—for he is a wonderfully clever fellow—the elephant is mighty timid at times. Moolah Bux, a magnificent animal, was the proud bearer of Sir Samuel when his men were driving a bill for a tiger which was supposed to be concealed in the long grass. Half hidden in the jungle, elephant and sportsman waited breathlessly. Suddenly a hare emerged, raced towards them, and ran in its fright almost between the elephant's legs. This was too much for the mighty Moolah's nerves. He fairly bolted with sudden terror as the little harmless puss dashed beneath him. Ladies, thereat take comfort. If the great intelligent Moolah was scared by a hare, why should you be ashamed if a mouse arouses in you some signs of trepidation?

The elephant is said to be fond of music. I cannot speak for the whole race, but I am sure the elephant at the Berlin Zoo has no sensibilities of this kind. The keeper produces an excruciating barrel-organ, which the elephant stimulates to hideous activity by turning the handle with his trunk. Had he the smallest musical faculty, he would rather submit to any other form of torture than this; nay, he would assuredly long ago have sat on the thing, and silenced for ever its exasperating anatology.



ATALANTA SCHOLARSHIP AND READING UNION.

THE VICTORIAN ERA.

(FIRST HALF: 1837-65.)

JOHN KIRKPATRICK.

LECTURE I.

INTRODUCTORY—POPULAR NOTIONS ON THE STUDY
OF HISTORY—VIEWS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN
AUTHORS—IS HISTORY A SCIENCE?—DEFINITIONS—
METHODS OF STUDY—PLACE OF HISTORY
IN EDUCATION.

WHEN we are about to visit a new country we consult our guide-books and maps before starting, and on reaching its confines we usually ascend some lofty vantage-ground in order to obtain a general view of the landscape before exploring it in detail. Let us do the same kind of thing before entering upon the vast realms of History.

Most people know the meaning of the word history, and its derivation from a Greek word signifying to examine or explore, yet few know its meaning accurately. Enumerating the Muses in his *Theogony*, Hesiod rightly places Clio, the Muse of History, first. She is a muse of general knowledge or general culture, and is therefore more important than the muses of the special branches of poetry, tragedy, comedy, music, astronomy. "Dry rubbish shot here" was the inscription once sarcastically proposed by Carlyle for an historical library. And why did he propose so disparaging a motto? Because, before the present century, very few so-called historians had any distinct conception of the true province or

history. Like zealous but unscientific collectors of *bric-à-brac*, most of them accumulated great hoards of fact and fiction without making any attempt to discriminate between the true and the false, between essentials and non-essentials, between the sublime and the infinitely little. Far be it from us to blame the early chronicler who has laboriously and honestly acted up to his lights, for it is to him that we owe most of our earlier historical facts; but it is permissible to smile at his irrelevance and at his ignorance of the most elementary rules of perspective. In the same breath, for example, we find him gravely recording that at a certain date a momentous battle was fought in France, that the plague broke out in the Orient, that a mighty genius first saw the light in London, and that a calf with two heads was born in Kent. Or perhaps he will tell us a veracious and gruesome ghost-story with great circumstantiality, and then casually mention that about this time one John Milton wrote his *Paradise Lost*. Such primitive notions as to the province of history have indeed long since been banished by education, but a good deal of ignorance of its true character still prevails. Why, for instance, is history often spoken of as a dry subject? Simply because what used to be called history was not history at all, but its mere dry husk or dead skeleton. Thus, in our older school-books, now happily dying out, we usually find a long string of dates, with a running accompaniment of dry, meagre, unconnected statements. We are told, perhaps truly enough, that John was a wicked king, whose folly lost him Normandy and made England a papal fief; that Richard III. was a bold, bad man, who fell at the Battle of Bosworth; and that William III. was the saviour of our constitutional liberties. But while the memory is thus burdened with dry dates and bald statements, the mind remains a blank. The mind hungers for facts from which it may draw its own inferences; it longs, with their aid, to conjure up the living *dramatis personæ* of the past, to understand their motives, and to reconstruct the stage on which they played their parts; and it refuses to be satisfied with bare statements which convey no adequate idea of persons, places, or principles. We ask for bread; the compiler of these arid histories gives us a stone. Hardly less disappointing is that class of the older histories whose staple is the life

of kings, their family history, their virtues and vices, the battles they fought, and the territory they gained or lost; whereas we are much more anxious to hear about the people, their manners and customs, their social and political institutions, their literature and art, their philosophy and religion. But perhaps the most objectionable among these and many other kinds of dry rubbish is the so-called history which subordinates historical truth to literary style, and sacrifices rugged fact to polished epigram. No wonder, then, that history used to be thought a dry subject, and no wonder that its veracity was often doubted. A second popular notion is the offspring of the first. History is often spoken of as an easy subject—easy compared with a language, or a science, or any other branch of study. Now this notion is natural and justifiable on the assumption that history is contained in books of the kind above indicated—books written in our own language, giving us a list of statements and dates, calling for no effort of the mind or the imagination, simply requiring to be learned by rote, and violating the very etymology of the word history. On such an assumption history would in truth be more on a level with the multiplication-table than with mathematics or any other branch of learning. Clio would be degraded from her proud rank as first of the Muses to that of the humblest nursery governess. Such historical rubbish, then, is undoubtedly dry, and to persons with good memories it is probably easy; but history in the proper sense, as we shall try to show, is at once the most interesting and the most difficult of all subjects.

Let us now see what some of the greatest thinkers and authors, ancient and modern, have said about history. Most venerable among ancient witnesses we may cite Aristotle, whose *Politics*, and Plato, whose *Republic*, presuppose an historical study of man and his social and political needs. A little later we find (quoted by Bolingbroke) Dionysius of Halicarnassus declaring that "history is philosophy teaching by examples;" Seneca, that "example is better than precept;" and Tacitus, that "we learn more from what has happened to others than from our own wisdom." Still more striking is the saying of the illustrious Marcus Aurelius, that "the great business of life is to search for truth; there is but one truth and one world pervaded by one God." Hastening on to modern times, and noting by the

way Bacon's dictum that "histories make men wise," we may next consult Bolingbroke's *Letters on the Study of History*. He points out that our chief schoolmasters are our own experience and the history of the experience of others, and that we learn more from the experience of others, and at less cost, than from our own. And, besides, past history gives us complete examples and whole lessons, whereas present history is incomplete. He also demonstrates the important truth that there is no such thing as an isolated fact in history, and of this he gives a good illustration. Most people, he says, attribute the Revolution of 1688 to the attacks of James II. on the religion and the liberty of his people; but a whole chain of events in the previous reign, during the usurpation, and in the reign of Charles I., also contributed to it indirectly; and he might quite well have carried us back to the earlier influence of the Elizabethan Puritans, the Lollards, and of John Wicliffe. Bolingbroke also lays down the essential rule that history ought to be studied in original, authentic, and unbiassed records, and that the statements of different writers should be carefully collated with a view to ascertain the truth. "Criticism thus separates the ore from the dross." Lastly, he exhorts us not to read history for mere amusement or to enable us to shine in conversation, but to read it thoughtfully and reverently for the benefit of ourselves and others. Let us next sit for a moment at the feet of one of our greatest masters. In his noble introductory address on the study of history, delivered at Jena in 1789, Schiller declares that history embraces the whole of mankind and the whole moral world. It is a search for truth, not for the sake of gold or fame, but from love of truth and love of mankind. Every sphere of human society is but a fragment of one great whole. To our present civilisation the whole history of the world has contributed; for, after long expectation, Christianity revolutionised the world; chivalry or ambition or superstition led to the Crusades; papal tyranny and corruption gave rise to the Reformation; and it is to these and a multitude of other events that we owe our very existence. A thorough optimist, the great poet believes in an all-wise Providence that shapes our ends, and in the ultimate triumph of good over evil; and he declares that the student's most ennobling pursuit is to trace the purposes of God in history. In a word, the true student of history must "look

through nature up to nature's God." Passing by the testimony of a cloud of other witnesses, including such men as Shakespeare, Vico, and Lessing, let us mark the teaching of some of our modern guides. Guizot was one of the first to show that society is a living organism, distinct from the individuals who compose it, and governed by laws of its own. To Pope we owe the wise saying that "the proper study of mankind is man." Mr. Freeman, among many counsels of perfection, has reiterated the important doctrine, first taught by Bolingbroke, Schiller, Arnold, and others, of the unity of all history. But in one sentence his modesty seems to have led him into error. "We claim for history no superiority over other branches of knowledge; only we confess no inferiority." Probably he means that the average historian cannot claim to be a more learned man than other men of letters or of science; but for the subject of history we do claim superiority, on the ground, for example, that we think it more important to study the manners and customs of nations than to study the habits of the Colorado beetle, or to calculate what percentage of water a stewed turnip contains, or to boil a thermometer at the top of a mountain or at the bottom of a coal-mine.

And happily the precepts inculcated by the illustrious witnesses we have cited have at length yielded a rich harvest. Happily old histories of the "dry rubbish" type are fast becoming obsolete. For, about the end of last century, a new era was inaugurated by such men as Gibbon, Niebuhr, Savigny, and Ranke, who first began systematically to employ the scientific and critical method; and their example was soon followed by Grote and Hallam, by Carlyle and Macaulay, by Freeman and Froude, by Green and Gardiner, by Seeley, Lecky, Spencer Walpole, and many others. Several of these authors excel rather in literary faculty than in historical fidelity, but they all possess in common the great merit of having founded their works on original authorities and of having done their best to distinguish fact from fiction.

Learned men have lately been much exercised by the question whether history is a science. This question has been admirably answered by Professor Villari in a recent Italian magazine. Although the controversy is a little like the old story of the chameleon, it is interesting to glance at its main points. Science, it may be premised, is simply

ordered knowledge, from which laws or fixed sequences of phenomena are deduced, while art consists in the creation, by the imagination aided by knowledge, of forms and images destined to gratify the senses and the emotions. Now, although mind is infinitely greater and more real than matter, some scientists deny that we can have any ordered knowledge of it; they deny the existence of the mental and moral sciences, to which history mainly belongs; and they affirm that the term science is applicable only to our knowledge of things that we can see, touch, measure, weigh, or analyse. To attempt to fathom "the things that are not seen" is in their view superstition, "something up in the clouds," but not science. And the grounds of such doctrine are intelligible enough. The laws which govern matter are immutable and inviolable; those which govern human relations are capable of violation, and are so variable that it is difficult to ascertain them. And hence it seems the safest doctrine to deny their existence. A number of indignant historians, including Mr. Freeman and Professor Seeley, have therefore tried to vindicate the dignity of history as a science; but some of them have gone too far in repudiating all connection between history and art. The truth, first divined by the genius of Sir Walter Scott, and first declared by his enthusiastic admirer, Thierry, is that history is both a science and an art. It is important to collect and arrange historical facts scientifically, from the arrow-heads of the flint period up to the most complex of modern statistics; but it is more important to trace the logical connection of these facts, to place them in due perspective, and to show their bearing upon society and its institutions. Facts, pigeon-holed like geological specimens, are mere dry bones until the "divination historique" aided by high literary art inspires them with life.

To define a term is to mark off the boundaries which separate it from every other term; but as history in the widest sense is a record of everything that happens, embracing every branch of human knowledge, it is boundless and therefore cannot be defined. If, however, we except from the term all special histories, those of arts and sciences, of persons and places, which we leave to specialists, and confine ourselves to general history alone, we desery landmarks at last, and may proceed to the delimitation of our province. The general history of a nation may be defined as the study (the science,

the reasoned and ordered knowledge) of the evolution of its political, social, and religious life, its mental and moral culture, and its commercial and industrial progress. History, truly says Carlyle, "is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here," particularly in their public capacity, and it therefore embraces every great public department of human activity.

As already pointed out, the study of history does not consist in committing to memory a chronological table of events. The student must use many of the higher faculties of his mind, particularly the critical faculty. He must weigh and sift the indirect evidence of gossiping chroniclers, and test it by means of the direct evidence afforded by ancient monuments and modern statistics, by public records and authenticated charters, and by unbiassed eye-witnesses. Let him also cultivate the literary faculty, remembering, however, that the writer who calls himself an historian and sacrifices truth to style is an impostor. The aims of the literary man, which if avowed are perfectly legitimate, are well illustrated by the frank confession of Washington Irving that he would be no party to sweeping away picturesque old fictions which might yield amusement or instruction to mankind. The aims of the historian, on the other hand, are to search for the truth and the lessons it teaches, to distinguish fact from fiction, to expose frauds and shams, to prick bubble reputations, and to do justice to great men hitherto unknown or misrepresented. The world knows not its greatest men; the historian benefits the whole world by discovering them.

Lastly, a few words as to the place of history in education. "Give me tangible facts," cries the self-styled practical man; "I want to know the exact present state of affairs;" but he is unaware how infinitely greater the facts of our spiritual life are than his tangible facts—he is unaware how impossible it is to understand the present without studying the past. This kind of man, as Schiller declares in the lecture already quoted, is usually a grumbler, a pessimist, and a bitter foe to all progress. As his mental horizon is limited, he not unnaturally clings to "the things that are seen," and believes in nothing beyond. Now it has often been observed that a too exclusive devotion to any one branch of science is very apt to dwarf and even deform the intellect, and to make its votary a

practical man in the above sense of the word. But surely, in the proper sense, the practical man is he whose knowledge of human nature, of human affairs, of languages, literature, philosophy, and the like, is so wide as to enable him to turn his hand or his head intelligently to almost any business that may offer. This truly practical man will be an optimist, "hoping all things, believing all things," and, like the great Newton, he will have the grace of modesty, knowing that he is as a child picking up pebbles on the sea-shore. And, upon a further ground, Clio may justly claim precedence over all the other muses. The external world is conceivable as existing without man, and it may be studied without reference to him; but the converse proposition does not hold good. We

cannot conceive man as existing without the world, nor can we study him apart from the world. "The proper study of mankind is man," not merely because man is superior to the lower animals, not merely because mind is superior to matter, but because the study of man necessarily involves the study of the world in which he lives. And hence it is that, while the exclusive study of a single pure science may be positively injurious to the mind, while the study of certain applied sciences may make a man a good physician or engineer, and while the study of literature or of art may possibly make him a good critic or artist or author, the study of general history is unquestionably better calculated to make him a man of culture and a good citizen.

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

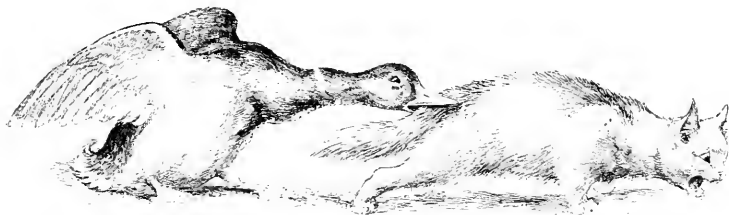
Write a short Essay on *one* only of the following subjects:—

- (1) History as a science and as an art.
- (2) Place of History in education.

Special value will be attached to evidence of independent reading and thought.

Papers must be sent in by 25th October, addressed to SUPERINTENDENT R. U., ATLANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C. Competitors are requested to state the number of words their Essays contain: the maximum number allowed is 500.

Text-book for the period treated of—*Growth of Democracy*, by Rev. J. F. Bright, D.D. (Rivingtons, 1888). For consultation—*History of England, 1830-74*, by Rev. W. N. Molesworth, M.A. (Abridged edition, Chapman and Hall, 1878); and *A Short History of Our Own Times*, by J. McCarthy, M.P. (Popular edition, Chatto and Windus, 1890).



A TUG OF WAR.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

In what book does the episode occur that the hero reads aloud the play of *Coriolanus*, and is himself compared to that character?

II.

Who was the favourite guest of the child who lived in the little hut where there was nothing but a bed and a looking-glass?

III.

Explain the expression—"An Alnaschar vision."

IV.

What author wrote a poem on the subject of "the Newspaper"?—the only poem, as far as he knew, ever written on that subject.

V.

Mention the sources where the following occur:—1. "The jelly won't *jell*!" 2. "Purr when you are pleased." 3. "Take a 'poon, pig." 4. "Drink fair, Betsey Prig!" 5. "When they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful." 6. "The great Panjandrum himself." 7. "Eleven men in buckram." 8. "I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove."

VI.

A celebrated book of travels contains the following sentence:—"Thus the whole circle of travellers may be reduced to the following heads." Mention the different kinds of Travellers enumerated by the author.

VII.

To what conclusion did the Branghtons come on their first visit to the Opera?

VIII.

To whom do the following refer?—

- (1) "That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people."
- (2) "With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
So cunning and so young is wonderful."
- (3) "Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."
- (4) "The count is neither sad nor sick, nor merry nor well; but civil count—civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion."
- (5) "And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dressed myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Even in the presence of the crowned king."
- (6) "Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue,
sword,
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers. . . ."

All readers of *ATALANTA* may send in answers to the above. Prizes of Two Guineas and One Guinea are awarded half-yearly. Answers must be sent in by 15th October; they should be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R.U., *ATALANTA*, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., and should have the words "Search Questions" on cover. Competitors are requested not to apply to other publications for information respecting questions set in *ATALANTA*.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (SEPTEMBER).

I.

The Village Schoolmaster. (Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*.)

II.

Owen Glendower, 1 *Henry IV.*, iii., 1. Hotspur replied—

"And so can I, and so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?"

III.

In the Island of the *New Atlantis*. (Bacon.)

IV.

"One night they secretly placed under each bedpost four ivy-leaves. When Florentin awoke, he exclaimed in

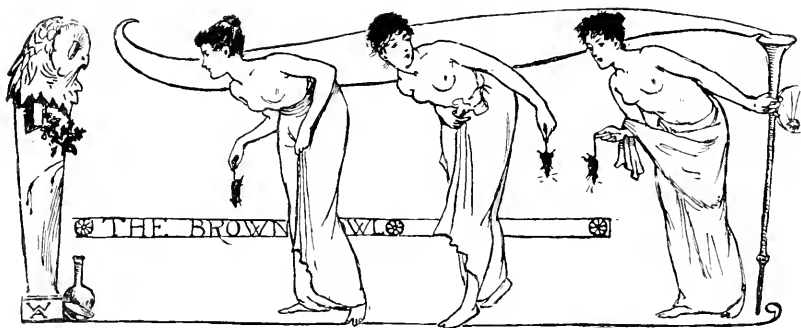
astonishment that he was higher from the ground by the thickness of four leaves than when he went to sleep. Which proved to his instructors that he was rapidly attaining great knowledge in science." (From *The Seven Wise Masters*, a famous Romance of the Middle Ages.)

V.

Hereward the Wake, Last of the English.

VI.

1. Alexander Hume (died 1609), *The Hills o' Caledonia*.
2. Shelley, *Prometheus Unbound*. 3. Emerson, *Essay on Self-Reliance*. 4. Dr. Johnson, *London*. 5. Byron, *Childe Harold*.



ON COOKING.

THE art of cooking has made such vast strides in England during the last few years, that it has become one of the important questions of the day, and it may be that the world owes more to good and economical cooks than to skilful doctors. Without desiring to exalt cookery at the expense of other arts, it must be acknowledged that its use and importance deserve more attention than is usually given to it. Cooking is eminently experimental and practical, and each day adds to our experience of the art. The Romans in their day excelled in the culinary art, and their experience has descended to us; by it we have been able to surpass them in every characteristic of ancient cookery without its extravagances.

In the 5th century Roman cookery had almost disappeared, till the monks revived the art and made cookery a study, and used to make records of it which have been preserved to the present day.

The first cookery-book in modern language was published in Madrid in 1521. Spain claims therefore the honour of being the leader in this direction. Italy came next in developing the culinary art. France, although now the Mentor of all modern cooks, was then in a comparative state of darkness with regard to this art.

It was about the middle of the 16th century that the dainties of the Italian tables were introduced into Paris, and from that time the French made

rapid progress in cookery, and soon surpassed their Italian masters.

French people are justly famous for their skill and taste in culinary matters; they know how to prepare nourishing and palatable food, so that little alcoholic stimulants are necessary.

England, although now nearly equal to the French in this respect, was very much behind in the old times. From the time of Elizabeth to the Revolution, the style, from what we read, was decidedly very substantial and heavy. It was in Queen Ann's time that cookery began to improve. The first work on English cookery, published in 1662, was called the "Queen's Closet Opened."

Cooking, in the hands of some women, is merely the expression for waste and inefficiency; they appear to have no knowledge or practical experience of the art at all. Cookery schools, classes for cookery in schools, and the numerous cookery-books are, however, doing their best to make this better.

Still a good cook should not depend entirely on cookery-books: experience and practice should be brought to the fore. It is not necessary that all women should be first-class cooks; but it is essential that every girl and woman should know how to cook a plain and palatable meal if necessary. The rudiments of cooking ought to form a part of every woman's education. It has already been admitted that no system of female education is

complete unless it includes some knowledge of the cooking and selection of food. A great deal of amusement and entertainment can emanate from lectures on food and lessons in cookery, if given by one who thoroughly understands the subject, and can lecture pleasantly at the same time.

All things which it is a person's duty to do should be done well. Cookery is one of the daily duties of millions of mistresses and servants, and it would be well to give up some time to practise the art necessary to become a skilful and economical cook, as proficiency in cooking means a saving of time, food, and money.

It is now quite the fashion for girls of the gentle class to take lessons, which is a worthy following of our forefathers' days; in the time of our great-grandmothers every gentlewoman was supposed to understand enough cookery to instruct the hand-maidens, and generally did all the preserving and pickling herself. This good old custom died out, but a revival of it is now appearing again; it is therefore thought that a few papers on cookery may be acceptable to the readers of *ATALANTA*.

The primary step in cookery is that everything should be scrupulously clean, and every cook should be persuaded to consider "Cleanliness the god of the kitchen;" the importance of clean saucepans and cookery utensils cannot be too much impressed on all cooks. The rudiments of cookery consist in roasting, boiling, simmering, frying, broiling, stewing, and baking; and in this paper we hope to explain what are generally considered the best ways of doing some of these.

ROASTING.—If the range is an open one, the first thing to be considered is to have a good and clear fire, which should be kept up during the process, but care should be taken in putting on fresh coals not to knock any coals into the dripping-pan.

Place the dripping-pan under the meat to catch the dripping—it should be put there before the meat is hung up—and put in a little melted fat to begin basting with. Then hang the meat on the bottle-jack, the biggest part downwards; a strong iron hook is run firmly into the meat and hooked on to the jack, and the latter wound up.

Place the joint close to the fire at starting, and baste with the hot fat; then, after a quarter of an hour, draw back the joint a little; keep basting the meat, for the more it is basted, the better it will be. The average time for cooking beef and mutton is a quarter of an hour for every pound of meat.

The smaller the joint or bird, the quicker it should be roasted. Lamb requires twenty minutes for each pound; pork and veal, half an hour for each pound up to 9 or 10 lbs. The colour of the joint must be observed before it is sent up. If too pale, put it nearer the fire. The gravy must now be seen to. Leave the joint hanging, and take up the dripping-pan and carefully pour off all the fat into a basin till you come to the discoloured dregs, which make the gravy. Then pour into the pan about a pint of boiling water (or stock), and wash and rub with a spoon the dripping-pan in this liquid. Rub all the brown specks, which are the dried-up gravy, then strain the whole through a fine strainer into a saucepan, skim off any grease that may be on the top, and place the saucepan on the side of the fire to keep hot, but not boil. Take down the joint; and when it is dished, pour the gravy into the dish, and not over the meat.

Game and poultry require a fierce, clear fire and constant basting, and should only be cooked in time to send up to table; for "keeping hot" till time to send it up spoils everything.

ROASTING IN A CLOSE RANGE.—First allow twenty minutes to one pound of meat. There should be a double dripping-pan, with hot water placed in the lower compartment, and the meat should be laid on a trivet. Place the wrong side upwards at first, turning it over when the meat is about half done. Place it on the hottest part of the oven for five minutes, so that the outside may harden to prevent the juices going into the gravy. Then remove to the middle of the lower compartment if fairly hot, and give it frequent basting; cover with greased paper, when the outside is browned, which should be removed just before serving, and the joint frothed in the usual way. In cooking poultry or game in a close range, place them breast downwards in the pan, *not on the trivet*, and cover the breasts with dripping an inch thick, and place a piece in their insides; the birds will then go up to table juicy and tender.

BOILING AND SIMMERING.—In boiling, the great thing is not to let the meat boil. When the water in a saucepan bubbles at the top and steams, it is boiling. Simmering is keeping the water nearly boiling; little tiny bubbles every now and then come up at the edges, and must never be allowed to go beyond this state.

When boiling a leg of mutton, it should be put into fast-boiling water, and allowed to boil for five minutes, to make the outside hard and prevent the juices escaping. Just sufficient cold water should be added to reduce the temperature, and then bring it gently to the boil; when on the point of boiling, skim it *carefully*; then draw it to the side of the stove, and let it simmer slowly. The meat should only just be covered with water. The time for boiling should be from a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes to each pound of meat, counting from the time the water boils. Puddings should be plunged into plenty of boiling water, and kept boiling till quickly done. Salt meat must be put into cold water, which should be slowly brought up to simmering point. In boiling fish, it must be recollected that white fish cooks more quickly than meat. All large white fish must be put into cold water and brought gradually to boiling point, and then allowed to simmer. A tablespoonful of salt should be added to every half-gallon of water; the white side of the fish should be kept uppermost, and also the white side rubbed with a piece of lemon before putting into the water; every bit of scum must be skimmed off. Small fish should be put into warm water; salmon and trout into boiling water, which will take the water off the boil, when they must be let simmer till done. Ordinary-sized fish are cooked within a few minutes from the time the water has boiled.

Bacon, pork, and ham should be put into cold water and brought gradually to simmering point. Turkeys, fowls, rabbits, etc., should be placed in warm water and then simmered. Vegetables require boiling fast; meat only simmering. Potatoes take half an hour to boil, unless small, when they take rather less; peas and asparagus, twenty to twenty-five minutes; cabbage and cauliflower, twenty-five minutes to thirty minutes; peas, twenty-five minutes; carrots and turnips, forty-five minutes—when young, an hour in winter; beets, one hour in summer and one to two hours in winter, if large; onions, medium size, one hour.*

H. A. de Salis.

IN these days of cheap literature, when books appear literally by the bushel, it is difficult to realise a time when authors were few, and when each work which was issued from the press represented more or less a fresh idea, a ripened experience, or the unfolding of a store of knowledge. The word literature is to a great extent in the present day a misnomer; "rubbish" is a better title to bestow on the hoard of shilling dreadfuls which crowd the book-stalls.

In the time of Murray, however, that Prince of Publishers, as he was justly called, shilling dreadfuls did not exist. Books, precious and few, were in those days really literature.

In *A Publisher and his Friends*, by Samuel Smiles (John Murray), the reader is introduced to an old but very fresh and very vigorous world of thought. These volumes may be regarded as a valuable addition to the history of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. They supply links to the inner lives of those men who are classed among the immortals in literature, and whose names are household words wherever the English tongue is spoken.

The period covered by the volumes is from 1768 to 1843. During this time the *Quarterly Review* was started, Scott, Byron, Campbell, Jane Austen, Miss Edgeworth, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, De Quincey, the Disraelis, and many others, were among the intimate friends of this great publisher. The account of John Murray's career reads like a veritable romance. He was inspired with a zeal for books, which made no obstacle too mighty for him to overcome. In his efforts to start the *Quarterly Review* he shows the courage and perseverance of a Hercules. In the face of tremendous odds, he carried it to a triumphant consummation. Difficulties that would have daunted an ordinary man seemed but to whet his spirit and determination. With regard to the *Quarterly*, he had to act to a great extent the part of publisher and editor; for whatever excellent qualities Gifford may have possessed as a man of letters and a critic, his dilatoriness and his want of business habits would have made him absolutely unsuited to his post, had any one less generous and energetic than Murray been at the head of affairs. In these days, when, whatever our faults, we editors know at least the value of being up to date as regards publication, it seems inconceivable how the *Quarterly* could have weathered its early storms; for so irregular was it

* This paper invites discussion. All letters or remarks must reach the Editor not later than October 20th, and must have the words "Brown Owl" on the cover.

in making its appearance, that Dr. Smiles mentions that in one year only two numbers were issued; it was a common occurrence for each number to be several months late.

The most interesting part of Murray's life is that which relates to that high tide of splendid literature which surrounds the names of Byron and Scott. The two met for the first time in Murray's drawing-room, and his was the connecting link between those two kindred spirits. Above the charm which must always be felt in reading about really great men of letters, there is something else in these pages which must appeal even more strongly to the reader, and that is the charm of John Murray's own strong personality. A more generous man never lived. He prized friendship above money, and the cause of literature was greater to him than any mere money-making. His kindness to Gifford, his heroic conduct with regard to the destruction of Byron's *Memoirs*, are amongst the many acts which must speak for themselves. As one finishes these fascinating pages, the wish cannot but arise, Oh for the good old days when books were few, and John Murray the Second reigned as king over the world of letters.

THE following poem refers to the well-known beautiful picture by G. F. Watts, R.A., a representation of which appears in this month's *ATLANTA*:—

LOVE AND DEATH.

LOVE stood with pleading eyes and outstretched hands:
 "Be pitiful, O Death! as thou art strong.
 The Earth is thine, thou lord of many lands;
 Leave me my home, where I of right belong.
 See how the roses wither at thy breath;
 Be kind, O Death!"

"Long have I wandered up and down the world,
 Seeking a home where I might bide at rest.
 In vain, till now; my weary wings I furl'd,
 And lighted here and built myself a nest.
 Cross not the threshold; pass upon thy way.
 Dear Death, I pray."

DEATH.

"I am thy friend; then open wide the gate
 And let me in. Why count me as a foe?
 Cold blasts may chill, and love may turn to hate;
 But those my kiss hath sealed my secret know—
 Upon their lips I lay a smile to tell
 They love me well.

"The pastures where I lead them are more fair
 Than are the gardens where thy roses blow;
 Sweeter the lilies which they gather there
 Than those through which the winds of Eden blow.
 I do thee, friend, no wrong. Unbar the gate:
 It waxeth late."

LOVE.

"No; I am strong as thou. I will not ope,
 Nor yield my treasure: elsewhere seek thy prey.
 Thy words are false, thou foe to love and hope;
 No friend art thou, since thou would'st cruelly slay.
 The air is heavy with thy poisoned breath.
 Depart, O Death!"

DEATH.

"If thou wilt not undo and let me through,
 I still must enter. None can me withstand;
 No bolts impede my way. My words are true;
 Some day, perchance, thou yet wilt understand.
 Thou shalt, believe, acknowledge in the end
 I was thy friend."

E. Leith.

ELSEWHERE is published an account of the Bazaar held at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, Rhyll, to which many of the readers of *ATLANTA* were kind enough to send contributions. One of the eight stalls was set apart for the *ATLANTA* COT, with the result that £20 has been placed to the credit of the Fund. Thanks are due to Miss Ella Watkins for the kind interest she has shown, and all the trouble she has taken in the matter.

L. T. Meade.

ATLANTA

VOL. V.

NOVEMBER, 1891.

NO. 50.

A BATTLE AND A BOY.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD

Author of "One Summer," "Guenn," etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE young Alexander was doubtless far less proud of his snorting Bucephalus than Franzl of his clumsy, rattling, bright-green milk-cart. It is true that nothing better than a horse has ever been invented for a boy's delight, and even if Alexander had no printing-press, no bicycle, and no detective-camera, he possessed in his historic nag the best thing a boy could then or can now call his own. Still, he had had other horses, as well as everything provided in those days for the entertainment of Macedonian youth and king's sons, and if there was anything else in the world which he thought worth having, we read that he helped himself to it later without shyness. Whereas Franzl had never owned much of anything. If he played with a toy it had been of his own construction, and neither he nor any boy of his acquaintance had ever had a story-book. The only books they knew were school-books, for which they entertained a healthy aversion.

When he found himself in command of his milk-cart it was a great moment in his existence. Although, in point of fact, he owned neither cart

nor milk, his sense of proprietorship was mighty as he realised he was to be sole propeller of all this magnificence. That it was over-heavy for a little boy; that the way was long, and up and down steep hills; that in storm and wind, heat and cold, he would have this load to push or drag after him, did not enter his thoughts, for neither weather nor work could frighten him. He was proud, glad, eager, and ambitious. It was a distinct advance in life, beside being unexpected. He thought the green wagon with the nine shining four-gallon milk cans, standing straight as a regiment, and two measuring-cans packed crosswise in front, a beautiful and imposing sight. The pole was nearly twice as long as the little cart, and very broad and strong, but its uses were manifold, and its possibilities more than appeared at the first glance. As it might be attached to a horse, an ox, a donkey, a cow, a dog, a man or woman, a girl or boy, it was made big and adjustable to suit all their needs, and none of them ever found fault with it for being out of proportion.

Leni walked beside him, her grave eyes looking straight before her, her dark hair brushed smoothly back and hanging nearly to her knees in one long

heavy braid. She apparently paid no attention to the boy, and as they had nothing to say to each other and were simple folk, they marched on in silence; whereas, when fashionable people have nothing to say, they chatter as fast as possible, and which is the more sensible method is entirely a matter of opinion, but it is possible Socrates might have disagreed with Mrs. Grundy on this and many another point of social etiquette.

Leni and Franzl, however, having never heard of either of these worthies, simply obeyed their own instinct, the young girl serious, absorbed in thought, the boy enchanted with the noise his cart was making, studying its weight and properties, and the best way to draw it; for there was a cross-piece on the end of the pole, beside various dangling leather straps, which Franzl was trying one after another as fast as possible.

Christian Lutz's large farm lay at some distance beyond the village of Waldheim. After passing the village the road ran between thrifty apple-orchards, was level, and so hard and good that the cart almost went of itself and gave little trouble. But when they had walked at a brisk pace for a half hour or more they came to a long steep hill. Here, for the first time, Leni seemed conscious of her companion's presence; not that she deigned to speak, but she watched him and his efforts to master the situation.

It was astonishing how heavy and unwieldy the docile cart suddenly became. Franzl pulled and tugged bravely, glanced back questioningly as if he suspected some unseen boy of loading on extra weight; but the cart did not grow lighter, the hill stretched on before him, and putting a stone behind a wheel he stopped an instant, panting and wiping the moisture from his forehead with his sleeve. Leni looked calmly at him as if his struggles did not concern her. Franzl wished he had not stopped. He would never stop after he was used to it. He wondered what that big crosspiece was for; perhaps to push. He turned the cart and began to back it up the hill. Although it was still hard enough work he could use all his weight and so get a purchase, and manage the thing very well without losing more time.

"Right," said Leni—this one word, no more and no less, and went on with her unconcerned air.

They reached the brow of the hill and began the long downward slope. Presently Franzl found

himself and his cart careering along as wildly as if a separate demon sat enthroned in every milk can and inspired the mad flight. The cart seemed alive, and Franzl a mere helpless appendage dragged along in its train. But his was not a spirit that would easily acknowledge itself beaten, —and by a milk-cart too! With a strong effort he ran it to the side of the road and, at the risk of overturning it, succeeded in getting the side wheels into a ditch. This manoeuvre effectually controlled its friskiness, and the little boy paused to take breath and counsel with the inner Franzl. He was amazed to discover what eccentricities of conduct, what headstrong speed, and unmanageable momentum a placid milk-cart could upon more intimate acquaintance develop.

Leni had apparently left him to his fate. He felt irritated. She might at least stop and look back. After all it was her old father's old milk-cart! He cautiously put the thing in the middle of the road again, uncertain what it would attempt to do next, and this time he had the good sense to place himself in front and bear back sturdily with the strong little legs which Christian Lutz had specially bought at the child-market. In this manner he got the recalcitrant cart well in hand, and was relieved to see that it could not again take the bits in its teeth and run away with him.

He now overtook Leni, who turned once more her grave face toward him and said, "Right."

They tramped on silent as before, but when they came to the next hill Leni put her hand on the cross-piece and pushed with him.

"I know how to do it myself without any woman folks," Franzl informed her.

The young girl took no notice of his arrogance but continued to help him. Again at a steep descent she made herself useful, steering the cart better than he could.

"You can't do it all at once," she began. "I've gone with the cart until to-day."

"Oh, have you?" he returned, with more respect than he had hitherto shown.

"I'm too old to go with it, since father can afford to have somebody else," she remarked quietly.

"You look awful old," he assured her.

"I told father to buy a boy at Ravensburg. He had to go down there to see a man who owes him some money. I told him he'd better get a boy. You're not as stupid as some."

Franzl, secretly flattered, answered negligently: "I don't call this much work. I could pull a great deal heavier cart than this."

The tall strong girl looked kindly and with a slight smile at the breathless, flushed little boy.

"It is heavy for me," she said, simply, "but that is not the reason why I didn't want to pull it any more."

"Did your father buy me because you said so?"

"Yes."

"Does he do everything you tell him?" he went on, inquisitively, thinking it would be a lucky condition of things if Leni were captain, instead of Christian Lutz.

"When it suits him, when he thinks it is for his advantage, but not often," she replied in her serious fashion. "Father is a very prudent man." She gave a little sigh, and Franzl feared that the peasant was captain after all,—Leni's captain as well as his own.

The cart was now conducting itself with much discretion, and Franzl's joy was profound, especially as he saw other carts and other boys coming into the main road from byways. Reaching behind him and before him was a line of green carts, some drawn by dogs, some by women, many by children, but not a boy was so small as he. He observed that women with baskets of vegetables and eggs on their heads joined the procession, all bound for the Wynburg market.

"I'm glad you told him to buy me!" he exclaimed warmly.

"You try to please him," returned Leni. "He is very pious. Nobody is so religious as father. He's at church as regular as the parson," she said, with considerable family pride. "But if he gets anything into his head against anybody, nothing and nobody can drive it out."

"I think there is more chance of pleasing you," Franzl replied heartily, for he was fast growing used to Leni, and her quiet sensible face inspired him with confidence. He could not help wondering why she was so serious. The other women were chattering, laughing, calling to one another. Leni bade them good-morning as she passed, but joined no gossiping group. Straight, tall, clear-eyed, her basket of salad on her head, she went steadily on with the little boy, spoke little and smiled less, yet with every step he liked her better. It seemed a long time to him since they had carried his

mother off to the churchyard. The queer thing about the lump in his throat was that he never knew when it was coming.

"What is the matter?" asked Leni abruptly.

"Nothing," Franzl muttered.

"Are you tired?"

"No."

"Are you in trouble?"

"I don't know."

"But you are crying."

"Girls cry when they are tired. Boys don't," he informed her in a proud but choking tone.

She smiled.

"Girls cry for a great many reasons, sometimes good ones, sometimes not. But it is no sin for them or you. I've seen already that you are no baby. What is it, Franzl? Are you homesick?"

Now Franzl did not know what he was, whether homesick or in trouble, or anything else. He had not slept much, for he had been on his first railway-journey, till late in the night, and not even a boy can really sleep when he is jolting up and down for dead life, beside being jammed as flat as a squashed mosquito on the window pane. He had been walking for days, had seen strange sights and people (as wonderful to him as anything was to the great Ulysses on his more extended travels); he was honestly proud of his cart and of himself, and doubly pleased with his importance when he beheld all his colleagues with carts—many of them men and women. Just now he happened to wish his mother could see him with the cart, and the lump came; but the reason he was crying—so far as he knew—was because something in Leni's voice made him cry, and he just wished she wouldn't—so there now!

They had come to the cross-roads where the inn called "The Linde" stood. Leni pointed to the stone bench on the corner.

"Sit down and rest a minute," she said, at the same time slipping the basket from her head to the high stone shelf or table. The child sobbed hard a few moments. He had not wept like that since the day his mother died.

Leni scanned the many roads winding away to distant hills, and the many figures far and near, tramping by meadow and orchard and vineyard.

"It will be a good market," she said. "There's old Mariele, the butter-woman. She has five good hours to walk, and we have only two, Franzl."

"I can walk a great deal more than five hours," he assured her, huskily. "I don't call that much."

"Come along now, and don't cry any more. They will think we have been beating you."

Leni slipped her basket from the stone table, which was as tall as she, to her head and walked on, saying nothing more until she saw the boy was calm again.

"See here, Franzl, you're not a bad kind of boy. I don't like boys much. They are rough and sly, and not worth much till they get older—sometimes not then. I have my opinion of men-folks."

"Pauli's mother doesn't think much of them, either," Franzl remarked sagaciously.

"Who is she?"

"The woman who made me sell myself. She isn't afraid for Pauli. He's steady, like her. But Josef is sulky. He takes after his father. And they only pay twenty marks for little Vroni; but if they will be easy with her, she doesn't mind. I suppose she's got cold, for she had a shawl over her head and her man's hat, too. He's broken his leg—in two places. It's an inconvenient season for broken legs. But men-folks always make all the trouble they can, and women-folks always have the worst of it. Lord, this is a world!"

Leni laughed; but Franzl hadn't the faintest idea why.

"You have a good memory," she said. "Pauli's mother was kind to you?"

"Yes—like you," returned the child simply.

After a while she rejoined:

"People don't call me kind very often. You see I have my own ways. But I'll be kind to you. I promise you that. Some day you may tell me about your home and what made you cry. Not now, for we are coming into the city. I suppose you are lonesome. I suppose you want your family."

"Oh, no, I don't want it now," he broke out eagerly, "because I shouldn't know what to do with it, you know, and I couldn't take care of it right myself; but I'm going to have it later, as sure as you live."

Leni, somewhat preoccupied, did not pay particular attention to his enigmatical remarks and eagerness.

"You see, Franzl," she said, "some people are

lonesome with their families, and some are lonesome without them, and nobody can get out of his own skin."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Franzl, not at her philosophy, but because he saw the city down in the misty valley—many church-spires, smoke rising from a forest of chimneys—the sun shining on metal and glass—so many, many houses, and a flood of sunlight.

Recovering from his first amazement, and fearing that he might have seemed too much overcome, he said, superciliously:

"It would be handsomer with snow-peaks!"

Missing Leni, he looked back.

She was standing where a narrow path from some vineyards met the high road, and a good-looking young man in a blue blouse was talking earnestly with her, by a stone wall.

"I can't stay," Franzl heard her say. "You oughtn't to stop me here. It will only make more trouble. You must have patience, Karl."

"But can you hold out, Leni? Are you sure? He's a hard man, your father."

"I am his daughter; I am hard, too," and her mouth set sternly. "Go back now, Karl. Please don't let them see you. Half the village is coming down this morning."

Franzl had turned the cart that he could stare at them better, and was listening with interest, but he did not hear what Karl answered just before he ran back into the vineyard. It seemed to please Leni, however, for she smiled and smiled, and looked quite different.

"Franzl," she began, hurriedly rejoining him, "that is our first house—the big one by the park, with the piazza, and garden. You must notice everything and learn all you can, so that soon you can come alone. They take a great deal of milk there; there are children and they want it before seven, for they go off early to school. The cook is kind. It is a good house, one of the best."

She put her hand on the pole, and the two together ran the cart down a short hill at a break-neck pace, and with motion enough to churn the milk. The cart obeyed Leni as a well-trained horse obeys its master, while it still had coltish tricks with Franzl.

They crossed a paved court and went up a flight of stairs.

A door was flung open at the top, and a boy of

about Franzl's size, a small silver watch open in his hand, called imperiously:

"Here, you little rascal, what do you mean by keeping me waiting? You are five minutes late!"

Franzl scowled with a will over his big milk can, while Leni said coolly:

"Then Herr Kurt will have to eat five minutes less time at breakfast, or run five minutes faster to school."

"Oh, it's you, is it, Leni?"

"Don't scold that nice little boy!" cried Hildegard, whisking on to the scene on one toe, and trying ineffectually to trill on a very high note. She had once been to the opera, and ever since had cherished the intention of becoming a great singer, but sometimes she confused the spheres of the prima donna and the ballet.

"Hush, children, you'll wake mamma," said a tall, fair-haired girl. "Good morning, Leni. Good morning, little boy. Be quiet, children. Kurt, how can you?"

"Oh, don't you wish I was a deaf-and-dumber? Mamma doesn't mind my noise. She only minds Hildegard's," Kurt retorted, mockingly.

"But you are twice as noisy as I, isn't he, Doris?"

The older sister drew them both into the kitchen, which, with its blue and white tiles and polished copper saucepans, seemed magnificent to Franzl, but he could not really enjoy the sight because that grinning Kurt was looking at him. Franzl wished he had him out on the road without any woman-folks about.

But Leni was measuring the milk, and he had to attend to business, postponing his schemes of vengeance and merely glaring after Kurt's handsome coat as it disappeared from view when Doris marched her explosive young brother and sister into the breakfast room.

"So this is the boy," Nanni the cook said, kindly. "Quite a little man."

"You'll look after him a bit at first, won't you?"

"Of course, but you'll come again?"

"To-morrow, yes, and until Franzl gets sensible and understands."

"I'm sensible," Franzl declared, as soon as they had left the house. "I can pour out that milk."

"Pouring the milk isn't the hardest part of it," she returned, drily. "You looked as if you wanted to pour it on Herr Kurt's head. Now you cannot

tell what will happen in any house. You have to take it as it comes, whatever it is. But business is business, and if you undertake to bring people milk, it's milk they want and nothing else. They don't ask whether you are footsore or hungry, or pleased or angry, or what troubles you've got in your heart. That isn't what they buy. They buy milk. Remember that, Franzl. That's what you've got to learn. Beside, Kurt isn't a bad fellow, either."

"I'll punch his head," Frenzl interrupted fiercely.

"I don't care if you do, but you can't when you are on your round with the cart. It isn't honest. You promise the people to bring the milk. You promise me. You say you are big enough to run this business. Then you can't punch heads till afterwards. Beside, you'll have too many to punch. There are too many boys. Don't you see?"

Franzl did see. He was obliged to acknowledge the force of the argument. After thinking awhile he muttered:

"But I'll remember them all and punch them some time."

Leni smiled.

"Better forget," she said kindly. "And don't mind Kurt. He can't help it. He doesn't mean any harm. He's never had anything to do but to go to school, and play, and amuse himself, and wear good clothes and eat all he wants. If he should hammer a tune with an iron hammer on their big mirror, his mother would think it pretty manners."

"I'll hammer him!" exclaimed Franzl.

"What for? We were five minutes late. They are our first customers. They ought to have their milk at seven, sharp. I usually get there ten or fifteen minutes early, and have a chat with Nanni. But you were a little slower, not being used to the cart, and then we stopped awhile at the stone bench, you know. Herr Kurt might have spoken pleasanter, to be sure. Sometimes he over sleeps and is late himself. Still, he has a right to his milk at seven, and it is the milkman's business to remember that."

"I don't care what he said," persisted Franzl.

"It's the way his monkey-face looks that makes me mad."

"Oh, never mind him," Leni returned placidly.

"That's silly. I used to mind such things myself, but going about with the milk into so many houses year after year you learn a good deal. Perhaps

you'd act worse than Kurt if you never had to work, and when you sneezed somebody thought it sweeter than a nightingale."

"I never heard a nightingale," Franzl said brightly.

"You'll hear them this summer up in the bushes and low trees near us."

"Oh, what is that?" he exclaimed, pointing to a tall draped figure on a high pedestal in the park they were passing.

"Well, I don't know exactly," Leni replied with indifference. "It is a kind of a big brown woman without much on. I saw her when they were putting her up. Then they strapped on that cloth to cover her through the winter, and I've heard that they are going to unstrap it and uncover her, some time this spring, and stand round her, and make speeches and sing, and the Prince will be there. It is queer the things they are always getting up, but I suppose it amuses them, and they haven't anything to do, and might as well do that as anything else."

"If I didn't have anything to do, I'd do something better than that."

"What would you do?"

"I'd ride on the railway a whole year with a whole seat all to myself."

"I don't think I should like that. I should be afraid. The rich people seem to like statues," she continued. "I don't mind the white ones down in the King's park; they look so clean. But this is a queer brown thing. But there's to be a fountain and a dog's basin, and seats in the shade; and that's a good thing, as you'll find, for it's a long pull from market in the summer, and straight up almost the whole way, and a body's glad to rest a minute and breathe; and you needn't look at the big brown woman unless you want to," she concluded carelessly.

This was the first art-lecture which Franzl ever heard. Leaving the shrouded Galatea behind, Leni cheerfully introduced him to the next house on his beat. From this time they were very busy, being now in the heart of the city, and having to serve customers rapidly. Up and down long flights of stairs, across courts, into shops, Franzl carried the can and measures, and Leni let him pour out the milk, and even sometimes take the money and make the change. He learned fast under her watchful tuition, and kept the accounts in a little book.

Everywhere she had a word to say of the families to whose needs she ministered, not a long gossiping tale, but some hint of the household interior, which would have vastly surprised her customers. For walls have ears, and cooks have tongues, and Leni among strangers was a silent young person, who could listen, observe, and learn much.

"They are unhappy in this house," she informed him; "all at sixes and sevens."

"Unhappy in such a beautiful big house?"

"The wife goes to balls all the time, and the husband is pale and does nothing but work. He takes his coffee alone when the milk comes; she'll have hers in bed hours later."

"Why doesn't he make her get up and go to work? I would."

"Here, Franzl, we have a pint to take up five flights. It's such a nice customer. You'll see."

Up they went to a small room where a handsome young man in his shirt sleeves sat at a table littered with books and papers. He was singing so loud that he did not hear Leni's first knock.

"Ah, there you are, Phyllis,—and who is the curly pate? I thought you had no brothers or sisters."

"It's the new boy, Herr Professor. Father bought him at the child-market."

"Professor *in spe*," remarked the young man, holding a small cracked pitcher for Leni to fill. "My compliments to your father; he has eyes in his head. Come here, you young faun."

He soothed back Franzl's tangled curls and looked with so searching a glance in the brown rosy face that he plunged the boy into profound embarrassment, particularly as he didn't know whether "faun" was a term which he ought to resent or not.

"He's going to bring the milk alone as soon as I teach him."

"What, a partner? A useful and respectable citizen, at his age? It is more than I am. I shall miss you, Leni. How are things going?" he asked, kindly.

"No better, thank you," she returned, with a blush, "about the same."

"Courage," he said, heartily; "you are young yet." Taking a little coffee-machine from its honourable place on a Greek Lexicon. "If ever I can do anything for you, Leni, come or send the faun."

"You have a kind heart, Herr Professor."

"Oh, as to that,—," he said, smiling, and secretly wishing that his bank-account was as kind as his heart.

"What does *in spe* mean?" demanded Franzl, the instant they reached the street.

"Oh, it doesn't mean anything," Leni said, calmly. "It's only his nonsense."

"Why did he call me a 'faun'? What is a 'faun' anyhow?"

"Oh, I don't suppose it is much of anything," Leni replied, with not a trace of interest. "He always makes a great deal of fun."

"What was it he called you? What kind of a thing is a 'Phyllis'?"

"I never hear his queer talk," she said, indulgently. "He is so kind. You don't know how kind he is. Didn't you like him?"

"I don't like to be called names I don't know the meaning of," Franzl replied, with dignity.

He was silent and thoughtful some time, and looked up occasionally in Leni's face with a puzzled expression. She had seemed so wise and old to him.

At length he asked:

"Does he know more than you?"

"I suppose so," she said, negligently. "He doesn't know more about cows, or farming."

"Why does he sit at that table?" he broke out, impetuously. "What does he want of such piles of books? He's a big man. Nobody can make him go to school. Why doesn't he go out doors? I'd go hunting and fishing. I wouldn't sit cooped up in the house."

Leni looked surprised.

"Why, what a pepper-box you are about nothing! I suppose he likes his books. He sings over them and seems happy. And he does go hunting and fishing sometimes. He doesn't get all he wants in the world any more than some other people."

"What's his name?"

"Herr Arno Theobald."

"He'd better talk like other people and go a fishing," persisted Franzl, doggedly.

"Perhaps I'll tell you more about him some time. You know, Franzl, I don't talk about my customers to everybody. It is only because you are my partner. I don't know when I've talked so much as I have to-day. I'm rather still, mostly. But you'll be careful, Franzl?"

"I know enough to hold my tongue. I'm not a girl."

"I hope you do," she went on, earnestly. "And Franzl"—hesitating—"about that little talk at the side of the road this morning, there by the vineyard—you won't say anything about that, will you? Not to anybody? It would do harm. And it wasn't my fault. You'll understand when you're older."

Franzl looked at her with an air of reproach.

"I understand now. I know about *lovers*," he said grandly. "I've seen some in the Venter Thal. There's a good many of them there." He spoke with cold remoteness as of specimens of an extinct race. "I shan't say anything about you."

"So much the better," returned Leni, quietly. "Wait here, Franzl, I'll go in alone. They are good people," she explained, when she came back, "old ladies, sisters, I always need a little time for them, they are so interested in everything and everybody. If you had gone by, they would have been so surprised, it would have taken too much time, and I should have had to tell more than I know about you. Now come on fast. Take care! Bit teams can't turn out for you. Here we are at the market."

CHAPTER IV.

ONE of the prettiest sights in every great city is its market, and each has its special charm: each tells the traveller, intrepid enough to sacrifice his morning slumbers and go down among the veritable pillars of society, a tale not told by fashionable shops or even monuments and museums: each shows him a picture not easily forgotten, a glimpse of warm pulsating life; he feels for an instant the strong undercurrent of toil sweeping on beneath the surface bubbles of his easy existence; he perceives much that is beautiful, much that is rough and repulsive, more colour, more freshness, more smells good and bad than he knew existed, and the most sordid traffic, the most ignoble haggling—detestable, because greedy; pardonable, since its source is for the most part need and anxiety; and he goes away more thoughtful than he comes—a healthful condition for most of us—and detects that day at least, a few fundamental

facts below the glittering superstructure of his hotel dinner.

Nowhere is the market prettier than in Wynburg. Where else in the world do so fascinatingly ugly old women, with their baskets on the ground in front of them, sit and knit and gossip in the sunshine on the warm side of such castle walls? Where else do so noble towers rise from booths, carts, and cries in the ear-rending Suabian dialect? Where do rosy chestnut spikes mass themselves in such richness? Trees serenely claim their royal right of way, occupy the best places and refuse to yield to the pressure of trade? Where do visions of sixteenth century knights with a fierce troop of mounted men dash out of a picturesque arched quadrangle, and in one's mind's eye—create sad havoc among the peaceful piles of vegetables and the old wives knitting in stolid unconsciousness of their historic background? From the open square, where the Schiller statue stands, behind the church, down to the great glass building, the market proper, through the queer, crooked, tunnel-like streets diverging from the original market-place of centuries ago, where a few ancient patrician houses display their unmistakable lineaments the whole region in the heart of the modern city is full of charm, even without the life which surges beneath the silent old towers three days in the week.

Leni and Franzl were not disturbed by phantom knights, and the beauty of the castle did not enter their innocent thoughts, which were bent upon getting the cart successfully through the crowd, and took keen notice of the general condition and quantity of cabbages, carrots, spinach and cauliflower, and all manner of salads, and cresses from brook and meadow.

In the corner of the market building, Leni had a stall with a cool chest for what was left of her supply of milk. She had relapsed into her silent mood, saying only what was strictly necessary, and looking grave, almost stern indeed. But she gave Franzl a piece of black bread, and a small cup of milk, and told him to sit down and rest a few minutes on a box near her, where he perched contentedly, greatly relishing his repast, and staring with wondering eyes at the ever-moving crowd, in the great building so full of noise and light.

Leni seemed to be a person of considerable importance. Women employed by her father

came to her to report, ask advice, complain or gossip a bit. For the most part she sent them off quickly with a cold business-like air, after a few sharp inquiries. Often she would appear suddenly where she was least expected, and listen silently to the bargaining between a shrewd cook bent upon her advantage and the equally shrewd old woman whose province it was to represent Christian Lutz's interests. All her father's people seemed to be always aware of her presence, and her still cold manner had more weight than the scolding and abuse of the others.

"Proud thing!" Franzl heard a woman, whom Leni had reproved for some negligence, say spitefully. "Since she can't have her way with old Christian, she's bound to have it with us."

"I don't know what is the matter with the girl," sneered another. "Why doesn't she take Klumpp and done with it, and wear a decent face on her? She can't do better than the biggest farm for miles around, even if Klumpp has got the palsy and one foot in the grave, and it isn't very lively at his house. A farm like that! What more can a girl want? As for Karl, she might as well give him up first as last. Old Christian never changes his mind. If she doesn't look out, she'll fall between two stools, and serve her right. A man sixty years old can't wait for ever for a silly girl. There she goes, with a face like a stone image, and not a civil word for anybody. What are you staring at?" she demanded, roughly, making a dive at Franzl, who was listening open-mouthed to these revelations.

"You," he responded, impudently, having sprung to a safe distance, and saluting her with a series of leers and grimaces.

Leni beckoned to him.

"Don't be silly," she said, coldly. "Babies make faces. Remember you are in business."

He felt ashamed and tried hard to look seriously upon his new honors and responsibilities, and to struggle against a tendency to enlivening little dissipations, such as occasional whoops and yells in the ears of people who had walked half the night and had now fallen asleep at their post. He also was pursued by the gnawing desire to make faces at persons who called him "rascal" and "good-for-nothing" and "brat," terms which were flung about freely at the market, not so much on account of the mischief that any particular boy was actually doing, as from a large comprehension of the latent

talent of the genus. Franzl finally made a mental compromise between his natural inclinations and his growing wish to please Leni, and decided to take no notice of "rascal" or "good-for-nothing;" but as "brat," for some occult reason, was particularly obnoxious to his fiery temperament, to respond to it with his most diabolical face provided he thought Leni wouldn't see. As for boys, he didn't count them. A little scrimmaging and scuffling must go on, as a matter of course. Even Leni didn't demand total abstinence in this respect except when he was on duty,—responsible for the safety of the cart.

He worked well all the long day. Sent with vegetables after a lady, and following her through the strange streets of the city, he lost his way on the return-trip and wandered about helplessly for some time. Again Leni spoke coldly to him:

"It is babyish to lose your way. You have eyes, you notice, and your memory is good."

"In the woods or the mountains, it's different," he stammered, "but the city makes such a noise and all the streets look alike."

"Don't do it again," she said, and turned away. Franzl silently vowed he wouldn't, and thus put upon his mettle, and expected to do his best, he did it, counting streets, making mental notes of signs, fountains, monuments, conspicuous buildings, anything that would serve as landmark, for it cut him to the soul to hear the word "babyish" from Leni's lips.

Business slackened perceptibly towards noon, Leni sent him on an occasional errand, but he had time to think, harder than ever in his life before, when he really could come to himself after the bewildering changes of the last few days, and sometimes it seemed to him he must be quite a different boy from Franzl Reiner.

In the first place, he felt as if he had always known Leni, yet he never saw her before that very morning. It was very queer. It was as if her smooth dark head and quiet face and her voice had been familiar to him always in Heilig-Kreuz. What did those old things mean by calling her proud? Proud girls wore gay clothes and beads. Leni was dressed in a plain dark gown, and wore her hair in a long tail with no bright ribbon on it. She looked all straight and smooth. Then she wasn't proud. That was silly. What did they mean by saying she'd better give up Karl? Karl was very nice. He had merry eyes. He had

looked at her as if he saw nothing else, not even the milk-cart. But Leni had glanced about everywhere as if she was frightened. Franzl wondered if Karl had a gun, and if he'd ever shot a chamois. But no, they had no chamois; the mountains were too low. Perhaps Karl had a long hunter's knife. He was big and strong. He looked only at Leni; that was because they were lovers. Lovers always looked at each other; Max and Luise did, and so did George and Rosine, and Benedikt and Beate. Afterwards something happened, and Benedikt went away and Rosine didn't look at anybody for a long time, and then she looked at Ludwig. Oh, yes, he knew very well what lovers were; it was foolish of Leni to suppose he didn't. She forgot that he was eleven. Of course, it was different when you liked people and when you didn't. He liked Leni; he hated Kurt. He wished he had Kurt's watch-chain, and would fight him if ever he caught him on the street. When you like people awfully it's lovers. That's the way his father and mother were, and his mother and he, and he and Loisl. When Loisl was big enough to live with him, he would buy her a blue frock like Fraulein Doris's blue ribbon dangles. The mother said:

"Some day you must be together. Some day you will be a young man and she still a wee girl, and you must take care of her. She is all the family you have, my poor Franzl, and you are all the family she has. If I could take you both with me! The way will be long and hard for you, but you are my brave, loving Franzl. You will grow to be a man and take care of her."

She said it that very last day when she was so white and her eyes were strange. She told him, too, it was better for him to go away, better for him and better for the others, for nobody had more than enough in the village, and there were too many boys already; and while people were kind and would take care of Loisl—His Reverence promised it—he must go among strangers and work his way, but never forget his little sister. Perhaps something good would happen. It did sometimes. All the neighbours would be good to Loisl. His Reverence would see to the papers and send him to the child-market. Konrad had gone three springs ago, and taken a place for the summer, and liked his master. There were good people everywhere. If Franzl was good he would find them.

Then she put her two hands on his head and held them there long—long, and his heart was bursting because she said she must leave him all alone, except for Loisl; and ever since, when he thinks of her, and that is often, his heart swells and his throat chokes, and everything is strange.

It was pleasantest when his father came home after a long hunting tour with the strangers. All the room was bright when he came in with his big gun, filling the room with his laugh, and telling everything that had happened. The mother made pancakes, listening and smiling always, and Franzl sat on his knee and laughed too, whether he understood or not. After the father was gone the room was never so bright again, and the mother never smiled so, and listened. Still, while she was there he had not missed his father so much. Now he missed them both, the mother most, for he had been always with her. And here he was, on a box in the Wynburg market, and there was no mother, no father, no cottage, no warm stove and pancakes, no snow mountains, no brook foaming over the rocks. That was why it seemed as if there were no Franzl any more.

When he put his hands over his ears tight, and then removed them suddenly, and did it again and again, it made the great hum like big bees come and go, nearer and farther. Leni said more milk would come down for the evening customers. Then he must take it to more big houses. When he was a man he was going to have a big house himself and live in it with Loisl. How much would a blue gown with dangles cost, he wondered? But first, Loisl must have a short red frock like Fraulein Hildegard's. She was a nice little girl. She had a leaf in her hand. He hated Kurt, and would hit him the very first chance, sure! That old woman with the carrots had a face exactly like a nut-face, such as his mother used to make for him; eyebrows like smooches of ink, a nose that went in before it came out, and a chin that ran away into her kerchief. The nut-woman's head was stuck on a stick with red sealing-wax. The old woman's kerchief was red, and she was like a stick—like two sticks when she walked.

He wondered how long it would take him to save money enough to buy a big house for himself and Loisl. When he left Heilig-Kreuz he meant to have a cottage, but to-day, seeing so many big houses, he had changed his mind. From his

pocket he slowly removed a piece of twine, several smooth stones, an apple-core, a lump of lead, a rusty broken nail, a cork, a four-bladed knife with three blades gone and all but the stump of the fourth, a pill-box, a much chewed pencil, a dead beetle, some tar, some wire, a bit of green bottle-glass, a tin box-cover with a hole bored in it, ships, beans, bread crumbs, and finally the coin Christian Lutz had given him at the child-market, the first money he had ever owned, together with a bit of nickel a lady had paid him for an extra errand, and which Leni said he might keep as it was not for milk.

He put his other treasures back into his pocket and regarded the big coin and the little one meditatively. When he was a man he was going to be bright and strong like his father, and Herr Arno Theobald, and Karl. It was queer that none of them had a big house. Why did the cross old men have all the money, and farms, and vineyards, and the pleasant young ones, with merry eyes, not have what they wanted? He wasn't going to be like that. He was going to have what he wanted—a silver watch and chain, like Kurt's, and a big house—bigger than Kurt's—and he was going to laugh like his father, and look pleasant like Karl and Herr Arno Theobald, for if you looked stern and had the palsy and a bald-head, it didn't seem much fun to have vineyards and cows.

He wished he knew better how much things cost—watch-chains and houses, for instance, and he'd like a top very much. But his mother said: "Save all you can earn." If he got a top, he wouldn't have so much left for a house. Then, perhaps, he could fight a boy and get his top, which would be cheaper. Some time he would ask Leni some of these things.

She came toward him, thinking involuntarily, little as her life had led her to consider personal beauty, what a strikingly handsome boy Franzl was; what a bold and proud air the little beggar had in his shabby, dirty clothes. They were too bad to patch, she decided, examining him carefully as she approached. She would soon make over an old coat of her father for the child. It wasn't respectable for Christian Lutz's bought boy to look so poor, and he was a bright, affectionate little fellow, rags or no rags, she concluded, while Franzl built his castles in the air, gazing at his coins and proudly rattling them.

"Shall I take care of them?" she asked.

He considered a while before reluctantly passing them to her.

"Pockets have holes," he said, gravely.

"I will help you save your money."

"May I look at it and touch it when I want to?"

"Of course."

"Then you'd better keep it. You don't have to fight. You see, when you fight, sometimes you get turned upside down and lose things. I am going to save a great deal. There are some things I must buy, some time."

"It won't trouble me to take care of all that you can save," she replied, gently. "But you must send it home, mustn't you, Franzl? Your family will want it?"

"No, my family doesn't want it yet. I can save my money if I want to."

"So much the better."

"And I do want to, because I must have a great deal by-and-by, when I'm grown," he went on, with calm conviction.

Leni was not sentimental, but she did not look without wonder and vague pity at the ragged little urchin who had sold himself for fifty marks to a hard master, and could yet speak in this bright sure way of money and future plans.

"Time will tell, Franzl," she returned, indulgently. "The best thing is to do well what you have to do each day."

"I'm going to have it, while I'm pleasant-looking like Herr Arno Theobald and your Karl," he went on, to her astonishment. "I'm not going to wait till I have the palsy like old Andreas Klumpp or get fat in the waist like your father."

Leni coloured deeply at his extraordinary allusions and stared at him in increasing surprise.

"I'm going to have a big house and my father's gun that they are keeping for me; my family and I are going to live there together. You may live with us too, if you want to. It's going to be a bigger house than Kurt's and I'm going to have a longer watch-chain."

"Franzl, Franzl! who told you such things? What do you know about old Andreas?"

"The women were talking. That one over there, the one with the big frog mouth, called you proud, and the one with the green striped apron

said you couldn't get your way with old Christian and so you were bent on getting it with them," he repeated, with scrupulous exactness. "You aren't proud, are you? You haven't any beads. They don't know what is the matter with you. Why don't you take Klumpp and done with it and wear a decent face on you? What more do you want than the biggest farm for miles and miles? As for Karl, you might as well give him up first as last, for old Christian never changes his mind. If you don't look out, you'll fall between two stools, and serve you right. A man sixty years old, with the palsy and one foot in the grave, can't wait for ever for a silly girl. It isn't very lively at his house."

Leni listened with changing colour. Her face grew sad and old. "Do you remember every word you hear?" she tried to ask carelessly.

"Yes," answered the child.

"It isn't worth while. It was silly talk."

"Oh, yes, it was silly. Women are sillier than men."

She stood a while lost in troubled thought.

The boy, beautiful, smiling, resolute, swung his heels from his high box, and undaunted by his rags and homelessness, looked fearlessly into the future.

At length Leni, with a sigh, roused herself from her meditations and met the frank gaze of his happy handsome eyes. His rough curls were shining in the sunlight, his cheeks glowing like dark peaches. He smiled trustfully as if he belonged to her.

She hoped he would forget the woman's talk. It would make her ill at ease to feel the child with his dreadful memory was speculating upon her most private affairs. Probably he wouldn't understand or think of them much, even if he did repeat the spiteful chatter, word for word, as if it were his lesson.

"Franzl, you are modest, you are," she began. "Why don't you say you'll have the moon?"

"Because I can't live in it," he replied, cheerfully. "I'm going to have something I can live in."

"Well, wishing's cheap," she returned dryly, "for both of us. In the mean time, there is always work to do, and here is old Wally with the evening milk."

(To be continued.)



Art Reproduction Co., Inc.

G. F. WATTS, R.A.
The Poet, by Himself



MASTER ARTHUR PRINSEP.

G. F. Watts, R.A., temp.

G. F. WATTS, R.A.

"All great Art is Praise,"—JOHN RUSKIN.

Julia Cartwright

PART II.

WE have said enough to show the high place which Mr. Watts holds among creative masters. Now we have to consider him as the foremost portrait painter of the age. His claims in this respect have long ago been recognised, and

it is to his example and influence that the revival of this branch of art during the last thirty years is chiefly due. At first sight it may seem strange that the most imaginative artists should also be the best portrait painters, but so it has ever been. Raphael, we know, was the most truthful and uncompromising of portrait painters. "He has



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LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
From the Picture by G. F. WAITS, R.A.

made of our Tebaldeo," wrote his friend Cardinal Bembo, "a portrait so natural that he is not as exactly and absolutely himself as is this painting." And the same may be said of Giorgione of Titian. The imagination which soars to the most exalted heights is closely allied to that unerring might which divines character and brings out all the mental and moral forces of a man's being.

Mr. Watts himself is of opinion that the painting of portraits is the best possible discipline for an artist who delights in ideal subjects. By keeping close to the real he is preserved from mannerisms of style and remains true to nature. His own endeavour has always been to sink his personality in that of the sitter, in order that all who see the portrait may think only of the person represented and not once of the artist. But his realism

aims at something far beyond mere truth of surface. To seize on the intellectual characteristics of the sitter, "make the face the window of the mind," and bring before us the whole of the man, is the end he has in view. And so he spares no pains to discover the sitter's turn of mind, his thoughts and habits; he converses with him, reads what he has said or written, and does not rest till he has taken

the full measure of his intellect and character. And it must be owned that his efforts in this direction have been crowned with complete success.

If, in the first place, Mr. Watts was compelled to paint portraits owing to the small amount of encouragement which his attempts at ideal subjects received, it must be owned that he has turned necessity to splendid

account. By painting the celebrated men of his time as they passed before him, he has left a magnificent record of the statesmen and scholars, the poets and painters of this generation. When his portraits were brought together at the Manchester Exhibition of 1887, the chief spiritual and intellectual forces of the Victorian age seemed to be represented there. It was hard to say whether we wondered most at the large sympathy which could



LADY SOMERS.

G. F. Watts, R.A., *pinx.*

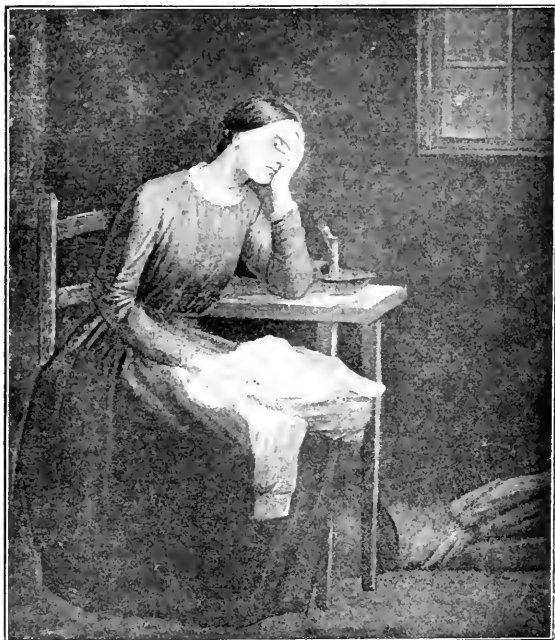
understand so many different orders of minds, or at the fine perception which could read the secret of each man's character so clearly and so well.

Each face tells its own tale. Each has its own particular individuality. The prophetic fire of Carlyle's message to his times, the anxious searchings after truth which have furrowed the countenance of Dr. Martineau, or of John Stuart Mill,

the fastidious taste of the critic in Mr. Leslie Stephen, are all made plain. And we see the same keen discrimination in the portraits of the poets and statesmen whose good fortune it has been to have Mr. Watts for their painter. The rare combination of lucidity and depth of suavity and strength which have made Tennyson first among the poets of this age, the intellectual vigour of Browning, the passionate force of Rossetti, the fiery ardour of Swinburne, the sweet reasonableness of Matthew Arnold, and the refined charm of William Morris, are all brought before us with the same vivid truthfulness. We see again the genial countenance of Dean Stanley, and the subtle features of Mr. Gladstone as he was in the prime of life, with all the great possibilities in his eager, restless face. We note the touch of humour and poetry which blends with the sagacity of the shrewd politician in Lord Dufferin's face, the dilated nostril like that of some war-horse scenting the fray from afar. And as we look at Lord Lytton's handsome features we think of Owen Meredith, and are reminded that the ambassador is not only the son of a distinguished man of letters, but a poet and a novelist himself. In the portrait of Sir Frederick Leighton, reclining in his easy chair clad in scarlet robes, with the palette and bronze at his side, we see a life-like presentment of the all-accomplished President of the Royal Academy, a man of many tastes and exquisite refinement. In that of Cardinal Manning we have a picture of grand old age which has been compared, not without reason, to Gian Bellini's portrait of Leonardo Loredano, the white-haired Doge of Venice. The painter's faculty of representing the sitter at his very best is even more finely shewn in his portraits of Herr Joachim and of Mr. Burne-Jones. The great violinist stands before us in the act of drawing his bow across the strings,—a familiar

and inspiring sight. His head is a little bent forward over his instrument, his whole soul is rapt in the music. We seem to hear the strains of that wonderful violin, to be borne away on the wings of its enchanted melodies. In painting Mr. Burne-Jones's head, Mr. Watts has caught the peculiar light in the eye that is the charm of this painter's face, which tells of all the lovely dreams and all the fairy visions which he has given us in the past and which are still to come in the future.

These are but a few of the illustrious men whom Mr. Watts has painted during the course of his long life-time. Sir John Millais and Mr. Calderon, Sir Charles Hallé and Sir Henry Taylor, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Lothrop Motley, Lord Salisbury, Lord Sherbrooke and the Duke of Argyll, Lord Lawrence and General Garibaldi, the great philanthropist Lord Shaftesbury, the Prince de Joinville and the Prince of Wales, are among

G. F. Watts, R.A., *pinx*



MOUNT JONES.

from the picture by G. F. WATTS, R.A.

the portraits in his gallery at Little Holland House. Those of Lord Lyons, Lord Lyndhurst, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, he has already presented to the National Portrait Gallery. Many, too, are the famous beauties and well-known women of past and present days whom Mr. Watts has painted, from Princess Lieven, whose memory has been lately revived by the publication of her letters, down to Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. H. M. Stanley—Miss Dorothy Tennant. But among all these gracious forms, we find that Mr. Watts has always been most successful with those in whom the inner beauty of the soul seems to shine through the fair face. The portraits of Miss Violet Lindsay, now Lady Granby, and of Mrs. Frederick Myers—Miss Eveleen Tennant—are marked by the spiritual loveliness which Mr. Watts knows better than any one else to render; while for Venetian splendour of colour, no modern painter has ever surpassed the picture of Mrs. Percy Wyndham in her green robes with the pot of Magnolia blossoms on the table by her, or that of Miss Prinsep, with the bright auburn hair and rich blue draperies sitting at the open piano.

We give our readers two beautiful heads from Mr. Watts' chalk drawings, the one an old study of Lady Somers, of especial interest as showing a

type of face which greatly influenced the painter in his imaginative creations, the other, a portrait-head of Mr. Arthur Prinsep as a youth of fifteen, with the thick masses of wavy hair standing like an aureole about his brow, has all the radiant joyousness of a cherub face. Another charming picture of childhood here reproduced is the portrait of Miss Fox, afterwards Princess Marie de Lichten-

stein, standing by the side of her Spanish pointer. Lastly, we have chosen for the frontispiece of this article a portrait which, precious as it is to the present generation of English men and women, will be a thousand-fold more precious in the years to come. This is the portrait of the great master himself, painted with all the mastery of form and colour which have made him without a rival in this branch of art. It has all the marks of his strong personality. We are conscious, as we stand before it, not only of the light of genius, but of the force



LADY GARRAGH.

G. F. Watts, R.A., pinx.

of character and native simplicity that lend their charm to a noble presence.

The landscapes which we have from the hand of Mr. Watts are comparatively few in number, but they are so full of truth and pathos, and bear the stamp of his individuality so plainly, that we cannot pass them by without a word. He has brought to the study of sea and shore, of mountain

and field, the same imagination and poetry that have made his portraits and his ideal subjects alike famous. It may be a simple picture of English autumn, painted in November, when the trees are almost bare and the ground under them is wet and sodden with rain, or a sunny reach of Mediterranean waters under the sky of Naples, a sketch of the sea fog lifting off the rocky shores of Corsica, or of the mountain peaks above Mentone,

but whatever the scene, it is sure to move us by the force of its sincerity and by the pathetic emotion which it stirs in us. One of his best-known landscapes is that little picture of grey-green meadows and elm trees at the quiet eventfall, when the rooks are flying homewards over the farm-yard stacks, "and all the air a solemn stillness holds." And perhaps the finest of all is the noble painting of the mountains of Carrara from the Tower of Pisa, with the vine-leaves growing

up the marble pillar in the foreground. We have tried to give our readers an idea of this picture, but no reproduction can do justice to the magic of light and colour which is the glory of the original.

Again, in several of his pictures, Mr. Watts has shown himself to be a careful and accurate animal painter. His study of the old white horse feeding in the meadow, exhibited at last year's Academy

under the name of "A patient life of unrewarded toil," will be fresh in the minds of our readers, but his most remarkable work in this line is the large picture of London dray-horses which he himself calls "In the Suburbs," but which is generally known as "The Mid-day Rest." Here a couple of splendid-looking horses are standing at ease in the shade of a broad-leaved chestnut tree under a red-brick wall, while a stalwart waggoner leaning

against the shafts scatters grain idly to the pigeons that flutter on the ground at his feet. The whole impression is one of perfect rest and contentment. But Mr. Watts would tell us that the picture is also one of historical value, and that he has painted it as a record of contemporary life for the benefit of future generations. For these dray-horses, so admirably drawn and modelled, belong to a changing order, and are types of a race that will soon vanish before the march



LORD DUFFERIN.

G. F. Watts, R.A., *pinx.*

of civilization and the multiplication of steam-engines.

"Huzzin an' määzin, the blesse'd fealds
Wi' the Devil's oan team."

Once more Mr. Watts' many-sided genius has led him to attempt several important works of sculpture, a form of art which it is easy to see has for him a peculiar attraction. His statue of Clytie was his first success in this



Mr. F. Watts, R.A., pinx.

FIGURE 1.

line, but his greatest efforts of late years have been the colossal equestrian statue of Hugh Lupus, (executed for the Duke of Westminster, and now at Eaton), and the imposing figure of Energy, under the form of a Rider sitting on the horse he has tamed, shading his eyes from the sun as he looks out into the world for new labours and fresh conquests. This equestrian group on which Mr. Watts is at present engaged has all the beauty of line and heroic action of the finest Greek work, and when completed will be a noble monument of modern sculpture. It is, we believe, Mr. Watts' intention that this colossal group

should stand on a public site, whenever funds for casting it in bronze can be supplied.

With the same characteristic generosity he intends to leave the nation the priceless collection of portraits of eminent men now in his own gallery, and what is even more valuable, the greater part of his large allegorical pictures, some thirty-seven or thirty-eight in number. This truly royal bequest will include "Love and Death," "Mammon," "The Court of Death," and many others of equal fame, now hanging on the staircase leading to the Art Library at South Kensington Museum. The latest version of his "Fata

Morgana," which was exhibited at the New Gallery in 1890, he has already presented to the city of Leicester, and "Love and Life" is eventually to become the property of the United States of America, in which country Mr. Watts' works are as well known as they are in England. So nobly will the painter fulfil the great wish of his life, and teach and elevate his countrymen by means of Art.

"I have felt very strongly," he wrote to the President of the Metropolitan Museum of New York, at the time of the exhibition of his works in that city, "that Art, losing its great mission, being no longer employed in the service of religion or of the State, is in danger of losing its character as a great intellectual utterance, and, in working, my efforts have been actuated by a desire to establish correspondence between them and noble poetry and great literature. And this it has been my purpose to effect," he adds, with characteristic modesty, "with whatever power and ability I may possess." And on another occasion, he said, "Every means of stimulating, cultivating and popularising the noblest expression of Art should be pressed into service. Until the people at large grow to care about it, it can never take root in England."

Mr. Watts' artistic career has been marked throughout by a singular independence. The different currents of contemporary art have passed him by and left no trace upon him. He has stood apart from the crowd and has had no followers. His style was not easy to imitate, his aims were beyond the reach of ordinary artists. But he has not been without honour in his own country. In 1867 he was elected Associate and full member of the Royal Academy without his knowledge or application, a compliment never before paid to any other painter. A few years ago he was offered a baronetcy, at the same time as Sir John Millais, but he declined a rank on which he set no value, while at the same time he gratefully acknowledged the homage thus paid to his art. In 1882 an exhibition of his paintings was held at the Grosvenor Gallery, and for the first time Englishmen recognised all the greatness of his genius. Since then the place he has held in public estimation has been second to none. Even in France, where the tendency of contemporary art runs in a very different direction, the great merits of his work are now fully acknowledged. At the International Exhibition of 1889 his

paintings occupied a prominent place in the Gallery of English Art and attracted general attention, although French critics, in common with some of our own, still deplore the preponderance of subject in Mr. Watts' pictures, and complain that he confuses art with literature. But neither praise nor blame can move Mr. Watts or alter his practice in the smallest degree.

"I have plenty of ambition and ardently desire to be useful in my generation," he wrote to a friend in 1859, when he was at work on his great fresco at Lincoln's Inn, "but I would prefer working silently and unnoticed save by that amount of encouragement that would cheer my efforts when well directed, and for the sake of their direction alone. To produce great things, one ought to be intent only upon doing one's utmost, and never stop to consider whether the thing be great or little in the abstract. The really great is so far beyond one's reach that comparison becomes an unworthy consideration. To work with all one's heart, but with all singleness of heart, is the right thing, and whoso does this may feel satisfied, whatever the result of his labours may be. In this instance would feel satisfied if I had been able to do my best, but many circumstances have prevented me from doing my best, so I cannot be contented. The utmost I can hope is that my work will not be a disgrace, and my hope is founded upon a steady rejection of small effects. If I have shown the way to better things, I shall be very well contented; but I neither expect nor desire that my work may be considered a great one."

These words, which were written forty-two years ago, still express the direction of all his hopes and efforts. His work may not be free from technical imperfections, he may not always find it possible to realize his dreams, or express all he has to say within the narrow limits of one art. But his aims have been many and great, and his failures are worth more than the successes of most other men.

It is idle to attempt a forecast of the judgment of posterity, but when the glories of the Victorian age are counted up we cannot doubt that Mr. Watts will be remembered among the greatest painters and noblest idealists of the century. That splendid dream of his youth has been doomed to disappointment, and England is not to have a "Sistine Chapel" painted by a Michael Angelo of her own. He



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THE RIDER ON THE WHITE HORSE.
From the Picture by G. F. WATTS, R.A.

has founded no school and leaves no pupils to follow in his steps. But his message has been delivered in all its fulness. He has spoken to the children of this generation through the beautiful visions of his brain, and has left us a noble

record of his own passionate belief in a Power that is above Nature, and in a life that is stronger than death.

"Through such souls,
God stooping lets light into the world."

MISS PINKERTON'S PUPILS.

Louisa Farr

LOLA.

PART II.

WHEN Colonel Lennox announced that business of an important nature demanded his presence in London it was a relief to find that Lola raised no objection to his immediate departure. It was within six weeks of the holidays. She was studying hard, and the heart must have been dead to ambition which did not feel the responsibility of being head-girl at Miss Pinkerton's school.

"You see, Nonny, it is my last term, and I want to come out first in everything, on my own account, on your account, and to shew Miss Octavia that I am grateful for all the pains she has taken with me. Well, while you are here it's this way: I think of nothing but you. You mix yourself up with my French verbs and my English composition, and I can't prove a sum for you, and the only date I can remember is the day you came home."

"Is that true?"

"True! Of course it is. Why, see how I love you," and she threw her arms round his neck. "I wish I was a great strong bear to hug every bit of breath out of your body. Oh! don't look so solemn,—as if I meant it for true. You should have enough left to bring you back to life again. But now I must run off and find Miss Pinkerton. She wants to talk to you about the lady who is to live with us, although what we want of her I don't know. To chaperon me when I go out, Miss Pinkerton says. I can guess what that means;

you want to sneak out of going to balls and parties with me, but it won't do. Where I go, you'll have to go, and you'll have to dance, too."

Colonel Lennox shook his head: "Shouldn't get any partners; nobody would dance with an old fellow like me."

"Now it wants to be flattered; to be told that it's fifty times more nice than a lot of horrid young men. Shall I tell you what the girls say?—that they are all in love with you, and Maria Crampton—that's that pretty girl with the golden hair—said she'd marry you to-morrow, if you'd only ask her."

"H'm!"

"Yes, it would be 'h'm' if I found you asking her, or anybody."

"I couldn't, when I marry I'm to marry you? that is a bargain."

"Yes, certainly, when you *do* marry."

"Ah, you say so!"

"And I mean so. All the girls know I do. I'm never going to give you up to anybody."

Colonel Lennox took her hands and pressed them tightly as he said, "Ah! if only I was a young man."

"Then you'd be a bother, you are ever so much nicer as you are. I'm sure you need not want to be young, see the time it has taken me to grow up, and I'm not eighteen yet."

Twelve months went by full of important events in the lives of Colonel Lennox and Lola.

To mark the triumphant finale of her school life the Colonel had taken her, Miss Pinkerton, and Miss Octavia for a charming tour abroad. While they were absent, the coveted house at Horrabridge—which had been previously secured—was put into order, so that when they returned it was to go there to their home, and be welcomed by the kind elderly lady who was distantly related to the two dear governesses.

Lola, full of delight, ran from one room to the other, flying back every now and then to hug dear Nonny "for so beautifully remembering all her wishes." She declared herself to be more happy than words would express, and it must have been a dull nature that did not rejoice with so bright a creature. As for Colonel Lennox, each day he said to himself many times that he was the luckiest man that he had ever known; somehow he did not say that he was the happiest, he could not, for, from the time he had returned to England, and more especially since they had settled at Horrabridge, he had felt the constant struggle of discontent with himself, and, terrible to relate, every now and again, an irrepressible irritation with those around him. This latter feeling was most generally aroused when some of the young men of the neighbourhood were in attendance on Lola; it had even risen to the height of feeling vexed with her for laughing at their poor jokes and listening to their silly conversation. He winced when he heard them talking of persons of fifty, whom they called "elderly," and was not soothed by the defence Lola set up for her companions, that "they'll know how to talk better, dear, when they are as old as you."

The result of all this was, that one morning the Colonel announced that some business would oblige him to go for a short time to London. He would drive into Plymouth, sleep there, and start the following day. In vain Lola pleaded to be allowed to go as far as Plymouth with him. He put aside her request by saying that she would interfere with what he felt he really ought to do, which was to make some prosaic investigations regarding the erection of cow houses, barns, and other farm buildings. Satisfied with this, he was permitted to depart without further enquiry, and at the hour fixed he drove away to carry out the plan he had decided upon.

A letter had prepared Miss Pinkerton to receive

a visit from him. He had, after much serious reflection, taken the resolution to consult her on the very important subject which was interfering with the happiness of his life. As he drove along, he mapped out the circuitous path by which he would lead up to the question he had come to ask. The first sentence lay on his tongue when he entered the room, but no sooner did he find himself in the presence of his good old friend, whose face and greeting assured him of her sympathy, than he burst out with, "Will you think I'm gone clean mad if I ask? Do you think it possible that Lola should marry me?"

Miss Pinkerton saw that he could not control his agitation.

"Sit down here," she said, pointing to a seat close to her. "You have been a little abrupt with your question. I must have time to turn it over."

"Oh, I know," and he wiped his forehead nervously. "I had prepared a most elaborate preamble, but the moment I saw you I felt such a coward that it was now or never. If I didn't out with it, I should go off without speaking at all, and," taking her by the hand, "something really must be done. I am getting unbearable, little-minded, irritable, jealous; the care she shows for me, begging me not to do too much, not to take cold, instead of pleasing me, makes me vexed by seeming to widen the gulf between our years. If there is a chance for me I am ruining it every day I live. I'm making her think I'm fast growing into an irritable old man."

Miss Pinkerton allowed him to run on with his reproaches without interruption. She knew that the outlet of pent-up words often brings ease; besides, it afforded her time for consideration.

Contrasting Colonel Lennox with her old pupil she saw no disparity of age that might not well be bridged over. Who would ever love Lola so tenderly? Whom did the child care for so well? Miss Pinkerton had had to keep an eagle eye on some of the girls entrusted to her, but never on Lola. If a red coat was a delight to her it was the uniform that attracted, not the wearer.

Remembering this, she thought she might safely give some encouragement, and this she did so successfully that by degrees the Colonel opened out his whole scheme to her.

He was to go to London and from there write to Lola. Miss Pinkerton would go to Horrabridge,

so as to be with Lola when the letter arrived. She would report on how it was received. Lola would, of course, send an answer, and her decision must be the Colonel's guide. The council was prolonged for some hours, and when Colonel Lennox took his leave he seemed to have slipped off a burden. Miss Pinkerton had put new courage into him. "I feel a different man," he said, gratefully, "I hope for success, but I feel that I could bear defeat."

"Well said," she answered cheerily, "but we are going to look on the bright side. Remember the old saw, 'Faint-heart.'"

He nodded his head and turned to go down the steps, for she had walked with him to the garden door, which she had half closed, when opening it again, she said "Oh, I forgot, I've had a letter from Aberdeen from Mary Hamilton; she's in a state of great excitement, expecting Sholto home."

"You don't say so? Say all that is kind to her from me, and tell her that we shall expect to see something of him, now that there's a house to ask him to. Do you remember his last visit?"

"I should think so, and the scene Lola treated us to about you getting married to anyone but her. What put it into the child's head I can't fancy."

"Any more than you can fancy what has put it into my head now?"

Miss Pinkerton was about to answer, but he gave a wave of the hand and went quickly away.

It was June; six months had passed since the day on which Colonel Lennox had put that important question to Miss Pinkerton. The letter he had sent to Lola was full of such humble pleading that her loving nature was stirred by it. "How can he doubt that I shall consent to marry him," she said to Miss Pinkerton. "There is nothing on earth I would not do to make him happy. I owe it to him for all he has done for me."

"No, my dear, you must not put it in that way. Most certainly you owe to Colonel Lennox obedience, submission, affection, and a thousand things that I don't think you could ever repay; but the love that is asked of a wife is the sacred possession of a woman—no one has the right to demand it of her. You often are told and hear stories of girls marrying to save their fathers, or their families, from ruin, and it sounds very heroic and pathetic;

but it is none the less wrong—so it is with gratitude; you must have a stronger motive than that, Lola, for consenting to marry your kind friend and guardian."

"Oh, but Miss Pinkerton, I have. I love Nonny with all my heart. It's true I never thought of marrying him, because I've never thought of marrying anybody; and we are so happy as we are, that I don't want anything changed."

"But of these young gentlemen who live about here—suppose one of them asked you?"

"What, to marry him? 'No, I thank you,' I should say. 'No, I thank you,' three hundred and thirty-three thousand times."

"Then you have never seen—"

"Anyone to compare with Nonny—never, and I shall write and tell him that I'm ready whenever he is ready—that I cannot love him better; but I'll try to grow wiser as quickly as I can, and get older and older every day."

Miss Pinkerton was far from satisfied, yet what more could she do? Letters were exchanged, the matter seemed settled. Miss Octavia was taken into their confidence, and, to her aunt's astonishment, expressed no disapprobation or surprise. She merely gave it as her opinion that, if Colonel Lennox was the man she took him to be, he would delay the marriage for six months, and, during that period, he would not speak of the engagement to anybody. This advice was repeated to the Colonel, and contrary to all expectation, he thanked Miss Octavia for showing him what he believed it was expedient he should do—and this being arranged, he came back from London.

Well, the period of probation was now nearly at an end. Very soon the Colonel might ask Lola to fix the day for making him a happy man, and yet the thought of that which he had counted upon as the culmination of joy did not fill him with unalloyed pleasure. Thoughtful, loving, without a fault that he could find in her, Lola and he were no more lovers than they had ever been. The constraint which their new relationship had induced in Colonel Lennox had no place even in the thoughts of Lola. She was as affectionate, as confiding, as frank in telling him all the workings of her mind and heart as she had ever been. There was no change in her, and it was this that gave him uneasiness. Was he taking an unfair advantage of this guileless girl, the spring of whose deeper

emotions he had not only failed to set flowing, but the very existence of which was still doubted by him? What should he do? One day he so earnestly put this question to himself that his great love made answer: "Do that which is best for her happiness." "I will," he found strength to say, and he asked for an interview with Miss Octavia. He knew that with her there would be none of the shrinking which kindly old Miss Pinkerton felt from causing pain. State your case candidly, give her permission, and Miss Octavia would boldly plunge in the knife, regardless of all but that which her clear-sightedness told her was right.

It is not necessary to recapitulate all that passed between Colonel Lennox and his moral surgeon, but the advice he came away with was to write to Sholto Hamilton and ask him to come to Horrabridge and spend a few weeks there.

On hearing the proposal Lola rather objected, but when told that his visit to his mother had been so far very dull, because the old relative she lived with was seriously ill, she gave in. The invitation was sent, was accepted, and a week later Sholto arrived.

To Lola's great delight, Mr. Hamilton said she had altered so much he should not have known her.

"And you are not changed a bit."

"Let me see," said Sholto, "how old were we when we last saw each other? I forget."

"Oh! I don't. I was twelve and you were seventeen. You so successfully impressed on me the immeasurable superiority of your age, that I positively detested you."

"That's gratifying!"

"But it wasn't anything new. I hated you when you were a boy. You scalped my doll. Nonny has a letter from me, full of my dislike to that 'horrid, cruel Sholto Hamilton.' I was made to learn a hymn and listen to a long lecture from Miss Pinkerton, all on your account. I can remember now how my finger-ends tingled at—"

"But, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise,
Your little hands were never meant
To tear each others eyes."

"Oh! I thought, if I only had the chance."

Sholto feigned to shrink back. "May I ask if

you are still such a——" and he made a show of scratching with both his hands.

"Certainly, if I am roused, I am."

"I shall have to beg protection from somebody."

"Impossible, here. They all do what I wish, and say what I ask."

"Then there is a proud distinction in being your sole enemy. Now I think of it, it was very 'cute of me to be 'such a horrid boy.' If I had been one of the good, namby-pamby sort you would have entirely forgotten me. As it is, I have lived in your memory. Miss Lola Grahame, you see before you your open and declared adversary."

"I accept the challenge," she said, picking up the glove which had fallen at her feet, and the two looked at each other, their eyes sparkling with fun and a spice of defiance. Both were put upon their mettle. For the first time Lola felt she was measuring swords with one whom she was determined to conquer. Sholto was saying to himself,

"Now do your worst, my pretty little tyrant, I don't mean to submit so easily."

"Then, 'it's war to the knife,'" said Lola.

"Yes; fair fight and no favour."

"Eh! Eh! Eh! What's this?" exclaimed the Colonel, who was just entering by the open window. "You two at it already? Well, I did think this time you'd bury the hatchet between you."

Never, during the time they had lived there, had Colonel Lennox found so many engagements to take him from home. For the first week of Sholto's stay Lola was in despair. "Except it is at breakfast and dinner, you might as well be at the North Pole, Nonny, for anything we see of you."

"I know, my dear. It's really treating Sholto very unceremoniously, but these builders are such fellows that—"

"Oh!" protested the young man, "but I should feel most uncomfortable if you did not treat me as one of the family."

"And then," continued the Colonel, "I leave Miss Bailey to keep peace between you."

"But Miss Bailey can't ride with us or walk with us unless we wanted to kill her straight off."

"I fear things must stand as they are for a few days longer, and then I'll join you and be bottle-holder to which ever most needs me. How are the odds, Sholto, against you or Lola?"

"Oh, I am being treated abominably. Nothing but the honour of the British army keeps me from running away."

"No, no, there must be no mention of running away," said the Colonel, hastily, "we can't spare him yet, can we?" and he looked at Lola.

A smile was her reply; but inwardly she felt a shiver run through her. Oh, how dull it would be when he was gone! She had not before realised that with only Nonny and Miss Baily, both so much older than herself, she now and then had felt rather lonely—that their rides had seemed at times a trifle monotonous, their walks a little fatiguing. Since Sholto had come he and she had scoured the country around, both on horseback and on foot, to return home feeling more fresh than when they started.

They still kept up a show of mimic warfare, but in reality they were growing to be the best of companions. Each day now seemed to go quicker than the previous one—the hours they spent together seemed to fly. The Colonel began to see that the elaborate pretexts he had been at the pains to invent as reasons for not joining them, were no longer necessary, the most transparent excuse served him now. And this from no heartlessness on the part of Lola, and that the Colonel had the good sense to know. The girl loved him as she had always loved him. It was he who had made a mistake, and he was thankful that he had sought to remedy it before it was too late. During the past six months his eyes had been gradually opening to his error, and he had felt a greater discontent with himself and with life than he had ever known before. The realisation of this truth caused him many a sorrowful hour; but already the certainty of doing right was asserting itself, and, convinced of what the end would be, his great desire now was that Lola should trust him, should still give him the implicit confidence which so bound them to each other.

The sweet summer days were in their prime. Cloudless skies, bright sun, hedges smothered in roses, the earth carpeted with flowers. It was the season when it is good to be young, to take life at its full—to dream of happiness and to love. Unconsciously—without a word ever having been spoken between them which all the world might not have listened to—Lola and Sholto were holding

to their lips this cup of pleasure. He had been at Horrabridge a month when one morning he set off with Lola for a long walk across the moor. There had been heavy showers during the night, and from under their feet the wild thyme sent up its incense to perfume the air. At first the two laughed and talked without ceasing, then gradually a silence fell upon them, ended by Sholto heaving a deep sigh, echoed by one from Lola.

"Oh, I am so happy," he said.

"And so am I" was said back to him.

"If it could only last for ever, if I never need go away."

Go away! The words seemed to fall with a heavy blow on Lola's heart. Go away—away from her—it was as if the possibility had never before occurred to her.

"Lola," Sholto was saying, and having drawn nearer to her, he took her hand. "You don't need me to tell you how dearly I love you, and I don't believe I am very vain in thinking you love me in return. Will you marry me? Will you be my wife?"

With a sudden movement she pushed him from her. "Nonny," she cried.

"Nonny won't object," and he tried to take her hand again, "leave him to me, I——"

"You don't understand," she said, huskily; "it is Nonny I am going to marry. He asked me and I promised him six months ago."

"Promised to marry him, Lola?"

"Hush, hush!" and she put up her hands to stop him. "Sholto, not one word. Think of all I owe him. More than I could ever repay. It is to you we have been cruel," and her sobs burst forth, "but you do not suffer alone."

And, after a time, with tears and in disjointed sentences, Lola told the little history of her engagement, and how it had been agreed that nothing should be said of it. Best proof of Sholto's love, he refrained from paining her by speaking one word of Colonel Lennox, and the sorrow this silence had caused him. And some hours later the two walked sadly home, like those who leave behind them a newly-made grave. It was to them the grave where they had buried a love, never to be spoken of again.

At dinner that evening, Lola's place was vacant; a bad headache was the excuse given. Sholto tried bravely to keep up his naturally cheerful

manner, but before he announced that, owing to an unexpected letter, he must take his departure on the next morning, the Colonel had guessed the truth.

"Come into my den with me, my boy," he said, laying a friendly hand on the young fellow's shoulder, "I want a word with you." And after an hour's talk, when they separated, Sholto's heart felt so light that it would not have balanced a feather. According to the Colonel's wish he started early the next morning, and when, in the middle of the day, Lola came downstairs, it was to find that Sholto was gone.

The weeks which followed this departure tried both Lola and the Colonel severely. He had arranged his plan of action, but to carry it out in sight of those heavy eyes and that pale little face gave a pinch to his heart that he could with difficulty bear. It would be so easy to tell her that he had realised his mistake—had spread a snare, and had long ago guessed her secret. But if he did so, the confidence he still hoped she had in him would be lost and his faith perhaps shaken for ever.

The dear governesses, too, begged him to be patient. Miss Pinkerton comforting him by her tears of sympathy. Miss Octavia by her outspoken faith in Lola's integrity. "The girl is now," she said, "wrestling with her sense of duty. The moment she has conquered self she will see more clearly, and then, unless I am mistaken in my judgment of her character, you will be given a proof of her truthfulness and her sincerity."

"And don't you think you might give the dear child a helping hand by trying to lead up to the subject in some way?"

"Aunt," said Miss Octavia, rebukingly, "never tamper with principles."

"Not for the world, my dear, pray don't misunderstand me. Only I thought——"

"Quite so, quite so," said the Colonel, coming to the rescue; "I shall take the good advice that Miss Octavia gives me," but a warm pressure of the hand told the soft-hearted old lady that her words would not be thrown away.

Neither were they—Colonel Lennox pondered on them as he drove home, and the result was that, inviting Lola to an after-dinner stroll round the garden, he began to speak of his own young days, skilfully leading up to the time when

Lola had come to brighten his existence. "A strange bond between a young man and a little child."

"It was," she said, "I have often thought so."

"And yet not strange—death, circumstances, disposition—for I have always been a queer fellow—deprived me of those ties which come naturally to most of us. My mother dead,—my sisters, well, dead to me,—too shy to seek for close friendships, my heart was suddenly attacked by a little being who placed all her love, her faith, her trust in me. Oh, my child, may you never be in a condition to experience all the joy you brought into my life! Your little joys and sorrows poured out with your arms twined round my neck. Your prayers lisped at my knee. I believe, could I have had my wish, I should have kept you a child till now. Not that time has altered you, dear—we are the same friends still—still able to tell all we think—all we feel—one to the other?"

The Colonel paused as if lost in thought, while the tears which had slowly filled Lola's eyes dropped faster and faster. Stopping in front of a little summer-house which they had reached, she said, "Will you wait for me there? I want to be a few minutes by myself. I—have something to tell you."

No need to repeat the secret that Lola told. These confidences that come from heart to heart are said in a language which will not bear being written. Every word the girl uttered, spoken in all innocence and truth, drew them nearer to each other, for the ice of reserve once broken Lola's natural frankness resumed its sway.

"And you still love me the same, Lola?" Colonel Lennox asked, anxiously.

"I love you as dearly as I ever loved you, Nonny, only better."

"And I too," he said, looking earnestly at her; "that little madness that stole over me was but the jealousy of the father, who is ready to set up any barrier rather than consent to another stealing his treasure."

"Ah, but you hadn't seen Sholto then."

"No, and you looked at him through a different pair of spectacles."

"And called him that 'horridly odious' boy. Oh! Nonny, can you forgive me?"

"I can do more. I can forgive *him* and feel from

my heart that he is worthy of you. He is a good fellow, and has come from under my scrutiny with flying colours. You don't know how I have watched him; not a flaw the size of a pin's point could have escaped me."

"Then, perhaps, he is too good."

Already tears were chased away by smiles, there was a look of happiness on Lola's face such as the Colonel had not seen for many a day.

"No, no," he said, "that bait won't take, you will get no flattery from me; so run off and write Sholto a letter that will make him happy and bring him back to you."

Lola did not move; the smile on her face had

died away; she was looking at her guardian anxiously.

"No, Nonny, I cannot—not until I am quite sure that it will *really* make you happy; for unless you were happy I could not be. When I told you what I did it was not because I wanted to break my promise. You know that, don't you?"

"I do, my child, I do; but long ago I had released you from any promise you had made me. I had but one wish that was stronger than the wish that you should marry Sholto, and that was—Ah! you know," for her arms were round his neck, "that I might never lose the love, the confidence, the trust of my Little Lola."

WOMEN WORTH KNOWING.

I.—MARY E. WILKINS.

ALBERT D. VANDAM.

WHILE Turner's "Covent Garden" was still on his easel, a lady came to see it. After having carefully looked at the picture for several minutes, she said at last, "It is very beautiful indeed, Mr. Turner, but I must confess that, though I have been to Covent Garden very often, I am not able to see it in that light." "I suppose not, madam," was the painter's answer: "don't you wish you could?" There are, no doubt, thousands of New-England folk, living amidst the scenes Miss Mary E. Wilkins describes, to whom her descriptions must be something like the revelation Turner's picture was to his visitor. They are the people who carry watches for years without troubling about the mechanism that sets them going, but who are nevertheless delighted when presented with a crystal-cased one, which, while marking the time as accurately as the other, enables them also to see the movement within. Miss Wilkins has virtually given her readers transparent men and women, and done so with a masterly hand, especially in one so young. The simple creatures whom she depicts—simple, though not always good-natured—are dissected by a process which is much more frequently the exclusive appanage of youth than is generally supposed,

and which, even if we had not the portrait of Miss Wilkins to guide us, would inevitably lead us to conclude that, happily for literature, Miss Wilkins is not only young in years, but that, as yet, the world has tenderly dealt with her. Age, and our own struggles in the battle of life, are apt not to make us callous to the woes, trials, and temptations of our fellow-creatures, but to breed a spirit of comparison in which the wrong end of the opera-glass is used to view the misfortunes of the latter. Miss Wilkins, on the contrary, uses a microscope, and a very powerful one, seeing that the lens appears to be made of her own heart. Armed with this instrument, Miss Wilkins does not allow her imagination to roam very far. Randolph, her native village, situated a few miles distant from Boston, and its immediate vicinity, are considered a sufficiently wide field for her observation. She has been heard to say that "she likes people who drop their g's and use the double negative, and people who don't." The former seems to be a vice of pronunciation peculiar to the rural inhabitants of Massachusetts, which Miss Wilkins hits off with happy fidelity, without ever making it obtrusive or wearisome.

In spite of her very great success—for both

Dr. Oliver Wendel Holmes and the late Mr. James Russell Lowell sent for her to praise her—Miss Wilkins continues to live among the sturdy New-Englanders where her cradle stood, and whither she returned at her parents' death, after an absence of ten years between childhood and womanhood at Brattleboro, Vermont. All her work is done in the quiet New-England village, where she occupies part of the house of a family of her friends. "Her

sitting-room and library," says an acquaintance, "are bright and full of colour in hangings and couches, with a desk in each room and an old fireplace in the library; there her visitors sometimes receive cups of tea made from a kettle on the crane." Nevertheless, Miss Wilkins leads by no means a cloistered life. Boston is only half an hour's ride from her home, and she makes frequent short stays there; and before the death of Miss Mary Booth, who was the first friend she won by her literary efforts, she visited that lady in New York, where the dialect spoken by her heroes and heroines is not so

familiar as in Boston itself, and where, consequently, it aroused a good deal of interest, as interpreted by the young authoress herself. The country that showed its substantial, as well as literary appreciation of a "Hans Breitmann," a "Jacob Strauss," and a "Hosea Biglow" was not likely to overlook the merits of a new "dialect writer;" and although Boston frequently contests the claims of New York to be considered the foremost intellectual centre in America, or perhaps because of this, New York

was not averse to take the wind out of the Boston sail for once by making much of the little New-England lady.

In spite of this kindly welcome bestowed in two cities, Miss Wilkins has as yet shown no tendency to become the chronicler of urban society. Perhaps she thinks with Cowper, that "God made the country, and man the town," and that it is more profitable, from an æsthetic as well as from an ethic

point of view, to study the Creator's handiwork at its original sources. Princess Bismarck once said of her illustrious husband, that a turnip was more interesting to him than all the political combinations of the most skilful of diplomatists; to Miss Wilkins, the husbandman guiding the plough, the unsophisticated village maiden and matron, the swain slow of speech and abashed in mien, in his courtship are at present more interesting than the Wall Street broker weaving his plots, the heiress angling for an English or foreign coronet, the city madam bedecked with



MARY E. WILKINS.

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diamonds, or the fortune-hunter and dade, whose protestations of affection are so many words without any meaning, save that of securing a wealthy bride. "*Mon verre est petit*," says Miss Wilkins, in imitation of a great French poet, "*mais je bois dans mon verre*;" or else, like Touchstone, she may think that though some of her heroes and heroines are "ill-favoured things," they are all her own.

With a modesty which disarms all suspicion of affectation or of an attempt at prophecy after the

event, Miss Wilkins avers having always had an idea that she was to do something, but that she was completely in the dark as to the nature of that something. This arises, probably, from the fact of her great fondness for sculpture and painting, and from her very fair proficiency in both these arts. Though success has crowned her literary efforts, she is by no means certain that she would not have equally well succeeded in courting the sister Muses, and, from what I can gather, she is determined to try one day. Such a desire is not at all phenomenal. Thackeray felt convinced, till the day of his death, that he would have won greater fame as a draughtsman than as a novelist. Ingres, the famous French painter, always insisted that nature had meant him to be a violinist. Gavarni, than whom there was no subtler satirist with the pencil, had an inordinate ambition to be a mathematician. Gustave Doré longed to distinguish himself as a gymnast. Beethoven and Dumas the Elder not only envied the reputations of Soyier and Francatelli, but were never so happy as when bending over stewpans and concocting the most delicious *entrées* for their friends.

Talking of Beethoven reminds me that Miss Wilkins has one thing in common with the great composer, who had the whole of his work "in his head" before a line of it was written. Before Miss Wilkins puts pen to paper, the plan of her stories is fully worked out; as a consequence her MS. is never copied a second time and is almost entirely free from corrections.

With regard to these stories, it would be difficult to award the palm to any particular one; and this is essentially the case with her last volume, "A New England Nun, and other Stories," of which one might say what Mme. de Sevigné said of La Fontaine's "Fables," "it is like a basket of beautiful cherries; one goes on picking the best and the best until one gets to the bottom of the basket, and then, to one's great surprise, there are none left."

Equally futile would it be to trace the influence of one particular model on Miss Wilkins's work. If she were a linguist, which by her own confession she is not, one might suspect her of having been inspired by the Flemish Sisters Lovering. The similarity of method is very striking, and the choice of material is almost the same—the humbler middle-class rural population. As it is, one may take it that the little New-England lady with whom Thackeray, Dickens, Miss Jewett, and Mrs. Catherwood are favourites, and who diligently reads the "Border Ballads" over and over again, owes little to any of these writers. But for an utter silence with regard to Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," I should be inclined to think that this had been one source of inspiration. It is, however, always an ungrateful task to play the literary detective; but in a case like that of Miss Wilkins such inquiries generally prove fruitless, because the detective cannot bring nature and art into the witness-box to prove plagiarism; they would merely testify to a free gift.

SHOOTING STARS.

LAST night we watched the falling stars
 Out in the lane, when day was done.
 They seamed the sky in golden bars,—
 First one went, then another one.

You had your star and I had mine,
 Fast anchored in the solemn blue;
 Yours went: for all it shone so fine,
 Mine followed yours as I should you.

"That one for Fame!" we said, and chose.
 You kissed me; when we looked again
 That star was gone, where, no one knows,
 Yet stars and stars did yet remain.

"And that for Love!" I said, and far
 Out in the lower sky somewhere,
 Showed you a certain violet star
 That throbbed and shook, but still was there!

VIOLET HUNT.



Victory del. del.

Drusilla was careful to see that she was well fitted.

MAISIE DERRICK.

Katharine S. Haegwood

CHAPTER III.

LUKE STANMORE MAKES UP HIS MIND.

LUKE STANMORE walked down the hill to his lodgings in the village; he was half affronted, half amused, by Mr. Yardon's uncourteous behaviour.

"He sees what I think of his grand-daughter, and he does not like it. Well, I think he'll have to like it."

He smiled, and then went on thinking of Maisie; she was still a puzzle to him, for he did not guess the extent of her shyness.

She was sometimes so bright and animated, and then she would be as she had been just now—limp and dull, unable to join in the talk.

While Mr. Stanmore pondered this contradiction, it occurred to him that Maisie only had this drooping aspect in Mr. Yardon's presence. The thought jarred him; he had keen perception when he gave it fair play, but he was apt to judge rapidly and hastily, and to abide by a first impression, though later on he would yield if he found himself to be wrong. He had decided that Mr. Yardon was excellent—a rough outside with a warm heart—and he could not at once lay the blame on his friend. Mr. Yardon must surely know Maisie better than he did, and there was perhaps a reason for his silence towards his grand-daughter—perhaps she did not appreciate or understand the generous-hearted fellow. Well, he told himself, if matters went as he wished, he would soon set all straight between Maisie and her grandfather.

It had not occurred to the new-comer—Mr. Stanmore had only been a few months in Figgsmarsh—to make inquiry as to the extent of Mr. Yardon's popularity; he had been flattered by the man's liking for himself, and he was therefore inclined to judge him favourably; had his landlady been less garrulous, Mr. Stanmore might perhaps

have questioned her, but Mrs. Grieg had such a ready torrent of words whenever he saw her, that he avoided her; his rooms were well kept and comfortably furnished, and Mrs. Grieg was a good cook, but he often meditated a change of abode.

The calm repose of Maisie's manner was yet more delightful to him as an effect of contrast; Mrs. Grieg's disjointed words clattered one against another like bits of broken china.

He looked up when he reached the end of the steeply descending lane, and he felt a sort of disgust when he saw his landlady's trim little figure standing in her doorway across the road.

Mrs. Grieg did not wear a cap, and she thus showed the pointed shape of her small head with its shining braids of brown hair, still brown, though she was nearly fifty.

Something in the woman's attitude—her skinny yellow face and throat, and her bright bead-like eyes—reminded Mr. Stanmore of a tortoise as she craned her neck forward at the sound of wheels on the newly mended road that led to the railway station, and also formed a continuation of Hill Lane on the farther side of the High street of Figgsmarsh. A fly with luggage outside was coming from the station; it was a rare event, and Mrs. Grieg stared hard at the vehicle. A lady looked out of the fly window and nodded, and Mr. Stanmore raised his hat in answer to the greeting. Mrs. Grieg rubbed her lean hands, and a momentary gleam showed in her expressionless eyes.

"I shall know who it is before any one else does, though if it weren't too unlikely I'd say it was a visitor for the Hall."

She admired her lodger's tall figure as he came down the lane with an easy step that became still easier after he had returned the bow of the lady in the fly.

He sighed with a sense of relief; he felt sure that his old acquaintance would help him to see more of Maisie.

Mrs. Grieg's cackling voice roused him from this pleasant prospect.

"Good evening, sir; was that a friend of yours, sir, if I may ask? We do not often see a strange lady at Figgsmarsh."

Mr. Stanmore smiled.

"I believe that lady was born at the Manor House."

"You don't say so, sir! To think of that, now! I wasn't aware as Captain Wentworth had any ladies in his family," she went on glibly. "I beg pardon, sir, but you'll remember I told you I came from Hoxter, noways a Figgsmarsh woman, sir, always and except as being the wife of a Figgsmarsh man; and you see, sir, the property have come to Captain Wentworth years ago from his grandmother, he being a minor when old Mrs. Savvay died; there's those that say the old lady might have left it in better hands." Mr. Stanmore frowned, and she went on at a double-quick pace, feeling that her chance was a short one: "There's no secret, sir, about the captain's doings; he just stays abroad and takes all out of the place he can get, and they do say he don't do nothing for no one."

But Mr. Stanmore was already near the top of the narrow staircase, and he had not heard the last half of Mrs. Grieg's information. Some of her words, however, clung to him, and disturbed his

reflections on Maisie Derrick. It must be said that, when he was not thinking of his work, Mr. Stanmore's thoughts had taken a habit of travelling in one direction only.

He was not vain, and, though he felt hopeful that she liked him, he did not think that Maisie was won; but, in spite of her reserve, the singular truth of her nature revealed itself, and the young engineer had felt sure, while he talked to her, that she was not a flirt. He did not think she would be easily won, but till to-day he had seemed to have many chances in his favour. He had been almost sure when they met in the lane that the sight of him had called the deep glow into the girl's sweet eyes; and till her manner changed so suddenly at the gate, he had begun to hope that the prize of her love was won; this check had set him thinking, on his way down the lane, as to whether he was wise in delaying. Maisie might expect him to speak; she might feel that he exposed her to remark by these meetings, which had become frequent during the past fortnight; she might even at this moment be considering him a mere trifler.

At this point of his meditation Mr. Stanmore had caught sight of the lady in the fly, and he had seen in her a way out of his difficulty.

Mrs. Grieg's mention of Captain Wentworth had, however, set a blot on the bright vision that had followed his bow to Miss Savvay. Maisie had said



Luke Stanmore meditates.

that the captain was coming home ; and as the captain was poor and overwhelmed with debts, Mr. Stanmore thought that he would certainly want to marry a girl who had some money, yet who was accustomed to live in a quiet, unostentatious way ; he would be charmed with Maisie, and, whether he loved her or not, he would certainly see the prudence of securing such a wife.

Later on, while Stanmore sat lounging back in a low chair, the smoke-wreaths that blotted out the corners of his room from his eyes no longer showed Maisie's bright face ; there came before him instead a vision of Captain Wentworth ; he would no doubt prove to be fascinating ; girls usually found army men fascinating, because the men believed in themselves. Well, if Maisie preferred Captain Wentworth it would be better for her to marry him. It was, however, one thing to say this and quite another to accept it. The vision of Captain Wentworth, coloured by Mrs. Grieg's comments, was not that of a man likely to make a good husband. He had, of course, seen a good deal of the world, and had not much affection to bestow on any one ; it was possible that this *blasé* man of the world was capable of marrying Maisie for the sake of her grandfather's money.

Luke Stanmore thought it was better that a girl should have a small income, but he did not consider it necessary ; his parents had died early, but they had left enough to provide for their only child's education and start in life ; Stanmore's own ability and determination had done the rest, helped by a certain charm of manner which had made him friends early in life.

He was now six-and-twenty, and he felt in a position to marry.

His attachment to Maisie had formed itself so unconsciously, however, that he found he loved her before he had begun to analyse her qualities, and he now determined to lose no more time, or give any one else a chance of winning the love he coveted for his own. As he sat leaning back he called up Maisie's look when she met him in the lane. Her sweet dark eyes had been liquid with what he hoped was love ; he had never been able to decide on the real colour of Maisie's eyes, it seemed to vary in varying degrees of light ; he only knew that the eyes were dark, and yet full of colour as they looked at him under the rebellious clusters of brown wavy hair that the wind scattered

over her broad forehead. Either the rich brown colour of her hair or her clear brown skin, or both together, always reminded Stanmore of bright autumn tints ; a bunch of ripe hazel nuts or of scarlet berries, the golden bronze of the brake, brilliant bilberry leaves, and gleams of golden lichen seem suited to match with Maisie, only that the fresh daintiness that characterised her gave the girl a sparkle all her own—a sparkle more akin to spring.

"There is no other girl in the world for me," Mr. Stanmore stretched out his hand, refilled his pipe, and began to think again.

Before he slept he determined that although he might not find to-morrow the opportunity he sought, yet he would make Maisie clearly understand that he was in earnest.

CHAPTER IV.

ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

ACROSS the channel and some way further south, instead of mist and leafless trees, the meadows were sprinkled with white narcissus blossoms and yellow asphodel, the green slopes were gay with many-coloured lilies, and the out-of-the-way nooks were fragrant with pale violets and delicate primulas.

A belt of flowers of all hues girdled in the little town of Sentis, and the English travellers who passed through it on their way to the south marvelled at the lavish beauty around them, and sometimes left their carriages and helped themselves to nosegays. At the further end of Sentis, just outside the town, there is a point where three valleys open on to the road, revealing far-off mountains. At the end of one valley there is a shining glacier that seems to touch the sky ; the ground slopes away from the road on either side, and shows tempting hollows gay with flowers, and paths leading in various ways to the wooded valleys.

On the left of the road opposite, beside one of the flowery hollows, stood a cottage, built partly of stone, partly of logs ; it had an air of comfort in the absence of litter outside ; there were four small windows with green shutter-blinds ; these were now closed to exclude the great heat of the sun.

A carriage full of travellers came along the road

disturbing the stillness of the place. It went at a rapid rate, as if the travellers it carried hoped to escape the burning sunshine by mere speed; they had evidently been gathering flowers, for a huge basket beside one of the occupants was laden with blossoms, and she held a white umbrella over the fading blooms. The travellers did not notice the cottage as they went quickly by, but from behind the green sun-shutters two bright dark eyes laughed merrily as the carriage passed. The girl who laughed was alone—a lithe, slender creature with a small head; a profusion of rich fair hair fell loosely over her shoulders, for she had been brushing it when the noise of the carriage wheels drew her to the window; she stood watching till the travellers vanished into the valley on the left; her long dark eyes were half closed; her rich, pouting lips were parted in laughter, and her chin was supported between her thumb and finger. She looked like a fawn or some mischievous sprite capable of casting a spell over the unconscious travellers, who had been so near her a while ago.

"Well," she said to herself, "those are English people; I feel that I shall not like the English, they take so much trouble always. I would not trouble about wretched weeds if I had the good fortune to ride in a carriage." She closed her eyes, showing long brown eyelashes resting on her cheeks. "Ah! perhaps I shall have a carriage of my own some day." She opened her eyes and there was a look of gladness in them as if they had just seen something pleasant. "I am curious," her thoughts went on; "it seems like the play-acting I saw at Cannes years ago—so many things have happened to me since mother died; poor mother! she was always grumbling because life was dull; she would have enjoyed getting so many letters as I have had this week, and she would have liked to see this Englishman."

She put down the brush and began skilfully to twist her soft, abundant hair into a thick rope; she

rolled this round and round the back of her head, her long fingers setting here a comb and there a pin till her golden head-dress seemed created by magic—a smooth contrast to the ruffled waves of hair above her fair forehead. If Drusilla Lescure had lived in a northern climate she would have had a dazzlingly fair skin, but although her mother had always been watchful over the girl's beauty, she had not been able to keep Drusilla completely out of the sunshine, and there was a tinge of gold on her face which perhaps added to its fascination and to the glow of her dark eyes.

The girl put away her brush and comb and pulled off the cotton jacket over which she had brushed her hair; she had a slender, graceful figure, dressed simply in black soft stuff; her full round throat looked white against this, but her hands did not follow suit; they were golden brown against the cuffs of her morning gown.

Drusilla took up a cracked hand-mirror and looked at herself; she made a grimace, and her brown eyebrows met in a frown.

"I would not wear black if I were going to stay here; it makes me look ordinary. If it was not that I fear to shock the Englishman I would have put on my blue frock to-day."

She stopped and opened a drawer of the old brass-handled



He made her a love bow.

armoire near her bed; a glow of blue like that of wild hyacinths in a copse showed in the opening. Drusilla touched the stuff lovingly and sighed; she closed the drawer and shook her head. "No, I am absurd, the English are all formalists; if this agent saw me in a coloured frock he would be sure to write to his employer that I was wanting in respect to my mother. Poor mother! she was often cross, but I wish she was here to advise me; she was very wise, she used to say girls must be silent, not too ready to talk. Ah, it was easy for mother to behave in the best way; she knew life, she had been among gentlemen and ladies, she knew what to say and what to do; why did she hate everybody?" I wonder, and shut herself up

here alone with me? I don't believe any girl was ever so shut up as I have been; I wonder if the Englishman knows more about me than I know about myself."

She went to the window and looked out; at some distance a figure was coming along the white road, and at the first glance Drusilla felt sure it was the Englishman. Drusilla considered that she had been deprived of the pleasure that other girls had; she had never been allowed to join in village *fêtes* or dances; her mother had watched over her like a jailor ever since the one episode in her young life from which all this seclusion dated; it happened when she was about thirteen, and while she was still a day pupil at the convent at Sentis.

One day her mother told her to pack up her best clothes, as she was going with her on a journey.

Drusilla had not forgotten the delight of that journey, or of the two days that followed when they reached Cannes. There was a performance of marionettes the day after their arrival, and the good-natured woman of the house asked leave to take Drusilla to see it. It was the happiest time the girl had ever known; the brilliant lights, the brilliant dresses, the little performers, the excitement of the applause and the music bewitched Drusilla, and when she returned, with flushed cheeks and her dark eyes shining like stars, her mother stared at her with wonder. She had not before realised how beautiful a creature her daughter was becoming. She had refused to tell Drusilla the reason of this journey; but the girl felt sure that she had been allowed to go to the marionette theatre in order that her mother might be rid of her. The next morning Madame Lescure told the girl that she was going out to see a friend, and that Drusilla was to stay indoors till she came back. Drusilla had not been able to sleep, and she still felt restless from excitement. As soon as she was sure that her mother was out of sight, she crept softly downstairs, opened the house door, and stood looking at the people who passed up and down the street: she saw that almost everyone looked at her admiringly, but they were mostly workpeople, and they did not linger.

At last a gentleman came up the street; he was very well dressed, and Drusilla looked at him to see if he was handsome; no, he was plain and rather stout, but he smiled at her. The girl

returned his smile in the most enchanting manner, and he stood still before her.

"What is your name?" he said, "you are a stranger here, I am sure." He said this in English; Drusilla felt glad that she was able to answer him.

"Yes," she said, simply; "I am Drusilla Lescure."

"A strange name," he said, and he wrote it down on his wristband with a little gold pencil.

He asked her age, and with whom she was staying.

"I am thirteen, I live with——"

And that was the end of her adventure. Her mother seemed to spring out of the ground, pushed the gentleman aside, and pulled Drusilla into the house.

"Pack your clothes at once, disobedient child," she said; "we must go home to-night."

It was a cruel disappointment; and her mother made it worse by telling her on their journey home that but for her misconduct she had meant to spend several days in Cannes.

Drusilla had not forgotten this adventure; she had grown taller, and her figure had developed, and she knew that she was still more beautiful than she was at thirteen, but since that journey she had been far less happy owing to her mother's incessant watchfulness. She had been sent as a boarder to the convent when Madame Lescure's health failed, and she could no longer take the girl to and fro; even in her last illness the dying woman insisted on keeping Drusilla beside her, although one of the convent sisters came to nurse their pupil's mother.

Madame Lescure had died not quite a week ago, and had been buried only yesterday, but Drusilla had not yet found time in which to enjoy her freedom. The Sentis lawyer had come three times to her; he had brought her two letters from England, he had sent her stuff to make a black gown, and he had told her she was to help the seamstress he brought with him in making her mourning.

Drusilla was careful to see that she was well fitted, but beyond this she spent her time in fingering the stuff, softer and finer than any her mother had given her; and in trying on and adjusting to her perfect satisfaction a large black hat which the lawyer had sent her and which suited her admirably.

Besides these engrossing occupations, she had also been obliged to write two letters.

It must be owned that the sisters had taught her to write a fine clear hand, and to speak French and English correctly; her mother had made a point of her learning English, and as there were two English sisters in the convent, Drusilla had acquired a fairly pure accent and could speak easily; but the writing those two English letters had been a hard task, and she had torn up several copies before she succeeded in pleasing herself.

The first letter was an answer to one from Mr. Yardon, who announced himself as an old friend of her father, and offered her a temporary home at his own house in England.

The second letter was a notification of the time when she would have to be ready to leave Sentis. Yesterday she had received a few words saying that the gentleman who was appointed by Mr. Yardon to escort Miss Lescure to England would call on her the next day. These occupations had scarcely given her time in which to realise her freedom.

Drusilla had dreamed all night of the pleasure that lay before her in this change of life and of scene; she had pictured to herself that the rich old man—she felt sure that Mr. Yardon must be rich and old—would have some male friend young and handsome, who would at once become her slave; she should accept all his admiration and devotion—but the rest would depend on circumstances. Her mother had told her that if she were discreet she might marry a very wealthy husband, perhaps a titled one. The girl thought there was no fear that she should throw herself away.

It was a disappointment to Drusilla to see that the coming visitor was not attractive looking, and when Victoire, the woman who had stayed on with her since her mother's death, threw open the door and showed in Mr. Ray, Drusilla thought he looked ugly. He was short and stout and dark; his eyes were his best feature, but they were too black and eager to please the girl.

He made her a low bow, and then his admiring glance raised him in her opinion.

"I come on behalf of Mr. Yardon," he said. "You understand English, I believe, Miss Lescure?"

She smiled, and the prettiest of dimples showed in her cheek.

Mr. Ray felt a little confused by the dazzling beauty of this young girl. Mr. Yardon had said that his ward knew nothing of the world, and had been brought up in seclusion; it was, however, difficult for the lawyer to believe that her easy grace of manner was inborn.

Drusilla answered him in very pretty English; she spoke easily, but with a slightly foreign accent, which added to the charm of her soft sweet voice as she said with a certain formality:

"I hope you can tell me that Mr. Yardon is quite well?"

"He is very well, thank you, Miss Lescure, and anxious to see you at the time you have named. I believe you are willing to start to-morrow?"

"Yes, monsieur." Drusilla looked still brighter. "I am ready at any time to go."

"Is there anything I can do for you? Can I pay any bills, give any message, or anything?"

"Monsieur Adolphe, our Sentis lawyer, has paid for everything," she said; "but I thank you, monsieur, for your great kindness. I can give you no messages to deliver, because I have no friends."

She gave him a swift glance, and then sighed and cast down her eyes till they were completely veiled by her eyelashes.

Mr. Ray found himself so drawn into sympathy with the lovely girl by this frank avowal that he actually sighed in answer.

"Ah," he said, "that is perhaps fortunate. You will have the less regret in leaving Sentis. You will find plenty of friends in England, Miss Lescure, when you are at Yardon Hall."

Drusilla looked up.

"Is the Hall quite away by itself, or are there other houses near it?"

Mr. Ray, lawyer-like, had been watching for some revelation of character, and he smiled at the interest he saw in her dark eyes; and then the observant lawyer was startled by her changed expression as she noted his smile; this young and inexperienced girl was actually on guard against his observation!

"So much the better," he thought; "she will get on better with Yardon for having a little tact." Aloud, he said:

"Yardon Hall stands by itself, but it is near a large village."

Miss Lescure left off smiling.

"But—in England, I believe, only poor people live in villages?"

"That depends: there is always the clergyman's family. Sometimes there are two clergymen, and unless the village is very small there is a doctor —"

Miss Lescure was pouting, and frowning too.

"I did not mean those sort of people," she interrupted, with her pretty accent. "I meant real gentlemen and ladies."

Mr. Ray felt greatly amused; he wondered what the Rev. Charles Vernon, the vicar of Figgmarsh, and his sister, Miss Auricula, would think of Miss Lescure's ideas.

"There are several country houses at a little distance, Miss Lescure; the nearest—the Manor House—is unfortunately shut up, as its owner is away with his regiment in India."

"He will come back, I suppose?" She looked smiling again. "Ah, but then," she gave another swift glance at the lawyer, "I forgot, Mr. Yardon only asks me for a visit. So I may perhaps not stay long with him."

"That will be as you please, I fancy, Miss Lescure."

"Do you think so? There is still one question I have to ask you, monsieur. Mr. Yardon says he is my guardian, but my mother never told me about him. Was he a friend of my father's?" She looked grave as she added: "I can hardly remember my father, he died when I was so little, and he was French. I hope Mr. Yardon can tell me who he was and all about him."

"No doubt," said the lawyer. "Mr. Yardon told me that you are related to him on your father's side."

"On my father's side!" She checked herself, for she saw curiosity in the lawyer's eyes. Her mother had spoken to her once or twice in a vague, mysterious way about her rich unknown friend, who would certainly take care of Drusilla; but Madame Lescure had said "a friend of mine," she had not said "a friend of your father's."

Mr. Ray rose to go, reluctantly; he had enjoyed his interview, and he would have liked to prolong it, but he had several arrangements to make, and, above all, he had to write to Mr. Yardon.

"I must wish you good day," he said; "I will order the carriage to be here at six o'clock to-morrow. I will say *au revoir* till then, Miss Lescure."

Drusilla stood thinking.

"The country is pretty here," she said, with a bewitching smile; "I should like to show it to you; if you will call again at six this evening, monsieur, we will take a walk, and I will show you some charming views."

CHAPTER V.

A REBUFF.

MISS SAVVAY, Maisie, and Mr. Staunmore were walking all three abreast. They were all silent, too; Mr. Staunmore's eyes were fixed on Maisie, but there was as much sadness in them as any other expression. He was telling himself that he who always gloried in seizing the opportunities of life at the right moment had let slip the most precious chance that had ever come within his grasp. Miss Savvay had lingered behind for some minutes while she searched for a moss which she remembered to have found formerly on the common, and Maisie and Staunmore had been left together.

The man's love had become the more ardent for the restriction which the visitor's presence laid on his glances.

He thought Maisie had never looked so delightful as she did to-day, and he longed to gaze his fill, and when the chance of speaking came thus unexpectedly, he had gone on feasting his eyes till they were no longer alone.

"What a fool I was!" he thought; "what a dull dreamy fool!"

Maisie walked on, her eyes fixed on the ground. She could not have told what she was thinking about—a vague trouble, that was half tormenting, half delicious, absorbed her; if she had a definite thought it came as a slantwise wonder whether this walk which had made her feel so bewilderingly happy had not been very dull for her friend; Miss Savvay had said little, and it was so rare for her to be silent.

The brisk little lady was studying her companions. Yesterday, something in Maisie's face, when, after the first greeting she took her friend to the room prepared for her, had awakened Miss Savvay's suspicions. The dull, depressed tone which had betrayed itself in the girl's letters had made her old friend anxious to see her after this long separation.

At first Miss Savvy's own pride had stood in the way; she had gathered that Mr. Yardon was in no hurry to make her acquaintance, and she determined that instead of going to Yardon, Maisie should come to her for a long visit.

But her grandfather told Maisie to refuse this invitation; he soon after learned that Miss Savvy had been born at the Manor House, and was aunt to Captain Wentworth; whereupon he severely rebuked the girl for not having at once told him her friend's position in life; he also wrote to the lady, and invited her to Yardon Hall.

This civility had come too late, Miss Savvy having made arrangements to travel to Australia with a sick friend; several months had therefore passed before she was able to visit Maisie.

Miss Savvy had expected to find the girl sad-eyed and melancholy, but as she watched her there was a shy smile, and now and then a sudden blushing glow of happiness, which the good spinster, with all due self-respect, could not lay entire claim to have inspired.

Later, while Miss Savvy arranged her cap before the glass, she nodded sagaciously at her own reflection.

"There's a man in the case," she smiled rather cynically; "well, I'll not force Maisie's confidence, she will tell me before long; I can see she is as sweet and frank as ever."

No one having been asked to meet the guest at dinner, an omission which had disturbed Maisie, Miss Savvy talked to Mr. Yardon, and succeeded in impressing him with her good sense and her capability. When she and Maisie were alone the girl said:

"Shall you be too tired to take a walk to-morrow?"

Something in her tone struck Miss Savvy, but she did not even look up as she answered:

"I'm not tired, dear child, I believe I walk as well as ever. Where shall we go?"

Maisie had gone to the window; she answered without turning her head.

"A friend of my grandfather's, Mr. Stanmore, has offered to show us the new line of railway. It goes through very pretty country; but do not go unless you like, perhaps it will only bore you."

Maisie turned round; her friend was looking at her with a contented smile, but the girl did not feel contented; she knew that Miss Savvy saw

the change in her, and that she would find out the cause of it.

But when they said good-night the elder woman resolved not to ask questions—she would trust to her own powers of observation; and while she brushed her scanty locks, her small dark face looked keenly intelligent.

"There's truth in the old saying about fools and angels," she thought; "I do not set up to be an angel, but I know better than to act like a fool."

The silence which had possessed her to-day since they left the common—that silence which had excited Maisie's wonder—had been partly spent by Miss Savvy in congratulations on her own reticence, and also in guessing whether Mr. Stanmore had taken advantage of the chance which her moss-hunt had given him. The silence of the young pair inclined her to think he had spoken, and that his answer had been favourable. The girl's downcast, glowing looks were, Miss Savvy argued, conclusive on that point, but when her keen eyes searched Mr. Stanmore's face, she saw that he looked troubled and impatient.

Her nose had always a slight upward tilt, and this seemed to rise with her thoughts.

"He wants me out of the way; but, no, sir. He who will not when he may, must not have the way rolled for him later on: I think it spoils a man, and lowers a woman to take all the roughnesses out of the path. I am glad I came; Maisie will want me at such a time, dear child!"

The spinster, who had never received an offer of marriage, felt as experienced as if she had had a dozen.

Mr. Stanmore broke the long silence.

"Mr. Yardon is not at the gate, so I will go in and see him."

"Yes." Maisie felt timid; she knew that her grandfather would have met them at the gates if he had wanted to see Mr. Staumore.

Miss Savvy was admiring the young fellow as he swung open one of the heavy gates and held it till she and Maisie had passed into the drive.

"They will make a fine couple," she thought she stooped to gather a snowdrop so that they might walk side by side.

Maisie stood still; she resolved that her grandfather should not meet her walking with Mr. Stanmore.

"Are you tired, dear Miss Savvy?"

"Oh, no; I have done nothing tiring. Why did not Mr. Yardon come with us? I suppose he takes walks with you, Maisie?"

"No; Mr. Stanmore sometimes walks with him, but he more often walks by himself."

"Do you ever ask him to take a walk with you, child?" Miss Savvay looked mischievous as she spoke. "Men are such curious beings, they often do not know what they like or what is really good for them till it is put in their way."

Maisie laughed and looked shyly at Mr. Stanmore.

"Do you think that is like my grandfather?"

"Well, I fancy you spoil him, Miss Derrick; you let him get too much of his own way on all occasions." He spoke quickly; he had often wished to suggest this idea to Maisie.

Maisie wondered what Mr. Stanmore would have thought of her grandfather's speech yesterday; she was conscious that it had made her shy during the walk.

"You used to have your own way with me," Miss Savvay said; "I had to go walking with you whenever you wanted me—I do not say against my will, but you had a will of your own in those days, Maisie."

The hall door stood open, but Mr. Yardon did not appear to welcome them.

"I shall find your grandfather in his study, I fancy?"

Mr. Stanmore usually took for granted that things would happen as he wished.

"He is either there or in the garden," Maisie said.

She felt ill at ease; it would have been natural to go with Mr. Stanmore in search of her grandfather; a month ago she would have gone without a misgiving, now she could not.

"I shall see you again," Mr. Stanmore smiled at them as he turned to the study.

A very gruff "Come in" answered his knock; he went in, but Mr. Yardon continued to write without raising his eyes.

"Good-evening." The young man felt surprised and annoyed at this reception. Mr. Yardon looked up; he nodded, but he did not hold out his hand. "I'm not glad to see you," he said, bluntly; "I'm busy, and I have a good deal to plan and arrange."

He looked hard at his visitor and he saw that he was vexed.

"Look here, Stanmore"—he tried to speak genially—"this is Tuesday, come round and dine on Friday, and I shall be glad to see you; the truth is I am very much worried, and by that time I hope to have settled matters, and I'll tell you all about it."

He held his hand out now in token of dismissal; then, as if a second thought had come to him, he rose, opened the door for his visitor, and followed him into the hall.

"Then it's settled, you dine with me on Friday? I'll—I'll say good-bye till then."

Mr. Stanmore was almost too angry to speak. He had said to himself he would not go away till he knew whether Maisie loved him, and now he was dismissed for three days; this eccentric old man was actually turning him out of the house.

"I'm not sure that I can come on Friday," he said, gravely; "I may be called to town on business."

The elder man nodded and looked so malicious that Stanmore felt puzzled.

"At your age," Mr. Yardon said, "men often mistake shadow for substance; it matters little, however, after the mistake is once rectified. Good-evening to you."

Stanmore went slowly down the drive. He was rousing to a consciousness that some purpose was hidden under this dismissal. He remembered that he had expected to be asked in yesterday, and that Mr. Yardon had turned his back on him. What could be the meaning of this sudden change from the hospitable friendliness he had always found at the Hall?

He looked back; Mr. Yardon was still standing at the door, with the same meaning expression lingering on his face. It seemed to Stanmore that he was being watched off the premises.

He smiled; if all this was done to keep him away from Maisie, it would be easy enough, he thought, to meet her out-of-doors. That extraordinary sixth sense, which seems to be as variously dealt out to us as the lengths of antennae are to butterflies, had already assured Mr. Stanmore that he might look on Miss Savvay as a friend; she would not try to hinder him from telling his love to Maisie Derrick.

This reflection soothed his vexation; he whistled cheerfully as he went down the tree-bordered hill

(To be continued.)



I.

ONCE a Tiger, for a freak,
 Fell in love
 With a Lily pure and meek
 And as white and timid eke
 As a Dove,
 Yet withal a wee bit chilly,
 Just enough the Tiger's silly
 Pride to pique.

II.

By and by the Lily cold
 Felt the charm;
 Learned, tho' dreadful to behold,
 That the Tiger fierce and bold
 Meant no harm;
 And she smiled upon him shyly,
 Till at length the Tiger wily
 Was consoled.

III.

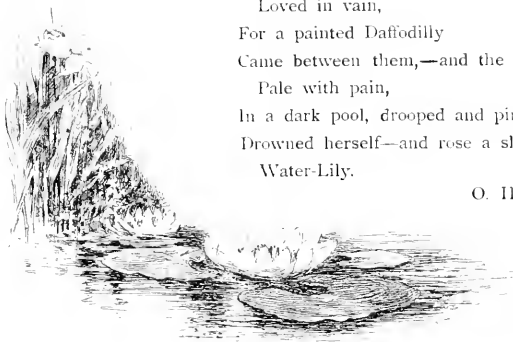
So in time the Beauty grew
 To adore
 The royal Beast who came to woo,
 Loved him from his golden hue
 To his roar,
 All for him, with blushes burning,
 To a Tiger Lily turning,
 Golden too.



IV.

But the foolish Tiger-Lily
 Loved in vain,
 For a painted Daffodilly
 Came between them,—and the Lily,
 Pale with pain,
 In a dark pool, drooped and pining,
 Drowned herself—and rose a shining
 Water-Lily.

O. HERFORD.



ROTHENBURG ON THE TAUBER.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

PART II.

THERE are several remarkable churches in Rothenburg; the largest, St. Jacobi, is a fine Gothic building, chiefly of the fifteenth century, though part of it dates from the fourteenth; the western choir is raised, and is built out beyond the church itself, partly over the street at this end and partly over the more ancient chapel of the Sacred Blood, on the farther side of the street. This chapel is now used as a museum for old monuments, &c.

The high altar at the east end was the gift of the most famous burgomaster of Rothenburg, Heinrich Toppler, and of his honoured wife, Barbara, in 1388. About a hundred years later the painting on the altar was restored by Wohlgemüth, Albert Durer's master, but the original sculptor of this altarpiece is unknown. There is some good wood-carving in St. Jacobi, but beyond this there is little to interest one in the church.

The Johannis Kirche, now given up to the Roman Catholics, is interesting, though it is in a deplorable state of neglect.

The most curious church we saw in Rothenburg

was the Franziskaner. This is an early Gothic building, but it was, when we saw it, in so ruined a condition that it was no longer used for service; we heard that it was about to be restored; in Germany restoration sometimes means taking down a building to its foundations, and rebuilding it according to the ideas of the architect; we were therefore glad to have seen this church in its untouched state.

The altar pictures are said to be Wohlgemüth's; on a wall tablet near the altar is the quaint inscription on a pair of twins:

"Johann Jacob Bezoldus
 Schöne Tulipanen Art
 Anna Maria Hartmännin
 Gleich einer Rosen zart
 Durch Scherpe des Nordwinds
 Ihr Blätter geworfen ab
 Als litt das Vaterland
 Versamlet in ein Grab
 An Tugendgleich an Alter
 An Krankheit gleich und Todt
 Bis sie erwecket werden
 Hienach all beed in Gott.

Beede geboren 1607, gestorben 1631.



Chas. Maynard, R. I., del.

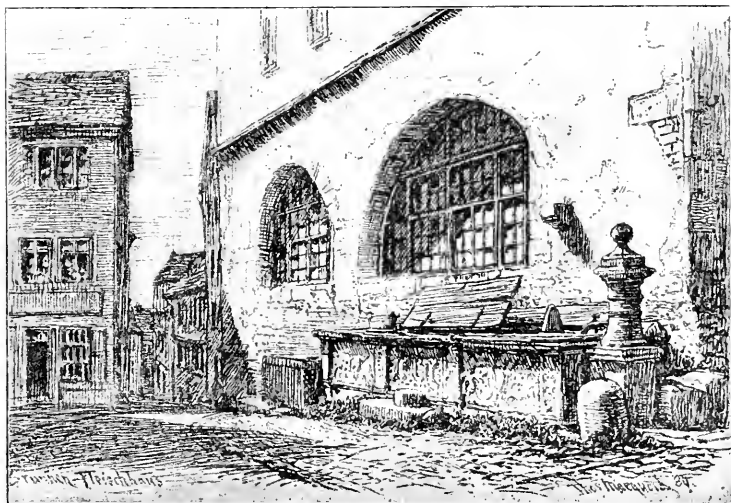
COURT-YARD, STANDICHEN HAUS, ROTHENBURG

There are some beautifully carved gravestones in this church, both on the floor and fixed against the walls: on one of the pillars of the nave, the figure of an armed knight and the figure of his wife, carved in high relief, are very noteworthy. Between them are their coats of arms, those of the Creglinger family: a gravestone in white marble, beautifully carved, is to the memory of Johann Georg Perkhoffer, a Swedish officer who was badly wounded in Tilly's siege of Rothenburg.

Coming out of the Frauziskauer Kirche, we found ourselves in the Herrengasse, among the

a private dwelling house, suited not only to the special needs of his family, but to the storing away the products of his cornfields and vineyards, hence these huge courtyards, one beyond another, and the vast number of rooms which seem never to have been used for habitation: the living rooms were richly furnished and decorated, and there was usually one far more sumptuous than the rest, and used only on grand occasions; this was called the Fest-saal. We went to No. 48 in the Herrengasse to see a fine example of these Fest-saals.

A small door in the large pair of carriage-gates



Thos. Macquoid, R.T., del.

FOUNTAIN BESIDE THE FLEISCHHAUS, ROTHENBURG.

Patrizier houses: several of these houses have tablets outside with inscriptions; one states that here, in 1474, the Kaiser Frederick III. stayed a week; on another it is recorded that in 1540, Ferdinand, King of the Romans, and in 1546 the Emperor, Charles V., were therein quartered; and there are others of these tablets too numerous to mention. We remarked that, generally speaking, the townspeople were prouder of the facts recorded by these tablets than of the wonderful old houses themselves.

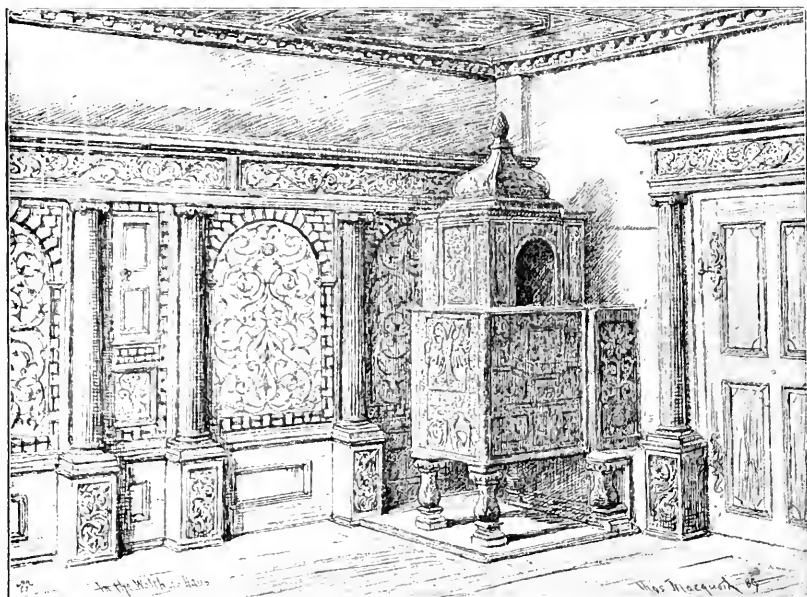
It seems to have been the custom of the rich merchants of Rothenburg to build each for himself

opened of its own accord in answer to our ring, and we found ourselves in the shadow of a large covered courtyard, beyond this was an open court with a double range of open galleries on each side of it. We saw a flight of stairs on the right, and presently a voice asked us to come up; this sounded mysterious, but at the top of the stairs we found a pleasant-looking lady who received us courteously, and asked if we came to see the famous room.

We said "Yes, if you please," and she went on, and threw open the door at the end of the passage; we were certainly surprised at what we saw.

We entered a room, twenty-six feet long by about twenty-three feet broad, and thirteen feet high, with two large windows at one end. The walls are divided into spaces by carved oak pilasters, and the spaces between are richly inlaid with arabesques in white maple and dark pear-wood in the best style of Renaissance work; the frieze is beautifully carved. The ceiling is divided into panels of woodwork, filled with subjects painted in oil from the life of our Lord; the decoration of the ceiling is said to

Hof: the huge covered entrance-court was capable of holding several waggons and carriages for half-a-dozen families; on the right a broad stone staircase led to the dwelling-rooms; before us was an open courtyard in full sunshine. The house was built round this yard, and an outside stone gallery was carried round the first floor, and projected a couple of feet over the courtyard; at the further end of the yard a dark archway was recessed below this gallery, and seemed to forbid



Thos. Macquid, R.A., del.

ROOM IN THE WALTHER'S HAUS.

be later than the rest of the room, and it is not nearly so well executed. This Patrizier Haus formerly belonged to the Schwarzmann family, and the Renaissance room was made by Georg Schwarzmann, in the year 1566. Schwarzmann was Burgomaster of Rothenburg when the present Rathaus was building. In one corner is a very handsome old stove; in this room is kept the celebrated Pokal from which, in 1631, Georg Rusch took "the Meister-Trunk."

Next this house we saw another very picturesque

access to the warm light that filled the court. A wooden pump, with buckets standing round it, was in the middle of the pebble-paved court, raised on some flagstones; a single wooden pillar supported the gallery in the right hand corner, and behind it a staircase led up to the gallery above, halting halfway at a window landing, where a fresh burst of light found its way through the dark staircase arch, and streamed down on to the brown hair and the white sleeves and stockings of a woman seated at the bottom of the steps.



STEPS TO THE WALLS—ROTHENBURG.

From the pen and ink of the artist.

Besides the two I have described, there are several other houses and courtyards worth seeing in the *Herrengasse*; but I have only space in which to speak of the *Stand'chen Haus*. This is on the opposite side of the way, and we were attracted to it by the rich ironwork of its lower windows. There seems at one time to have been a good deal of this ironwork in the *Herrengasse*.

We went in through an arched doorway, with the family arms carved above it on the stonework, and as we followed our conductress into a charming garden, she told us to turn and look back at the house.

It is very picturesque from this side. Two six-sided bays and a smaller square one project from it and are lightly wreathed with climbing plants: each of these projections has a tall pointed and tiled cap of the same lovely tint as that of the high roof. Out of this roof peep several tiny square dormers, and above them are two pigeon houses, from which a flight of snowy pigeons swooped down and settled on the orange-red tilings—an exquisite orange, powdered in places with golden yellow and the tenderest green.

The garden is raised above the court beside it, and we had to go back to the angle of the house and down some steps that led to the court. The house goes on to the right, parallel with the garden, but with a considerable space between. The upper storey projects several feet and rests on a row of slender pillars, these are in their turn supported by huge wooden brackets secured to the recessed house-wall below. Long lines of shadow are cast from the pillars on the tiled floor of this delightful alley; doors and windows relieve the monotony of the whitewashed wall, and at intervals stag's heads with huge antlers are fixed against it. This was evidently a grand house in the old days of Rothenburg.

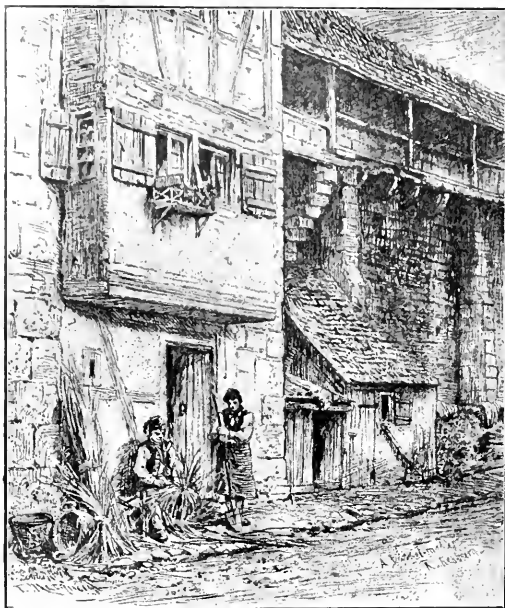
But it was Rothenburg itself, its old world charm, and the constant discovery of some ancient and curious building as we walked along its streets, that fascinated us and kept us there a week; above all, we found such an

interest in its thirty-three towers, so varied and so picture-like in their surroundings.

Next to the *Weisser Thurm*, I think the *Klingen Thurm* is the most characteristic, and the way to it as we went from the *Wurzbürger Thor* was very striking. We followed the long grey line of wall which has overhead a tiled roof gallery, part of this being used as a rope walk: the wall below is divided by projecting buttresses into a series of arched bays; in some of these recesses were green vines showing a fine crop of white and purple grapes; others were stacked with timber.

At the end is a good sized tree, and above it we saw the picturesque *Klingen Thurm*, its three-sided *tourelles* projecting from each of its faces. Tower and *tourelles* alike have red-pointed roofs, and a small bell turret springs from the centre of the tower.

Looking through the pointed doorway, we saw the *Wolfgang Church*; a pretty road stretches beyond it, and we get a peep of distant country.



A BASKET MAKER.

On one side of this doorway there is a partly-roofed flight of stone steps leading up to the gallery on the wall; as the Klingen Thor is placed at the angle of the town wall this red roofed gallery shows now and then between the gables of the houses on the left of the Klingengasse.

We could not see two houses exactly alike in this street; each one had evidently been built to suit the requirements of a special owner. Here was a three-storied gabled house painted pink, the house next to it was yellow, and had four stories and an arched doorway, two of these floors being comprised within the limits of the gable. The house next it was far wider than either of the others, and its gable held three stories with rows of round-headed windows, the windows in the

lower floors being small and square. The gable of this house stretched down on one side at a less steep pitch than the other, and took in yet another floor, with four heavy mullioned windows set close together; on this extra side is a square opening, giving light and access to a tiled rope-walk built on the side of this house, and looking into a court yard full of picturesque litter.

At present this quaint and well-preserved old city disdains modern improvements, and the inhabitants seem to be perseveringly conservative; only this Spring we received a letter from the old town, saying that it remains completely unaltered; there is no telling, however, how long this state of things may continue; indeed, one may consider that electric bells at the hotel indicate coming changes.

"WHEN EROS CAME"

(Epic of Hades.)

LONG years my Lute was silent, none had heard
 Its music in my soul's house where it hung,
 Full of sweet songs no voice had ever sung,
 Until one moonlit eve when the deer stirred
 Softly amid the fern and the night bird
 Poured forth a flood of melody that wrung
 My heart with passionate longing, then I flung
 My Lute away;—slowly, without a word,
 One picked it up, his gaze most sweet and wise
 Met mine, he placed my fingers on the string:—
 "Thy Lute is dumb no more, beloved, sing,"—
 And, trembling with an ever new surprise,
 I sing,—all I have dreamed,—and more,—my King
 Still gazing on me with his grave sweet eyes.

G. H. F. N.



THE VICTORIAN ERA.

(FIRST HALF : 1837-65.)

JOHN KIRKPATRICK.

LECTURE II.

SUBJECT OF THE LECTURES—RETROSPECT OF A
THOUSAND YEARS—THE CONSTITUTION
AND ITS EVOLUTION—HEROES AND MARTYRS—
POLITICAL, SOCIAL, AND RELIGIOUS QUESTIONS
TO BE SOLVED.

HAVING had a general talk about History in our first chapter, let us look at our subject a little more in detail. We have glanced at the map of the world's history, and we must now confine our attention to that of British history. And even this smaller map is of enormous extent ; for it stretches from Rome, from the mouth of the Elbe, from the coasts of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, and from Normandy to our island home, and thence far away to America, to Australia, and to India ; it includes many a distant island in mid-ocean, and it is not complete without the Mediterranean, Egypt, and even China and Japan. These have been, or still are, the chief scenes of the drama of our modern history ; and though this drama is inseparable from all other history, it has a distinct individuality of its own. We must, therefore, note some of its chief landmarks, and try to understand the ruling principles which guide our national life. Of such principles, preceded by a glance at their origin and evolution, these short lectures will mainly treat. The necessity of such a glance may be shown by

a few examples. We boast of our love of liberty, our self-government, our representative system, our limited monarchy : their roots must be sought for in Anglo-Saxon times, in Magna Charta, in the Revolution Settlement. Is our spiritual life higher and purer than at any previous period of our history ? We owe it to John Wickliffe, to pious Churchmen and stern Puritans, to a noble army of martyrs. What is the feudal system ? What is cabinet government ? What is meant by the terms privilege, prerogative, equality before the law, religious toleration ? Thereby hangs a tale in every one of these cases, often an exceedingly long and interesting tale, which began many centuries ago, and which in some cases will never end. Let us see, then, how our political castle, the British constitution, has been built ; for it is a noble castle, dominating the whole map of the British empire, and protecting the interests of its teeming millions.

In the first place, what is our ancestry ? Chiefly Teutonic and Scandinavian. For to one or other of these kindred races belonged not only the Angles, Jutes, and Saxons, but also the Normans, or Northmen, who had come from Scandinavia and occupied Normandy a century and a half before they invaded England. A small minority of our population is purely Celtic, and Celtic blood mingles beneficially with Teutonic in every part of the empire, but this element in our nationality can only be mentioned in passing. In the next

place, what were the chief characteristics of these ancestors of ours? They were brave in war, self-ruling, good organizers, and above all they were staunch lovers of liberty. Such is the description given of them by Tacitus before they had quitted their German homes; and he also tells us that they elected their kings from the noblest men of their tribes. Already, therefore, at that early period, our ancestors repudiated the notion of a divinely appointed monarch, the absolute master of his subjects; already they held and practised the constitutional doctrine that the supreme power in the state ultimately resides in the people. No less significant is the further fact recorded by Tacitus, that these ancient Germanic tribes believed in "something sacred and provident" in the character of their women, and respectfully listened to their counsels. We thus find, deep down in the minds of our ancestors, the great root-principles of civil liberty and social morality and happiness. Centuries roll on, and these Germanic tribes, followed later by the kindred Danes and the Norse vikings (dwellers in "viks" or creeks), occupy the greater part of England, the east coast of Scotland, and several of the Scottish islands; and there is evidence that they came, not as pirates or freebooters, but for the most part as orderly settlers, bringing with them these great traditional principles of their race. St. Augustine converts them to Christianity about 597, and the organisation of the National Church by Theodore of Tarsus in 668 paves the way for the union of the Saxon and Anglian kingdoms under one king of England.

Our retrospect accordingly begins with the political union of England under the sceptre of King Egbert in 827. From that date to 1066 our polity was what is conveniently, though not very accurately, called Anglo-Saxon. If we glance at its main features, we shall find that they tally with the characteristics already mentioned, and that they foreshadow our modern form of government. Each village or township, each borough or fortified place, each hundred, and each shire had its assembly of representatives, who transacted for their constituents the business they were unable to attend to personally. These assemblies, the precursors of our modern town and county councils, carried on the local government. But the central or geual government was conducted

by a "council of the wise," not popularly elected, but consisting of territorial and ecclesiastical magnates, sitting in virtue of their rank or office, and a few other members specially summoned by the king. This national council, the "Witenagemot," perhaps originally elected by the people, and in theory representative, came in time to be practically hereditary, and is thus the prototype of our House of Lords. Among the important functions of this council was the right of deposing and electing kings, of assisting in legislation, of voting supplies, and acting as a supreme court of justice; and to some extent they were controlled by the nation, as it is recorded that the people "stood around" at their meetings. But it is clear that, as this council was not elected by the people, it could not properly represent their wishes in disputes arising between them and the king, or in questions of national policy. Some three centuries were yet to elapse before this defect was remedied, before the system of representative government was applied to the province of central or "imperial" government. Another interesting feature of the Anglo-Saxon polity was the wide-spread system of suretyship by which public order was maintained. Every man was required by law to have some one to answer for his good conduct. Either he "commended" himself to an over-lord, placing himself and his land under his lord's protection, just as the nobles also clustered round the king for the sake of safety, dignity, or emolument; or he found a surety to answer for him; or he belonged to a guild, responsible for the good conduct of its members; or his relations were answerable for him. It is probably to this admirably organized system that the safety of life and property in the reign of the great Alfred is chiefly to be attributed; and from that system are doubtless descended the later orders of freemasons, odd-fellows, good templars, and jolly toppers, and the social clubs, the benefit-societies, and the trade-unions of modern times. Of the Anglo-Saxon system of landholding, it must suffice to say that, while each tribe had originally allotted part of its land to its warriors, and retained the rest as "folkland," or common property, the greater part of the land gradually became private property, under the protection of the king or other overlord, and the rest became "terra regis."

And herein we may discern the growth of a privileged territorial class, headed by the king, the greatest of all the landholders. Let us also glance at the administration of justice. While lawsuits, civil and criminal, were chiefly determined by the courts of the hundred and the shire, and by the Witenagemot, with an appeal to the king himself, many of the great landholders received, along with their lands, grants of jurisdiction, known variously as "soc and sac," franchises, or manorial courts, in which they sat as judges, and which were exempted from the jurisdiction of the hundred-courts. In the hundred-moot and the shire-moot alike the whole body of suitors (*i.e.*, persons "following" or attending the court) were nominally the judges of all cases tried before them; but in the hundred-court, a representative committee of twelve barons, or twelve "legal men," was appointed to see that justice was duly administered; and in the shire-court this duty devolved on the twelve senior "thegns" or thanes. On the one hand, therefore, the private jurisdictions of the great landholders created a privileged caste; and the king's position as "fountain of justice," added to that of supreme landholder and supreme over-lord, invested him with that arbitrary and often oppressive power known as "prerogative;" and on the other hand these judicial committees of the popular moots or meetings contain the germs of trial by jury. Thus, side by side with popular and representative local government, sprang up a rank and dangerous growth of privilege and prerogative in the upper regions of government. Thenceforth, for centuries, in the great constitutional battle fought on English soil, the combatants were the people fighting for their liberties on one side, and king, nobles, and churchmen struggling for increased power and wealth on the other side. At the close of the Saxon period all these disruptive elements were already present; but the chief danger to England lay in the fact that three or four great earls, with their vast estates, their exclusive jurisdictions, and hosts of armed retainers, threatened at once to crush national liberty and to usurp kingly power.

William the Conqueror saw and averted this danger. He introduced into England the feudal system of France, a system closely akin to the Saxon "commendation." That is to say, every landholder, great and small, was bound by an oath

of fealty to render military service and to make certain payments to his overlord, whether king, baron, or knight. But on the Continent this feudal system had been fraught with the same pernicious results as commendation in England; for vassals and retainers always preferred their feudal to their national duties, and usually aided their overlords in throwing off the royal or imperial yoke and making themselves independent princes. In order to prevent this, William required all landholders, whether his own vassals or not, to swear allegiance to him at the great Gemot or Council of Salisbury in 1087, thus expressly imposing upon them the hitherto shadowy duty of allegiance to the king. Though harsh and stern, William was a most able, far-seeing monarch, and but for his policy of consolidation England would speedily have been re-divided into a number of independent principalities, constantly warring against each other and entailing misery on the whole country. But his policy was not an unmixed blessing, for it led to the rise of the royal prerogative to high-water mark, and from prerogative to tyranny is but a short step. Henry I., hardly less sagacious than his father, saw that this menacing height of prerogative would alienate the people; and accordingly, in order to conciliate them, and gain their support against the Norman barons and other enemies, he issued his Charter of Liberties on his accession to the throne in 1100. The charter limits the prerogative exercised by the Conqueror and Rufus, restores the ancient laws and liberties of the nation, declares the liberties of the Church, and restrains the oppressions practised by the feudal barons. The great importance of the document lies in its admission that the King of England is a limited and not an absolute monarch. After Stephen's troublous reign, Henry II., a great organizer, issues a similar charter, checks the encroachments of the church, improves the administration of justice, and founds a national army. But the charters are always more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and under the worthless and perfidious John all the old grievances are again rampant. The people are oppressed by king and overlords alike, undue feudal burdens are extorted, ignorant and unauthorised persons hold courts, innocent persons are imprisoned without cause, taxes are levied without the nation's consent, and the kings'

purveyors seize private property without payment. And besides all this, John has quarrelled with the Church, plundered the bishops, lost Normandy, and alienated the baronage. Hitherto king and people had made common cause against the lawless and tyrannical Norman barons. These barons are now practically extinct, and have been succeeded by a new and patriotic baronage of English origin, which makes common cause with the people against the king. And soon ensues a series of dramatic and deeply interesting scenes. Stephen Langton, the patriotic Archbishop of Canterbury, with the "justiciar" Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, summon a council to meet at St. Alban's, to be attended by four men with their reeve or headman from each township in the royal demesnes. At this council, memorable as the first national assembly attended by elected representatives, the charter of Henry I. is mentioned as a basis for the proposed reforms; and at another council, held at St. Paul's a little later, the archbishop produces the almost forgotten charter. (It further marks the dawn of representative government that the king, following the example of the primate and the justiciar, summoned four discreet knights from each shire to a council at Oxford a few months later.) The barons threaten to make war against the king unless he concedes their demands. The king refuses. The barons march to London, where they receive a hearty welcome. The crisis has arrived. The king is deserted by most of his courtiers and officers, and at Runnymede, on 15th June, 1215, he is compelled to sign the Great Charter. A great and glorious victory has been won. For this famous document not only redresses grievances, but revives the ancient and down-trodden liberties of the nation. The abuses of feudalism are restrained, taxes are not to be levied without consent of the national council, justice is to be administered in a fixed place, judges are to be duly qualified, no man's goods are to be seized without payment, and, above all, no man is to be imprisoned or punished but by the judgment of his peers or by the law of the land. Clearly, prerogative and privilege have received a deadly blow, and for a time they hide their diminished heads. Half-a-century elapses. Perfidious and perjured like his father, Henry III. has well-nigh wrecked the ship of the State. Civil war has

broken out, and Simon de Montfort, the king's brother-in-law, leads the opposition. Sympathising with the national needs, and conversant with the growing principle of representation, he summons, in the king's name, in 1265, a Parliament consisting not only of the prelates, magnates, and barons, but also of two elected knights from each shire, and two elected citizens and burgesses from each city and borough. The same year Simon de Montfort is defeated and slain at Evesham. After his death he was revered as a saint and a martyr, and his memory still lives as the creator of the first perfect English Parliament. A little later his example is followed by Edward I., "the great Plantagenet," in summoning the famous Parliament of 1295, by whom also the Great Charter is repeatedly confirmed; and at length, about the middle of the 14th century, Parliament, now sitting in two separate houses, firmly establishes the great principle that the king cannot levy taxes without its consent.

The machinery of our modern government was thus pretty complete more than five centuries ago; and about the same time John Wickliffe translates the Bible, the Reformation dawns, and papal encroachment is effectually resisted. For the next three centuries the war between the national liberties and prerogative, which at intervals grows into tyranny, is waged with varying fortunes. Under the Lancastrians Henry IV. and Henry V., who reigned constitutionally, prerogative was almost at its lowest ebb. Parliament had by this time repeatedly vindicated its right to control all national affairs, and even to elect and depose kings. But a new era begins with the Wars of the Roses. Soon the vigilant and patriotic baronage is well-nigh extinguished, the flower of English chivalry is laid low, and the tyranny of the Yorkists and the Tudors rears its ominous head. Henry VIII., during the latter half of his reign, is an utter tyrant; courtiers and officers of state, judges and juries, and even both Houses of Parliament, are his abject tools. Liberty and independence seem dead. The Reformation, shameful in its inducing causes, was a mere political work, and effected no improvement in morals or doctrines. But deep in the hearts of Englishmen was still germinating the good seed sown by Wickliffe and his "poor priests;" the English Bible was now in their hands; the printing-press was at

work; literature was spreading. And, accordingly, with Edward VI. dawns a truer and purer Reformation, obscured for a time by the thunder-clouds of Mary's reign, but soon leavening the whole political as well as social and moral life of the nation. Under Elizabeth the Puritans had grown to a large sect; her harsh legislation against them, born of the mistaken belief that it was almost as impossible for Puritans as for Romanists to be loyal subjects, made them a political faction. Parliament, too, was again making its voice heard, and liberty, both civil and religious, was reviving. But soon again tyranny is in the ascendant, a new form of tyranny, which within eighty-five years causes two revolutions and brings the country to the brink of ruin. For a thousand years or more the theory of our constitution, carried at intervals into practice, had been that kings are chosen by the will of the people. The Stuarts set up the new doctrines that kings are chosen by God, and are therefore entitled to reign against the will of their people; that a king can do no wrong, he is above the law, and his people are under a divine obligation to obey him blindly. Nothing is more odious than vice or tyranny cloaked by religion, and probably nothing was more exasperating to the nation than the support given by sycophantic churchmen to these doctrines of "divine right" and the obligation of "passive obedience." The assertion of such theocratic principles of government, imported from the East, flourishing for a time on the continent of Europe, but entirely foreign to English soil, cost Charles I. his head and James II. his throne. The story is a long and sad one. It is also very sad that the most righteous opposition to tyranny is too often sullied by crime.

Exempt from such taint, promoted by one of the great parties in the state, heartily acquiesced in by the majority of the other, and warmly approved of by nearly the whole Protestant population, the Revolution of 1688-89 is justly called "glorious." Prerogative had attempted to climb up into heaven itself; the Revolution defined its proper and limited sphere on earth. The almost unanimous voice of the nation, emphatically rejecting the doctrines of "divine right" and "passive obedience," declared that kings are elective and must obey the law of the land, and that Parliament alone can levy taxes and make or unmake laws. Constitutional

liberty—which may be shortly defined as equality before the law, justice to all, power to all, directly or through representatives, to make their wishes known in the great council of the nation, and freedom to all to use their resources to the best advantage—is now firmly established in theory. So, too, is the tardier theory of religious liberty.

The next century and a half of our history witness the gradual reduction of these theories to practice. To William III. we owe our final deliverance from the baneful influence of the Grand Monarque, and to the first two Georges, or rather to their ministers, we owe the principle that it is really the nation that chooses the responsible ministers of the Crown; but in the reign of George III. the oft-renewed war between national liberty and royal prerogative breaks out anew in a very acute form. Well-meaning and respectable, but of narrow intellect and with an exalted notion of his prerogative, the third George lost us our American colonics, and brought the country to the verge of ruin, by choosing incompetent ministers from among "his friends," rather than be guided by experienced statesmen trusted by the nation. But George at last found his master in the younger Pitt. The elder Pitt, the greatest of British war-ministers, had gloriously extended the national prestige abroad; his son, no less famous, retrieved the fortunes of his country at home. For some time past various reforms had been mooted; in particular, it had often been proposed to extend the parliamentary franchise, and to remove the political disabilities of Nonconformists and Roman Catholics. At length, towards the close of our thousand years, the old test acts directed against Nonconformists are repealed, the Roman Catholics are emancipated, and, above all, the Reform Act is passed. By that Act several glaring anomalies in our electoral law were swept away. Thus, to mention one only, one hundred and ten members had for many years been returned to parliament by fifty-five decayed or rotten boroughs, the population of which had dwindled to some half-dozen families, or even to one, while populous towns like Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham had been entirely unrepresented. These and other wrongs were now remedied. With the years 1829-32 end the last great battles fought on behalf of religious and civil liberty against privileges and prerogatives, abuses and anomalies.

Many minor battles remain to be fought, and we shall be compelled to "fight for our rights" and to "work out our own salvation" to the end of time; but, meanwhile, we may justly be proud of our constitution as the oldest and one of the freest and best that the world has ever seen.

Having glanced at our past history, and traced the evolution of our "constitution" or form of government, we ought now to make nearer acquaintance with the chief actors on the scene, the heroes and the martyrs of history; but we have only time to state that some of them have been mentioned

already, and to add a few others—the Reformers in the reign of Edward VI.; the great Queen Elizabeth, in spite of her many faults and her many dresses; Sir John Eliot and John Hampden, champions of our liberties; Cromwell, founder of England's prestige among Protestant nations; Howard, Burke, Wilberforce, Nelson, Wellington. These are among the chief makers of our modern nation; and some knowledge of their excellent work will materially help us to understand the new questions, political, social, and religious, of the great era on which we are about to enter.

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

- I. What do you understand by "civil and religious liberty"? Discuss and illustrate.
- II. Sketch in outline a few of the chief landmarks in the history of the English nation, explaining very briefly the significance of each.
- III. Write a very short account of the public life and work of *any two* of the following men: William the Conqueror; Simon de Montfort; Edward I.; John Wicliffe; William III.

Two only of the above three questions to be answered. The number of words in the two answers together must not exceed 500. Each competitor is requested to state the number of words contained in the answers. The answers must be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, ATALANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, E.C., on or before 20th November.

Scholarship Competition.

1890—1891.

The following Members of the READING UNION having been mentioned five or more times in the Honour List are eligible to compete for the ATALANTA Scholarship and Prizes.

S. F. Adams, W. Agar, M. N. Alexander, V. Allfrey, C. Arkwright, N. F. W. Atkins, M. Austin, A. Baléau, A. Barham, B. Barmby, C. Bawtree, E. K. Bennet, E. M. Bennett, E. V. Bennett, M. Bischoff, F. Blackett, M. Blenkarn, M. Blois, A. F. Crawley, — Boevey, M. Boldero, E. Bottle, M. Boucher, G. Bowman, K. L. Boyd, Hon. M. C. Brodric, R. Mortlock-Brown, L. E. C. Burdon, M. E. Burke, C. V. Buxton, A. Byard, M. E. Cadogan, I. Calliphronas, M. Calthrop, C. S. J. Cameron, E. M. Candler, M. E. Candler, M. de Cetto, M. C. Clapham, G. M. Clayton, G. L. Clayton, F. J. Clayton, F. Comper, F. M. Cook, H. Davies-Cooke, M. E. Cornford, E. Courtney, A. E. Crowley, A. C. Cunningham, S. H. Cunliffe, C. Curle, M. Dallin, B. Danby, L. Darell, H. Darwall, E. E. R. Davies, A. Debenham, L. H. Debenham, L. Dickens, E. W. Disney, A. G. Doudney, A. W. Dryland, E. Dunn, B. M. Dunning, N. Eady, C. M. Edge, G. Elkington, Lady C. Erskine, L. G. Evans, H. Fairweather, E. Faraday, W. Faraday, I. Fearon, F. M. Foster, F. Foulger, M. Fremantle, J. L. Friend, A. Gale, A. M. Galton, G. M. Gedge, F. Gellatly, F. Goodeve, N. Goodier, A. Forlong, Gordon, E. Goulden, M. E. Graham, I. I. Greaves, B. Greenaway, F. Haines, A. B. Hall, G. Hamilton, E. Hatch, E. Hatchell, I. Heathcote, A. Hele, E. Heywood, E. A. J. Higginbotham, J. Hindley, K. Hindley, W. Hobson, A. Jacobm-Hood, I. Jacobm-Hood, S. Hooper, E. S. Hopkinson, J. K. Howard, M. Howe, C. Howe, E. Hughes, E. C. Huntington, C. Huntsman, M. G. Illingworth, M. Ingleby, M. F. Jamieson, C. Jenkins, E. Jenkins, Maud Jones (Bridgerd), M. E. Jones, C. Jones, B. Kellock, L. W. Kempson, M. Kidd, M. Knipe, M. V. Lake, N. Lake, R. Landon, R. Moore-Lane, M. A. B. Leach, C. Lebour, Lady M. Leveson-Gower, A. M. Lloyd, M. E. Lloyd, E. C. Lodge, E. Lofts, K. M. Lonsdale, F. E. Lyall, H. Mace, B. G. Mackenzie, E. MacLachlan, M. Macnamara, K. Mann, I. L. Marley, I. C. Marshall, M. Meyrick, G. Miller, C. L. Morant, M. Morin, E. M. Morris, B. Scott-Murray, M. Nachbar, N. Nachbar, A. L. Neild, E. F. Oakdene, H. D. Oakeley, S. Ogden, H. Ouston, W. Parnell, A. Peel, M. Pemberton, Hon. V. Douglas-Pennant, A. E. Phelps, M. Phillimore, A. M. Phillips, E. Plews, E. H. Polehampton, H. Pollock, N. Powys, A. M. Price, G. C. Price, K. Pridaux, C. L. Primrose, E. Prowde, M. K. Purnell, F. Purnell, A. E. Redpath, D. Rendel, M. A. Rice, E. B. Risley, M. Roberts, M. C. Russell, E. Salt, A. Saltmarsh, E. K. Sanders, M. Culme-Seymour, G. F. Napier-Sharpe, M. Sharpin, M. E. Simpson, Margaret Simpson, G. Smallpage, Rose Smith, J. C. Smith, M. Percy-Smith, W. Percy-Smith, M. F. Smithes, M. E. Spottiswoode, S. W. Steel, K. Stenhouse, F. Graham-Stirling, H. Strangeways, A. Tannahill, H. M. Tapp, T. Tauffkirchen, A. J. Thompson, W. M. Thomson, D. Tindall, M. Tinker, M. Tomlinson, A. A. Truscott, M. P. Vaughan, F. H. Walker, D. M. Ward, C. M. Waters, E. K. Welsh, A. L. Whall, M. Q. Whitham, M. E. G. Williams, A. Wynne-Wilson, E. W. Wood, G. Wyld, D. Zingler.

SUBJECTS FOR SCHOLARSHIP ESSAY.

- I. Trace the development of Shakespeare's *dramatic* powers.
- II. Was Shakespeare a moralist?
- III. A Dialogue between Shakespeare heroines.

Examiner :

Alfred J. Church, M.A., Author of *Stories from Homer, &c.*, lately Professor of Latin in University College, London.

Only One Question must be answered. Papers must be sent in by December 1st, and must contain not more than 2,000 words. They should be written on one side only of the paper, and have name, age, address of writer, and number of words used, on the first page. They must be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R. U., ATALANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., and have the words "Scholarship Essay" on the cover. Competitors living abroad or in the colonies may have till December 10th for sending in their Essays.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

Who played at the "Game of the Earthly Paradise," and what were the names they took?

II.

On the occasion of what tournament do we read that the lists were made so "royally" that they have never been surpassed? The circuit was a mile round. Above the white marble gate eastward was erected a temple in honour of Venus; westward, one of gold, to Mars; northward, one of white alabaster and red coral, to Diana.

III.

Give the real names of "Araminta" and "Orlando," who lived at Angelina Bower.

IV.

To what romance did the engraving by Albrecht Durer, entitled "The Knight, Death, and Satan," give rise?

V.

State if you know anything about the following:—

1. "It was down by the dark tarn of Auber,—
In the ghost-haunted woodland of Weir."
2. Kirconnell lea.
3. —"The rest could only see
A fragrant purple blossom
Plucked from a Judas Tree."
4. The Bell of Atri.
5. The Eildon Tree.
6. The Two Peacocks of Bedford.
7. "But that bower appeared a marvel
In the wildness of the place."
8. Parson Turrell's Legacy.

VI.

What reward did Hervé Riel ask for saving the whole of the French fleet?

Answers to the above must be sent in by 16th November; they should be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R. U., ATALANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., and should have the words "Search Questions" on cover.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (OCTOBER).

I.

In *Shirley*, by Charlotte Brontë, Robert Moore is compared to Coriolanus.

II.

The blue dragon-fly. (*The Story Without an End.*)

III.

The Barber's Fifth Brother, Alnaschar (*The Arabian Nights*), invested all his money in a basket of glassware. While meditating on the glorious fortune that would come to him by the sale of his merchandise he kicked over the basket, and all the glass was broken.

IV.

George Crabbe.

V.

1. *Good Wives* (continuation of *Little Women*, by Louisa Alcott). 2. Mrs. Gatty's *Parables from Nature*. 3. Miss Edgeworth's *Simple Susan*. 4. *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Sairey Gamp to Betsy Prig. 5. Sheridan's *The Critic*. 6. Nonsense Story, beginning: "So she went into the garden, to cut a cabbage leaf, to make an apple-pie," &c., said to be by Foote, the actor. 7. Falstaff's account of his fight with robbers, 1 Hen. IV. 8. Bottom the Weaver's description of his own capabilities as an actor. *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

VI.

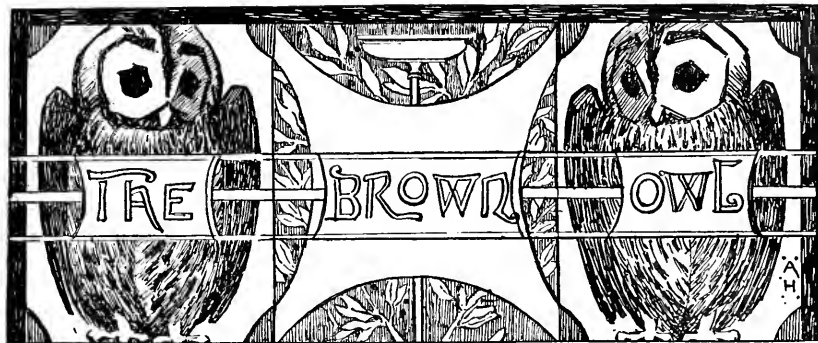
"The whole circle of Travellers may be reduced to the following heads:—Idle Travellers; Inquisitive; Lying; Proud; Vain; the Delinquent and Felonious; the Travellers of Necessity; the Unfortunate and Innocent Travellers; the Simple; and lastly, the Sentimental." (*Laurence Sterne's Sentimental Journey*.)

VII.

Mr. Braghton said: "Such a heap of stuff never did I hear; there isn't one ounce of sense in the whole opera, nothing but one continued squeaking and squalling from beginning to end." Miss Braghton said that she was not *genteel* enough to admire it. Miss Polly confessed that if they would but sing *English*, she would like it *very well*. The brother wished he could raise a riot in the house, because then he might get his money again. And finally they all agreed that it was *monstrous dear*.

VIII.

1. Coriolanus. 2. The young Duke of York (*Richard III.*)
3. Cordelia. 4. Claudio (*Much Ado about Nothing*).
5. Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV. (1 Hen. IV.)
6. Hamlet.



ON COOKING.

PART II.

FRYING.—In frying, the first thing is to have a clear bright fire and to see that the frying-pan is *perfectly* clean. Frying is immersing in very hot fat, and it is most necessary that the *fat* should cover what is being fried. I prefer a saucepan to frying, as the fat can be deeper. The fat should be sufficiently hot to make a piece of bread turn colour directly it is thrown in. Whilst the fat is hissing, nothing should be put into it until it leaves off and smokes.

To **FRY FISH.**—The first thing is to see the fish is thoroughly dried and then floured. Have ready an egg well beaten up, yolk and white together, and the bread crumbs dry and fine. They should be passed through a sieve. After flouring the fish carefully, brush it over carefully, egg it all over with a paste brush, and cover it with the bread crumbs, then see that the fat is boiling, which can be ascertained by dropping a single drop of cold water into it; if it makes much hissing the fat boils, then instantly plunge the fish into the boiling fat, and a very little time takes to cook it.

Fat crackles when it is first put on the fire, because there is generally water in it. This water sinks and becomes converted into steam, and these bubbles of steam escaping up through the fat, makes the bubbling.

When anything is fried that has been egg and bread-crumbed, it should be done about two hours before it is fried.

Meat should be frequently turned and agitated

during frying to promote the evaporation of the watery principles. To make fried things look well they should be done twice over with egg and stale bread crumbs.

When parsley is fried take care that the parsley is dry, and be careful that it does not splash, for if it comes near the face it is very painful.

In frying potato-croquettes, rissoles, &c., a wire basket should be used. Everything fried should be drained directly it is taken out of the fat. Blotting paper is the best thing to use; but if that is not handy, use a wire sieve.

Stewing is not only the most economical, but if properly managed, is one of the most delicious modes of cookery. The advantage of this mode is that pieces of meat which in any other form would be tough and tasteless, become, by stewing, tender and nutritious. The French are perfect masters of the use of the stewpan.

The process of stewing is the reverse of boiling. The plan is to put the meat to be stewed into cold water and to set it on a good fire till it simmers. It should never get beyond simmering, or it will spoil. Boiling water being 212 deg. of heat, a stew should never exceed 200 at the very highest. The most effective heat is 165; it should never be less than 158. In all good stewing none of the water should be thrown away. It contains as much nutriment nearly as the meat itself. In stewing there should be only just enough water to cover the meat. It is a very slow process, when

properly done, extending to many hours, or to a whole day, and, under some circumstances, two days. When properly done, stewing will render tender and palatable the roughest steak or oldest fowl.

The old-fashioned French country way of stewing is the perfection of stewing. They place all the ingredients in an earthenware jar with a tight-fitting lid with very little water, then place it in the hot ashes of a wood fire, where it can be left for hours.

BROILING OR GRILLING.—This is cooking over the top of a hot, clear fire, commencing with the gridiron close down to the fire and gradually raising as cooking proceeds, so as to diminish the heat. When the heat is insufficient from the first, the result is always unsatisfactory. The brisk, rapid heat required for broiling produces a greater degree of change in the affinities of the raw meat than roasting, and generates a higher flavour, so that broiled meat is more savoury than roast. The surface becomes charred and a dark-coloured crust is formed, which retards the evaporation of the juices, and, if properly cooked, broils may be as tender as roasts. But no operation of cooking requires more delicate attention. The fire should not be too hot or the meat would be scorched and blackened outside. Yet it should be brisk enough and clear enough to give the meat that browning which is the perfection of it, and to prevent the gravy escaping, which it would be sure to do over a slow fire.

The gridiron should be scrupulously clean and bright. It should never be put away dirty, but be polished and rubbed dry every time it is used, and all inside the bars well wiped, and before it is heated at the fire, the bars should be rubbed with butter or fresh suet or dripping to prevent the meat being marked. It must be placed sloping towards the back of the fire, so that the fat may run down and not drop into the fire to cause a blaze, which would smoke the meat.

Chops or steaks should be from half to three-quarters of an inch in thickness; if they are thicker the outside will be done before the inside can be properly cooked. It is almost impossible to give any time for cooking a steak or chop. It varies with the state of the fire, or the thickness of the meat.

Mutton chops and rump steaks are generally preferred rather underdone; but lamb and pork chops, and every kind of fish, should be thoroughly

done. It is important that a separate gridiron be kept for fish.

No salt should be thrown over a chop until after it is cooked; but it may be slightly peppered. Steaks and chops must be continuously turned while grilling to preserve the gravy, and the dish on which they are served must be perfectly hot.

Fish should be wrapped in oiled or well buttered paper before being broiled. In turning a steak, never stick a fork into it, as this would let out all the gravy. Directly the meat ceases to feel spongy it is done. Have the dish or plate very hot, and put a *small* piece of butter on it; lay the meat on the top of it, pepper and salt it, and cover up and send to table quickly.

STEAMING.—This is a process especially adapted to delicate preparations. The ingredients to be steamed should be prepared, *as for boiling*, and then placed in the steamer with the lid closed tightly over a saucepan full of boiling water, which should be kept boiling, and fresh water put in as it boils away. If there be no steamer at hand, make one by turning a plate upside down in a saucepan, and surround it with three inches of fast-boiling water, and place the mould containing the mixture or pudding on the plate, cover the saucepan closely, and keep the water simmering round it, so that it will produce continuous steam. It is a good plan to place a weight on the top of the mould to avoid the condensed steam getting into the pudding; I think all puddings and potatoes should be steamed.

Gravy is an important adjunct to cooking, and requires great care to send it up clear and bright looking. I am now speaking of the gravy which comes from joints. When roasting there will be a good but not excessive quantity of rich gravy, which falls into the dripping-pan; the dripping-pan should be taken away; then all the fat should be poured off slowly from a corner of it into a small basin. At the bottom of the dripping will be found a brown sediment, which is the concentrated gravy. Directions what to do with this will be found in my first paper. In any further papers, I propose to explain the art of sauce making with savoury gravies.*

H. de Salis.

* This paper invites discussion. All letters or remarks must reach the Editor not later than November 20th, and must have the words "Brown Owl" on the cover.

ONE of the quaintest books which has appeared for a long time is a charming account of the history and progress of children's literature in England. *The Child and his Book*, by Mrs. E. M. Field (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co) is not only

entertaining and full of information, but it also arouses in the reader a sincere feeling of thankfulness for having been born in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Perhaps the child of to-day has a little too much liberty; perhaps the silken cords which guide his steps are almost too slack in their control; learning made a little too luxurious, discipline too faint. But even if this is so, and the law of kindness has excelled herself in her efforts to bestow upon him all the beauty and delight of existence, still the pendulum is swinging in the right direction, for anything must be better than the ancient régime.

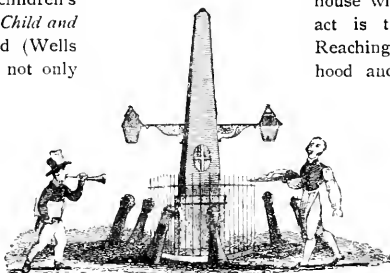
Mrs. Field begins her history of children's literature before the Norman Conquest and takes it down to the eve of the present day, or to about the time when that well-known book of bygone schools, the *Child's Guide to Knowledge*, made its appearance. The first feeling of her readers must be a sensation of surprise to find, that even so far back as the time of Chaucer there were not only books, but some excellent books, for the young. Indeed, the rules with regard to courtesy might be copied with advantage by some of the youth of the present day. The manuscript *Boke of Curtasye*, is supposed to date from about

1314 to 1340. Some of its details are very amusing. When a young gentleman comes to a house where he is to dine, his first act is to surrender his weapon. Reaching the hall, he will take off hood and gloves at the door, and

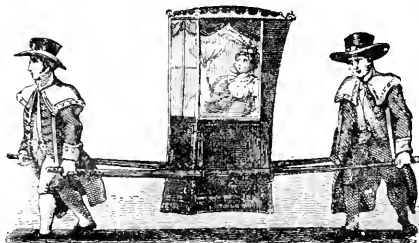
will salute the company in order. He will stand by the screen until the marshal or usher shall place him at the table. He must not begin to eat his bread, lest he should seem hungry, and he must never bite it. He will certainly not *flyle* or quarrel at table, "make maws" at his neighbour, stuff his mouth too full, or eat noisily. The book further refers to morals. In church, courtesy will help devotion. The courteous infant will love peace. Courtesy will teach him to govern his tongue. He will tell no lies, nor even laugh often. Courtesy will not allow him to be inquisitive, to laugh when others fall down, to criticise the priest's performance of Divine service, to point

at others, or whisper, or to speak evil of women. In travelling, the courteous youth may have to share a bed. If so, he will offer the first choice to his companion, and keep far from him. He will not be persuaded, however, to be the guest of a red-haired man or woman. Some elaborate details for graceful carriage of the body conclude this advice.

Mrs. Field gives a very interesting account of the Horn-Book, which was not a book at all in the sense of being able to open and shut. It consisted simply of the leaf printed on one side only, then



THE NEWSBOY AND PENNY FIEMAN.



SEDAN CHAIRS AS USED BY THE NOBILITY.



THE CAMEL AND MONKEY AS SEEN IN THE STREETS MANY YEARS AGO.

pasted on wood and covered with horn. The wooden back was continued at the bottom with a handle, which was generally slung at the child's waist. There is no space here to describe the different Horn-Books, full of infinite variety, and very interesting as mementoes of a rude state of learning.

Printed books came more and more into fashion, until at last the seventeenth century, with its brilliant early promise, brought great changes in its train. These changes, however, were anything but for the benefit of children, and, perhaps, the most interesting chapter in Mrs. Field's book is her account of the attitude of mind towards children taken up by the Puritans in the days between the time of Milton and Dryden. Mrs. Field has called this chapter, "The fear of the Lord and of the Broomstick," and no title could be more appropriate. The child, no longer thought of as "a stair nearer God—a lamb to be tended—a flower to be nurtured and sheltered," was a miserable little sinner, full of original sin, and surrounded by snares and pitfalls, from which his escape was desperately difficult. The sensitive child was tortured, the healthy-minded, disgusted. The books of this date described early death as the fate of all good children. The child who brought his reasoning powers to bear on these productions must have naturally eschewed goodness unless he wished for an early grave. The tortures of lost souls were largely dwelt on, and the woes of martyrs were considered exemplary reading for the young.

This unwholesome literature has only recently vanished from our midst, for into the eighteenth and even the nineteenth century the Puritan element has flavoured a great deal of the teaching of the young.

The latter part of Mrs. Field's book, in which she describes the literature of the Taylors, Miss Edgworth's and Mrs. Sherwood's stories, is also

pleasant reading, but naturally has not such an element of freshness as the earlier part of the book. The illustrations kindly supplied by the publishers are to be found in an early edition of the works of Jeffreys Taylor, called *City Scenes*.

* * *

THE Red Grange, by Mrs. Molesworth (Methuen) is a very interesting story, and contains more plot than most of this author's works. A dash of the supernatural which pervades the entire book, might perhaps be dispensed with, but the story itself is most absorbing, and will delight this favourite author's many readers. The illustrations by Gordon Browne are particularly graceful and well reproduced.

* * *

THE names of those members of the Reading Union who are to compete for the coming Scholarship are announced in this month's magazine. It is with deep regret that I must speak of one whose name would have been amongst the number, and who would probably have won distinction in the contest. So lately as last month the Lady Elyne Erskine was awarded the first prize in a competition for a Water-Colour Drawing, and was specially commended for her Musical Rendering of a Song. Her death, on the 4th October, after a very brief illness, has caused much sorrow to all who knew her. Her gifts were many; not the least of them was her warm heart and her power of inspiring love.

For many years her interest in *ATALANTA* has been unbroken. She gave the best sympathy an Editor can receive by joining heartily in all the schemes which were proposed for the benefit of its readers. It is in the long continued and steady support of girls like the Lady Elyne Erskine that an Editor finds her best reward and encouragement.

L. T. Meade.



DETTAGLIO DELLA VERGINE COL DIVIN FIGLIO.

(From the Picture by SANDRO BOTTICELLI, in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence).

Lift up your heads, all ye that weep and mourn,
The Child is born!"

ATALANTA

VOL. V.

DECEMBER, 1891.

NO. 51.



Raphael, pinx.

(From a Picture in the Pitti Gallery, Florence.)

Keep trust, keep trust
With Jesus Christ.

Blow, ye rough winds, o'er pastures brown and sere ;
Sweep ye a passage on the King's highway
For pilgrim feet, as God and Man draw near
On Christmas Day.

O, whiter than the snows,
In Mary's Bower the Lily blows.

Lord, is it Thou! O Master, must this be!
Is Flesh and Blood a garment meet for Thee,
Thou that inhabitest Eternity!

Art Thou then one of *us* in very deed!
Born of a Woman cradled in a stall!
The tear the smile the Dark the human need -
The daily morsel wilt Thou taste it all?

Comfort Him, Mary, on the Mother's breast
With milk and rest.

Break, hearts of ice, till in deep flood of song
The joyful waters leap and roll along!
Lift up your heads, all ye that mope and mourn,
The Child is born!

Angels have left Him in the house of clay;
His eyes behold the common light of day.
Bind Him, sad Virgin, with predestined hands,
Bind the pure Sacrifice with swaddling bands.

Haste, haste to greet Him, children of the soil!
Now doth the Ancient Foe his snares uncoil,
As forth our Champion flashes into light,
Armed for the fight!

Keep trust, keep trust
Believe Jesus Christ.

C. B.

A BATTLE AND A BOY.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD,

Author of "One Summer," "Gloom," etc.

CHAPTER V.

FRANZL worked with a will, but as he found himself in a community where everybody worked unremittingly, no task surprised or dismayed him. While he pulled and tugged, and strained his young growing body to the utmost limit of its strength, and was dead tired every night when he threw himself upon his bed of hay, in close proximity to his equine and bovine comrades, the open air and sunshine, the winds, night-dews and rains all

seemed to exert happy and healthy influences upon him, and he grew tall and strong like the young birch by the brookside.

He never, perhaps, had quite all that he could eat, but on the other hand, he was not incommoded with headache, stomach-ache, and other ills which make Kurt von Normann extremely peevish and uncomfortable the day after Christmas and the days after birthdays, and all high family-feasts when people indicate their affection and felicity by eating too many sweets.

Every day Franzl rose at half-past four, and took his milk to the city, walking up and down hill two hours or more, those beautiful fresh spring mornings, and making his round punctually. The three market-days he remained all day in Wynburg, returning usually with Leni towards evening. Other days he went directly back to Waldheim and worked on the farm or in the vineyards—weeding, digging, mending walls, feeding cattle and pigs and hens wherever, in short, he could be made useful. As it never occurred to him that anyone was stronger or abler than he—humility not being his chief virtue—he was often laughed at for attempting the impossible; but his willingness and zeal won respect even from the older farm-labourers, and Lutz, who never praised or seemed satisfied with anybody's efforts, secretly felicitated himself upon his shrewdness in selecting the little Tyrolean's muscle and stay power from all the young flesh at the Ravensburg market.

Franzl soon learned a fine control of his milk cart, and steered it coolly at a breakneck pace down the steepest roads. When in the morning or evening twilight, twenty or thirty boys by chance appeared simultaneously on the same hill, shouting and shouting and careering like demons, rattling and running their carts like mad, they seemed a wild horde of outer barbarians, coming with hideous machines of destruction to invade a peaceful land, rather than simple rustics ministering to innocent domestic needs. Among them all, no one yelled in a more demoniac fashion, none drove his chariot with more apparent recklessness, and more real ability and aplomb, than Franzl.

He felt a peculiar sense of ownership in the houses on his circuit, and every tale which Leni told him that first morning remained sharp and clear in his mind. "This is the house where the pale man works hard and the woman goes to parties all night and takes her coffee in bed at noon." "This is the house where nothing particular happens." "This is where everybody is always on horseback." "Here is the cross cook." "This is where they always try to get the milk a penny cheaper." "In this house the two kind old ladies want to know everything, and are always so surprised and 'Oh' and 'Ah' till one can hardly get away." "This is where there is a nice fat baby, bigger than Loisl, and not so pucky," and it

would have been a shock to the nurse's feelings if she had known that the boy who looked up so curiously at the child in her arms was thinking how much he would like to see its toes.

Best of all, he liked to go to the Normanns' beautiful home, and to Herr Arno's room under the roof. The young man was handsome and strong, and kind and merry, and would, indeed, have been altogether perfect in Franzl's eyes, if it were not for the queer and puzzling words which had a peculiar effect upon the child and made him uncomfortable and restive. In this new atmosphere he was indeed roused necessarily to a certain surprised consideration of language, since at every step he was confronted with differences between his Tyrolean speech and the harsher Swabian dialect and free comment and laughter. Still, it was easy enough to adjust his phrases to his surroundings, and, above all, to find out what working people meant. Often Herr Heinrich, a friend of Herr Arno, was there, and then the words were awful, but they caused Franzl no lasting distress unless addressed to him. One morning, Arno, chatting with his friend, happened to call the beautiful rosy boy pouring milk into the cracked pitcher a Ganymede, whereupon Franzl ran off brusquely, feeling unhappy and desperate.

"Oh, I wish he wouldn't," he thought. "I'd rather he would call me 'Brat' and done with it. When he smiles and looks so pleasant, and I'm not expecting anything in particular, and he fires one of those awful names at me, I feel as if I should burst."

"What does Ganymede mean?" he asked Leni that night.

She was exceedingly busy.

"Oh, Franzl, don't be tiresome," she returned. "How should I know? It's Herr Arno's nonsense again, isn't it? What on earth does it matter?"

"But do you know?" the boy persisted.

"No."

"Does Karl know?"

"No, he doesn't. He's got something better to do."

"Does your father know?"

"Not he."

"Does Andreas Klumpp know?"

"Of course not."

"Well, then, who does know?"

"Why, people like Herr Arno, to be sure. Nobody

who has to work bothers about words. But in the school they must know, Franzl."

"No they don't. I've been to school myself, and I never heard any such talk."

She wondered at his dreary manner, and said kindly:

"I wouldn't trouble my head about it. It has nothing to do with us or with work. It goes in one ear and out the other when I hear it; I'd forget if I were you."

"I can't," he replied gloomily. "I try to, but I remember every word. There's an awful lot of them now. Seventeen, from Phyllis 'in-spe,' 'faun,' to 'Ganymede.' That's the worst yet."

By dint of much reflection, it gradually became clear to him that there were more than two kinds of people in the world. Between rich and poor he perceived differences unsuspected in the Venter Thal, not, however, vast differences when both classes worked. Christian Lutz was rich, and he, Franzl, was poor, but as he was going to be rich by and by, and as Lutz worked as hard as any of his farm-hands, the distinction did not seem like a yawning chasm between them. Between people who worked and people who didn't there was a more amazing difference, Franzl concluded, and speculated much upon it—the lady who never got up in the morning, for instance, and the family who were always in the saddle—surely they were rich, yet not like rich Christian Lutz. He saw this plainly and it puzzled him. He had been categorically taught that laziness was a sin, also that people who didn't work must sooner or later starve. Among his milk-customers he discovered many who neither worked nor starved, and who did not appear to regard themselves as sinners. But clearest of all grew his new conviction that there was still another difference between people, the great mysterious one of words, for he began to suspect that Herr Arno had no monopoly of them. Franzl had positively ascertained that none in his immediate circle knew or cared about the hidden meaning of Theobald's language. Then who did know and care? Herr Heinrich for one. The people on the road talked of prices. Coming and going from market it was always how much things cost. The men in the village, too, talked of either prices or crops. Why didn't people all talk alike? If Herr Arno would fling queer words at him angrily, they wouldn't occupy him an instant. He

knew what to do and how to feel when he was insulted. But the kind voice and smile were what made him wretched and caused the mysterious talk to mercilessly haunt and perplex him. Some days Herr Arno said nothing incomprehensible and the child breathed freer, for his list was long and every new word caused him fresh aggravation. He had a way of muttering rhythmically to the accompaniment of a creaking wheel, and many a mile he tramped saying his words like a witch's charm or some ancient chant, with never a mistake; and it is a pity some great philologist did not hear the boy, for while the scholar would not have had the faintest inkling of the truth and could not, with Franzl's arbitrary division of syllables—to make them fit the cart-accompaniment—have distinguished the words, he would have discovered in the innocent prattle the remains of some primitive folk-song, with familiar Aryan roots, upon the strength of which he would have promulgated highly erudite theories, to his enduring satisfaction and renown and the envy of his colleagues.

Many other important things occupied Franzl's alert mind. The birds in the beautiful woods through which he passed twice a day, a pond where there were frogs, lizards on the vineyard walls, all the orchards and fields of grain, all the people, all the horses and dogs. There was always enough to think of, both on the long country road and down in the busy city. Indeed, he never felt that he had got his thinking half done, and he wished he did not fall asleep the instant he closed his eyes at night, for if he could only have stayed awake awhile he could have gotten rid of some odds and ends of thought which he never quite knew what to do with.

The Normanns were a daily source of pleasure, excitement and wrath to him. The pleasure and excitement began with the sight of the Major in a splendid uniform, who usually rode out of his courtyard as Franzl and his cart came in. The boy would pull off his cap, the Major responded with a fine salute and a smile. Wrath followed speedily. Kurt, for no reason in particular, but merely because he had happened to begin the acquaintance with hostilities—perhaps, too, from contrairiness, since his sisters praised the little milkboy—lost no opportunity to make himself odious to Franzl, who remembered every offence as faithfully as Herr Arno's words, and stored them away against the

day of reckoning. Nanni the cook was a kind motherly soul, whom experience had taught that boys can always eat, even if they are fed upon the fat of the land, also that a milkboy is not apt to be pampered, no matter how rosy and bright he looks. Being a privileged person in the Normann household, she put aside many good things for Franzl. The pretty young lady, Fraulein Doris, he seldom saw unless the children were quarrelling worse than usual. Fraulein Hildegard frequently honoured him with her presence, for she was a lively young person who made it a point to appear wherever anything was going on. At this time of the morning very little was going on except the kitchen. Hildegard was curious as a magpie, and liked to see everybody who came, whether by the visitors' or servants' entrance. As she was also kind, there was all the more reason why she should pirouette into the kitchen and keep a restraining sisterly eye on Kurt, who was habitually hateful to that nice little boy.

Hopping, twirling, standing on one leg like a stork, she seemed to regard herself as a theatre and enjoy her own performance hugely. She sang her most ordinary requests and always had a leaf or twig in her hand or mouth. Franzl admired her vastly.

One day she said to him, "Little boy"—she always called him little boy, although he was bigger than she—"don't you want to bring me some pussy-willows? I saw some yesterday when we were driving and mamma wouldn't stop to let me get them. They are on the bank of the little bridge where you come every day."

He agreed gladly, and she told him he was the nicest little boy she ever saw.

He brought her a great bunch of catkins the very next morning. Hildegard was delighted, he did not see Kurt, and Nanni gave him a generous slice of cake with plums in it, for which three reasons he left the house in high spirits. But, alas, the innocent catkins, like Beauty's rose, were destined to make mischief! Herr Arno gave him no trouble that day. Towards noon, he was on his homeward journey, whistling and singing in a contented frame of mind; as the sun was hot on the long hill, he stopped an instant in the shade by the little park in front of the Normanns' house, listening to the cool splash of the fountain, mildly regarding the big brown woman, and wondering

why they had put up those four awfully queer things

half woman and half cat on the terrace by the fountain, and if there were really cat-women or women-cat, with a stare and their paws out. Suddenly Kurt, carrying some books with a strap, came up the winding walk through the shrubbery to the open lawn where Franzl stood with his cart. Now Kurt was in the worst possible humour. His father had promised him a horse if in a certain examination he should be Number 1 in Latin and mathematics. He had worked hard and felt confident of success. Whether he had been too excited or too sure he did not know, but to his overwhelming disgust and irritation, two fellows who usually stood below him had passed in better papers, and although first in Latin he found himself third in mathematics—an honorable place in a class of forty, but he knew his father, and that there would be no horse for Kurt Normann this time. He had bragged of the horse far and wide. That was the trouble. His friends as well as his enemies had not refrained from pointed allusions to this famous steed, and Kurt, angry, mortified and ready to vent his spleen on the first-comer, came slowly home from his failure.

Franzl from habit scowled fiercely at the approaching foe. Kurt stopped, and all his rage against himself, his teachers, his comrades, the world and fate, seemed to concentrate itself in a desire to quarrel with this insolent milkboy standing motionless by his cart.

"Here, you dirty little beggar," Kurt began, with no plan of attack whatever, but conscious of vague and vast belligerent intentions, "what do you mean, by—by—by bringing catkins to my sister?" he concluded with sudden inspiration.

Here was Franzl's longed-for opportunity, but there was the milk-cart. It had grown to be second nature to take care of the insignia of his profession, and Leni's precepts had sunk deep within him. One hand still on the pole, he stood poised ready to spring.

"You keep your weeds for your own dirty little sister," Kurt sneered, as a purely random shot, "and let mine alone. If I see any more of them in my house, I'll switch you with them."

At this moment a young man who was sitting on a bench with his back turned came toward them.

"I say Kurt —" he began.

But before he could finish, Franzl had swung the cart round, thrust the pole into Herr Arno's hand, and flung himself with all his strength upon the boy who had insulted his sister.

Arno, recovering from his surprise, gravely accepted the trust, sat down on a stone moulding, and let the boys fight. It occurred to him that a sound thrashing might be a desirable sanitary measure for Kurt Normann, and something that had failed for some time. There was also a certain humorous satisfaction in the consciousness that Kurt's mamma, who systematically spoiled him and prevented him from being the good fellow he might otherwise become, was in the house whose windows looked over garden walls and shrubbery upon the field of battle where her high-born darling was about to be thrashed by a milkboy. For Arno had not the faintest doubt as to the result of the contest. Kurt was going to be unmercifully beaten.

The boys were evenly matched as to size. Kurt was the older, and well trained in gymnastic exercises, but no gymnasium three times a week could do for a boy what the mountains and hard, constant open-air work had done for Franzl. Moreover, the latter was by far the angrier of the two, and this was half the battle. "His strength was as the strength of ten," not "because his heart was pure," but because he was so justly enraged, while Kurt was already more than half ashamed of himself.

Arno observed that Franzl, instead of spending his force at once in his first furious attack, seemed to have endless reserve power. He showed no weariness but grew fiercer and stronger, not from contact with Mother Earth, for while Kurt was frequently down, gaining dirt but no strength, Franzl remained firm on his feet. Kurt fought well and bravely; but Arno, silently watching them, thought best to interfere.

"There, that's enough for to-day, boys. Stop, Franzl! Hold up, I say." But Franzl did not, or would not, hear or stop until forcibly removed.

"Kurt, you'll have to admit you're well thrashed."

Kurt said nothing. There was blood on his face, a button had cut his lip, his eye was puffing fast, his coat was torn, his watch and chain lay on the ground, his wrist was lame, his leg felt queer, and his head ached.

"You acknowledge yourself fairly beaten, do you?" Arno repeated.

"Yes," said the boy, faintly, feeling dizzy and dropping upon a bench.

Franzl stood panting, glowing, triumphant, his feet still braced, his hands on his hips, his eyes contemplating that silver watch and chain, lying low in the dust.

"Go in and ask Nanni to look after you, Kurt. I shall have to tell you that I think you deserved it. I heard what you said to him; that is why I didn't interfere. Now, it's none of my business, perhaps, but what has he ever done to you?"

"Nothing," said Kurt, frankly enough.

"Then what under heavens induced you to try to bully him in that fashion?" Arno demanded, with considerable disgust.

"I was red-hot mad about something else," Kurt returned, with a feeble grin, that was very one-sided on account of the aldermanic proportions his face was rapidly assuming.

"Your examination?" Arno asked quickly.

Kurt nodded.

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed the young man significantly. "And you, Franzl, what have you against Kurt?"

"I hate him," Franzl returned with cheerful promptness, "and he said something nasty about my family."

"Yes, I heard it. I'm not a great friend of fighting, but from your point of view, I don't see how you could have declined with dignity, after that provocation. Come here and let me congratulate you. My sympathies are entirely with you," he held out his hand and Franzl, proud and radiant, shook hands with him.

"But you are satisfied now, Franzl? You don't thirst for any more blood?"

"If he lets me alone I'll let him," the boy remarked succinctly.

"You hear, Kurt, do you?" and Arno stooped to pick up a paper-book which had fallen from Kurt's strap. Brushing the dust from a page, which Franzl saw was covered with queer curly writing, the young man remarked: "You'll have to re-copy this Greek. It is too dirty to hand in. I don't like to preach when you are in that plight, Kurt. But upon my word I thought you were more of a gentleman. If you don't choose to remember that *noblesse oblige* is your Normann device, it is useless for me to remind you, I suppose. But as an old friend of the family permit

me to say that if honour doesn't restrain you, prudence should, for this young Berserker can slay you without over exerting himself. Now shake hands, boys."

"I don't care anything about the slaying," Kurt returned quickly, hobbling forward on his lame foot and with his lame hand extended. "Here, Franzl, it's all right. You can bring anything you like to Hildegard. I only said that because I was in no end of a temper. I've always been teasing him, you know," turning to Arno, "and I do care about *noblesse oblige*."

But what was the matter with Franzl? He was turning his cart as fast as possible, and all the joy of victory had vanished from his face. It seemed to Arno that Kurt, after all, was behaving gallantly, since it is always easier for the victor to forgive than the vanquished. What, then, had seized the conqueror's bright spirit? Why was he slinking off in this fashion, ignoring Kurt's generously proffered hand? He, Franzl, who always seemed so ardent and warm-hearted?

"Franzl," Arno called; "don't go. Shake hands with Kurt first, to show there's no ill-will."

"Wait a minute, Franzl," Kurt called, limping a few steps after him.

But Kurt paid no heed. He went as fast as he could stride from the scene of his triumph and his bitter disappointment.

"Eighteen-nineteen," he was saying to himself in utter hopelessness. "Berserker and blesbleege, and Kurt knows what they mean, and says 'blesbleege' himself!"

CHAPTER VI.

ARNO THEOBALD, although in reality a happy, healthy and fortunate youth, had, in his own opinion, his share of work, care, trouble, and uncertainty of a peculiarly absorbing and delicate nature, and therefore thought little of the juvenile fight in which he had acted as umpire, and which was an epoch in Franzl's history. But when the little milk-boy appeared the next morning, shy, grave, and more hurried than usual, Arno remembered the child's abrupt departure, and was led to instil into his rustic mind some idea of the etiquette of the duel, even of the crude and primitive duel with fists.

"How are you, Franzl? No bones broken, I see. By the way, why did you go off so quickly? Why wouldn't you shake hands with Kurt?"

As Franzl said nothing, Arno concluded that he was still sullen and unforgiving, which seemed natural enough on the part of a poor boy whom Kurt Normann had persistently insulted. Arno liked boys, and had a special interest in boys of Franzl's condition. He was used to them, and succeeded ordinarily in understanding them tolerably well.

"Now, Franzl," the young man went on good-humouredly, "you really ought to have shaken hands with him. That's the thing to do. For instance, two men come to fight with swords or pistols. There is some deadly wrong, or ought to be, if they get as far as that. Well, suppose they are snorting fire and brimstone. They slash or shoot. They draw blood. We won't make it fatal this time. We'll only let them be scratched a bit, like Kurt yesterday. Then they shake hands. The witnesses shake hands. Everybody shakes hands."

Franzl, interested in spite of himself in this tale of swords and pistols, had forgotten his grievances and drawn near the table, smiling his winning, trustful smile.

"And when you and I consider it in cold blood, it is the stupidest thing in life, because if it is possible for them in God's world to be sufficiently reconciled to grasp each other's hands, then it would be wise to anticipate the action of time upon their enmity, and shake hands in the first place. People don't often hate as hard as they imagine they do. But, Franzl, this is how a man talks when he is not angry, and when he's angry his blood boils as yours did yesterday, and he doesn't think any more. Then he's a beast. I'm sorry to say I've been one a few times in my life. All the same, fighting is as stupid as it is wicked. Remember, I don't blame you at all for fighting Kurt. When you are older I hope you will think differently, but at your age, and after what you had borne, I don't see what else you could have done, and since you had to do it, I'm glad you did it so well. But you ought to have shaken hands with him and buried the hatchet."

"What hatchet?"

Arno smiled.

"I mean you ought to have been satisfied with

the punishment you gave him. You don't hate him, I am sure."

"Yes, I do," Franzl asserted roundly.

Arno considered an instant.

"Franzl, I don't know that you quite understand how things were yesterday. Of course, Kurt was in the wrong. I can't say that too decidedly. I'm glad, on several accounts, that he got for once what he deserved. He can make himself as insufferably disagreeable as any boy I ever saw. But he's not a bad fellow at heart. He lost a prize yesterday, and the praise which is sweet to him, and a horse which he felt sure he would have for his own, and he was rather well pounded and aching in every bone, yet he forgave you outright for thrashing him. That's like Kurt. He will act like an overbearing insolent cur for weeks, then turns round and surprises you with something so uncommonly sweet-tempered and generous, you can't help admiring him."

Franzl was wholly unmoved by this praise of the enemy, untouched by the faintest sympathy for or appreciation of Kurt's conduct; absorbed in his own thoughts the boy stared unceasingly at Arno.

"Talk about the ingenuousness of childhood," he reflected. "Only children and great diplomats know how to be inscrutable."

Meanwhile, Franzl was making a grand resolve. He had nearly determined to ask about the words that tormented him. Pride, shyness, a stubborn savage reserve had always restrained him. He literally did not know how to express the confused thoughts and feelings which gave him no rest. It was not simply asking the meaning of one word or many words. It was all his thinking, coming and going on the road. It was all that he did not understand in the lives of people about him, new things belonging to his new surroundings and of which he had never thought in Heilig-Kreuz. It was the differences—the work—why people didn't talk alike and think alike—the whole world was one great *Why?* to him, and he longed to launch it all on Arno. But he did not know how to begin. There were the words—and Kurt—Kurt most of all since yesterday, when he had looked up with his face awry, and dirty and bleeding, and said so resolutely: "and I do care about 'blesbleege'."

Why did he care so much about a "blesbleege?" What was a "blesbleege," anyhow?

Franzl had never before had so strong an impulse to confide in Arno. The child had of late listened suspiciously to the young man and hurried away as fast as possible, fearing that he might any moment let fall one of those maddening words. To-day, indeed, he used language which Franzl did not comprehend in detail and long grown-up phrases; but the drift of the talk the boy followed without difficulty, and there was nothing offensively personal in it—no calling names. Franzl's self-esteem was, therefore, not wounded, and Arno's manner was most kind and reassuring.

He concluded his little guest was still nursing his wrath against Kurt. What but resentment could such persistent silence mean? Children were rarely fiery and sullen too. After all, what could one expect of the poor little soul? What chance had he ever had?

Franzl was looking earnestly at an open book near him. It had queer curly letters like Kurt's book yesterday. "Greek," Herr Arno had said. It flashed upon him those strange words might belong to such letters. Perhaps it was all Greek. That didn't sound very bad. Something bright and hopeful rose in his heart. Why couldn't he learn the letters? Then he would know the words like Herr Arno and Kurt—"blesbleege" and all of them. He could thrash Kurt. Then he could do anything Kurt could and beat him too. He smiled, caught his breath in his excitement, and opened his lips to speak at last.

But Arno, feeling that he had waited long enough for the boy's stubborn mood to yield, had turned away.

"You think it over, little man," he said kindly, going to his bookshelves. "Perhaps you'll feel different. A fight one can't always avoid, but none need be revengeful. That's no good. After you have cooled down we'll discuss the ethics of it again."

"Twenty!" Franzl muttered mechanically, the old discouraged heavy feeling settling down upon his new hopes. Turning on his heel, he was gone before Arno could speak.

"What an odd little fellow!" he thought. "Evidently his High-and-Mightiness Kurt will have to look out for himself."

"Ethics, ethics—oh, dear!—oh, dear me!—ethics, twenty, twenty ethics!" and off went poor Franzl pursued by his words as by furies.

It happened that he had an errand to do for Leni that day after he made his round. The streets did not attract him as usual. His free and sunny spirit had abandoned him. Returning with his empty basket he turned down a street which was new to him, and saw many finely dressed people entering the wide portals of a building that had no windows except in the roof. In spite of his moroseness, this roused his curiosity. How did they climb up to look out of the windows? he wondered. It was silly to put them up there. The windows in his house should be where they belonged.

The little boy with his basket hung about the entrance and saw the people come and go. Carriages with beautiful horses and coachmen in livery were waiting. A lady with a bright red gown passed in. Presently he saw the red gown walk out. Then they must go in to see something. How he wished he knew what. How he wished he could see it. Once he saw a fat woman and a two-headed calf in a tent.

He drew nearer and peered in. There was a round room, three little marble steps, a fountain with large-leaved plants, and in the middle a little naked gold boy with wings and a bow and arrow. There were doors hung with red curtains. The people went through the door at the right under the looped-up red curtain. What if he should go in too? Nobody at the moment was near. He stepped cautiously within the marble room. Only the little gold boy was there. There was a window like the ticket-office at the railway station, but no face behind it, and no voice to tell, rough boys with baskets to be off. Slowly, timidly, walking very softly, he approached the curtain, beyond which he heard the hum of many voices. He did not need to go far. From the threshold he saw.

A great procession was bearing down upon him. Far, far back, as far as he could see, they were coming on through the narrow streets, hundreds of them—and straight toward him. They had white strange faces and wild eyes, and all of them were stripped to the waist, and their backs were bleeding, and they had little whips

with many lashes in their hands, and they were lashing their bare white backs until they bled. They were thin and hungry men and boys. They carried banners and an out-stretched child, all skin and bone. A market girl, with a cart like his, was trying to get out of the way. There was a great church and priests everywhere, priests in the very front, and an awful one first of all marching on with his arm pointing at Franzl, calling to him fiercely, wanting something of him with fierce eyes fixed on his!

Franzl was never so frightened in his life. He shrank behind the curtain, trying to hide from the awful priest in front who wanted him. After a moment he ventured out again, and this time saw a broad gold picture-frame and groups of ladies and gentlemen smiling and talking together.

He was ashamed that he had thought it real. Yet it frightened him still, and the free figures in front stood out as if he could run behind them. What did that dark awful man want? What did it all mean? Why did they whip their own backs until they bled? Why did they march down straight upon everybody, and have strange wild eyes?

Gradually his glance fell upon the men and women outside of the picture frame. What were they saying about it? Why did they laugh and turn away? What was there to laugh at? He hugged his basket tighter under his arm and shrank against the wall as some people passed out, glancing at him with a smile which he did not like.

He looked again. Groups had dispersed and formed anew. There was more room in front of the picture. Two ladies stood there with a boy. He wore yellow kid gloves, and had a sky-blue silk handkerchief over his left eye. It was Kurt. He smiled quite unconcerned, as if the backs were not bleeding, the faces white and strange, the priest with the out-stretched arm terrible. Kurt pointed at something with a wise air, as if he knew all about it. His mother and Doris listened and smiled. They moved; they were coming toward the door.

Franzl fled with hate in his heart.

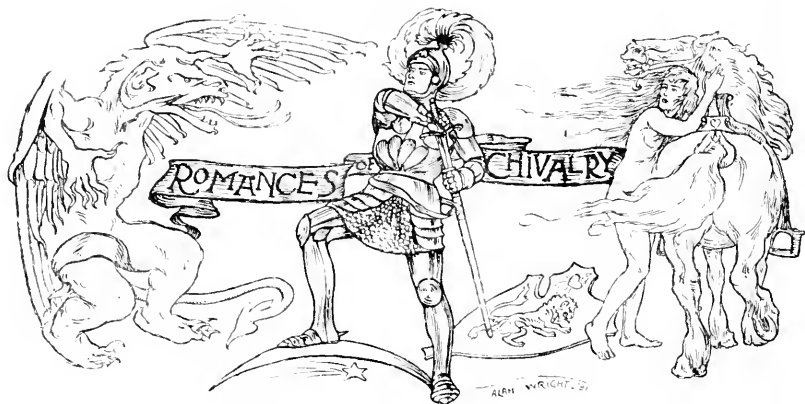
(To be continued.)

THE SONG OF CASSANDRA.

FAITHFUL lover, dost thou think
That thou now art safe from sorrow,
When to-day is but the brink
Of a yet unseen to-morrow?

Faithful lover, softly tread,
Knowing not where thou art going.
Paths as lightly trod have lead
To the grave of wooing.

ELLA FULLER MAITLAND.



PROFESSOR JOHN W. HALE.

WHAT are distinctly called the "Romances of Chivalry," arose about the end of the eleventh century, and reached their highest popularity and importance in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. They were, in fact the form which literary fiction took in the middle ages; and if to be perpetually recited, revised, expanded, continued are any marks of success, they may be truly described as one of the most successful forms ever taken by fiction. In some sort they may be said to have lived on till the rise of the modern novel; that is, till the middle of the last century. Nor

even then did they suffer lasting oblivion. But, after an interval, they were in a certain way revived by Coleridge and Scott and Tennyson, to mention only a few of those who have, in the later times, been attracted towards the Middle Ages—towards the singularly picturesque shapes which life wore then, and the noble ideal which, however imperfectly realized, was then so vividly conceived and portrayed. Thus, with but slight interruption, the Romances of Chivalry, in one guise or another, with greater or less prevalence, have made a great part of English, and indeed, of West European

literature for some eight centuries. Therefore, they cannot but deserve the best attention of all genuine students.

But all that is now proposed is to give outlines of two or three of those that were most popular in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—to

briefly reproduce the stories that then found favour in hall and bower. We think the incidents and the ideas so presented will be found not only historically and otherwise instructive, but also for the general reader both curious and entertaining.

SIR AMADAS.



HAD SO wasted his substance with generous living and boundless hospitality that penury now stared him in the face. He resolved not to live with impaired means where he had been wont to spend so

recklessness. In the midst of his remorse there drew near to him on a milk-white steed in a milk-white garb, one, who after bidding him take heart of grace, told him of a king dwelling hard by, with a fair and young daughter to be given in marriage to the knight that should bear him best in the field; he directed him to make for this king's court, and pass himself off for a shipwrecked mariner, to spend liberally as ever, to be 'large of pay and wage,' for he, the stranger, would keep him amply furnished with goods on one condition, to wit, that he should share whenever he should ask in whatever good fortune might befall the knight. The condition was accepted. Sir Amadas, reaching the sea-shore, found it strewn with riches of various kinds. The king observing him, lent him every assistance in collecting these goods, naturally supposed to be his, and welcomed him to his castle. There Sir Amadas fared sumptuously as ever, and won great renown by his unmeasured liberality. He saw and loved the king's gentle daughter; she saw and loved him. At the king's proposal they were married. In time a son was born to them.

Thus came his weal after his woe :

God give us grace that ours may so !

lavishly. He ordered his steward to mortgage his lands for seven years, made rich presents to knights and squires and poor men, and with but a bare forty pounds remaining, set forth from his country. Between a forest and a city he reached a chapel, through one of whose windows his servant, and then he himself, saw a bier and candles and a woman sitting by, and smelt odours as of death and corruption. Entering and addressing the woman, he learnt that the body was that of a late wealthy merchant, who had scattered his riches around him with profuse hands, even as he had done who now asked about him, and that it had been forbidden burial by one of his creditors. Sir Amadas at once sought out this creditor in the neighbouring city, and finding him obdurate, paid him then and there the amount due, which was thirty pounds. With the scanty residue, he had the body, once animated by a spirit so kindred to his own, buried with grand ceremony; and now he was utterly penniless. He dismissed his attendants—squire, knave, sumpter-man—and rode on alone.

Alone in the forest he lamented bitterly his

But one day the stranger in white arrived. Sir Amadas, lead of heart, and his fair wife, hastened to greet him, and pressed him to tarry with them. But he would not, he would have his share of the good fortune that had befallen the knight and go his ways; for all the knight's lands and gold he cared not, but he would have half his child and half his wife. Sir Amadas prayed him to take everything else, if only he would spare them; but the stranger reminded him of their pact. The noble lady, seeing how the case stood, bade her husband be true to his word. She called for her little son. The stranger asked Sir Amadas which he loved the better, wife or child, and declared the

dearer should be slain. The dearer was the wife, who accordingly laid herself down to be slain. Her husband raised his sword to do the deed.

At that instant the stranger relented. The knight's truth had been well proved. The lady and her child arose unscathed.

Then the stranger made himself known to them. He was, indeed, but a spirit—the spirit of that merchant whose corpse Sir Amadas, in the beginning of his wanderings, had ransomed and buried. He bade the knight love well his child and wife, and vanished.

SIR ISAMBRAS.



was a knight of rare endowments, physical and other. Nature and fortune had conspired to bless him. What wonder if he grew proud and forgetful of God!

One day, as he was riding through the woodland, he

was addressed by a bird in the name of the King of Heaven, who reproached him for his hardness of heart, told him he must forego this world's wealth, and bade him choose whether he would suffer what was appointed in his youth or in his old age. He answered, "In my youth." Then the bird flew away upwards.

As the saddened Knight was returning home, his strong steed of a sudden died under him; his hawks and his hounds deserted him; a messenger met him with the news that his castle was burnt down, and nothing left him but his wife and his children three; another announced that his cattle were carried off by robbers. When he reached home, he found his wife and three children standing together under a tree all naked as they were born, just as they escaped from the fire. He resolved to wander away with his family from a land that would soon grow weary of his poverty. He took the clothes off his own back to cover his wife and children, and then set off with them for the Holy Land, making a cross with a knife on his bare shoulder. On they went weary and hungered. At length they reached a river; the father

carried his eldest boy over; while he was going back for his second son, a lion carried off his first-born; while he was going back for the third, a leopard carried off the second. Thus despoiled, with weeping and with moans, the remaining three went on till they arrived at the Greek sea. They approached a galley which they saw near the coast, and begged for food. On board of it, as it happened, was the Soudan of the Saracens. At first he ordered the Knight to be put to death; then, hearing how tall a fellow he was, and how fair his wife, he offered him a place in his own service. The Knight refused it. Then the Soudan proposed to buy his wife. This offer, too, the Knight refused, but in vain; her price was counted out on to a mantle, and he, having been soundly beaten, was put on shore with it. In such wise was he parted from his wife, who was crowned Queen by her captor, and sent duly to his country.

The Knight wandered on forlorn. An eagle swooped down on the mantle containing the gold and some food given him by the Soudan at his wife's request. While he watched that eagle's course, a unicorn bore away his last remaining child and companion. Then he sat down on a stone lamenting. At last, most heavy-hearted, he went on, and presently heard the sound of a smith's forge. He then asked the smithy men for food; they bade him work. For seven years he toiled with them; in the course of which he managed to forge himself all the attire that falls to a knight. About the close of the seven years he heard of a great battle to be fought between the Christians and Saracens. He rushed into it on a horse that brought coal to the forge. Thus, ill-mounted, he was severely wounded; better horsed, he slew many a baron and the Soudan himself, fighting on for three days and three nights. The Christian King offered to dub him knight when his wounds were healed; but as

soon as they were so, he quitted the nunnery where he had been nursed and doctored, and, clad in a palmer's weeds, resumed his so-long intermitted pilgrimage. Wretched was his fare; often he could get neither meat nor drink nor shelter.

As he lay one night in sore distress by a well outside Bethlehem, there came down to him an angel with bread and wine, and, what was far more welcome, the dear gospel that his sin of pride was now pardoned. Then he thanked Christ, and wept for joy.

He wandered still on through the lands of seven kings till he reached a castle wherein, as he heard, lived a fair queen, who, day by day, gave alms to all poor folk that thronged to her gate, and a home to whoso most needed one. Here the poor palmer found admission. The Queen took him in for good. There he dwelt full many a year, and well recovering all his strength, soon won distinction by his provess.

One day he found the mantle and the gold that had been wrapt in it in a nest up a tree. He carried both things to his chamber, and then would

often weep and pine over them. Men soon saw that he had some secret sorrow, and told the queen; who ordered his door to be broken open one day when he was in the woods. Then, seeing the gold and the mantle, she knew that he whom she had welcomed was her own dear lord; and, when he returned, she made herself known unto him. Then what joy!

The discovered husband was now crowned king. Then he proclaimed that all his subjects should be christened; but the sturdy heathens said nay, and mustered a great host to oppose his edict. What Saracens had professed conversion now fled from him; and he, with his wife, who had put on a knight's armour that she might fight by his side, was left to combat with 30,000 men and more. Slain the noble pair was certainly about to be, when up rode three knights, on a leopard one, one on a unicorn, the third on a lion, clad all in angel's robes and led by an angel, who completely routed the enemy.

Never had Sir Isamboras known brighter happiness than when on that battle field he and his wife kissed their children three!

HORN.



THE SON of King Murry and Queen Godhild was a youth of surpassing beauty. When he was still a mere boy, the Saracens came down on his native country, slew his father, made the land heathen, and putting him and his two friends Hathulf

Horn soon grew into favour with the whole court, especially with the king's daughter, whose name was Rymenhild. This fair lady, in the ardour of her love, bade the steward bring the youth to her bower. Once the steward deceived her by taking to her Hathulf; but at last he directed Horn to visit her. Then the princess declared her love, and said she would fain be his wife. But, being of but mean estate, he shrank from such a splendid offer; in the end he promised to marry her if only he could win his knighthood. This honour was secured for him through Rymenhild's influence with the steward, who had great influence with the king. Then Horn, presented by his lady-love with a talismanic ring that could protect him from all wounds if he but looked on it and thought of her, rode forth in quest of adventures to prove his knighthood. He encountered some heathens landing to lay waste the country, slew a hundred, and went back to the court in triumph, bearing their leader's severed head. Then the course of his love seemed running

and Fikenhild, in a ship sent them adrift. The waves, more merciful than the Saracens, bore them safely to a distant land. Here they were generously received by King Almair, and carefully educated after the manner of the time.

smooth; but Rymenhild had evil dreams, which were too well fulfilled by the falseness of one of his friends. The king, warned by Fikenhild of what was passing, surprised the lovers in the lady's bower, and there and then banished the young knight. He went away with a promise to return in seven years. So once more he was turned adrift in the world.

During the seven years of his promise, he performed many knightly deeds. Kindly received at the court of King Thurston, he slew in battle pagans that threatened it, amongst them those very Saracens who had slain his father, and was offered but declined the hand of the king's daughter.

Meanwhile, his Rymenhild was sought in marriage by a great king, with her father's sanction, and no word came to her of or from her absent lover. One of the messengers she sent all ways to make him aware of her distress at last met him; but, when returning with a true lover's answer, was drowned. King Thurston consented to assist Horn. Upon reaching the well-known country from which he had been driven forth the seven years before, Horn left his men in ambush, and putting on the dress of a palmer whom he met on the way, himself went up to the court and into the hall. Thus disguised, he saw his fair lady-love

weeping for his absence; he exchanged words with her; he dropped at her feet the ring she had given him; also he made trial of her with a story that Horn was dead. Then she prayed for death, and would have brought it on herself and her royal wooer, but that Horn discovered himself. Then, withdrawing, he called together his men; returning, he slew all them of the court save only his old companions and his love's father. And now his marriage was celebrated with great joy.

But before he gave himself up to peace and quiet, he resolved to recover his own hereditary kingdom torn from him in his boyhood. Hlothulf and he soon effected the re-conquest. He found his mother still living; he drew her from her cave of refuge, and they made merry.

But while the true friend fought by his side, the false friend was again working treason against him in the land he had for the nonce quitted. Fikenhild seized his bride and secured her in a strong castle he had reared for the purpose. Warned by a dream that she was in danger, Horn hid him back, and learning how it went with her, assumed, he and a few chosen friends, a harper's costume, and so got into the castle, her prison. Quickly then the traitor was overthrown, and Rymenhild and Horn united again not to part.

KING OF TARS.



THE union of the King of Tars with one of the loveliest women that ever lived was blessed with a daughter as fair as her mother, or yet fairer. The Soudan heard of this beauti-

ful maiden, and made eager proposals for her hand. But the King was an uncompromising Christian, and so was his daughter; accordingly, both he and she rejected the heathen's overtures. Then the heathen raged, and, gathering together a great

host, closely beset the city of Tars. The Christians struggled against him in vain; they were slain heaps on heaps, and the survivors driven to sore straits. The gentle lady, on whose innocent account the dreadful war had broken out, could not bear that so much blood should be shed for her; wherefore she resolved to offer herself up as the bride of the invader. Her pious parents could hardly be brought to consent to this sacrifice; but she was firm in her self-immolation, and at last they gave way.

So amidst their tears the noble bride was conducted to the presence of her pagan lover. But he swore by all his gods, by Jovin and Platon, by Mahoun and by Tirmagaunt, that she must embrace his religion, or she and all hers should perish. Then encouraged, it would seem, by a dream, in which a promise had been vouchsafed that the Lord who suffered Passion should help her at need, she consented to conform to his

worship. Then in an ecstasy of delight the Soudan bade her kiss all his gods, and himself did likewise. But she never forgot Christ; but ever when by herself she made her moan to him. And now a tournament was cried, and the marriage celebrated according to the pagan liturgy.

The lady—no name is given her in the poem—in course of time, gave birth to a child, but it was a strange thing with no blood or bones or nose or eyes or life. The Soudan suspected her of infidelity towards his divinities; but she urged him to take the uncouth offspring into his temple and then test the might of his gods, if haply they could heal and quicken it. He called upon Mahoun and Tirmagaunt and Jovin, and Astrot and Appolin in vain. The child lay still as any stone. Then, wrathful he seized a staff and beat and broke them all. His wife now asked that a Christian might be brought to her out of the Soudan's Christian-crowded prison. A Christian priest was found. When he had christened the child, then straightway limbs and face were bestowed on it, and a voice; fairer child might not be born.

And now the Soudan too would be christened. On him the effect of the holy water was such that it changed his black complexion to a spotless white.

Then the lady sent a message to her parents, bidding them come to her; who came right gladly.

An edict was now published enjoining the Christian faith on all the Soudan's subjects; which was, after some opposition, successfully enforced throughout the realm.

Thus the lady with her lore
Brought her friendes out of sore,
Through Jesu Christes grace.

All the while that they were thore,
The joy that was among them yore
No man may tell the space.

When they were out of world iwent,
Before God Omnipotent,
Them was dight a place.

Now Jesu, that is full of might,
Grant us all in heavens light
To see thy swete face!

THE NORSEMAN.

BEFORE he died his homesick heart was thrilled
With deep desire, that grew to longing pain,
To see the beauty of the snow again,
But had not life to see the hope fulfilled.

His homeward-faring thought alone did build
A memory for him, in fitful dreams
Of voiceful silence of the mountain streams,
And vast pale lands in winter's breathing stilled.

But when they brought him in the earth to lie,
And his last sleep was by the sorrow blest
Of those true tears that fall for friends who die,
The earth was white with snow, as he loved best,
And on the grave fell blossoms from the sky,
Fair emblems of white honour laid to rest.

NEVILLE MAYHEW.



TWO ANGELS.

From *His Picture*, by ANDREA DEL SARTO, in the Academy of Fine Arts, Florence.

ANGELS IN ART.

Allen Zimmerman

IT is interesting as well as instructive in studying a collection of works of art to take up one branch of the theme and observe the different manner in which it has been treated at different periods and by different men, and to see how the individuality of the artist impresses itself upon his subject. Now, since Florence was the birth-place of the two painters who, by common consent, have been the happiest in rendering painted presentments of angels—"birds of God," as our own poet Browning calls them—Benozzo Gozzoli and Fra Giovanni da Fiesole, I propose to begin this series of talks about the Florentine Galleries with a rapid survey of how the great masters treat of angels in their pictures. The theme is appropriate, too, for this season, which commemorates the time, nearly 1,000 years ago, when the herald

angels sang their songs of joy, telling a fallen world how a Saviour had been born to redeem their transgressions; for among the multifarious functions of the angel hosts that surround the throne of God and sing His praises for ever and ever, are paramount the duties of messengers of His might, guardians of His children, and choristers of His glory.

Accompany me through the various Florentine Galleries, Pitti, Uffizi, and Academy, and let us pause first before those dark gold-grounded early Italian pictures of almost Byzantine character, whose authorship is forgotten in the dusk of ages. They date from the eleventh to the thirteenth century. Before that period it would seem that the Church forbade the pictorial representation of angels, probably owing to the scandal caused in

the early Church by the worship paid to those supernatural beings. Of completely conventional type are these angels, though they often have a sort of devotional expression, more in intention than in reality. Their lank, formal figures, usually adolescent, are always draped, often heavily

Maria Novella is well known; that picture whose first exhibition caused such joy to all the city of Florence and which gave the name of Borgo Allegri (happy suburb) to the district in which it was painted. Here the angels, though still Byzantine in attitude, have solemn sweetness,



THE VIRGIN AND HER DIVINE SON.

(From the Picture by SANDRO BOTTICELLI, in the *Uffizi Gallery, Florence*.)

and richly, so that the idea of their flying seems out of the question. They rather give the impression of being guardian custodians of the sacred personages they surround. The first artist who broke from these exclusively conventional traditions was Giovanni Cimabue, the story of whose famous Madonna in the Church of Santa

and are serious and impressive as though watching the Madonna

"Bear the royal weight
Prostrated meekly, smiling tenderly,
Oblivion of their wings."

Even before Cimabue, there was an evident attempt on the part of more than one artist to leave

behind the distorted mannerisms and stereotyped forms into which art had fallen. Cimabue's great pupil, the shepherd boy Giotto, certainly one of the most illustrious artists the world has ever seen, has stamped his own fiery, energetic characteristics upon his angel forms. They rush through the air with an impetuous movement that is absolutely perceptible; they are ministering attendants entirely absorbed in fulfilling the mission entrusted to them by their Lord, the King of Heaven; often their heads are seen surmounted by a flame, as though the fire of their ardour burnt visibly through the vestment of flesh they bear in imitation of mortal shape. This painter frequently gives only part of the figure, twining the rest into a flowing cloud. Yet even Giotto's angels, though a softer grace is seen developing in them, are still extremely conventional in form, and their faces, though often beautiful, are far from possessing the passionless loveliness of the later artists; they are breathing creatures emphatically, having strength, intention, enthusiasm, and, above all, life; we are made to feel that these figures have gazed into the face of the Most High.

Another artist of this period who painted

beautiful angels, or rather cherubs, is Neri di Bicci, several of whose pictures are in the Academy.

The attribute of the cherubim is before all else, as we know, contemplation, as Milton sings:

"Him who soars on golden wing,
The cherub contemplation,"

And this older, little-known artist, has well rendered this feeling. From the brush of Simone Memmi, Giotto's gifted contemporary, the intimate friend of Petrarch, whom he visited at Vauluse, leaving behind him as a memento of his visit, some painted frescoes at Avignon, of which some few fragments now remain, we have a beautiful Annunciation Angel in the Uffizi. This angel, calm, impressive, solemn, as all this artist's work is wont to be, wears a most elaborate robe, causing us to think he must fill some high place in the celestial hierarchy. But even here, the human element—so to speak—predominates; we feel that all these angels are sublimated human beings, not beings as angels should be, who have never tasted of earth or known, except at second-hand, its sorrows and its degradations.

And now we approach the artist who understood how to render on his canvasses that which we



AN ANGEL
(From the Painting by BEATO ANGELICO, in the Uffizi
Gallery, Florence.)

more or less conceive as the true form of those beings that make the link between finite man and the infinite. This painter of angels is the monk surnamed the "Angelic Friar," by his contemporaries and the later world, in tribute to his exquisite conceptions of the angelic nature.

There are many pictures from his hand in the Florentine Galleries, as well as in his own cloister of San Marco, where he adorned a large number of the convent cells with pictures from his brush. His angels are emphatically and purely angelic; they have never been out of heaven, they know no sin, no sorrow. In the famous picture of *Paradise* those who come out to welcome the blessed spirits are full of tenderness and love. We are made to feel that they only live to worship and praise; they are not wistful, neither are they regretful; they are not even rapturous, they are in perfect peace. On the great *Coronation* in the Uffizi, one can gaze for hours, filling one's soul with that vision of the heavenly host that seems to have descended out of the skies, to come down and comfort us with the sight of their passionless content. They are ever clad in long loose robes, that fall down

to their very feet, their wings are many coloured, they neither walk nor fly, they glide along the ground, their very movement is of the sky, not of the world. Angelico's angels are always most carefully

Painted, most beautifully designed. The kneeling figure in blue with the harp, in the foreground of the picture of the "*Coronation of the Virgin*," is especially beautiful on account of its drapery. The figures surrounding the framed large Madonna by the same painter, so often copied, and familiar even to those who have never seen the originals, are most elaborately clad, and their musical instruments are a study in themselves.

Masaccio, so far as I know, painted but one angel in Florence, and this is that immediate agent of the divine wrath who drives Adam and Eve out of Eden. It is in that famous chapel, frescoed by Masaccio's hand, in the Carmine Church, held one of the most important monuments in the history of art development.

This angel is swarthed in much drapery, and as the figure is coming straight forward through the air, it is a triumph of drawing to have treated it so as to seem natural and in its place. The face is wonderful; stern, yet without a trace of hardness or of anger. Still, it is too substantial to be very angelic in form and feature. It is just its massive strength that makes it so impressive. The gay, loose-lived



AN ANGEL.
*From the Painting by BEATO ANGELICO, in the Uffizi
Gallery, Florence.*

monk, Fra Filippo Lippi, has quite a type of his own. His angels are rather lively, saucy little boys, than celestial creations. One may see their faces to this day among the street urchins who run

to their very feet, their wings are many coloured, they neither walk nor fly, they glide along the ground, their very movement is of the sky, not of the world. Angelico's angels are always most carefully

up and down the narrow streets of Florence. Fat, chubby little animals, often wanting in refinement, they are anthropomorphic in the highest degree, with a renaissance feeling about them that is more pagan than Christian. Nevertheless, they are very beautiful and attractive, and so are the faces of the peasants made to represent angels in his picture at the Academy, that picture of which Browning speaks as

than shows the soul" to quote from Browning's definition, though they seem less absolutely free from any trace of earth. But the influence of the master, for Fra Angelico was Benozzo Gozzoli's master, is manifest in the purity of the sentiment, the joyful devotion that informs this choir of angels who adore the new-born Redeemer. A fresco on the walls of the chapel in the Riccardi Palace, now the Florentine Prefecture, once the home of the



AN ANGEL PLAYING A LUTE
IL ROSSO FIORENTINO, in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

"Ringed by a bowery, flowery angel brood,
Lilies and vestments and white faces, sweet
As puff on puff of grated orris-root."

More dignified, and less human, is a Saint Michael announcing to the Madonna her approaching death, by the same painter.

Benozzo Gozzoli's angels come next after Fra Angelico in loveliness and purity, and in approaching to that point of giving us "no more of body

Medici, until they rose in life and moved to more splendid quarters, represent figures whose predominant sentiment is above all awe and reverence; they kneel with folded hands and down-cast eyes, their faces full of the sense of over-shadowing mystery which should, of course, be the prevailing expression of ministering spirits in the presence of their incarnate Lord, yet this expression is rarely given. Still there is in these figures something of



THE ANGEL RAPHAEL DECLINING THE GIFT OF TOBIAS.

(From the Picture by GIOVANNI BILIVERTI, in the Pitti Gallery, Florence.)

an idea that there exists such a thing as sorrow which Benozzo's great master, Fra Angelico, never gives. The angels of another fellow-worker with Fra Angelico, Lorenzo Monaco, are also most beautiful; they have a raised and excited look, as though filled with the celestial visions they had but lately looked upon. A large picture by him hangs in the Uffizi, opposite the famous Coronation by Fra Angelico, and contains many figures of Saints and Angels. Botticelli's angels, though most lovely and graceful, are wistful, almost sad; they seem to have been touched by

Weltschmerz; they appear conscious, and more like human beings purified by suffering.

They sympathise more than they praise; they have not attained to the pure heights where dwell the chaste and spotless creatures who haunted the visions of Fra Angelico and his pupil; neither have they the rushing strength of Giotto and Masaccio.

They are gentle, beautiful, refined, but they are hardly blissful; though they almost touch pure unconscious bliss in the large "Coronation" in the Academy, where they dance in a lovely ring round the throne of Heaven. Very beautiful are Botticelli's three archangels in the same place, especially the St. Michael standing with drawn sword "severe in thoughtful beauty." The Florentine painters were very careful to distinguish between angels and archangels, and St. Michael is a special favourite of theirs. Andrea Verocchio, the master of Leonardo da Vinci, the sculptor whose easel pictures are rare, has in his "Baptism

of Christ," a beautiful group of two wingless angels. One of these is said to have been painted by Leonardo during his master's absence from the studio. It has not yet the famous Leonardo smile, but it has something of the master's sweetness and intensity. Perugino's angels are not very superhuman, and though very lovely, weary a little by their sameness of feature and expression, their slightly mannered attitude, their absence of devotional elevation. There is a beautiful Arch-

angel Michael by him in the Academy, which is often copied; it is a

charming figure clad in bright blue armour, but it is not a "bird of God."

The angel in the picture in the Pitti, of the Madonna and St. John adoring the infant Jesus, is too sentimental to be truly angelic, but this belongs to Perugino's later times, and in his later times he grew rather mannered. The angels of Filippino Lippi, son of the Friar Lippo Lippi and the nun Lucia, and pupil of Botticelli, are most beautiful; they have a refinement that was absent from the

father's work; they are childlike certainly, but their faces are full of eager interest and affection. In the Pitti hangs a beautiful round picture from his hand, in which, amid a hedge of roses stand lovely angels with beautiful dark-blue wings; their draperies are most complicated, fluttering scarves being wound round and round their bodies in the most intricate manner. A similar group is seen in his great picture in the Church of the Badia, a work full of life and feeling. Lorenzo di Credi's angels have something



THE VIRGIN, SON, AND ANGELS.
(SANDRO BOTTICELLI, in the Uffizi Gallery,
Florence.)

of the character of Lippo Lippi's, with the touch of the grave earnestness that gives them individuality; they are happy disembodied spirits rather than heavenly visitants; still neither are they earthly, nor commonplace. Francesco Granacci, the friend and fellow pupil of Michael Angelo, is a marvellous painter of angels. Mrs. Jameson says of them, "They have the air of guardian angels who have fulfilled their trusts;" they are grave, serene, and stately. The Archangel Michael, a kneeling figure in the picture of the "Assumption of the Madonna" in the Uffizi, is one of

the most beautiful figures in Italian art. It is worthy of note that Granacci never imitated Michael Angelo, greatly though he loved and followed him, thus proving how much individuality he had of his own. The angels by the brothers Ghirlandajo are not always successful, but when they are so, they give us a sense of rapture and delighted joy. Now and again they are obviously sought after, and are too little spontaneous in form and expression to convey the idea of beings so ethereal, so intangible,

as we believe angels to be. Of Michael Angelo's massive, muscular angels, the Florentine galleries have only one specimen in an unfinished picture of the Holy Family. Some people, however, deny that the figures resembling Greek athletes at the back of the principal group are intended for angels; most certainly they are, in no respect, angelic. It is just possible that they may have been meant for shepherds; there is a picture by Luca Signorelli of the same subject, in which there are two figures

evidently meant for shepherds, who are treated in nearly the same way. Fra Bartolommeo, the painter, who for grief at the death of Savonarola retired into a convent intending to abandon his brush for ever, paints angels that are beautiful of their kind; but they are all idealized boys, artless, happy, innocent creatures, rejoicing in their strength and beauty rather than ministrants to the figures they surround. Sympathetic intelligence is not theirs. They are distinctly male

creatures; not sexless beings such as angels should be, though angels

are usually depicted as young males, perhaps, for the reason so beautifully assigned by Madame de Staël, "because the union of power and purity constitutes all that we mortals can imagine of perfection."

The finest of Fra Bartolommeo's angels are not in Florence, but in Luca. It is worthy of note that this artist was among the first to depict his angels undraped, an innovation that in itself marks a decline in the lofty conception of the angelic character, and approaches them too closely

to the pagan cupids, a resemblance that was to grow yet more marked as Art declined. The lovely couple at the foot of Raphael's "Madonna del Baldacchino," in the Pitti, have something the character of Fra Bartolommeo's boy-angels. Indeed, this picture resembles Fra Bartolommeo very much in style; but Raphael's angel-boys are of a far more refined type than those of the monk, and are touched with higher issues. Andrea del Sarto, that soft, elegant,



THE HOLY FAMILY.
(From the Picture by FILIPPINO LIPPI, in the Pitti Gallery, Florence.)



THE REST IN EGYPT
From the Picture by A. VAN DAELE, in the Petit Gallery, Florence

most graceful painter, has a beautiful pair of cherubs in the Academy that have the same character as Raphael's boys. Beautiful, too, are Andrea's angels in the higher backgrounds of his two great Assumption pictures in the Pitti, and his Annunciation angels are always of a very high and noble type. From the hand of a later Florentine artist, Bilivert, there hangs in the Pitti an archangel Raphael, declining to accept the gift of Tobit, in which the angel is

and afterwards into a most depraved and irreverent mannerism, which culminated in a fresco by Giovanni di San Giovanni, painted in the refectory of the suppressed abbey of Fiesole, representing the ministering of angels to Christ after the Temptation. Here has been reached the lowest depths of pathos. The same painter scandalised his contemporaries by painting a female saint. Of Luca Signorelli, the painter of the grand St. Michael at Orvieto, there is but one



THE ADORATION OF THE INFANT JESUS.

(From the Picture by PERUGINO, in the Pitti Gallery, Florence.)

of a lovely and dignified, but entirely human type. It is to be observed that in this picture the wings of the messenger are supposed not to be seen by Tobit. A favourite picture with all visitors to Florence is the sweet little cherub playing on a guitar, by Cosimo Roselli, which has much of the gay glance of Lippi's boy-angels, but the face is more regular and less characteristic.

The Florentine school in later years ran into a sickly sentimentalism, as exhibited by Carlo Dolci,

angel in Florence in a lovely round picture, in which the servant of God holds an inkstand for the Madonna to write the Magnificat. It is a fine conception, but by no means spiritual in type. Of Coreggio, by some considered as a typical painter of angels, Florence boasts no specimen save in a copy of the "Giorno," by Baroccio, whose own angels are affected and coquettish, and who therefore fails to render Coreggio's expression of child-like innocence and naive beatitude. Painted in Raphael's later manner, we have in Florence the

magnificent cherubs in the "Vision of Ezechiël," for the other winged creature is no angel, as is usually supposed, but one of the four symbolic Evangelists. Parmigianino's group of angels, in

his so-called "Madonna of the long neck," have the same characteristics as Coreggio's, the master whom he imitated, but exaggerated to insipidity.



L. T. MIADL.

LUCILLA was standing ruefully with her head a little on one side: she was surveying the jam cupboard.

Lucilla's husband, the Rev. Arthur Field, was very fond of strawberry jam—there were only three pots left.

It seemed an absurd thing to fret over, but Lucilla felt unhappy because the strawberry jam had run so low.

She had more reason for this than appears at first sight. Jam, good home-made jam, such as Lucilla was famed for making, often took the place of pudding in this humble home. Arthur Field was quite contented if Lucilla gave him strawberry jam and bread and butter instead of pudding after meat. She had saved many shillings in the week's housekeeping by thus humouring her husband's simple tastes. Now the favourite jam was nearly exhausted. Lucilla looked sorrowful, the corners of her mouth drooped pensively.

"You there, my love?" a masculine voice called from down stairs; steps were heard ascending quickly, and Arthur Field stood by his wife's side.

"Here is a letter for you, Lucy," he said.

Lucilla turned at once from contemplating the strawberry jam and held out her hand for the letter. She was a tall, dark young woman, with fine eyes and an expression about her face which most people described as pleasant. Her husband seemed to think so now as he looked down at her from his superior height.

Lucilla opened her letter eagerly and began to read its contents; as she did so her cheeks flushed, her eyes flashed indignant fire, her whole charming face was transformed. The anger which filled it soon grew to utterance in her voice.

"Oh! Arthur, to think that I should be treated so! My great aunt Lucilla, after whom I was named, is dead!"

"Is she, indeed, my love? Poor soul! I am sorry—when did it happen?"

Mr. Field spoke in a distressed voice—death in itself was such a solemn thing to him that he could not understand anger in connection with it. Yet Lucilla, whom he knew so well, so very well, was absolutely trembling with anger.

"When did your aunt die, Lucy?" he repeated.

"I can't tell you, Arthur. Oh! let me see, nearly a month ago. Of course, the Vincents, Mary and Ellen, did not want me to know any sooner. No wonder! no wonder! any one could see through their devices—they wheedled, they coaxed, they petted, they flattered, and they got their desires. Oh! I would not be them!—"

"Lucy, your words quite alarm me—your words and your anger. May I see that letter?"

"Certainly, Arthur?"

Lucilla gave her husband the open sheet of notepaper which she had been holding, deliberately shut and locked the jam cupboard, and then walked past him into her own room, the door of which she closed behind her.

He gazed after her retreating form in astonishment, then bent his gaze on the letter which had caused all this disquiet.

He read the following words:—

"RED-CROSS HOUSE, May the 10th.

"My dear Lucilla,—You will be surprised and sorry to learn that poor Aunt Lucy passed away quite suddenly on the night of the eleventh of April. She must have died in her sleep, poor old dear, and evidently early in the night, for when her maid found her she was cold.

"Aunt Lucy was ailing for some time, and as she was past eighty, even her warmest friends can only speak of her death as a blessed release. Our Rector, Mr. Martin, preached a very beautiful funeral sermon about her, and we had a nice obituary notice inserted in *The Raven*, our local paper. The funeral, too, was both suitable and expensive; and Ellen and I have quite the proper mourning—we are wearing crape up to our knees. Of course, I don't mean on our every-day dresses, which, however, *look* as deep, being made of a capital wearing stuff called crape-cloth.

"Well, my dear Lucilla, the will was read, as is customary, after we had returned from laying poor Aunt Lucy in the grave. It was a pouring wet day, and I am sorry to tell you our new crapes, on for the first time, got a good deal spotted and injured standing by the open grave. But to return to the will. Mr. Johnson, Aunt Lucy's lawyer, read the contents to us. Of course, we were not the least surprised, nor will you be when you get this letter. *We* are left everything; we *know* this

would be the case when you displeased all your relations by marrying Mr. Field. I don't suppose anyone felt your marriage more than dear Aunt Lucy did, although she never stormed nor raved, nor said angry words. You know the proverb, Lucilla, that 'Still waters run deep;' this must have been the case with Aunt Lucy, for when the will was read we found she had not remembered you at all, except—but I shall come to that presently. I want, first of all, to let you know how Ellen and I are left. We shall have, when everything is sold, exactly ten thousand pounds apiece—by no means fortunes in these expensive days, but still enough to be comfortable on. To be frank, I did really think that Aunt Lucy was much better off. She gave herself quite the airs of wealth, which she had no right to do, for what is twenty thousand pounds? But, of course, as she has left us literally *everything*, we must not complain. Did I say everything? No, you are not quite forgotten. Do you remember those yellow jars—those frightful things which always stood on a shelf over the drawing-room door—the yellow dragons we used to call them? Well, you are now the happy possessor of the yellow dragons. I think, and so does Ellen, that this fact, more than anything else, shows how your marriage wounded dear Aunt Lucy.

"Please, Lucilla, forgive me for not writing to you sooner, but you can imagine what a whirl Ellen and I are both in, and as you were not left anything to speak of, and had practically turned your back on all your relatives, we did not think there was any hurry in letting you know about the vases. Red Cross is to be sold as soon as possible, and of course all the furniture. Such old-fashioned furniture would be quite useless to Ellen and me. We have decided to take a house in London, for we feel that after the long weary years we spent with Aunt Lucilla, it is due to us to have what fun we can. I will write again, or perhaps Ellen will write next, to tell you our new address.

"Believe me, my dear Lucilla,

"Your affectionate Cousin,

"MARY VINCENT.

"P.S.—I had almost forgotten to mention that the yellow dragons, very carefully packed, are even now on their way to you; we are sending them direct by passenger train, carriage prepaid."

Mr. Field read this letter through without the

smallest change of countenance. If he felt anger, his face did not show it. When he had read to the very end, he folded the letter and returned it to its envelope, placed it for safety in his pocket, and walking across the landing, tapped at his wife's bedroom door.

"Can I come in, Lucilla?" he asked.

"Not now, Arthur," she answered from the other side of the door. "I am particularly engaged, but I will be down to give you your tea in ten minutes."

"Very well," he replied in his gentlest voice. He went downstairs without another word. A nice and appetising tea was spread on the dining-room table. Some strawberry jam graced the board; there were home-made cakes, some crisp tempting-looking salad, well-made toast, fragrant coffee, and, last but not least, two poached eggs in a little silver dish.

When Lucilla entered the room she went straight to the head of her table, and poured out her husband's coffee. She did not say another word about the obnoxious letter; her face was once more pleasant to look at, but there were traces of tears about her eyes, and although she tried to prevent it, her pretty lips took a sad curve whenever they were in repose. She chatted brightly, however, and even laughed when the Reverend Arthur Field gave utterance to a small witticism, or made a pun. He was fond of the relaxation which puns afforded, and Lucilla would have thought herself altogether wanting in wifely duty if she did not cheer her husband with smiles of approval after he was guilty of these intellectual efforts.

Tea was nearly over when there came a ring to the front door. The servant (they only kept one servant, her name was Jessie) entered the room to announce the arrival of a box.

"It is prepaid, ma'am," she said, addressing Mrs. Field; "where shall the man take it?"

"Let him leave it in the hall, Jessie," answered Lucilla. The maid withdrew—Mrs. Field glanced at her husband.

"I don't want that box," she said.

"On the contrary, my love, I shall be very glad to see these dragon vases your aunt was so kind as to leave you," he replied. Then he took the letter out of his pocket and gravely returned it to her.

"Arthur," said Mrs. Field, "you don't think I am fretting because of the mere money's loss."

"You can scarcely speak of money as lost, which you have never had, Lucilla," replied Arthur Field, with his slow sweet smile.

"I had a right to some of it, however," she replied, her eyes flashing angrily once more.

"My dear," he said, "you knew what you might expect when you took me."

On hearing this speech, Lucilla rose from her seat, ran over to her husband, put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"I would rather have you than a thousand fortunes," she said, with enthusiasm.

He kissed her back again.

"I know that well," he said. "Now, Lucy, I am going out. I shall be back in an hour, we will then unpack the vases, and consider in what part of the drawing-room they will be seen to the best advantage."

"They are hideous things," said Lucilla pouting; "they had much better remain in the deal box."

"We will look at them, at any rate," said Mr. Field. He was a hard-worked curate and had very few varieties in his life. Lucilla was devoted to him. It occurred to her while he was out that the excitement of opening a rather small deal box might be good for him. She determined to push all her ill temper out of sight, and be very agreeable about the vases. She lit several candles in the drawing-room, and placed a pretty shaded lamp in such a position as to show off the tiny but tastefully furnished room to the best advantage. Between them, Jessie and she pushed the case which contained the vases into the dining-room. Lucilla fetched a hammer and chisel, and quite worked herself up to a pitch of expectancy by the time her husband returned.

He took off his coat and made a fuss about opening the box—he perpetrated two puns while he lifted the lid, and Lucilla's mirth was no longer forced.

The vases had been packed evidently with great care, and Field lifted them tenderly out of their receptacle. They were tall—quite two feet high—their shape was very peculiar, their colouring a deep and rich amber. The dragons which climbed round the stems of the vases had something brilliant about their colouring which gave them the effect of being set in jewels.

Arthur Field said, "I never saw any china like this before; I should not be surprised if it was

valuable. When Power comes I will ask him to take a look at it."

"Oh! it is hideous!" said Lucilla; "it is not the least valuable."

"I don't know that," replied her husband; but, valuable or not, it is very quaint. I think it will give our drawing-room a decidedly unique appearance. It will just fit, too, on that carved oak shelf which I put up last week. You know, Lucilla, I told you that the ornaments which you put there were altogether inadequate to the size and depth of the shelf. Now these vases will furnish it to perfection."

Lucilla made no further comment, and the vases were deposited with great care on the shelf. Field dusted them when he put them up, and then walked away to the other end of the drawing-room to contemplate the effect.

"They are *very* quaint," was his solitary remark.

As time went on Lucilla got accustomed to the vases; in the course of a few months she got so accustomed to them that she absolutely forgot their presence. The fact was she had other and more important things to occupy her attention.

Field was a very poor man, and that thing presently happened to him which is always disagreeable, but especially so when it comes in the train of an empty purse. Arthur Field got into bad health; he was not dangerously ill, but he began to suffer from what may be termed "the complaint of the age" his nerves got out of order. Like most curates in large towns, he was overworked, and in process of time overwork began to tell on him. His tired nerves made him irritable; he slept badly, he ate little; he had always a pale face, the lines round his mouth, although sweet, were also at all times somewhat worn, now they were painfully so. Field, although in the prime of life, began to look old. He was just in the condition when, had the purse been full instead of empty, his health might be completely restored to him by a long sea voyage, by three or four months in Switzerland, by change of scene and rest of mind. The poor man can neither take change of scene nor do his cares often slip off his shoulders. Field was obliged to stay in town, and whether he liked it or not, whether it was good for him or not, he had to work.

Lucilla fretted a good deal in private, but she was a brave young woman, and she never allowed

any of her secret anxieties to become apparent to her husband. She did not allude again to her great aunt's fortune, nor was the subject of money often discussed between this pair.

One day Field came in and said with a shadow of his former brightness—

"By the way, Luey, I ran up against Power to-day in the High Street; he is staying here until to-morrow. I asked him to come in this evening and look at the vases."

"What vases?" asked Lucilla. She had absolutely forgotten her old aunt's yellow dragon vases.

"Those that your aunt left you, my love," replied her husband. "The more I look at them the more certain I am that they are irresistibly quaint and uncommon. Power is a judge of china, and I should like his opinion of them."

"Very well," said Lucilla; "only nothing will ever change my view with regard to those ugly things."

"Ugly, I grant," said Field, "But in their ugliness also lies their charm."

Lucilla raised her brows—she said nothing further—she was making a mental calculation with regard to ways and means; she wanted to have something very nice for Mr. Power's supper, and she had scarcely any money to buy delicacies with.

At the appointed time the guest arrived. He was a little man with red hair, a keen intelligent face, and a bright, brisk manner. He and Field had been at Trinity College, Cambridge, together. Power was a much more successful man than Field. He had been called to the bar and was doing well in his profession. He lived in London, of course. After a few words of conversation, Field fetched a step-ladder, and mounting it, carefully removed the two vases from their shelf. He took out a silk handkerchief and dusted them tenderly; then he turned to his friend and looked anxiously at him for his verdict. Lucilla, seeing the solemn expression on her husband's face began to laugh.

"Arthur is quite romantic over those frightful things" she said to Mr. Power. "Pray put him out of his misery at once; it is only merciful to quench false hopes. The things are hideous, are they not?"

"Not at all," said Power. He lifted one of the vases in his hand, turned it to the light, tried to discover some sort of inscription on the base of

the stem, twisted it round and round, and finally replaced it on the table.

"Well," said Field.

"They are valuable," said Power, suddenly. How valuable I cannot tell you. I should like to take them up to Christie's."

Lucilla clasped her hands.

"What!" she exclaimed, her colour coming and going, "do you mean—do you think those—those frightful things would fetch—money?"

Mr. Power turned and looked hard into the face of his friend's wife.

"They may," he said, slowly. "Yes, I am inclined to think they will fetch—*something*."

"But how much? Do—do tell me."

"It is impossible for me to say."

"A ten-pound note, perhaps?" queried Arthur Field.

Power gave him a lightning glance.

"I feel confident you may reckon on that sum," he said. "If they are valueless from a collector's point of view, the colouring is so rich that they are sure to be bought for purposes of decoration."

"Oh! Arthur," said Lucilla. She went up to her husband and impulsively laid her hand on his shoulder.

Field smiled into her eyes.

"Do you want to sell them, my love?" he asked.

"Yes, yes!" she replied. "If they fetch ten pounds we can go away for a little holiday."

"You are certain to get ten pounds," said Power. "Field, you do not look well. Are you in need of a holiday?"

"My wife says so," replied Field.

"Then why not go?"

Field made no answer at all to this, but leaving the room he returned in a few moments with the wooden case in which the vases had been sent from Red Cross House some months ago. The two men packed them with extreme care, and the next day they travelled up to London under the care of John Power.

There was a good deal of illness in the large manufacturing town where Field worked, and he was so busy just now visiting the sick, and soothing the agonies of the dying and of the bereaved, that he quite forgot the yellow vases. Lucilla, however, who remained at home, had time to think of them. She did think of them. Now

that there was a possibility of money being forthcoming through their means, she began to build castles around these vases. Full of hope were these airy palaces of Lucilla's. They were all homes for her husband—health resorts for him—delightful dwellings, where poverty and care should never touch him. She felt herself turning pale when, a week after the vases had been sent to London, the post brought a letter from Power—it came by the last post—and Field and his wife were together at the moment. He opened it with languid interest, read its contents, and passed it on to his wife with the smile which came more and more seldom now to his face.

"Power says we are certain of our ten pounds," he remarked.

Lucilla read the letter greedily. Its contents were as follows:—

"DEAR FIELD,

"Christie and Manson so far approve of your vases that they will put them up to auction. This fact speaks for itself, for articles of *verth* have to be up to a certain standard for Christie's to admit them into their auction rooms. It is a pity you can discover nothing with regard to the pedigree of the vases. Much depends on that, but in any case you are certain of your ten pounds.

"Yours sincerely,

"JOHN POWER."

"Arthur!" exclaimed his wife, "I have made up my mind."

"Well, dear," he replied, "you often do. What result have you arrived at, at the present moment?"

"We will go to Christie's and see the vases sold," exclaimed Lucilla.

"My dear!"

"Yes," she continued. "Mr. Power says we are certain to get ten pounds for them. Ten pounds will pay all our expenses for a week in London; with economy it will also enable us to go to a good doctor and get an opinion about you. We will go, Arthur. We will start to-morrow."

"My love," he answered, looking at her in his tenderest way, "even if we do get this money, would it not be best to save it?"

"We will save it," she answered. "We will save it best by spending it. Don't oppose me, Arthur, my mind is made up."

"Very well," said Field.

"Then you will come with me to-morrow?"

"I will. I own I should like a change. If I can make arrangements for my work here, we will go."

Two days later the Fields found themselves in lodgings, rather uncomfortable ones, in West Kensington. They chose this out-of-the-way neighbourhood because a friend of theirs had once lodged in one of the new suburban houses in this most uninteresting region; they paid a small price for their rooms, however, which was a vast consideration in their present straitened circumstances. Power came to see them, and spoke hopefully about the ten pounds. Once, indeed, when Lucilla's eyes looked with even more pathos than usual into his face, he found himself venturing to add to the sum.

"You *may* get twenty pounds; but for Heaven's sake don't build your hopes on it."

"Oh, I won't," replied Lucilla; but her eyes contradicted her words, and Power found himself obliged to turn away from their pleading glance.

The Fields went to see a doctor, a great man, who charged them two guineas, and gave a considerable amount of advice. Field was to rest, have complete change, and as luxurious living as it was possible to procure for him.

When they left the house of the great physician, the curate turned to his wife and said gravely, "I only wish I had not wasted those two guineas. You know, Lucilla, as well as I do, that I can neither rest nor live the life of the wealthy."

"Still, I am glad we have gone," she said. She was thinking of Power's words with regard to the vases, and her castle in the air was growing larger and more beautiful than ever.

Suppose they got twenty pounds? Twenty pounds seemed a sum full of infinite capacities to the poor soul at this moment.

"We will go to Christie's in good time," Field said to his wife that evening. "Power has not an idea at what time the vases will be brought to the hammer; but I imagine that the whole auction will be interesting. We shall probably see some very beautiful objects of *verita*, and you like pretty things, you know, Lucilla."

"Not better than you do, Arthur," she answered. But then she added, with a smile, "I always thought you had perfect taste, my love, until you

admired those hideous yellow vases of my great aunt's."

Field smiled back at her when she said this. "We shall soon know what other people think of the vases," he said, in a placid voice, which showed that his mind was really dwelling on a different subject, but his words chimed in so exactly with Lucilla's own hopes, that her heart beat high.

The next morning early Mr. and Mrs. Field prepared to start off to Christie's. Power had not only given them full directions for they were a very ignorant couple, and knew nothing of London, either its geography or its ways— but had promised to meet them at the great auction halls.

They were leaving the house, when Field suddenly turned faint and sick. His wife, who was standing by his side, seemed to recede away from him, the walls of the room turned round, the floor on which he stood ceased to be solid. He held out his hands imploringly, a mist came to his eyes. "I cannot go, Lucy," he said, and he sank into a chair in the dingy little lodging-house parlour.

"Oh no, you must not go," she said, terror in her face and voice.

Field did not speak for a few minutes. His wife ran to fetch brandy to revive him, but he pushed it away.

"No," he said. "No, I cannot touch it; let me stay quiet, Lucilla: I only want to rest."

She remained perfectly motionless by his side. After a little he looked up at her with his usual expression.

"I am nearly well again now," he said; "shall we go to the auction after all?"

"No," she answered; "no, we will go for a drive instead."

"A drive!" he said. "My dear, you forget our nearly empty purse."

"I do not forget," she replied. "I will take the risk. This is a lovely day; you shall drive, Arthur—we will hire a carriage and go into the park."

He looked at her with an expression which seemed to say, "You are taking leave of your senses."

"We ought not to do it," he said, in a weak, low voice.

"We *will* do it," she replied. There was a fire in her eyes, her cheeks were flushed, her lips looked determined; she rang the bell and the little

lodging-house servant answered the imperious summons in hot haste.

"There are livery stables near here, are there not?" questioned Lucilla.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, not three doors down."

"Send for an open landau, please; let it be here in half an hour—a nice one."

The girl stared for a moment; she did not expect the parlour lodgers to be capable of such extravagance. Her respect for them rose immensely.

"Yes, ma'am," she answered in a soft, surprised voice to Lucilla, and she closed the door gently after her.

The landau turned out a success, and the Fields enjoyed their drive. They were out for two hours. They went into Hyde Park, and for a short time their carriage occupied a position in the line of rank and fashion. No woman in that gay assembly looked prettier than Lucilla in her hired carriage, with her shabby last year's bonnet on her head. No woman had so intense a light in her beautiful eyes, nor such a glow of fervent hope and love in her heart.

The Fields not only took their drive, but they went to lunch at a fashionable restaurant. Lucilla ordered choice meats, a certain bottle of fragrant wine, and ices *ad libitum*. She paid the heavy bill with the manner of a princess. She had come to a point in her history when she was indifferent, absolutely indifferent, to the fact that she was breaking into her last sovereigns, and that to-morrow morning she and her husband might be penniless.

"Now," she said to Field, when they once more seated themselves in the landau, "I am going to the nearest Post Office to send off a telegram to Mr. Power."

"What about, Lucy?"

"I want to know what the vases have fetched," she replied, looking brightly at him.

Field felt far too weak to argue with his wife. Truth to tell, he enjoyed his day of luxury—he was both mentally and physically in the condition when it was a comfort to lean on anyone. In short, in spite of his sober convictions, he began, in a sort of intangible way, to share Lucilla's hopes.

It was very late in the afternoon when the pair returned to their shabby lodgings in West Kensington.

Field could not help uttering an exclamation of astonishment when he saw Power standing on the steps. Lucilla, on the contrary, felt no amazement, for one glance into the little man's face made her hopes become certainties. She flashed a brilliant glance at him, then descending from her comfortable carriage, turned to the driver and inquired his fare. He mentioned it, and Lucilla nearly emptied her purse into his hand.

"We shall want you again to-morrow," she said. "Be here by twelve o'clock, and be sure you bring a comfortable carriage, the springs of this one are by no means perfect; speak to your master, please, and let us have the very best landau in his coach-house."

The man promised, and drove away. Lucilla touched her husband on the arm and went into the house.

When they got into their sitting-room, she turned at once to Power.

"Well," she said, "I know by your face that you have brought the twenty pounds."

"Not exactly," he replied.

Field turned pale when Power said this. The horrible thought that he had scarcely money enough in his bank to pay for Lucilla's unwonted extravagances flashed through his mind.

Mrs. Field, however, whose eyes were fixed on Power, had no such qualms at her heart.

"I know you have good news," she said in her brightest voice. "Perhaps the ugly things are really valuable—perhaps they have fetched more than twenty pounds."

"They have," replied Power.

He put his hand into his pocket, took out a book, from which he extracted an envelope, and handed it to Mrs. Field.

"The vases were your property," he said, "left to you by your aunt, were they not?"

"Yes, left to me by my great aunt, Lucilla Vincent, after whom I was named."

"Just so; then this envelope, with its contents, belongs to you."

Power's eyes looked so full of meaning when he said these words, and his voice had such a ring of assured delight in it, that Mrs. Field found herself suddenly turning faint and almost sick; her heart beat too fast, its great throbs almost choked her; her eyes grew misty, her hands trembled. She

went up to her husband and gave him the envelope.

"Open it," she said in a husky whisper; "I can't—I—I'm afraid."

"My darling, you look quite ill," said Field in alarm.

"Oh, never mind me; *do* open that envelope," she said, crushing it into his hand.

He obeyed her at once. The envelope contained a draft on the Bank of England, payable to Lucilla Field, for ten thousand pounds.

"Good heavens, Lucy! Lucy, you are dying!" cried her husband. "What is it, what is the matter, my dear?"

He scarcely took in the contents of the note; his eyes were fixed on his wife's face, for she had read the amount of the cheque payable to herself, and joy had made her faint away.

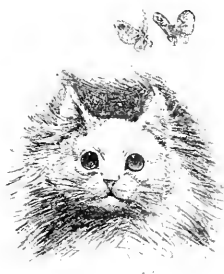
"I wish you had been there," said Power, a few hours later; "there was quite a *furor* over the vases. You and I thought them quaint and valuable, Field, but we had little idea what they were really worth. I had not been ten minutes at Christie's before I perceived that the yellow dragon vases were much the most valuable of the many treasures which were to be sold that day. Their

history had been ascertained, and their pedigree established. Lehmann, the great Jewish Chinaman, was present. It did not take him long to prove that your great aunt's dragon vases, Mrs. Field, were once the highly-prized treasures of the royal house of Siam. When and how they were stolen it is impossible to say, but certain marks round their base made Mr. Lehmann certain of their identity. The vases are perfect, without any chip or blemish of any sort, and are the only specimens known to be in existence of that particular china.

"After this explanation, you may imagine that the bids ran high for the yellow dragon vases. I had hoped to bring you even a larger cheque."

Power told this marvellous history to the husband and wife late that evening. Lucilla wore a white dress, and the roses still bloomed on her cheeks, and the fire of love and joy glowed in her deep, dark eyes. With her lips she said very little; her feelings were too strong to find utterance in speech. Her hand rested on her husband's shoulder. When Power stopped speaking, Lucilla turned slowly and looked at Arthur Field.

"I always said those vases were very quaint," he remarked, in a somewhat slow fashion. "We shall miss them out of the drawing-room."





On du Tent d'où vient you will visit me - par re-sez maint maint-vat us on a throne there stands a temple which is bright for ever so
 glo - rious night on earth was ever known in this a ves - sel wondrous power pos - ses - ing is kept a trea - sure precious be -
 yond cut this men un - slain may guard of us - a des - ing was brought to earth by an - ge - lic host
 one es - try you a dove from heav'n descending a light and thus its mar - riage strength re - new's to call the "Grail" This
 to its vo - lunt send - ing to en - ter earth through its pure faith and face he whom the Grail to be its serv - ant - choos - es, it
 co - co - arm with more than earth - ly might; op - pos'd - to him de - pest thy ma - gic los - es his pow - er - ing
 glance can not - turn shades of re - ar through dis - tant coun - tries still in his pos - ses - ion the cho - sen one his match - less pow - er
 turns for in - no - uence to fight a giant, up - pre - sion tur - ries he while his name un - known re - mains the
 Grail is in its cir - cles pure and holy and from all com - mon eyes must be con - ceal'd To doubt its strength is ut - terly vain and
 folly he must de - part when he his name re - veal's now hear the cho - sen one dis - po - sition scorn - ed
 sent his - ter by the Holy Grail I come to knight my father's crown now a dorn'd with great grief and Lohengrin's name



'Back, Elsa, back, nor to proceed enquire!'

MAISIE DERRICK.

Katharine S. Haegwood

CHAPTER VI.

A STRANGE REQUEST.

THE room opposite Mr. Yardon's study was the dining room; it looked out only on the drive because the stable-yard lay beside it, blocked from view by a tall laurel hedge, that made a half circle from the farther angle of the dining room, and followed the sweep of the drive to a second pair of rarely-used carriage gates further down the lane. A carriage was a rare sight at the Hall, and when one came there was plenty of space for it to turn on the broad gravelled sweep before the hall door.

Perhaps from its limited outlook this room was dull, and as the drawing-room was chilly, Miss Savvay had established herself in the library, a small room behind Mr. Yardon's study, and which could be made to communicate with the drawing-room by means of sliding doors. It had a door of its own, which led into the hall, and another door opening into the study. All these entrances were curtained, so that the room, with its bright fire in one corner, looked extremely cosy; the door curtains were dark red, but they were rich both in colour and texture; the window curtains were a dark orange velvet, which made pleasant framing to the green lawn in front, and the clumps of rhododendrons right and left.

In the middle of the room was a long leather-topped table, with books and writing materials. A portrait of a sweet-faced young woman, Maisie's mother, hung over the corner-set mantel-shelf; there were a few old blue and white cups and saucers, the fire-place was near the window, and the sides and the end of the room were covered with rows of books, except where the curtained doors came in the way.

Miss Savvay was very sensible and practical, but she dearly loved a story; she had, however, to search for some time among Mr. Yardon's old-fashioned volumes before she could please herself. She could not find anything modern, so she helped herself to the "Vicar of Wakefield," and was soon deep in the first chapter. She had placed herself in a comfortable chair beside the fire, and some time ago Maisie had come in and had put a stool under her friend's feet, a cushion behind her head, and a little table within reach. All at once Miss Savvay heard a strange sound, and she started from her book and looked round her. At the corner opposite the fire-place a bolt was being slowly undrawn behind the heavy curtain which hung over the door leading into Mr. Yardon's study.

Miss Savvay felt very curious. Maisie had told her this door was never opened, and the visitor wondered why her host, if it were he, should not have come in by the door that led into the hall.

Even after the noise of the bolt had stopped the door seemed to stick fast, and opened at last with a loud crack. Mr. Yardon's face, when he appeared from behind the curtain, was very red from his exertions.

"I am sorry to disturb you," he said, politely, "but I wanted to talk to you privately—just a little matter which need not go beyond ourselves, if you please."

He bowed, then he seated himself opposite to his visitor.

Miss Savvay drew herself up. She felt affronted; she thought it was most extraordinary of Mr. Yardon to come in by this shut-up door, and he certainly ought to have knocked before he began to unfasten the bolt.

"If I were nervous, Mr. Yardon," she said, "you would have alarmed me. I fancied that door was never used."

"It is only used when I use it, madam. I apologise for the liberty I have taken, but I was not afraid of startling you. I can see you have plenty of nerve, and also, if I may say so, your share of good judgment." He paused and looked at her intently. "I want you to help me, if you will be so good."

Miss Savvay was already deeply interested in watching the course of Maisie's love story. Mr. Stanmore's manner had convinced her that he

visitor? Why did you not write and put me off at once?" She smiled cheerfully at him. "I am sorry you have made such a trouble of it. I am ready to go at once."

There was no change in Mr. Yardon's grave face, he only put out his hand to show that she had not reached his meaning.

"You are very kind, but that I take as a matter of course from Miss Savvay. But, madam, allow me to say there are several guest-rooms here; it



"You will do me a service if you copy these out."

would not be contented till he knew his fate, and when Mr. Yardon asked for help she felt a sudden fear that this contradictory grandfather intended to put obstacles in the way of the young people.

"I hesitate to begin," he went on, "because what I have to say must sound to you so very inhospitable; but the fact is I am very much worried: I received a letter two days ago which told me to expect a visitor, a stranger to me, and a foreigner."

"And you wish me to give up my rooms to this

was necessary that you should come here for two reasons. I have to place Maisie under your charge, and I have also to tell you why I must, for the present, send my granddaughter away from Yardon."

"Send Maisie away! —"

Miss Savvay checked herself. She saw Mr. Yardon's lip curl at her want of calm.

"I am obliged to have this visitor here for a time—I do not know for how long, circumstances will decide on that point; but until I am sure that

I can have this—this person and Maisie in the house together, I wish my granddaughter to be in safe keeping. I can only think of you, madam”—he bowed—“to whom I can trust Maisie; she is young; she is supposed, whether rightfully or wrongfully, to have expectations; she would be thought a catch by some designing people. I do not choose to send her to school. Will you give me this help?” He stopped and looked at her; then, before Miss Savvay could answer, he went on: “Perhaps you will be good enough to take Maisie away to-morrow morning, and to keep her with you till I ask you both to come back to Yardon.”

He got up from his chair and bowed again.

“Very well, I will do as you ask,” Miss Savvay said coldly, after a pause.

“Thank you; the carriage will take you to the station at nine o’clock.”

Mr. Yardon went out at the door by which he had come in, and Miss Savvay heard him re-fasten the bolt.

“What a tyrannical old bore!” she thought. “He must be doubtful if this visitor is a fit companion for Maisie, but it is most extraordinary behaviour. Poor dear child!”

The harsh grating of the bolt announced another visit from Mr. Yardon.

“I beg your pardon, madam”—he spoke as if he had been listening to her thoughts—“I think I will get you to announce this arrangement to Maisie. She is so *gauche* and so shy with me that I should not find it easy to explain myself; you will perhaps say to her that a matter of business makes it necessary that she should go away with you till I send for her.”

But Miss Savvay had recovered from her previous surprise.

“You must excuse me,” she said, “but I prefer that you should tell Maisie yourself; she is of age, remember, and I am not her guardian—I have no authority over her.”

He gave her a cynical look.

“You have a greater power than authority; you must know that a woman will yield to influence far more easily than she will to reason; and if you had known Launcelet Derrick, Miss Savvay, you would not expect his daughter to listen to simple reason.”

“I call that a prejudice; it surprises me that

you should take it for granted that a child is bound to inherit its father’s faults; why should not Maisie resemble her mother?—I see a great personal likeness to her in that portrait.”

Mr. Yardon’s lower lip was pushed up above its fellow.

“You must be uncommonly fond of Maisie, madam. My daughter, Mrs. Derrick, was a lovely young woman, she might have married anyone she pleased, and she married that poor creature.”

“She married a clergyman, and he was well connected and well bred.”

Mr. Yardon snapped his fingers—contradiction always sent away his self-control.

“He was my son-in-law, madam, so I suppose I should know his points. Derrick never tried to please me or anyone but himself—he was a very poor creature, madam; if my unfortunate child had made a better choice, she might have been alive now. Well, madam, you will confer an obligation on me if you explain my wishes to Maisie, and she will thank you for doing it,” he added, significantly.

“Perhaps so.” Miss Savvay spoke dryly. “Very well, I will speak to Maisie.”

“Yes,” she said to herself when Mr. Yardon had gone away again, “I begin to understand the change in the girl, and I am not sorry to take her away from that old tyrant; she will get back her courage and her spirits when she is away from him, and the short separation will make Mr. Stanmore more ardent, and anxious to take her away altogether.”

Miss Savvay could not go back to the “Vicar of Wakefield.” She sat thinking; it seemed to her that if Maisie could meet Mr. Stanmore before they left Yardon the matter might be settled. “And then,” she nodded complacently, “if the young people are engaged, there will be nothing to hinder me from asking Mr. Stanmore to come over to Nappa.”

Considering that Miss Savvay lacked any personal experience in the conduct of a courtship, it must be said that she showed some generalship in her plans.

She met Maisie just before luncheon and settled to take an afternoon walk with her; it seemed better to defer giving Mr. Yardon’s message till they were safely out of the house. Miss Savvay had changed her opinion of Maisie’s grandfather; she did not like him, but she shrank from him

with more fear than dislike; when she recalled the determined look in his face this morning she repeated to herself that she was glad to take Maisie away. She remembered that Mr. Yardon had lived abroad for many years, and in her opinion no man who exiled himself from his own country for so long a period ever came back thinking exactly as he did when he went away—he might perhaps be capable of locking Maisie in her room if she did not obey his wishes.

There is no saying how far the warm-hearted woman might have allowed her imagination to lead her; she was so sure to carry both liking and disliking beyond a reasonable limit; her swans were apt to prove geese, and her tiger often dwindled down to a much more tameable creature. And yet, making all due allowance for the power of Miss Savvay's imagination, there seemed to be secret machinery at work on that afternoon which kept Maisie within the garden gates.

Mr. Vernon and his sister, Miss Auricula, came up from the Vicarage to call on Mr. Yardon's visitor. Miss Savvay saw plainly that the young vicar admired Maisie, and that Miss Auricula was disposed to patronise until she learned that Miss Savvay belonged to the Manor House family; and then Miss Vernon became appropriately gushing, and turning her back on Maisie, devoted herself to the visitor.

At last the brother and sister went away, and Mr. Yardon asked Maisie to come with him to the library.

He took down two volumes of an old county history and showed her three passages of several pages each.

"You have asked me more than once, Maisie, to give you something to do for me." He smiled unpleasantly, the girl thought. "You will do me a service if you copy these out. I have to send them to a friend who wants the information, and I do not wish to lend him the books."

"Yes, grandfather." Then she plucked up courage. "I suppose to-morrow will do?" she said; "I have promised to take a walk this afternoon with Miss Savvay."

Mr. Yardon smiled, but the girl felt that he was displeased.

"I want this copying done to-day, if you please: I am sorry to disarrange your plans, but this is business. Make your copy as distinctly as

possible—some of it may have to be printed from, if my friend should quote from it."

Miss Savvay came in and found Maisie alone and looking miserable before the big open books.

"What is happening?" the girl said; "I have felt in a maze ever since I heard you refuse Miss Auricula's invitation. I heard you say, 'I am leaving to-morrow.' What could you mean?"

"That is just what I have come to tell you."

She took Maisie by the arm, and seated her in a chair beside the fire.

"I have a message to give you from your grandfather," she said.

CHAPTER VII.

DRUSILLA'S JOURNEY TO ENGLAND.

MISS LESCURE and her companion had travelled as quickly as possible; but when they reached Paris Drusilla told Mr. Ray she was too tired to go any farther.

"I hope you will give me a day's rest," she said, "or I shall be ill when I get to Yardon Hall."

She said this so frankly and sweetly, and Mr. Ray felt obliged to yield. He said they would spend the next day quietly in Paris, although he had had Mr. Yardon's instructions not to halt anywhere on the journey. Secretly he was glad of the rest, and he promised himself a very pleasant day in Paris with his beautiful charge; he went to bed, and did not rise till late next morning.

When he reached the coffee-room of the hotel, he told a waiter that the lady would breakfast in her room.

"I beg pardon, sir," he answered, "the lady breakfasted some time ago; she then ordered a carriage, and she has gone out shopping; the *demoiselle de bureau* has gone with her."

Mr. Ray looked annoyed; he felt very much alarmed at the idea of Drusilla driving about Paris with a stranger. He asked where the carriage had been told to go; the waiter said he believed the lady wished to visit several shops, and he did not think she could be back till past eleven.

"In fact, sir,"—the man smiled and shrugged his shoulders—"I should not be surprised if madame were to be even later. If monsieur will leave a message, I will give it madame when she returns."

But Mr. Ray preferred to wait; he was greatly perplexed. When he consented to stay a day in Paris, he knew that he had risked a reproof from Mr. Yardon; but he had planned out a very pleasant programme for himself and for Miss Lescure; he had ordered a private sitting-room, for he considered that Drusilla ought not to appear at a Paris *table d'hôte*, and he had looked forward to an afternoon drive when the young lady had recovered from her fatigue, then to a charming *tête-à-tête* dinner, followed by a visit to the theatre. It seemed to the lawyer that the theatre would be more of a treat to a girl who had never seen a great city than any amount of picture galleries or public buildings. And now Miss Lescure had defeated his plans.

He was very much upset by this escapade; and yet, as he paced up and down the street in front of the hotel, he told himself from what he had seen of the girl it was just the sort of thing that might have been expected.

"She feels out of the cage, poor little thing, and she is determined to have a fling. I don't fancy she will find much amusement at Yardon."

At one o'clock Miss Lescure had not come in, and Mr. Ray had become so much alarmed by her continued absence that he resolved to set the police on her track. He was going down stairs when he met Drusilla looking radiant with pleasure. His anxious face told its own story—the girl's natural grace gave an extra charm to her apology. When they reached their room she held out her hand and smiled.

"You have been thinking me lost—ah, yes, is it not so?"

She said this so sweetly that the lawyer could no more have scolded her than he could have frown; he felt simply helpless under the eyes of this lovely creature; it seemed to him that she was far more lovely than when he last saw her. What had she been doing to herself, he wondered?

"Let us sit down," the girl said. "I am very happy, but I am just a little tired, and I am ever so hungry, Mr. Ray; can we not have something to eat?" she said plaintively, in the pretty childish way that her companion found irresistible.

He rang the bell and ordered luncheon, but when it was over Drusilla did not gratify her companion's curiosity as to what she had been doing.

"Perhaps you will give orders about my parcels." She spoke in a more languid tone than she had as

yet used towards him. "I expect several parcels, and they have to be paid for, if you please."

"Do you know how much they will amount to?" he asked.

She laughed, and showed her pretty even teeth.

"I will give you the bills; I know nothing about money."

Then she went into her room and brought out a little embroidered bag, evidently a new purchase, from which she took a handful of bills and placed them on the table before Mr. Ray.

"See," she said, carelessly, "they cannot amount to much; I have not looked at them, but I only bought trifles till I had asked your leave. I want to stay another day, please; I had no idea Paris was so charming; I have seen some gowns and bonnets which would exactly suit me."

He glanced over the bills, and while he added them up, Drusilla took off her hat.

Mr. Ray was looking very serious at the sum total, but when he looked at his companion, he stared in utter surprise.

"Ah!" she laughed, "you like the change; you may thank yourself for it, Mr. Ray; you told me a good deal about my guardian yesterday, and I am sure that he will prefer to see me like other ladies. I was like an uncouth country girl till I went to the hair-dresser's."

"Iardon me," he said; "you could never be uncouth; but I can't help regretting the loss of your beautiful hair."

Drusilla clapped her hands, and then laughed at him.

"That is so like a man; it does not follow because my front hair has been shortened and frizzled that I have lost any of the rest; see!" She half turned her pretty head. "It is coiled round and round at the back; but never mind my hair, I want to hear you say decidedly that we are to stay over to-morrow."

The lawyer's face grew red, he fidgetted and hesitated, but Drusilla stood looking at him as if she meant to smile him into saying "Yes."

At last he gathered together the bills, and looked again at his own adding up.

"I regret to say, Miss Lescure, that it is not possible to stay: this is an expensive hotel, and, in short, we have already spent a good deal more than your guardian counted on; these little bills

of yours amount to nearly fifty pounds. We really cannot afford to stay in Paris."

"Are you sure you have added them up right? Fifty pounds! Why, there is only one frock, a hat, and a few lace things."

"That is only one bill, Miss Lescure; there are three others besides; I regret to say the adding is correct. But we really must leave Paris to-night."

"You can't mean it? You could not be so cruel!" She looked at him imploringly, but he went on:

"I am very sorry, but I am due in London, and you are expected at Yardon to-morrow. I—I cannot tell you how grieved I am to vex you by refusing," he said, gently.

Drusilla turned her back on him and hurried into her bedroom.

She refused Mr. Ray's proposal of a drive when he sent to offer it. She spent the afternoon in contemplation of her purchases; she tried on the gown and it fitted her as if it had been made for her; she would have liked to dine in it, but the lawyer had sent word they must start soon after dinner, and she knew that the gown required careful packing. Drusilla had never packed before this journey, but she deftly placed all her purchases in the trunk she had bought to hold them; she was as tender of the pleats and trimmings as though they were living things; the contemplation and handling of them restored her good temper, and when dinner was announced she came in with a sweet smile that consoled Mr. Ray for his dull afternoon. The poor man had not dared to leave the hotel, lest in his absence Miss Lescure should take another flight among the shops.

Drusilla was determined to be pleasant; she listened to her companion's stories, and led him to talk about Mr. Yardon far more fully than he had intended to do. She looked very bright and pleasant, but she listened more than she talked, and once or twice the lawyer thought he saw a far-off look in her sweet dark eyes as if she were thinking of something different from what he was saying.

The girl was really dazed with the amount of novelty that had been suddenly thrust upon her; so many new places, new people, and beautiful things had passed like ever-shifting visions before her eyes in these last days that life had begun to seem unreal. Two days ago she would have said

this frankly to Mr. Ray, but after her evening walk with the lawyer, Drusilla had taken herself to task. Her mother had always told her that no girl would succeed in life who held herself cheap, and although she had taken Victoire with her, she felt that her mother would have disapproved of her own easy way of talking and going about with a stranger.

Madame Lescure had lived in seclusion in the lonely cottage, but she had been always treated with great respect by her neighbours. The tall, plainly dressed, silent lady had kept aloof from all these sociable, happy people, yet she had always been kindly greeted by them, and when she died Drusilla had been overwhelmed with sympathy. But the girl had not felt inclined to talk freely to the Sents people; she saw that their eyes were full of eager curiosity, and she had repelled their advances. It was the intoxication of the coming journey that had drawn her into such artless confidences with Mr. Ray; on that first evening she had very nearly told him of the Cannes episode, but she had not found the opportunity.

When she reached home on that evening she told Victoire that she would give her Madame Lescure's clothes and her own, for the girl thought that there was no need to let anyone in England know how poor she had been or how shabbily she had dressed.

Drusilla was very practical, and she handled her mother's clothing without any of the sentiment which some daughters would have felt in so doing. She turned out the pockets and found them empty; in folding an under petticoat it touched a chair and sent out a sound that made her unfold it again; she found a little pocket, and in it a small black bag; in this was a tiny leather case containing a locket; on one side was the defaced portrait of a man—all that could be seen of it were its dark, stern eyes; on the other side was the likeness of a young man, fair-skinned and smiling, with a delicate, high-bridged nose and full lips underneath this was a strip of paper, on it were the words, "The likeness of my father, Charles Antoine."

The girl grew cold while she looked at the faded bit of writing and at the partly-obliterated portrait. It seemed to her that in this portrait she had found the key to the mystery of her bringing-up. Her father had been cruel to her mother; he had treated her badly; he had neglected her, and

aroused in her the bitterest feelings of anger and contempt.

Drusilla, knowing well how proud her mother was, could understand now her love of solitude, and her dislike to her fellow-creatures. Yes, this was the portrait of her father, the man who had ruined her mother's life.

She was so angry when this thought came to her that she flung the little case on the ground and stamped on it with the heel of her shoe, then she threw it into the stove, and tried to forget what it had taught her.

Mr. Ray had found her changed and silent at the beginning of the journey; from Sentis she had scarcely slept all night, and she looked ill and depressed. Little by little the events of her journey had cheered her—had distracted her mind from this sad trouble, and when she reached Paris she fairly forgot it in the excitement of finding herself in the gay city.

Her excursion this morning, and her talk with the young woman who had gone with her, had made Drusilla feel elder and wiser. She had learned many lessons in conventional behaviour, and she had, above all, become more certain of her own powers of attraction; the hairdresser's compliments, and then the adroit flattery of the shopwoman who had sold her the gown and the lace, and of the milliner, as she tried the hat which had so fascinated Drusilla, had taught her how beautiful she was—she had never heard the old saying,

‘Praise to the face
Is open disgrace’—

and all this flattery only made her realise how very important a person she had become.

She had also been impressed by the attention with which some other buyers in the gown shop had looked at her, and she had studied their behaviour to the shopwoman and to one another. They had been chiefly English ladies, and Drusilla admired their quiet, self-possessed manner and the gentle way in which they spoke; she had a singular gift of imitation, and she at once resolved to adopt their manner, which seemed to her impressive and distinguished; in those vague talks with her mother, Drusilla had learned that a first impression was most important.

While she sat listening to Mr. Ray, the girl had mentally gone back to these talks with her mother;

she ardently wished that she had persuaded her to tell her something more definite about her future than those vague allusions to a rich home and a powerful protector; but when Madame Lescure reached this point she had always ended with an abrupt dismissal of the subject.

This morning had given Drusilla several lessons; one of the ladies at the milliner's had a beautiful carriage and a fine pair of horses, and some well-appointed servants. Drusilla had instantly compared herself with this lady, and she had decided that her own beauty was far greater; she ought, therefore, she considered, to take as good a position. She resolved to make the best of her opportunities at Yardon, but unless she were likely to find a rich husband there, she did not think she should make a long stay at the place.

CHAPTER VIII.

DRUSILLA AT YARDON.

YARDON HALL was only about three hours' distance from London. In answer to Mr. Ray's letter, the housekeeper had been sent off by a very early train to meet Miss Lescure on her arrival at Charing Cross Station. There was to be no delay, Mr. Yardon had said, and now at three o'clock he sat in the library expecting his ward's arrival. He was restless, and he seemed unhappy; the sad look on his face deepened when he heard the barking of the dogs.

Then came the sound of steps in the hall, and Warren threw open the library door and announced Miss Lescure.

Drusilla came in like a flash of sunshine, tall and slim and beautiful, while her fair hair showed golden as the light fell on it.

Mr. Yardon had risen on her entrance, but he was so dazzled by her appearance that Drusilla took a far more comprehensive view of him than he received of her at the first glance.

She saw a stern-faced man with fine dark eyes deeply set under strong grey eyebrows; she liked him, though there was nothing in his face to justify the attraction which she at once found in him, except that she thought he looked strong-willed and determined, and that if she could make

a friend of him there would be far more to be proud of than in the conquest of a weaker man.

Drusilla had not so far felt impressed by her reception. She had found the housekeeper dowdy and stupid; she noticed that the journey from the station was made in a dog-cart, instead of the carriage and pair of fine horses with footman which she had expected to find waiting for her at the station; the butler, Warren, looked a humdrum personage; there had been nothing to confuse or make her nervous, and the bare walls of the entrance hall and its faded carpets and mats, and the old-fashioned chairs made her decide that Mr. Yardon was not in the position she hoped one day to occupy. His manner, however, satisfied her; he held out both hands and shook hers warmly.

"I am very glad to see you, my dear," he said, kindly. "I hope you have had a pleasant journey."

Drusilla answered him calmly, and with a pleasant smile. Mr. Yardon was greatly impressed; there was such an entire absence of shyness in the girl; no nervous flutter, no flush on the fair smooth face; she returned his glance fully, but even her pouting lips did not tremble.

"You look older than I expected," he said, as he pulled a chair forward.

"You cannot be more than eighteen, I think." Drusilla gave him a scrutinising look out of her long dark eyes; she seated herself in the chair he had placed for her.

"I am nineteen."

Her calm, quiet manner puzzled Mr. Yardon; he checked a sigh.

"Did your—your mother speak of me sometimes?" he said.

"No!" she answered firmly. She could not be

sure that Mr. Yardon was the nameless protector about whom her mother had hinted so mysteriously; Madame Lescure had even said if Drusilla was modest and obedient, her future would be splendid. As she looked round she saw how dull the room was; she could not even see a looking-glass; the only gilding was on the backs of the old brown books, and that was tarnished; it was not possible, she thought, that this was her future benefactor; but she liked him.

"Ah." Mr. Yardon leaned back in his chair and looked at Drusilla inquisitively. "I wonder, now, what you had thought of doing, young lady, when you found yourself left alone in the world?"

Drusilla slowly raised her eyes and looked into his; there was positively no expression in her fair face as she answered:

"I had not time to think, sir; my mother gave a letter addressed to you to our doctor, but she did not tell me what she had written. She died the day your first letter came to me; there was no need for me to think, you see."

She smiled as she ended.

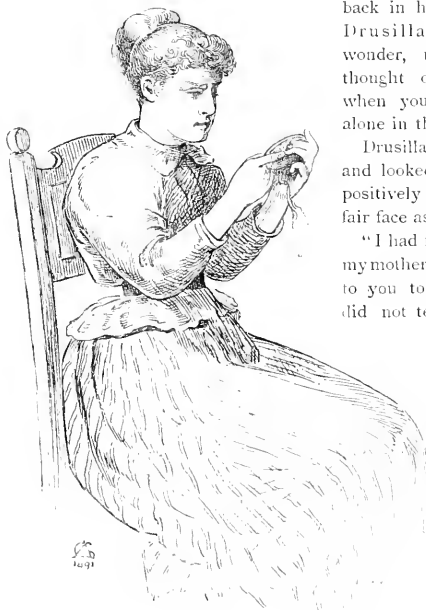
Her wonderful self-possession astonished him, but the smile jarred him. He remembered that this girl's mother had not

been buried a week, and her daughter could smile already while she spoke of her death. As he looked at the young girl, however, he felt soothed by the mere sight of her beauty.

"Are you very tired?" He found himself actually thinking about her feelings.

"I am not tired yet," she said, brightly; "every thing is such a change to me. As long as I am amused, I do not think I shall feel tired."

There was a wistful look in her eyes which



"The girl grew cold while she looked at the portrait."

puzzled him. She was thinking of Mr. Ray's description of life at Yardon, and this old-fashioned room full of books had greatly depressed her; the idea of living here alone with this stern-looking man was very trying, just as she had gained her freedom.

Mr. Yardon smiled, but Drusilla was sure he was vexed.

"I shall expect you to amuse me," he said; "it is not much trouble to amuse old people," he added drily. Then, with a twinkle in his dark eyes, "A young friend of mine comes here now and then on purpose to amuse me; he is a capital fellow."

He did not fail to see the pleased look that passed over Drusilla's face. He rose, rang the bell, and desired that Miss Lescuré should be taken to her room.

Left alone, he wondered why he had made that remark about Stanmore; he was ashamed to confess that Drusilla's hint had alarmed him, and that in fear of losing so charming a companion as she promised to be, he had thrown out this bait.

He was sure that the mere sight of a young man would please her. He forgot that Drusilla was a French girl, and had been brought up in France; her heart was set on marriage as a means of gratifying her ambition. She liked conquest, but the idea of marrying a man only because she cared for him would have seemed to her selfish and unwise. Her mother had taught her that beauty was the only possession a poor girl needed; it made her the equal of a rich and distinguished man. She had not told the girl she would have a young or a handsome husband; no girl could expect to have everything, and money and position were the great prizes that made life tolerable.

Drusilla repeated all this teaching to herself as she followed the maid up the broad staircase and looked curiously about her. They had reached a square landing, from which the stairs went on to the left for a little way, and then paused at a gloomy arched opening. Through the gloom Drusilla spied a tall clock, and a huge black and gold Indian cabinet. The maid did not go up the stairs on the left, she pushed open a red baize door facing them, and Drusilla had to follow her along a low gallery lighted from above, with doors on either side.

The girl felt disappointed with the surroundings. This low passage with its narrow strips of carpet and bare walls could, she thought, only lead to the inferior rooms; but she had not much time to think, for the passage broadened and ended in front of a half-closed door.

The maid pushed this fully open, and Drusilla followed her into a handsome bedroom, with a rich carpet, and quaint, dark furniture.

Drusilla smiled at the sight of a large oval mirror on the dressing-table, and another exactly opposite on the wardrobe; she could see herself reflected from head to foot. A comfortable easy-chair, with a foot-stool in front of it, was placed close to the cheerful wood fire.

The girl seated herself; she felt soothed and cheered. She noticed a little sofa at the end of the bed with a small writing table in front of it, with all the necessities for writing on it. Yes, she thought, there would after all be something to enjoy in all this unusual comfort. The bed hangings and window curtains were dowdy compared with those of the room she had slept in in Paris, but those were trifles; if she stayed at Yardon all that could soon be greatly improved.

The maid disturbed her by asking for her keys.

"I'll take out your things, miss, please," she said.

Drusilla looked at the girl; she had small inquisitive eyes, and large clumsy hands.

"I prefer to unpack my own things, thank you. I will ring when I want you," she said, in the calm dignified tone she had adopted.

"Yes, ma'am," the maid answered, meekly; but she went downstairs and reported that the visitor was "a stuck-up young baggage, for all her prettiness."

Drusilla longed to feast her eyes again on her purchases, but she was more anxious to discover whether there was any other inmate of this dismal looking old house besides Mr. Yardon. She waited a few minutes, and then she went softly to the door and listened. She could only hear the dull tick of a far-off clock. She left her door ajar, and went back by the red baize door to the landing at the foot of the gloomy archway. She had intense curiosity to find out what lay beyond this gloom. She went up the stairs, and found herself in a sort of ante-room or landing, surrounded on two sides with books, a small ground glass window

admitted scanty light, and opposite it on the left was a short passage.

Drusilla gave a sigh of relief; at the end of the short passage she came into a lofty gallery with doors on both sides; a flood of light streamed through a window at the end of it. Drusilla hesitated; it was possible, she thought, that Mr. Yardon might occupy one of these rooms. She dared not risk opening one of the closed doors. She went softly on to the window, and then she saw that a passage opened on her right with one door at its end and another close by her.

From the window she looked on to the lawn, only divided by a sunk fence from the far-stretching fields beyond it. Drusilla could not see one house, for the village lay on the other side of the Hall, and she felt greatly depressed at the prospect before her. She turned from the window feeling as if she were a prisoner; then she looked again up the little passage on her right, and she saw that the door at its farther end was ajar; without stopping to think, she went forward and pushed it open.

Her bright eyes opened widely; this was a smaller room than hers, and it had only one window. Facing the door near the window was a small bed, but when Drusilla reached the middle of the room she saw a deep recess parallel with the entrance passage, and in this were a pianoforte and a book case. This was not all; the curtain across a hanging closet was partly undrawn and showed dresses and cloaks; there were little knick-knacks on the mantel-shelf and on the toilet-table; this was plainly a woman's bedroom. Drusilla went up to the hanging closet and looked at the gowns; they were very simple, and they looked like a lady's gowns.

In a moment the girl felt keenly jealous; and then as she looked round her, she saw how much shabbier the furniture was here than in her own room.

The sound of a distant bell interrupted her examination. She resolved to go and unpack, and then find out who the lady was who occupied this curious old-fashioned room.

(To be continued.)

THE MISTAKES OF LIFE.

OH, the mistakes of life!

As we sit alone at night—
Perhaps by the red firelight—
When the steps have died away
And the many sounds of day,
And there's time to pause and hear
What the heart is whispering clear,
What in day we smothered down
With a hasty sigh or frown;
Then they rise up one by one
What was done and left undone;
Things we never can undo
In their colors clear and true,
And a shiver passes o'er us
As their presence stands before us;
Oh, the mistakes of life!

Oh, the mistakes of life!

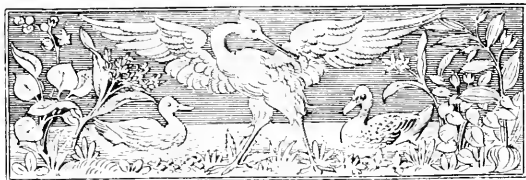
Here was a judgment hard,
And kinder years it marred,
There was a bitter word—
The angry passions stirred,
Have made that past so dark,
Have left their life-long mark.
Here we let slip a friend—
Had we looked on to the end
And known how yet we'd miss,
The hand clasp and the kiss,
And how vain tears would flow,
For the love that we let go—
But it was not so to be,
And now too late we see—
Oh, the mistakes of life!

They press around us ever,
They are forgotten never,
Some hasty word mistaken,
Some wrongful counsel taken,
Have made the road so dreary,
Have made the feet so weary,
There are memories of death,
There are graves across our path,
Where the voice from which we turned,
And the love, perhaps, we spurned,
Lie as the last year's flowers,
Unmoved by sun or showers,
 Oh, the mistakes of life!

Oh, love, more strong than death,
That takes them gently up,
Sweet and bitter of our cup
Blending in one deep draught,
Which, when our lips have quaffed,
We can look more calmly back

On each cloud-encircled track;
And we hear a voice unfolding
The dark secrets of our holding,
"Yes, you erred," it says, "and faltered;
And yet wish nothing altered
Weakest when most you thought
Your strength great deeds had wrought;
Wrong, when of right secure,
Blind, when of clear sight sure;
Proud, confident and vain,
Reap the harvest now of pain
Which your own mistakes have sown,
And yet know before God's throne
They were tools to hew away
The earth, dust and the clay,
Till the tired heart grew strong
And the spirit learned to long
For the home where pain is dead
And the riddles all are read,
And beside the tree of life
I passed away the weary strife!"

MARY GORGES.





THE VICTORIAN ERA.

(FIRST HALF: 1837-65.)

JOHN KIRKPATRICK.

LECTURE III.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA—KEYNOTES OF THE
NEW ERA—POLITICAL PARTIES—REBELLION
IN CANADA—THE CHARTISTS—IRISH TROUBLES—
LORD MELBOURNE RESIGNS—THE BEDCHAMBER
QUESTION.*

IT was a serious affair that last lecture, which tried to give a bird's-eye view of the whole of English History; yet surely not uninteresting, as it treated of one of the grandest subjects which can engage our attention, a subject to which Shakspeare and many another dramatist and poet have owed much inspiration; and surely not without its use, as it will enable us to understand our modern history better. What now shall be our historical method? The above heading does not seem to

indicate any method at all; it looks unscientific and desultory, and it certainly does not promise the entertainment so richly provided by other parts of our magazine. Yet in this heading, and in those that are to follow, there is a certain method which must be explained at the outset. We simply follow the natural sequence of events, selecting the more important for discussion, and trying to discover their political, social, or moral significance. We prefer the plan of trying to carry forward the tangled and chequered web of history in one piece to the plan of tracing its single threads separately from beginning to end. Pictorially and dramatically, the scene is more effective when you look at it as a whole, than when you pick it to pieces and examine its component parts separately.

Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria! What a host of recollections crowd into the mind at the very mention of the name! And they are for the most part proud and happy recollections; for

* Owing to the importance of the first five heads of our summary, we propose to reserve the last three for next number.

never in our history has a single half-century witnessed such marvellous progress in every province of our national life. We can, indeed, touch but the fringe of this great theme; but even our slight survey will reveal the existence of its immense historical wealth and its abundant promise of a still mightier future. The new era opens auspiciously. Ever since the reign of the weak but gentle and well-meaning Queen Anne, the throne had been occupied by a series of monarchs who were sadly deficient in morality, intelligence, and culture. Now, in the year 1837, the throne is ascended by a pure, gentle, and refined maiden of eighteen, whose charms of mind and person endeared her to the nation from the outset. Of that illustrious Lady it must suffice to say that she has never ceased to merit the golden opinions she gained at her accession, and that our higher and purer modern life is largely due to her beneficent influence. It is amusing at the outset to note how greatly the destinies of our political parties once depended on the mere personal caprice of the sovereign. Masterful monarchs like George III., and even his two successors, were wont to appoint or dismiss ministers on mere personal grounds, without the slightest regard to the interests of the nation. And, accordingly, on the accession of Queen Victoria, we find the Tories, headed by the grand old Duke of Wellington, in despair, not because they thought their politics would be unacceptable to the new sovereign, but because the duke "had no small-talk and Peel had no manners." At the present day, on the other hand, as need hardly be said, the appointment of ministers depends, not on their small-talk or their manners, but solely on the will of the party in power. In harmony with the lofty character and refined sentiments of the new sovereign, which may be described as forming the key-note of the new era, we shall find the great chord of reform—social, commercial, educational, and religious—vibrating throughout the whole reign. To this chord belongs a characteristic measure passed by Parliament within a few days after the Queen's accession. The history of capital punishment is a strange jumble of tragedy and absurdity. Shortly before the beginning of the reign nearly two hundred offences had been punishable by death, including such offences as pocket-picking, stealing money from a shop to the

amount of five shillings or upwards, and counterfeiting trade-marks, not to mention house-breaking, sheep-stealing and more heinous crimes. Thanks chiefly to the humane efforts of Sir Samuel Romilly, the capital penalty in several of these cases had been abolished, and now, on the recommendation of the Criminal Law Commission, it was abolished in most of the other cases. Besides wilful murder, six other crimes of deepest dye were alone left upon the gruesome list. Without going deeply into the philosophy of the subject, we may note in passing two or three interesting points connected with it. Of late years it had become notorious that humane witnesses and juries would rather perjure themselves than send an unhappy prisoner to the gallows for some trivial offence; it was equally notorious that frequent public executions had a brutalizing effect on the public; and doubts began to dawn in the public conscience how far it was lawful to put a fellow-creature to death in cold blood when the seclusion of a prison-cell would effectually keep him out of mischief. Having thus touched what may be called the great moral key-note of our new era, let us mark its great physical or material key-note—machinery, the joint product of man's inventive genius, and the marvellous forces of steam and electricity. This key-note vibrates throughout our era in a very literal sense, and its beneficent influence on the commercial and industrial progress of the nation can hardly be over-estimated. But it also has very noteworthy influences of sinister omen. One of these is its tendency enormously to diminish the number of persons whose livelihood used to depend upon the combined action of an observant eye, an ingenious brain, and a hand skilful in all kinds of work, and to increase the number of persons who are the mere mechanical drudges of monotonous machinery. Another sinister influence of machinery is its tendency to depopulate our agricultural districts and to overfill our towns. The hideous shriek of the locomotive which drags the rustic from his country home to the unwholesome dens of our large cities is often the shriek of a fiend triumphing over his ruin. Under these influences our population suffers in health, physique, and brain-power, and mother-earth scarcely yields one-half of the kindly fruits she offers to the industrious husbandman.

We must now glance at the position of political parties at the beginning of the reign. Lord

Melbourne, a respectable and well-meaning Whig, with his famous colleagues, Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, was now in office. It was the Premier's duty to instruct the young Queen in her official duties; and being both a scholar and a good-natured and popular man, he was probably the best counsellor she could have found. Foremost among his colleagues was Lord John Russell, a statesman of the highest rank. Chiefly through his efforts the intolerant Test and Corporation Acts had been repealed in 1828, and he had materially helped in 1829 to relieve the Roman Catholics from the numerous disabilities and penalties to which they had been subjected. To him also belongs the honour of having proposed the great Reform Bill of 1832, which probably saved the country from civil war; and Nonconformists owe him a debt of gratitude for amending the marriage-laws so as to enable them to be married in their own chapels. To him also we owe, among other reforms, the important Act which requires the registration of births, deaths, and marriages. Clearly, therefore, with so famous a reformer in the Cabinet as Home Secretary, reform would be one of the great key-notes of the new era. Scarcely less eminent, but of very different character, was the Foreign Secretary, Lord Palmerston. A Tory for the first twenty years of his public life, Palmerston afterwards threw himself into the cause of reform; and a few years before our era begins we find him, as Foreign Minister, with consummate skill effecting for the first time on record an amicable *entente* between Great Britain and France, establishing the independence of Belgium, and re-founding the thrones of Spain and Portugal on a constitutional basis. On the other side of the political arena were ranged in the forefront the "Great Duke" and Sir Robert Peel. The history of the Duke of Wellington, immortal hero of Waterloo, belongs chiefly to an earlier date; but he had long been the leading Tory statesman. Two incidents will suffice to throw light on his political character. In 1830 he had declared that the House of Commons needed no reform; but in 1832 he had wisely persuaded most of the peers of his party not to oppose the Reform Bill in the House of Lords. Better even than his valour in the Peninsula and on the field of Waterloo was this discretion, which helped to avert a civil war. His colleague, Sir

Robert Peel, leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, was also a man of the highest eminence, and a tower of strength to his party. He was at once an excellent scholar and a man of great industry and business capacity. A strong Tory and anti-Catholic in early life, he had been Secretary for Ireland for several years, where he was nicknamed "Orange-Peel;" but ten years later the views of this thoroughly honest and high-minded statesman had so entirely veered round to the cause of religious toleration that he himself introduced the Catholic Emancipation Bill, while generously attributing the merit of the measure to others. He was also an able financier and organizer, and his admirable police reforms have given rise to the nicknames "Peeler" and "Bobby." Although, like the "Iron Duke," opposed to parliamentary reform, his opposition had never taken the form of obstruction, and his conduct had ever been upright and patriotic. It may also be noted that during this period of reform the old party nicknames of Whig ("sour milk," originally applied to the ascetic Scottish Covenanters) and Tory ("Irish marauder," originally supposed to favour the Roman Catholic and Court party in the time of Charles II.) began to give way to the more polite terms Liberal and Conservative. But enough of political parties for the present. Let us charitably believe with Mr. Hallam that they both have the welfare of the country at heart, the one eager to give more power to the masses, the other fearful lest they abuse it.

Let us next turn for a few moments to a subject of deep and abiding interest, the condition of our colonies. We often speak of the British Empire and admire its vast extent, its area being more than forty times greater than that of the United Kingdom. An empire in the ordinary case is governed by an emperor, or, at all events, by some great central authority. But is our empire governed by our gracious lady the Queen? Apart from India and such minor dependencies as Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus, it is scarcely more under her sway than any foreign country. For, except that a governor, who occasionally vetoes or disallows local legislation, is appointed by the home government, our great colonies are almost entirely self-governing and independent.

For more than a thousand years the Anglo-Saxon race had been accustomed to manage their own

political affairs by means of local and national representative assemblies. The root-idea had ever been that all intelligent human beings have a right to make, either directly or through persons chosen by them to represent their views, the laws by which they are to be governed. Failure on the part of George III. and his ministers to understand this time-honoured principle had lost us our North American colonies, and their severance from the mother-country had caused us a rude awakening. Profiting by this bitter lesson, the British Parliament divided Canada, a colony hitherto governed directly by the Crown, into two provinces, and granted representative self-government to each, retaining, however, a good deal of direct control, which it exercised through a governor and council, responsible, not to the local legislatures, but to the home government. But although the colony was thus rendered self-governing in theory, all the chief offices were filled with the nominees of Dowling Street, who, however incompetent, however distasteful to the colonists, had to be paid out of the colonial treasury. This and other grievances led to the insurrection in Lower Canada in 1837, which was followed in 1840 by the reunion of Upper and Lower Canada under a single governor-general. But the chief source of the colonial discontents remained untouched. For all the chief colonial officials continued to be irresponsible to and irremovable by the colonial legislature. And this, perhaps, requires a word of explanation. In a representative form of government, in the full and proper sense, the majority for the time being appoints its chief executive officials; but if the majority afterwards changes its policy without having power to change its officials, a deadlock is sure to result. In other words, a nation is not completely self-governing unless it has control over the executive and administrative, as well as over the legislative departments of government. It may be mentioned here that the constitution of Canada suffered grievously from this defect, until it was at length removed seven years later under the governorship of Lord Elgin. Thenceforward, as in our home government, the governor-general was bound to select his chief ministers from the party dominant for the time being. But an interesting episode in the history of Canada during the early part of our era must not be overlooked. In 1838 Lord Durham

was appointed governor-general, and invested with almost dictatorial powers for the purpose of pacifying the discontented colonists and remedying their grievances. A noble-minded man, of resolute though too impulsive character, in advance of his time in the soundness and breadth of his constitutional views, and withal generous and disinterested, Lord Durham was warmly welcomed in Canada even by his political opponents. But the plenitude of his power was shortly afterwards curtailed by the British parliament; he was seriously hampered in his remedial measures, in some of which he had exceeded his legal powers, and he at last received a cruel rebuff in the disallowance of one of his ordinances by the home government. Thwarted in his far-seeing policy, virulently attacked in parliament by Lord Brougham, and broken in health and spirit, he suddenly resigned office, returned home, and died within two years, at the comparatively early age of forty-eight. But wherein, it may be asked, consisted the special merit of this remarkable man? Chiefly in the almost prophetic sagacity with which he advocated the establishment of complete self-government in the colony, a policy which was partly adopted in the Canada Bill, passed while he lay on his deathbed, and which was ultimately carried out more fully by the Act of 1867.

With politics is associated many a dramatic scene, too often of tragic nature. The remark applies to Lord Durham's career and, to some extent, to the history of the Chartists also. Who were the Chartists? Seditious demagogues, dangerous rioters, poor working men goaded to despair by distress, and constitutional reformers, were all included in the name. In its origin Chartism was a social and economic rather than a political movement, caused chiefly by the lowness of wages and the dearthness of food. The facts that bread cost more than double its present price, and that wages were, as a rule, scarcely more than half their present rate, are alone sufficient to account for the misery of the working classes, and the discontent which found expression in seditious harangues and in destructive riots. But, like every historical movement, Chartism, to be understood, must be traced a little further back. During the terrible era of the Napoleonic wars, Europe had been plunged in the direst distress, and our islands had not escaped. Loyal patient and long-suffering during the greater part of that

period, the working classes began to ventilate their grievances towards its close. Closely connected with these demonstrations was also the rapid displacement of manual labour by machinery.

In 1811, starving artisans began to band together under the name of Luddites, secretly sworn to destroy the obnoxious machinery, and to pillage, burn, and murder in furtherance of their objects. In 1815, distress and discontent were aggravated by the Corn Act, imposing higher duties on corn and thus raising the price of bread. Sedition and riots ensued, and in 1817 the Government became so alarmed that they deemed it necessary to pass repressive measures, and to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act. This coercive policy was, doubtless, justifiable to a great extent. But what is implied in the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act? That Act gives persons arrested for alleged crimes a right to be tried or to be released within a short given period; its suspension means that Government can throw any man into prison on mere suspicion, and keep him there for an indefinite period. Such a menace to the liberty of the subject was, therefore, not likely to allay the popular irritation, especially as it was largely used for the purpose of gagging the press. It was this engine of oppression that extinguished the *Political Register* of the famous William Cobbett, and enabled the ministry to proceed against the writers of all obnoxious literature as "seditious libellers." Troubles next broke out at Manchester, in 1819, where a monster meeting was summoned to discuss the programme of "universal suffrage, equal representation, and no corn-laws," but was dispersed by the military with somewhat unjustifiable violence. Although this "Manchester Massacre" was severely criticised throughout the country, the ministry proceeded to pass the still more coercive "Six Acts," with the result that an

almost hopeless antagonism sprang up between the people (as yet almost entirely unrepresented in Parliament) and their stern rulers. Add to these grievances religious intolerance, and the sombre political picture is tolerably complete. The abolition of tests, the relief of the Roman Catholics, and, above all, the Reform Act of 1832, had happily saved the country from despair and ruin; but grievances enough still remained to afford abundant aliment to Chartism. The Chartists, or rather the political section of that miscellaneous body, formulated their programme in the "People's Charter," praying for universal suffrage, vote by ballot, annual Parliaments, payment of members, and abolition of their property qualification. The whole story of Chartism illustrates two frequently recurring political phenomena—one, that righteous causes are too apt to be sullied by violence and crime; the second, that a political programme which all the superior persons in the country declare ruinous to-day, will often be accepted as a beneficent measure a few days hence. Not that all the demands of the Chartists have yet been, or ever will be, conceded; but three of their five points have been practically carried, for the suffrage is now almost universal, voting takes place by ballot, and the property qualification of members has been abolished. A fourth point, that of payment of members of Parliament, is not unlikely to be carried some day, inasmuch as members used to be paid in this country in olden times, and are paid in all other countries; but the fifth point of the People's Charter, its demand for annual parliaments, is unlikely ever to be conceded. But while the Chartists were fruitlessly making their political demands, the best friends of the people were framing the Anti-Corn Law League, the triumph of which was soon to give cheap bread to struggling and starving millions.

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

- I. What may be regarded as the key-notes of the early part of the Victorian Era?
- II. Describe briefly the condition of Canada at this period. What do you consider the essentials of self-government?
- III. Who were the Chartists? What, and how far commendable, were their political demands?

One or two only of these three questions may be answered. The number of words altogether must not exceed 500. Each competitor is requested to state the number of words contained in the answers. Answers to be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R.U., ATLANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.₂ on or before 25th December.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

Of what nationality was the damsel who sang of "Mount Abora," and on what instrument did she accompany herself?

II.

Mention a poem of 39 lines in which all the following plants and flowers are named, and some others described: wind-flowers, violets, daisies, oxlips, bluebells, eglantine, cowbine, may, cherry-blossoms, wild-roses, ivy, flag-flowers, sedge, water-lilies, bulrushes, reeds.

III.

Who were Moath and Oneiza?

IV.

From what creatures did "the elfish light fall off in hoary flakes" when they "reared"?

V.

Who went "where the cock never crew, where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew"?

VI.

What reason did "little Edward" give for preferring to be at Kilve rather than at Liswyn farm?

VII.

Give some clue as to the dates when the following Alphabets for children were written: *A was an Archer*, and *A, Apple-pie*.

Answers to be sent in by December 15th. They should be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R.U., ATLANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., and should be accompanied by full name and address of sender. Many good Reply-Papers are received each month with no means of identification.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (NOVEMBER).

I.

The Children in *Mary's Meadow*. (Mrs. Ewing.) The names they took were Traveller's Joy, John Parkinson, the Weeding Woman, Honest Root-gatherer, and Hose-in-Hose.

II.

When Palamon and Arcite did battle for the love of Emelye. (Chaucer's *Knight's Tales*.)

III.

Miss Rachel Hodges and Mr. Nathaniel Gazabo. (Miss Edgeworth's *L'Amie Inconnue*.)

IV.

To the *Romance of Sintram and his Companions*, by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué.

V.

1. The Poet, wandering with Psyche, comes to the tomb of *Utalime* (Poem by E. A. Poe). 2. The place where "burd Helen" was slain, instead of her lover.

VIII.

Explain what Focus the Carpenter meant when he told the Emperor Titus that he was obliged to earn eight pennies every day in the year:—"two to pay back; two to lend; two to lose; and two to spend."

IX.

To what occasions do the following quotations refer?—

1. "Then on she sped; and hope grew strong
The white park-gate in view;
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
That ghost and all passed through."
2. "The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a Countess can have woe."
3. "'Come back' come back!" he cried in grief,
Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—oh, my daughter!"
4. "If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray;
As gay the forest-green."

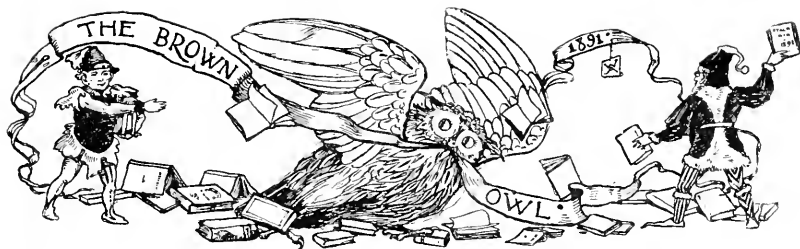
(*Old Ballad*, beginning "I would I were where Helen lies.") 3. From *The Wayside Inn*, by Adelaide A. Procter. Maurice places the Judas blossom on the coffin of the Beautiful Lady. 4. Poem by Longfellow. The Bell is rung by any one who has just cause of complaint. A poor old horse, turned out by its master, rings it by accident. 5. Eildon is a high hill near Melrose, it has three peaks. "Eildon tree" is said to be the place where Thomas the Rhymer saw the Queen of Elfland, and where the Knight, Sir Richard of Coldingham, in the ballad, *The Eve of St. John*, was slain. 6. Two vain girls, who were changed into "sombre peacocks" (see Hood's *Poems*). 7. *The Lost Bower*: by E. Barrett-Browning. 8. The President's Arm-chair. A mathematical story. From O. W. Holmes's *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*.

VI.

"A good whole holiday!

Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"

That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.



★ CHRISTMAS BOOKS. ★

THE OWL feels rather distracted at the work which lies before him this month (see illustration above), but he is determined to do his duty, and can honestly hoot in favour of the following Christmas books:—

ANDREW LANG, the Editor of *The Blue Fairy Book* and *The Red Fairy Book*, has this year brought out *The Blue Poetry Book* (Longmans and Co.) as a companion at least in outward appearance, to the two former works. This volume, in its blue and gold dress, has a very attractive exterior. Inside, the illustrations by H. J. Ford and Lancelot Speed are really beautiful, and as the letter-press belongs to the classics of the English language, it goes without saying that it is of the best.

Is it a fault to add that we all know the poems in *The Blue Poetry Book* already?

Not from Mr. Lang's point of view.

His book is meant for the young. He has collected the old favourites in a very attractive form; and his hope is that the children may make them part of their lives, and grow up with them on their lips. His purpose, he says, is to put before children and young people poems which are good in themselves, and especially

fitted to live, as Theocritus says, on the lips of the young.

The beginner in poetry likes, he says, verse with a story in it. The more vigorous the story the better. So many of the old ballads are supplied, and there are also large gleanings from the spirit-stirring strains of Campbell, of Scott, of Burns, of

Hogg. Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Charles Kingsley, are not, however, included. Mr. Lang, for reasons which he does not state, prefers to glean the fields of men long dead.

Mr. Lang does not care to give children poems about children. He



10 EVENING—BLUE POETRY BOOK—ANDREW LANG.
(LONGMANS AND CO.)

thinks, and rightly, that they love best to look into the unknown future and into the romantic past. He trusts, therefore, that the book which he has so carefully prepared may be a guide into the worlds of romance and fairyland to many children.

From his interesting preface a few words may be quoted bodily:

of France from the spell of the fairies, and how and by what means she recovers her powers of speech and eventually marries this hero, are too good to be spoiled by telling here.

The story of Deirdre is as fresh and beautiful in its way.

Deirdre is a maiden who is destined to have the greatest amount of blood shed for her that has ever been shed in Erin since time and race began. And the three most famous heroes that ever were found were to lose their heads on her account.

Because of this terrible prophecy, Deirdre was brought up by an old nurse in a hole cut out of the centre of a mountain, far from the haunts of men.

"There she grew like the white sapling: straight and trim as the rash on the moss. She was the creature of fairest form, of

loveliest aspect, and of gentlest nature that existed between earth and heaven in all Ireland."

How, notwithstanding all precautions, the prophecy was fulfilled, and the three brave sons

of Uisnech lost their lives for Deirdre, is told with much power and skill. Deirdre marries Naois, the eldest of the sons.

"I saw a vision, Naois, and do you interpret it to me," said Deirdre. Then she sang:—

O Naois, son of Uisnech, hear
What was shown
in a dream to me.

There came three
white doves out
of the south
Flying over the
sea,
And drops of
honey were in
their mouth
From the hive
of the honey
bee.

"I saw three grey
hawks out of
the south
Come flying over
the sea,
And the red, red
drops they bare
in their mouth
They were dearer
than life to me."

Said Naois—

"It is naught but
the fear of a
woman's heart,
And a dream of
the night, Deir-
dre."

But alas!
Deirdre's dream
comes true, and
her husband
and his bro-
thers lie dead
without breath
of life, side by

side on the green meadow plain, and Deirdre dies soon after of a broken heart.

These Celtic tales are certainly rich beyond description in imaginative lore.



DEIRDRE.
O NURSE WHAT
CRY IS THAT?

ONLY THE BIRDS OF THE AIR
CALLING ONE TO THE OTHER.—
THERE IS NO HOME FOR THEM HERE
LET THEM GO BY TO THE THICKET.

FROM CELTIC FAIRY TALES (DUBLIN) VOL. II.

"The Celts went forth to battle, but they always fell," yet, says the editor of this delightful book, the captive Celt has enslaved his captor in the realm of imagination.

G. A. HENTY is, as usual, very much to the fore with his spirited books of adventure. *The Dash for Khartoum* (Blackie and Son) will undoubtedly be a favourite, not

only because the name of its author is a sure guarantee of good work, but also on account of its subject. The very name Khartoum will always have power to conjure up a picture of the deepest tragedy and the highest glory to which man is capable of aspiring, and a book which even touches on these great incidents in our history will be sure to find its way into many homes.

BOOKS by Arthur Lee Knight are deservedly popular. He has a speciality which he wisely keeps to, and there are no writers of the present day who can tell a better tale of Her Majesty's Navy. *Basil Woolcombe, Midshipman*, (W. and R. Chambers) will be read and appreciated by numbers of lads. *Elizabeth*, by Henley I. Arden (same publishers) is a very fresh and life-like sketch of some incidents in the history of a girl. Troubles are not absent, but the brave spirit of Elizabeth carries her triumphantly through them. There are some graphic descriptions of the dreary Fen-country, and the characters of the disagreeable old couple, Barbara Porter and her grumbling husband, are touched in with much humour. Another book that ought to be popular

is *Three Bright Girls*, by Annie Armstrong (Blackie and Son). Setting aside the fact that it is written

in the present tense, always a fault, in my opinion, the book is very natural and pleasant. The girls are particularly brave young creatures, but surely the author must have Utopian ideas with regard to house-keeping if she imagines that eight people, be they the most abstemious in



GULLESH, THE DAUGHTER OF THE KING OF FRANCE, AND THE SHEEHOGUES—
"CELTIC FAIRY TALES" (DAVID NUTT).

the world, could pay rent and live on seventy pounds a year.

AMONGST the more important pictorial books of this season must be reckoned one of the last of the Vere Foster Water Colour Series. (Blackie and Son.) It is called *Reynolds and Children's Portraiture in England*. The letterpress is by W. J. Loftie, and the illustrations are reproductions from celebrated pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sant and Sir J. E. Millais. There are also many practical hints for figure painting in water colours by J. E. Floris.

This is what the title page of the volume proclaims. A look within shows how rich the book is in delightful suggestions for the young artist, and of exquisitely reproduced pictures from celebrated artists, for those who do not care to copy, but very much like to look. The greater number of the pictures are re-produced in sepia with the happiest result. Those in colour were made direct from the original pictures in order to ensure accuracy.

In short, no pains have been spared to make this volume as useful as it is beautiful. The directions for figure painting are as plain and practical as



MISS MARTINDALE.

George Remney, pinx.

(The original in the possession of J. C. MUSTERS, Esq. From "Reynolds and Children's Portraiture," by kind permission of MESSRS. BLACKIE & SON.

they can possibly be, and for that numerous class of young artists who are wise enough to know that good original painters they can never be, but excellent copyists they may become, this lovely book will be invaluable.

The publishers have most kindly allowed me to reproduce one of the illustrations.

THE first of England's Royal Children Series — *The Little Princes in the Tower*,—by C. Lysah (Trischler and Co.)—is an interesting and brilliantly-illustrated book. The illustrations are by Smargiassi Santantico; a few of them are in colour, but the greater number are in sepia, and the result is both refined and effective. The well known history of the little Princes is told with considerable skill and with a careful regard to historical facts. So pleasant a method of learning English History cannot be too highly commended. The children of the latter part of the nineteenth-century may consider themselves happy—even their lessons are turned to play.



FROM *THE LITTLE PRINCES IN THE TOWER*, BY C. L. LYSAH. ILLUSTRATED BY SMARGIASSI SANTANTICO. "BY THE LIGHT OF THE NURSERY LAMP" RAPHAEAL TUCK.

IT is only enough to mention the names of Messrs. Raphael Tuck to know that delightfully illustrated and fascinating books are before us. Each year coloured picture books increase in brilliancy and refinement—the gaudy appearance of the old gift books of even half-a-dozen years ago is no longer tolerated. The secret of producing illustrations in colour is gradually being unfolded to such painstaking publishers as Messrs. Raphael Tuck and others, and the result is really artistic and beautiful. The child who is not pleased with the volume, called *Story upon Story, and every Word*

True, must be too contrary a little mortal for the good fairies to trouble themselves about. The stories in this charming book are by E. Nesbit, Helen Marion Burnside, Rosa Nouchette Carey, and other favourite writers for young folk. The illustrations are quite equal to the letterpress.

Another of Messrs. Tuck's books bears the pretty title, *By the Light of the Nursery Lamp*. They have kindly allowed me to reproduce two of the illustrations, which, I think, ought to speak for themselves, for the merits of the pictorial part of the volume. As to the stories, I don't like to say too much about them, as I happen to have written one of them myself.

A delightful booklet, also by the same firm, is *Grace by Faith, a Guide for Every Day*. The little book contains texts and hymns for a month, selected and arranged by

that favourite writer of both songs and hymns, Helen Burnside. This small work is, of course, not meant for children; but it would make a far more acceptable Christmas present in

many cases than the ordinary card. The painting of some of the flowers is specially good.

AMONGST the lovely coloured picture books for those who are still sufficiently children to admire the beautiful, none can possibly find a higher place than the books published this Christmas by Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner:—

A Book of Modern Ballads, illustrated by the late Alice Havers, has all the merits which characterised *A Book of Old Ballads*, illustrated by the same gifted artist. The book, in its way, is complete, and yet at the same time it is unfinished.

Had the vanished hand not lost its cunning too soon and too sadly, we should have had many knights and fair ladies looking at us out of these pages, and the songs, beautiful as they are, would have been interpreted to us in new dress and, perhaps, new meaning.



BY FREDERIC WEATHERLY.
(HILDESHEIMER AND FAULKNER.)

The book, however, perhaps all the more for this very reason, will appeal with a grace and pathos of its own to the many who loved this artist for her work and for herself. There is a great tenderness

about these last touches of her pen; but, had she lived, surely to illustrate such a poem as the following, by Swinburne, would have been a more than congenial task:—

"Ask nothing more of me, sweet,
All I can give you I give;
Heart of my heart, were it more
More would be laid at your feet.

Love that would help you to live,
Song that would spur you to soar,
Ask nothing more of me, sweet,
Ask nothing more, nothing more.

Ask nothing more of me, sweet,
Once to have sense of you more;
Touch you and dream of you, sweet,
Think you and breathe you and live.

Swept of your wings as you soar,
Trodden by chance of your feet;
I who have love and no more,
Give you but love of you, sweet,

The same publishers also give us a very amusing volume, called *Some well-known Characters from the works of Charles Dickens*. The illustrations are by J. Clayton Clark. They are amusing, and with their accompanying letterpress will doubtless appeal to a large public.

Over the Hills Away, by Frederic Weatherly, illustrated by Harriett Bennett, is a delicious little book (same publishers). The meaning of

the title is quaintly supplied in the following lines:—

"Sweetheart, there's a beautiful country
Over the hills away.
Say, shall we ride together?
Shall we go there to-day?
There's never a cloud or sorrow,
Never a winter grey.
Out in that beautiful country
Over the hills away."

"Dear, let us go," she whispered.
"Why should we here delay?
Shall not we find the country
Though it's so far away?"
And he's lifted her into the saddle;
She has given him her heart for aye.
They are gone to the beautiful country
Over the hills away.



MANY CHRISTMAS BOOKS (HILDESHEIMER
AND FAULKNER.)

Amongst the book-lets and Christmas cards brought out by this enterprising firm, none are more quaint and charming and out of the common than *The Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe*, retold by F. E. Weatherly and illustrated by Edith Berkeley. The little story assumes the outward form of a shoe. It ought to delight children. The two Venice book-lets are also particularly pretty, and amongst the Christmas cards, *The Stork Set*—some charming hats full of flowers—*A Happy Fair*, and *The People who never would be Missed*, are specially attractive. Last, but not least, amongst the treasures to be found at Messrs. Hildesheimer's are the new games,

surely invented for happy young folk home for a holiday. I can speak from personal experience of the keen delight caused by one called *Flicker*, which looks ridiculously easy, but is proved on trial to be a severe exercise of both skill and patience.

* * *

MESSRS. Trischler have had a happy thought with regard to the little ones — it has assumed the form of three very popular books in easy language, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and *The Swiss Family Robinson*, who, in simple words of one syllable, now tell their story anew.

They also publish three gay little books called *Chubby Checks*, *Mixed Pickles*, and *Darby and Joan*. These books are full of illustration, both in black and white and colour, and as the letter-press is in rhyme it will be sure to be appreciated by those

little people who are too young to read prose, but like the jangle of verse. *Chubby Checks*, with its two cosy little figures on the cover, and tempting arrangement of cherries over their heads, may be specially recommended as likely to please the young folk.

* * *

FOR older readers many new and delightful books have appeared. I must reserve my notice of most of these until the January number,

but I cannot help saying a few words here with regard to an important series of novels which are being issued at present by Messrs. Cassell and Co.

These books are called *The International Copyright Novels*. They owe their existence to the recent passing of a Copyright law in the United States.

There are very few English authors who are not interested in this Act, which secures their books from piracy and in most cases brings them substantial increase of income. This is not the place to speak of the sufferings to which English writers have been subjected in past days by the absence of copyright between their own country and America. Suffice it now to say that the evil times are over.

The International Copyright Novels, published by Messrs. Cassell, appear in both countries simultaneously. They are issued at a uniform price of seven shillings and sixpence each, but each work contains as much reading matter as the usual three-volume novel. They are all by authors of high repute. Robert Louis Stevenson, Frank Stockton, Mrs. Parr, Mrs. Molesworth, and many others contribute. The first of the series is called *The Faith Doctor*. This remarkable story is absolutely the first book registered under the new law in America. I hope to give it a special review in my next number. The publishers have every reason to hope that the new series will take an important place in English Literature.

L. T. Meade.



FROM *MR. BROWN AND THE BROWNS*,
BY S. M. CRAWLEY BOWLEY.
"BY THE LIGHT OF THE NURSERY LAMP."
RAPHAIL TUCK.



Engraved by R. Peterson.

TWO LITTLE PENITENTS.

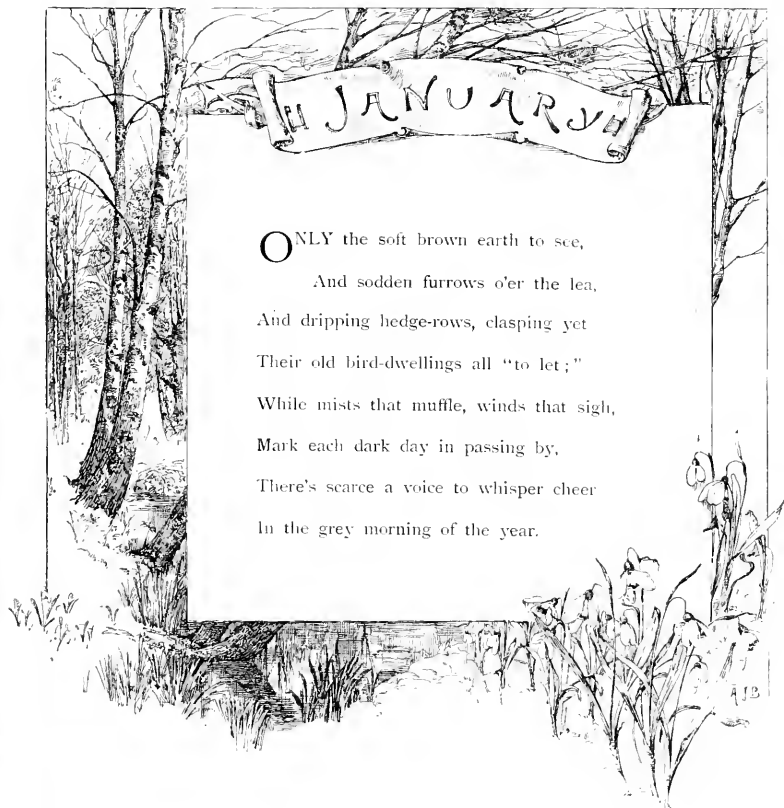
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ATLANTA

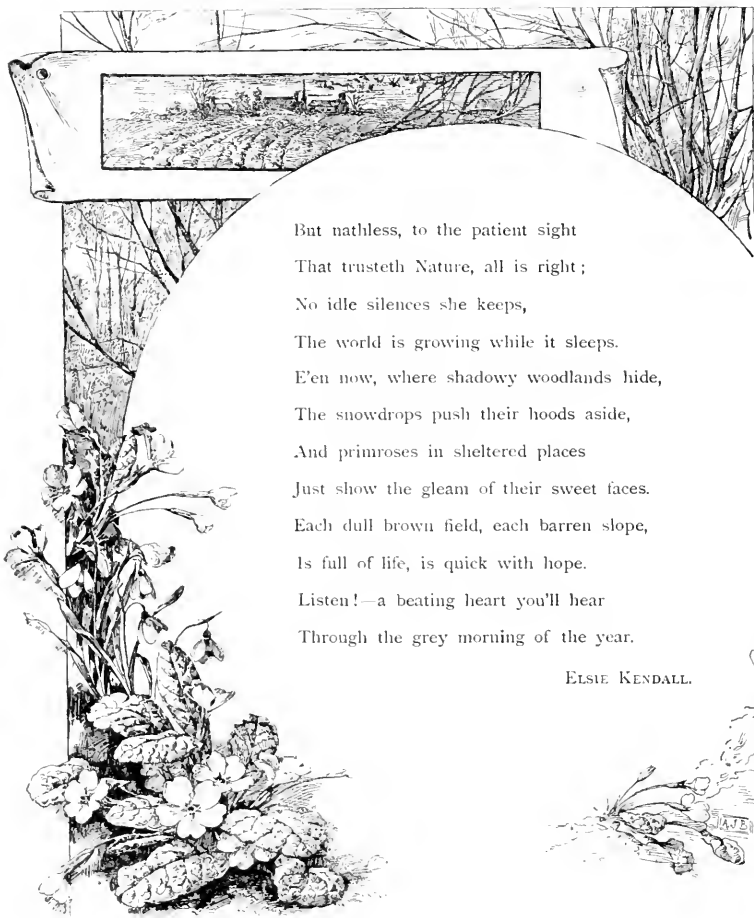
VOL. V.

1892.

NO. 52



ONLY the soft brown earth to see,
And sodden furrows o'er the lea,
And dripping hedge-rows, clasping yet
Their old bird-dwellings all "to let;"
While mists that muffle, winds that sigh,
Mark each dark day in passing by,
There's scarce a voice to whisper cheer
In the grey morning of the year.



But nathless, to the patient sight
That trusteth Nature, all is right ;
No idle silences she keeps,
The world is growing while it sleeps.
E'en now, where shadowy woodlands hide,
The snowdrops push their hoods aside,
And primroses in sheltered places
Just show the gleam of their sweet faces.
Each dull brown field, each barren slope,
Is full of life, is quick with hope.
Listen!—a beating heart you'll hear
Through the grey morning of the year.

ELSIE KENDALL.

A BATTLE AND A BOY.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

CHAPTER VII.

THE pale hungry men with their strange eyes
and half-naked bodies haunted Franzl from

that day. He dreamed of them, he saw the great
white procession bearing down upon him whenever
he closed his eyes. That foremost priest beckoned
with imperious gesture from any dusky corner of

the barn, advanced from dim woods in the twilight, stood out commandingly on the rolling heath, and faded in purple mists over the distant hills. But the child did not ask Leni what the picture meant, he often looked at her wistfully and was silent. For he had learned that her world was not the world of the others, of Arno and Doris and Kurt. They cared for things which did not exist for Leni. Their language had for her no meaning and no worth. His new thoughts made him less sunny and gave him no peace, but neither they nor the words and the procession would let him go. Leni thought he was growing old fast, and feeling his long questioning gaze fixed upon her, asked him one day if he was not well.

She herself began to look pale and ill. Sometimes in the morning her eyes were red. Her grave firm face lost its repose, grew anxious and nervous. There were market-days when she did not go to the city. Franzl heard the women say Lutz was making things hot for her. Often the father and daughter talked together after the day's work was done, which was something quite new, and nothing made Leni seem so tired as a talk with her father.

Franzl was strongly attached to her. Next to his little bundle of family at home, he loved her better than anyone on earth, tramped contentedly by her side going to market, missed her when long away, was glad to come back to her quiet familiar face. He did not like to see her look so hollow-eyed. His mother had looked so too. Sometimes he did not know whom he hated worse, Kurt von Normann or Christian Lutz.

When he first came to Waldheim he liked the city better. Wynburg was full of excitement and fascination, he approached every house on his round with interest and curiosity, and something pleasant almost always happened. The noise and sights of the streets were wonderful, he had much to learn, was zealous and ambitious. But now that he had mastered his duties, thanks to Leni's good training, now that he had grown accustomed to the city and the customers were used to his bright eager face, and the newness of all things had worn off, and most especially since he had become conscious and uneasy on account of his ignorance—sensitive, resentful, yet helpless—his instinct was to stay in his own world, where he understood what was going on, where people,

even old people like Lutz and Klumpp, talked more or less as he did, where young men did not in the kindest fashion make him miserable with words beyond his reach, and where no dandy-boys whom he could thrash stood waving yellow kid gloves before a wonderful picture as full of moving men as the crowded market, and grinned and looked the other way, and talked carelessly as if it was not alive and terrible.

So Franzl had his peculiar reasons for liking Waldheim and the farm better than Wynburg. He drew more within his shell each day, grew business-like and taciturn on his rounds, even with kind Nanni. Arno was out of town for a few weeks. His absence gave Franzl incredible relief, although he missed him too. If the young man unwittingly tortured the child, Franzl liked him nevertheless, and admired him vastly. The boy's warmly affectionate heart clung more than he knew to the people who were good to him, and who were unconsciously shaping his life. Fraulein Doris who spoke so sweetly, little Fraulein Hildegard who was so kind and so very astonishing with all her whims and capers. Nearly every morning he would secretly slip a little bunch of wild flowers for her behind a milk pan or picher, to be discovered by Nanni after he was gone. As he was always troubled or irritated when the slightest notice was taken of it, Nanni learned to look the other way when he hid it and not to thank him. He liked them all. He thought of them all. But he knew now that they were "different," and therefore he would rather work all day as hard as he could on the farm than come down to the city among them, their queer words and gentle ways. They only gave him more thoughts, and it seemed to him that he had more now than he could carry. It was better in the fields with the men; it was best with Leni.

One Sunday evening Lutz had gone to the village inn to smoke his pipe and drink his beer with Andreas Klumpp and the worthies who congregated in those mirky precincts. Leni and Franzl sat at the door of the isolated farm-house which stood far back from the main road. It was a still, warm August night. Over the fields floated now and then echoes of laughter and song, voices of men and girls returning noisily from their rollicking Sunday outing in some neighbouring village—approaching, passing on, leaving all quiet as before.

All was silent near the two except for the deep, comfortable breathing of the great yellow Leonberger asleep at Franzl's feet. The young girl in the doorway, her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands, stared unseeing into the deepening shadows under the linden tree. Franzl was wondering how long Herr Arno and the Normanns and many other customers would be away. Half of his houses were closed, and the market was so dull that he was scarcely needed down there. Where did the people go? Why did they go away from their beautiful big houses? When he had one of his own he was going to stay in it. Fraulein Hildegard said they went away every summer to the sea and played on the hard sand beach; and she couldn't swim, but Kurt could. Franzl wished he knew how it looked up there, but he could swim without any sea and better than Kurt von Normann. If he could get Kurt in the water, first he'd duck his head and then he'd show him some tricks. He hadn't had a swim since last summer, and he loved it so! He was the only fellow in Heilig Kreutz that could swim. There wasn't much chance up there. But he was glad his father was a swimmer and made him learn. Here there was chance enough. Perhaps Leni would let him go to the river someday, only it was so far and there was always so much to do. He got up from the bench against the house, stretched himself and yawned audibly.

"I think I'll go to bed, Leni; I'm sleepy. We've got to do the third field to-morrow," he said with his important and responsible air.

"Would you mind staying up a little later to-night, Franzl?" she returned after some moments, and timidly, not as she usually spoke.

He was a little surprised, for she usually was careful to send him off early, often earlier than he wished to go, but he answered promptly:

"Why, no. You see a fellow only goes to bed because he doesn't know anything else to do. I don't think much of bed anyhow."

He reseated himself with a swagger, and presently, as Leni said nothing, he employed himself in stifling a series of deep-rooted yawns.

Suddenly the big watch-dog rose and stood alert and on duty listening, his nose pointed toward the orchards.

"It is nothing, Wolf," Franzl told him.

"Keep still, little boy, I know better," Wolf responded in his own fashion.

Leni put her hand on the dog's head, murmuring: "It is a friend. Wolf won't bark."

"Do you hear anything, Leni?"

"Not yet. He's too far, but come, Franzl, come with me. Lie down, Wolf. Take care of the house. No, you can't come. You stay here. You know who it is."

Wolf stretched his great muzzle along her arm and reluctantly consented to remain.

"It's all very undignified," he protested, "but pray do as you like."

Franzl, wondering, followed Leni past the looming black barns and into the dark orchard. The girl went on swiftly and noiselessly on the turf, until they were some distance from the house.

"There, wait here," she said. "I'll go on a little; I won't be long."

"Are you going to meet Karl?" the boy asked calmly. "George and Rosine used to meet in the dark."

"Never mind them. Be good, Franzl. If you hear any noise from the house, sing or whistle."

Shall I whistle or shall I sing?"

"Either. Both."

"Shall I sing *The High Alp* or *The Tyrolean and His Child*?"

But Leni was gone. Franzl crept under an apple-tree, where it was soft, still and dark and there was a mound for a pillow. He concluded to get some of his thinking done while waiting for Leni. Years after, this summer night was vivid in his remembrance, and he saw Leni's pale pained face stealing off like a shade among the black trees, and life and his own heart taught him what it all meant. But now he reached up and filled his pockets with green stony balls, frustrating nature's beneficent intention to transform them into dark red apples by October—and diligently gnawed them, stretched flat on his back. Fond as he was of Leni, her griefs and her romance troubled him at the moment no more than if he had been a heartless young cannibal.

He wondered idly what had happened to Pauli, and did not believe Pauli could pull the milk-cart better than he, if Pauli was bigger. He closed his eyes and saw the crowd at the child-market, and all the boys and girls crying, "Buy me!" grow tall and changed into the white fierce men in the picture and this was the last he knew until he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Franzl, Franzl, all Waldheim might come to find me and you wouldn't hear!" Leni was saying in his drowsy ears. "Get up Franzl!" shaking him. "Wolf is cleverer than you. He's awake in an instant."

"I am perfectly awake," he declared, offended. "I was only getting some thinking done, and then I forgot a little."

She had spoken brightly and kindly. She laughed at his explanation, took his hand and hurried on till the sleepy child was nearly breathless.

"How queer you are, Leni!"

"Am I? I'm a little happier. That is all."

"Well I wish you wouldn't go so fast that I stub all my toes. Can you see in the dark?"

"Yes, to-night. Don't be cross. I know you are tired and sleepy. We'll soon be at home. Then if it weren't too late I'd tell you something, even if you are only a little boy."

"I am strong and large for my age," he reminded her.

"I know you are, and sensible."

Mollified, he went on cheerfully.

When they reached the house, Wolf came forward a few slow steps to meet them, satisfied himself that they had returned intact from their foolish expedition, and stretching himself like a great yellow lion at Franzl's feet, contentedly resumed his slumbers.

"We have been good friends, you and I, from the first day, haven't we, Franzl?" she began, hesitating slightly.

"Why yes, Leni, of course."

"Are you tired?"

"Not now. Not a bit," he returned, brightly, feeling wide-awake and grown-up.

"Because it is quiet to-night. Perhaps I could tell you things. Sometimes I feel as if my mouth was sealed. Then I have no one to speak to. If my mother had lived, it would be different."

"Oh, do grown people want their mothers too?"

"Sometimes more than little boys do."

Franzl had never thought of that.

"I never wanted her more than now," Leni went on simply. "It is hard to hold out three years against your own father. I don't like cheating ways, Franzl. I haven't seen Karl to speak with him since the first day you went with the milk. I have had to tell him something.

Father is like iron. He's at me all the time now. First he said November. When I told him I'd run away first, I'd never marry Andreas Klumpp, he said he'd give me till February, and if I'm not ready and willing then, he'll turn me out of doors. Father's orderly. He has to do everything by the quarters, whether its rents, or cows, or sheep, or marrying me."

"I wouldn't marry old Andreas Klumpp either."

"It is the farm, Franzl, and I don't want meadows or orchards, or barns, or cattle. I'd rather have the smallest house, the smallest room with Karl."

"Why, yes, I should say so," Franzl assented cheerily. "I should too. He's young and pleasant looking, and hasn't got the palsy. And then he'd be your family, wouldn't he?"

"Yes. That is what we want," the girl said softly. "We've wanted it years."

"He'd be a great deal better kind of family than -- than anybody round here," Franzl remarked somewhat diplomatically.

"Karl has always been my family. He came to work here like you, when he was no bigger than you and I was a little thing."

"Did he sell himself?"

"No, he was the child of people in Waldheim. They died, and father took him to work for his board."

"Did he get fifty marks?"

"Not at first. He was always good to me. He was here when my mother died. She loved him like a son. Father never had such a worker. There's nothing Karl can't do. Father can find no fault with him except that he's poor. But haven't we enough? And Karl so kind, and so industrious! It was three years ago father found out that we liked each other. He was terribly angry and sent Karl off that very night and forbade me to speak to him. But I did not promise I'd not speak to him. Its all too old for you, Franzl."

"But I understand very well. There's nothing at all hard to understand about liking and not liking. I could tell you some things that are hard."

"I've been useful to father. I was a young girl when mother died. People thought he'd have to have some women here to look after things. But I did everything just as mother used. He didn't seem to miss her, the work went so well. And ever since Karl had to go, and I know how hard

father felt towards me, I worked still better, trying to please him. It was about a year ago he made up his mind I should marry Andreas Klumpp and I've worked as I never worked before. In the house, at the market, with the accounts, with the milk, and I've looked after everything, the cattle, the market-garden, the men on the farm. Wherever a sharp eye, a willing hand and quick feet could help, they have helped my father, and he has profited by them and he knows it. The women may say I am proud and cold and stiff, but they can't say I don't work. Nobody can."

"No they can't, Leni. You work like six."

"Well, Franzl, it doesn't do any good, and I'm tired, not of work, but of the fight between father and me. Whether we speak or not, the fight is always going on. No matter how hard and long work is, it comes to an end some time, and you can draw a deep breath and say: 'That's done, thank Heaven!' But if it's inside of you, if it's two people pulling in different directions under one roof, and each is tough as the other, it is awful, it tires you out soul and body. If I tell father Jenny's giving less milk, we look in each others eyes and see Andreas Klumpp. If father tells me to ask a penny more a pound for tomatoes, neither of us can forget Andreas Klumpp."

"Confound old Klumpp!" Franzl muttered.

"He's like a black shadow over everything. And lately it is worse, much worse. Father is as hard as a rock. He is determined to force me now. When he was so silent and I was so silent month after month I used to wish he would speak. Now he has begun to speak I'd give my life if he'd be silent again."

"It isn't at all like a family," Franzl said thoughtfully.

"It's bad enough."

"And if you had a little room with Karl, you'd have a warm fire and a bright light, and you'd make pancakes—big ones and a great many—wouldn't you? And he would joke and laugh and you'd be smiling and listening?"

The boy's clear voice, full of confidence and interest, was startlingly loud in the stillness.

"Hush, Franzl, you sound like a trumpet. Don't shout that to all Waldheim. But you may be sure," she continued with a happy little laugh at his picture, "I'd make what Karl liked, pancakes or anything else; and if I can almost manage a

whole farm, year after year, when my heart is heavy, it's reasonable to believe that I could make one little room cozy and bright if I felt hopeful and glad."

"Then you must have him," Franzl declared in a tone of positive conviction. "Cheer up, Leni, I'll help you."

Leni laughed again. Franzl was so absurd, like a strutting little turkey-cock sometimes, but he was as good as gold and no child was so sturdy and faithful.

"You do help me," she said affectionately. "You have helped me from the day you came. You see last year father was at me about Andreas Klumpp and in the winter we were both silent and sullen. One day I remembered that he never did anything for me. It wasn't often I had a wish, but if I had one it didn't move him any more than if I was one of the cows. It seemed to me if he would do one single thing I asked, my chances would be better in other ways, but if I never was consulted, if I always was ordered and driven like the cattle and the farm hands, why then he would be so used to my dumbness it would be worse for me in the thing I cared for most. So I made up my mind I would try to have a voice in something. Just then the Waldheim women were beginning to talk. They can't talk enough about it."

"No, they can't. I hear them."

"I felt older, too. I'd always gone on doing my work and not thinking of anything else except Karl. But now I wanted to be alone and to keep away from the women. I knew father had the largest farm except Klumpp's, and was able to hire all the help he needed, so I thought when he was going to Ravensberg I'd ask him to buy a boy for the milk-cart. I talked quiet and reasonable. I said he was a rich farmer and I his only daughter, and I was too old to go with the milk. This was how I tried to make him hear my voice and he did. He said nothing, but he bought you. I had a feeling all the time that you would bring me good luck. I felt kind to you before you came. I wanted you. I remembered how pleasant it used to be when mother was alive and Karl was a little boy and took care of the cows. I thought a great deal about you."

"Was he as big and strong as I?"

"I don't know that he was. I don't know that anybody was ever so big and strong as you feel, Franzl." After a moment she went on. "But now it doesn't seem to have helped, though he did

what I asked. And all my good work doesn't help. Nothing touches him. Perhaps he bought you so that somebody would understand the milk-cart and the business after he'd married me to Klumpp. Perhaps he didn't really hear my voice. Perhaps he only thought he'd have me train somebody to fill my place. And I have trained you well, Franzl, I've done my best and you've done yours. He knows it, though he says nothing. He sees how I try day and night to please him. But it's no use. He's got it into his head that his farm and Andreas Klumpp's farm must marry."

"When I'm a man and have a beautiful house, and the other things I'm going to have, I shall help the pleasant young people against the old cross ones. I shall make the rich old men give some of their land to the young who haven't any, and I shall help the ones who want to be families."

"Ah! Franzl, then you'll be very different from the rest of the world. Up here in Waldheim, father and Andreas Klumpp are only doing what the Normanns and others are doing down in Wynburg. There's Fraulein Doris. She likes Herr Arno. She has always known him. He's given her some sort of lessons, too, and been a great deal in the house. He has no money and no place yet. They want to marry her to Count Rosen. His land in the country is next to the Normanns' land, but it is a sin to marry across together instead of hearts. He's in Hanover, at the officers' riding-school, and head and heels in debt—mean debts too. But next spring there'll be trouble. She never will take him. Herr Arno is worth a dozen of him; but there, if you are poor, you haven't much chance!"

"Do Herr Arno and Fraulein Doris want to be a family too?" Franzl asked, in great astonishment, picturing another warm room and more pancakes.

"Oh dear, yes."

"Does she know about you and Karl? Is that why she comes out and asks so pleasant, 'How is Leni to-day?'"

"Of course she knows. Nanni is a Waldheim woman. She has been in the Normann family twenty years, first as nurse, then as cook. She has taken more care of Fraulein Doris than ever her mother has. And I've brought milk to the house eight years. Of course you see into things in that time. Beside, Fraulein Doris and I are the same age to the month."

"O—h," exclaimed Franzl, "you look miles older! You are so dark and sober; not that you don't look very nice, and I like you best—but Fraulein Doris is all white and soft."

"She has never worked," Leni said simply, and without bitterness. "It is work that ages women. I've often thought of that, going to so many houses and seeing the inside of things. With us you can't sometimes tell whether a woman is twenty-five or forty. But look at Frau von Normann—she might be twenty-five."

"Well, I don't know, if she didn't purse up her lips," Franzl remarked critically.

"But you see, Franzl, even pretty Fraulein Doris is wishing for something she can't get. Everybody is."

"I'm not."

"Oh, Franzl, the big house."

"Yes, but I'm going to have it. There's a great difference between wishing for what you can get and what you can't."

He did not understand why she laughed as she replied:

"Wish away, Franzl. Wish hard and work hard. You have heard a great deal of grown-up talk to-night."

"Oh, I don't call this very old."

"It won't hurt you, since there's nothing to be ashamed of. I haven't been meeting Karl behind father's back."

"Like George and Rosine," Franzl said, gravely.

"Or sending him letters on the sly."

"Like Max and Louise."

"If I met Karl to-night it was right."

"Of course. He is your real family."

"I had to see him once more face to face. I had to tell him I had given up trying to soften father, and that he says I'm to marry Klumpp next February, or be turned out of the house. I told Karl he must have some sort of a home ready for me by that time. He must get a place somewhere, a gardener's place I'd like best, but I don't much care. He's only working in his cousin's vineyards now. He knows the farm, every inch of it. I always thought when father should see how in earnest I was he would take Karl back. He's never had a head man like Karl. But I've given up. I have no more hope. If father turns me adrift I shall have to go. It's hard on an honest girl to have to disobey her father. But Karl and I belong together. It would be a sin for

me to marry Andreas Klumpp. I'll stay at home and not marry anybody, or I'll marry Karl. That's the long and the short of it. Sometimes I think if father wasn't so very religious he might not be so hard. He's so looked up to in the church, and so particular about everything, he thinks he's sure to be right. He thinks he's right now and I'm wrong, and he's prayed a great deal about it. That's why I'm tired and discouraged."

"It's a pity I'm not grown up yet, Franzl broke out impetuously. "I'd like to send them all spinning—Andreas Klumpp and Count Rosen—and Kurt Von Normann after them!"

"You'd be a terrible fellow, Franzl. Now I have told you how bad it has been, and how I wanted you to come to bring me good luck. That was only a notion I suppose, but we've been good friends, Franzl, from the first day, and if I've had any pleasure since you came it has been through you, and that's the truth."

She stood, letting her hand rest a moment on his shoulder.

"It's late, very late, Franzl. Go to bed now."

A curious medley ran through his mind. It was strange business that all these grown people couldn't do what they wanted. The differences then were only in the words and the picture. In the very inside of them, Herr Arno and Fraulein Doris were wishing and wishing, quite like Karl and Leni.

"Oh if I could only hurry and be a man!" he exclaimed vehemently. "You'd see, Leni!"

"I see that you have a good heart. Good night, Franzl."

She had seemed prodigiously wise to the child during all this strange talk in the dark. She had spoken of things beyond his experience. Perhaps she did know after all. With an eager impulse he said:

"Leni, what is a blesbleege?"

"Where did you see one?"

"I didn't see it. The Normanus talked about it."

"Perhaps it's a French vegetable," suggested the girl, carelessly. "Nanni says they call fried potatoes *pommes frites*. Couldn't it be something of that kind?"

Franzl was silent and motionless for some moments.

"Never mind," he said at length, kindly and brightly, "I don't suppose it is much of anything. And you cheer up, Leni. You must have Karl. There's no mistake about that. Good-night," and he went to his hay-bed.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEAR Wynburg was a beautiful river, which seemed to be created for the express purpose of distracting and tempting boys and making them unmindful of their duty. Neither wide nor deep, it flowed past pretty suburban towns and villages, whose cool green shady gardens ran down to the water's edge, over which large trees extended rich drooping branches. The river was a veritable river, possessed of traditional and historic importance, but at this point in its career it acted strangely like an overgrown brook, eddying and prancing in a juvenile manner round a couple of islands, improvising a few cascades, dashing boisterously over some rocks, and tossing its mane beneath three bridges, a heavy broad structure—solid as the highway; an airy suspension railway-bridge; and a narrow, arched one for foot passengers only, and resting on an island before spanning the other flood.

Leaning on the railing of the small bridge, one sunny September morning, stood a dirty little boy with a basket of new potatoes which Leni had told him to take to a certain house far beyond the river. She had also said he was to be as prompt as possible, for business was lively at the market and she needed him every moment. Franzl thought a fellow ought to have more than two eyes to see everything that was going on that morning. Watching the two shores and the islands and the bridges kept him very busy. It was like three rings at a circus; the glittering troop of cavalry winding along one side the river, a tramway terminus with much backing and geeing of heavy horses on the other, besides a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey; the whole world and his wife were passing over the big bridge, a drove of cattle was approaching it, a train steamed slowly across the suspension bridge; on the nearer island flags were flying, a merry-go-round revolved indefatigably, gay tents peeped from the foliage, while three swimming-schools, whose discreet if rough board walls screened the boy-bathers, let their delighted whoops and yells ascend to Franzl's ears. Directly near him on the steep green bank, a flock of sheep at the shriek of the locomotive had lost their leader and their silly heads and were plunging distractedly towards the water instead of filing respectfully along the path that led to Franzl's bridge. An angry man and a

giggling boy sought to collect the scattered animals whose panic and consistent foolishness made so delectable a sight it would have glued the very elect to the spot. A gale of laughter overcame Franzl. He put down his basket, held his sides and the tears ran down his cheeks.

If things had not been so attractive to his curious alert young spirit, if the sun had not sparkled so on the water, if everybody had not seemed to be enjoying himself, if there had not been a merry-go-round grinding out the *Beggar-Student* waltz in the most discordant yet imperatively inviting manner, while the river was the best merry-go-round of all, if he had not heard those boys splashing and shrieking behind those tantalizing boards, if—if—Mr. William Shakespeare says there's "much virtue in an if"—if, in short, Franzl had been a good little boy of a sober and plodding temperament, with ears and eyes wisely but not too well open, or if he had been a certain kind of child of stoic, Sunday-school book mould, who would have felt, but with heroic virtue resisted, these allurements, certain events which followed might have been altogether different, in fact, might have proved far less comfortable and happy for all concerned.

The horseman passed, the train went out of sight, the sheep recovered their proper state of docile irresponsibility, and Franzl reluctantly took up his basket and trudged on. His cheeks were glowing hot. He had basked so long in the sunshine, it seemed to him he was never so warm in his life. When he looked at all that water he felt that no boy on earth had ever been so warm as he at the moment. The maddening voices of those cool river-urchins followed him as he turned down a long dusty sultry street and left all pleasing sights and sounds behind.

Having delivered his potatoes, he retraced his steps slowly, meditating upon many things which a stern moralist would scarcely have pronounced edifying. Reaching the river he without hesitation turned up the shore-road instead of crossing the bridge which led to the city, his duty and patient Leni waiting for the truant. The boys' voices ceased to irritate him and induced merely a responsive and expectant smile. "You just wait, you fellows!" was the language of his whole personality. When he met an old woman, he wiped his face on his sleeve in an airy and

negligent manner. As he passed some men talking busily without a glance at him he looked the other way and whistled very loud. He also stared somewhat defiantly at a group of little girls playing with dolls under a tree.

But none knew him, none stopped him, there was nothing whatever to turn him from the course which he had undertaken; and it must be admitted that, being a resolute nature, after he had once made up his mind to backslide, he backslid with great rapidity and aplomb. Farther and farther he strayed from the path of rectitude, following the shore, soon leaving the little town behind and finding green country-ways, a meadow belted with poplars, and the river-bank thick with alders and willows. The dense shrubbery was what he sought, since he had no pfennings for a dressing-room and bathing-gear like those opulent fellows down by the island. But little cared he for that, as he quickly left clothes and basket under a bush and plunged into the tempting depths with a rapturous sense of freedom and power, as if he could ride the crest of a wave as well as any Triton of them all.

His enjoyment was vast and unruffled by the faintest breath of self-reproach. His conscience for the moment was dormant. This water was what he had craved, and now he had it he basked and revelled and glorified in it, from the crown of his head to the tips of his toes. After some time devoted to purely physical enjoyment, an infinite variety of dolphin tricks, lazy self-communion, and the agreeable discovery that he had gained wind, strength, and stroke, he deigned to cast his eyes upon the world of which he had been utterly oblivious.

At some distance beyond his bush dressing-room the shore curved gently toward lawns and villas, while across the little cove stood an old brown building which looked like a mill. It was the Water-house, of which he had heard some talk at the market. It served to regulate and control the supply of water for the mills, and was also immortalized in school-girl drawing-books, budding talent sketching from nature being often conducted to this picturesque spot. The stream near it had the reputation of treacherous currents and eddies, and was a dangerous and unlucky place for swimmers, which prudent children should avoid, but proud experts occasionally sought it—

whirling waters. Franzl, peering about in every direction, thought it would be a fine thing to go up and swim in the "Whirlpool" and then brag of it. Inspired by this lofty motive he struck out toward the Water house. Swimming into the cove, he presently perceived two or three boys walking on logs which, loosely bound together, made an insecure floor far out over the water. On the shore a little girl was hopping frantically about, and calling to them to come back. He would have recognized the motions, even without the voice, as Hildegard Normann's, and instantly, with the consciousness of Kurt's presence, Franzl's intense joy in his escapade was dead and gone. The water might have been saw-dust for all the pleasure it gave him. He watched the boys greedily, the old tormenting thoughts reborn in his heart, as he saw Kurt advancing, laughing, chattering, boasting, pushing, being pushed, and calling teasing replies to the frightened little girl on the shore. Franzl determined to swim nearer, "show off," and do some things Kurt couldn't for the life of him.

The boys in high glee grew more reckless every moment. Kurt was on a nearly detached log, daring the others to follow and announcing mockingly that none was so sure-footed and cool-headed as he. Thus taunted, one of his friends stepped on the other end, the log bobbed, pitched, rolled and precipitated both boys into the water. Hildegard screamed, Franzl laughed with malicious delight, the boys talked all together, one knelt and helped his friend, who succeeded in clutching the slippery bark and scrambled into safety. He stood a dripping and discomfited figure, gesticulating, and explaining how he had happened to fall. Franzl swam nearer, laughing still and thinking it awfully good fun. Hildegard, shrieking wildly had run up the bank for help. But where was Kurt? Franzl had not seen him rise once. The boys too were evidently anxious.

"Kurt," they cried. "Kurt, come up! Don't fool any more!"

The moment Franzl became conscious that there was actual danger, he shot forward with all his strength and speed to the rescue. He was possessed soul and body by the instinct to save a human life, and every sense was on the alert.

"He's under the log," he thought, "and the current's too strong for him and he's got his clothes on."

Like a flash he turned and swam rods below the place of the accident, plunged deep, swimming under the water and under logs. He saw nothing and came up an instant to the surface.

"Oh, haven't you got him?" cried the boys.

Franzl dived again.

With his blurred under-water vision, he perceived a big, dark, indistinct mass which he, with a bound, approached. He clutched Kurt's hair and then his coat, swam with one arm and dragged the heavy weight, how he never knew, but he made a desperate effort to remember where the logs lay, and not lose his bearings, so that he could get to an opening as soon as possible. The current was so powerful he had to swim with it and presently saw by the light that they were freed from their dangerous prison and could come up to the surface. With his last strength he got his right arm around Kurt, the other round a log, and hung breathless, exhausted, clutching him frantically and in mortal terror that he was dead. His face was ghastly, his eyes staring, his mouth open, his head fell helplessly forward. Franzl kept the poor head above water. Men were already gathered on the bank and several, half-stripped, had plunged for the two children. As rapidly as they came it seemed ages to Franzl before they removed the cold, unconscious body from his convulsive embrace.

The Normann's coachman took Kurt in his arms.

"The poor boy's dead," he exclaimed as he bore him away, "quite dead."

"You rub him," cried Franzl, fiercely. "Don't you let him be dead!"

"Here, you brave little fellow, take my hand and come up," said one of the men.

"Who are you? What is his name?" asked several voices.

Franzl's heart was ready to burst with excitement and fear. Without a word he swam off to get rid of the strangers, but not far, for he was weak. On the bank in the sunshine, screened by clustering bushes, he lay out and grew warm again, and overcome by fatigue, slept, how long he did not know, but it was about noon he saw by the sun when he woke. Strengthened, but still feeling queer and shaky, he swam down the stream to the spot where his little mound of personal effects, with the potato basket as private seal on top, stood unmolested.

Soon he was crossing the bridge upon which he

had loitered before all this happened. The bridge was the same, but its glamour had departed. Nothing had any charm for him. When he reached the market he was relieved to find that Leni had gone home. He was so very drowsy that, after eating a bit of bread, he concluded to disappear under a bench where the women would not be apt to look for him, and here, concealed also by an empty meal-bag, he fell into a long, profound sleep, from which he waked refreshed and well.

All his thoughts were with Kurt. Was he dead? Must he die? When Franzl approached the Normann house that evening his heart beat fast, and he could not muster courage to go in and ask Nanni what he longed and feared to know. He saw a little boy in the park and prevailed upon him to run up and ask the cook if the boy that was in the water was dead or alive. The child went willingly, and Franzl waited, consumed by anxiety and dread.

"He's alive. They've worked over him all day. They thought he was dead. But his mother wouldn't give him up when everybody else thought he was gone. The whole family is out there in the friend's house, where his mother was making a visit when it happened. They have just telephoned the cook. She is crying and laughing like anything."

Franzl gave the astonished boy a violent shake and a hug, and resumed his homeward way, tears rolling down his cheeks. It was a matter of utter indifference to him that some boys hooted and called him "cry-baby." He experienced no desire to punch them.

The long walk quieted his excitement somewhat, and Leni, in the twilight, perceived nothing unusual in his manner as he entered the kitchen.

"Why did you stay away so long?" she asked coldly, as she gave him his supper.

"I went in swimming."

"What made you do it when I said I needed you?"

"The water made me. It put the old Nick into me, Leni."

She repressed a smile, hesitated, and finally said:

"I should have scolded you well if I'd been there when you came back to the market. But it's a good many hours since then, and—the first time you've run off. Don't do it again."

"Then you'd better not send me over there," he returned, now dwelling with delight on the remembrance of his swim.

"I would rather send you, and give you time to go in," she rejoined quietly. "I didn't say, 'Don't swim again?' I said 'Don't run away again?' It isn't business."

"You're a good one," he exclaimed gratefully.

He found the warm soup comforting. Leni was generous towards his misdemeanor, and Kurt was going to have his other face again, not that wet awful one. Altogether, things were happy, yet he could not help living over that terrible strain and pull.

Presently he said in a shy, indifferent tone:

"There were some other fellows out there."

"Were there?" Leni replied, her thoughts elsewhere.

"One of them fell off a log."

"Did he?" the girl said, mechanically.

"I got his head up."

"Did you?"

"Yes, and he's all right."

There was a strong note of exultation in his voice, but Leni was not paying attention.

After a long pause he said:

"It isn't much use to hate people, is it, Leni?"

"I don't know that I ever really hated anybody," she returned with a sigh, "but sometimes I don't like about as hard as I can."

"Because," continued the child, "after you hate them you have to unhate them, and then you find you've been wasting your thoughts."

(To be continued.)



MY JAPANESE HANDMAIDEN

IT was one night at a Tokyo Fair. I had forgotten my phrase-book as usual, and, as usual, the proprietor of a small booth had forgotten his

English, and though I deeply coveted some of his wares—a lacquer flute, a *samisen*, a miniature temple bell—I had arrived too recently from civilized countries to let him pay himself from my purse. But, presently, from the audience that had gathered about my embarrassment, an ambitious student of my native tongue vouchsafed an estimate of “one hundred forty-four.” The accent was not bad, and the number seemed familiar, and I felt very ungrateful to have to refuse it, though I suppose, if I had reflected a moment, I might have known that in a country where everything was done backwards it was only natural my little informant should have begun to count from the limit of her knowledge. Then, always more quick to see a joke against themselves than a stranger, it was at the blushing maiden that the Japanese audience laughed, and as she tottered away I had perforce to follow her, and to compensate her with a wonderful paper chrysanthemum for her hair.

We were returning after our dainty revels to Tsukiji, the foreign quarter of Tokyo. There are

never many Japanese in the foreign quarter at any time; that night it seemed quite deserted but for the indiscreet clicking of a single pair of *gheta* that we suddenly realized had been following us from the Fair. We should have resented the intrusion in any other country; in Japan we took it as a compliment. And then, too, we remembered having been told that, owing to the inexplicable fascination our tongue seemed to have for them, the Japanese would constantly follow English people as they talked together, and take such a lesson when they could get no other. As I turned to see our inveterate pupil, in the flash of a lantern I recognised my paper chrysanthemum.

I don't in the least know how it came to be arranged, but I suppose it was doubtless because the little maiden took the matter into her own hands, and we were too charmed to resist. The little maiden came home with us to be our sixth servant, that she might study “America” as she called English, for no explicable reason except that we were in the land of inverted expressions.

To the Anglo-Saxon young lady who goes abroad to acquire a foreign tongue, Kami's mode of procedure with us would have given hints not a few. The morning after her arrival, and while I was still in bed, she came to me with a telegram. I put out my hand to take it, but the brown fingers held it away from me. I was quite willing to treat my Japanese handmaiden with the familiarity one treats a favourite cat, I couldn't imagine her taking advantage of it, but such an action as this seemed to warn me suddenly.

“Kami,” I said, “give me the telegram.” And then added in explication of my English sentence one of the three Japanese words at my disposal, “*Io-to*—please.”

But to this Kami made answer :

"Nippon, tigami; America disuka?"

"Kami, I certainly shouldn't have thought this of you. Give me the telegram, *at once*."

But my handmaiden merely reiterated her previous question.

Then I waxed irate. But it was just like scolding a bird—and quite as useless.

Finally the meaning of it all flashed upon me.

"Oh," I laughed, "'telegram,' the English '*telegram*.' Now give it to me."

"Teregram?" putting her head on one side with an irresistible bird-like questioning.

"No; telegram, tel—e—e—gram. Give it to me, Kami."

But the tiny body drew in a prodigious breath as if it were going to express its soul.

"Te—r—r—."

Then, even at the risk of my dignity in this Japanese maiden's eyes, I jumped out of bed, and before Kami could depart to fetch her writing materials to put down the new word, as I afterwards discovered was her intention, I at last grasped the subject of the morning's lesson.

But despite Kami's somewhat acute form of Anglomania we did not dismiss her. She was the daintiest thing in all that dainty land. Her lips never parted—unless for an English word—except to laugh. Her nose might have been carved out of ivory by the cleverest of Japanese artists. Into her eyes her gods had smiled, and the smile had remained. She had the dignity of a *grande duchesse* and the sweetness of a child. With her service was not a duty to be got through, but a ceremony to be performed. How she amused herself I could never discover, only once I surprised her making a very profound bow to the Jinri Kisha man.

At first, of course, it distressed me, but by and by I began rather

to like having my study of Shintoism interrupted by the quaint student who came to me every evening, and sat at my feet for her lesson. We used no dictionary or grammar. Kami had a little kindergarten system of her own. She brought with her no rasping slate or scratching pen, but a box with Japanese ink and a paint-brush. She would take up very gingerly a book, a brush, a boot, tell me the Japanese for it inquire what it was in America, bow very low for the information, and sit on the floor to inscribe



the word on the margins that she tore from my newspapers as better suited to the Japanese system of writing from top to bottom of a page than the copy-books I had bought for her. For, of course, she didn't attempt English letters. She had learned some forty Japanese characters that could express every sound she uttered, and with these, a sort of Japanese shorthand, she put down the words of the new tongue. As long as Kami confined her ambition to nouns her system worked admirably, but with characteristic perversity she exhibited a preference for adverbs, prepositions, and adjectives. And yet her infinite ingenuity got over even the difficulty of discovering "before" by putting the exposition of Shintoism before my prayer-book.

Before I left I wanted to give Kami a little present. Not that I was afraid she should forget me. As a slight tribute to my instrumentality in having enriched her English vocabulary permanently, with six adjectives, eight prepositions, five nouns, and one verb, she had rechristened the New Tongue with my name. But I thought that



since she had bestowed her photograph upon me, her opinion of me would grow less if I did not follow the native custom of unrestricted reciprocity, and I was ridiculously sensitive to her opinion.

As my clothes and curios lay all about the room waiting to be packed, I brought her in and pointed to them, and told her to choose. It was with infinite trepidation that I watched her touch one thing after another, and my heart stood still as a golden Buddha lingered in the small hand. But my qualms were unfounded, for a minute afterwards she discovered a pair of old goloshes, and smilingly seizing one, thanked me with many *arigatos*.



Returning later in the day to make up my bundles, I found that Kami, as a surprise, had already done this. She had carefully put my boots in my hat-box and my hats in the shawl-strap, my evening dresses at the bottom of my curio-chest, and all my curios on top of them. Of course, I don't expect to be believed when I say Japanese politeness had become such a force with me that I travelled with this motley baggage from Tokyo to Yokohama.

I had never taught Kami the English for "sorry," and the Japanese seemed to have no equivalent. When I had told her I was going to leave Japau this astonishing little maiden laughed. When I tried to impress upon her it was for always, and for the measure of half a world away, she laughed still more. Finally, though I hated to do it, when I made a direct appeal for regret by suggesting that my coveted language would accompany me, Kami hid her face in her sleeve.

It was like parting with a very precious curio. And yet, when I rode from the little bowing figure out into the sweetly callous star-light of Japan, when I was borne swiftly and for ever from the eternal smile of that strange multitude, from that gently pulsating life guarded by the crouching moats like beautiful flame-eyed dragons, I was not sorry that what I felt to Kami was a mystery.



HIGHLAND PONY AND HOUND.
(Used by kind permission of the "Art Journal.")

ROYAL FAVOURITES.

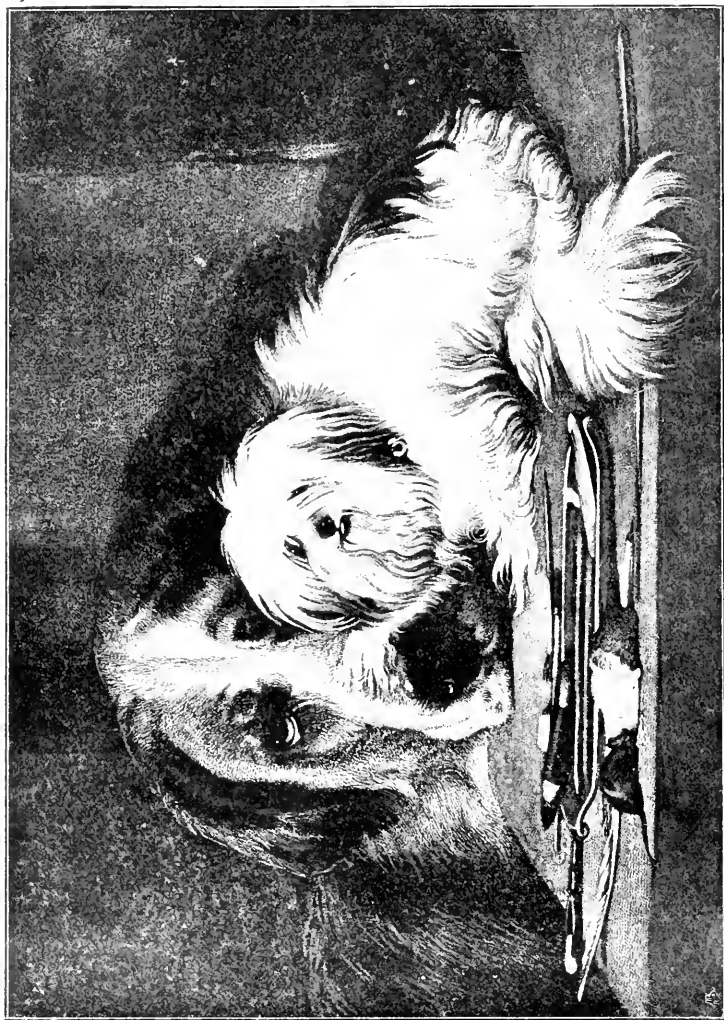
ADELA E. ORPEN.

UNTRoubLED by ambition, they stand around a throne; unhated by courtiers, they bask in the sunshine of a monarch's favour; discreetest of confidants, they never betray a secret; truest of friends, they never turn traitors to their Queen! The royal favourites about whom we write have a briefer history, possibly, than that of others whose names have been blighted with the title, but our royal favourites have never done any harm. Their mission was to soothe and to love, and in the fulfilment of this mission they lived and died.

One of the earliest of these courtiers who enjoyed the Queen's favour was Lorie. Lorie was a macaw, a stately creature who sat upon its perch and meditated upon life from the corner of a palace drawing-room. It was given to the Queen while she was still the young Princess Victoria, and it was the gift of Prince Albert. When the two young Coburg princes came to England in May, 1836, in order to pay that visit, the result of which was to be so momentous both to Prince and Queen, they brought with them the macaw Lorie, which was the first love-gift from Prince Albert to

the Queen. Parrots are proverbial chatterers, and perhaps this bird was meant to whisper a secret to its young mistress. Who knows? Lorie afterwards sat to Sir Edwin Landseer. Indeed, he sat several times for his portrait; parrots are such confirmed sitters that probably they mind the ordeal as little as anybody.

Dash, a spaniel, was another of the Queen's early favourites. Indeed, he also dates from those pre-regal days, and Dash, like Lorie, was a Princess's pet. There is a pretty story told of the Queen on her coronation day in connection with Dash. It seems that when his sovereign lady drove out, the little spaniel was in the habit of waiting for her in the hall and of greeting her return with a jubilate of barks. On the eventful 20th of June, when the Queen left Buckingham Palace to go to be crowned at Westminster Abbey, Dash, no doubt, thought it was merely an ordinary drive. But the hours wore on, and still the Queen did not return. He became wild with impatience. At last there was a stir. She comes, she is near, "My Queen!" "My Queen!" so barked Dash. And



Sir Edwin Lambour, J.P.

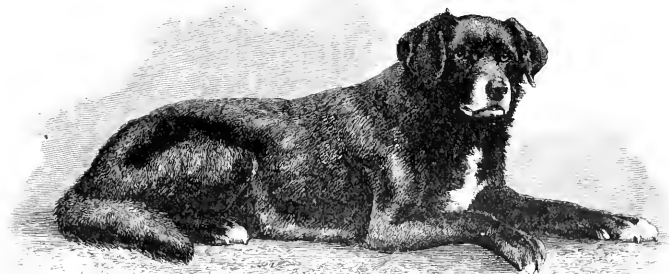
THE LION DOG OF MALTA AND HIS WEE COMPANION.

the Queen, glittering in all her jewels, surrounded by her enthusiastic subjects, heard the voice of her wee friend amid all the cheers. "Oh, there's little Dash," she exclaimed, and was all eagerness to get to her pet. In all her girlish glory as a newly-crowned Queen she did not forget her little dog. As a pendant to this, we may tell the story of another Queen of England who did not forget her little dog under circumstances also of great excitement, but oh, how different! When Queen Henrietta Maria landed at Burlington Bay in February, 1643, after her year's absence in Holland, she slept for the night in a house near the quay. The Parliamentary Admiral Batten opened fire upon this house at five o'clock next morning. The Queen hurriedly dressed, and was being taken to a field hard by for safety, when suddenly she remembered Mitte. Mitte was only a dog, and he was old and very ugly. But the Queen loved him very much. Therefore, when she recollected that Mitte was left behind in the house that the Parliamentarians were cannonading, she turned back despite the entreaties of her friends, rushed upstairs, seized old and ugly Mitte and bore him in her arms to a place of safety in a ditch behind a mud wall. Everyone blamed the Queen for her rashness, but maybe the luckless Henrietta Maria felt that she had not so many disinterested friends that she could spare Mitte, even though he was only a dog, and old and ugly at that. He loved her and she loved him; that was the bond between them.

Of all these royal favourites, the most graceful, the most beautiful, and the best loved was Eos—Eos, the exquisite greyhound that belonged to Prince Albert. She was black, with a white face and one white foot, and was the swiftest creature that ever sped after a hare. Moreover, she entirely fulfilled the requirements of a greyhound, as laid down in the *Booke of ye Englishe Dogges*, as being the correct thing in greyhounds:

"Headed lyke a snake,
Neckyed lyke a drake,
Footed lyke a catte,
Tayled lyke a ratte."

Prince Albert trained her himself, having had her since she was a six weeks' old puppy. She was with him at Bonn during his student years, and she came with him to England when he paid his first visit as a lad and also when he finally came to marry the Queen. Previous to his last visit before the engagement, Prince Albert went to Goplitz to see his cousin Mensdorff, who was there in garrison. This latter tells how one day they stopped at Buchau to change horses. Now Buchau is a place renowned for the vast credulity of its peasants. The peasants of Buchau hold the position and dignity we confer upon our Marines, that, namely, of being made a butt of. A crowd of these good people collected around the carriage to see the Prince whom they believed to be inside, and he, with an appreciation of what was befitting to the people of Buchau, made Eos put her face out of the window. Thus the long-necked Eos



"SHARP."

(Used by kind permission of the "Art Journal.")

gazed gravely forth upon the crowd, all agog to see the Prince, while the hero of the joke, shaking with laughter and hiding in the corner, hoped they admired the funny face of the Prince. Thus one more delusion was added to the beliefs of the peasants

to Buckingham Palace, and the expectant bride writes in her journal how delighted she was to see "dear Eos again." Eos died in 1844, a few days before the birth of the Duke of Edinburgh. She died suddenly, as old dogs are apt to die, having



"DACHEL," A DACHSHUND TYPE

(Used by kind permission of the "Art Journal.")

of Buchau. Eos was a great favourite with everybody and especially with the Queen, both for the sake of the dog itself as well as for the sake of its master. When Prince Albert was coming over to be married, he sent Eos and a valet on before him

appeared quite well an hour before. The Prince Consort, writing next day to the Duchess of Coburg, speaks lovingly of his lost pet. "I am sure," he says, "you will share my sorrow at this loss. She was a singularly clever creature, and had been



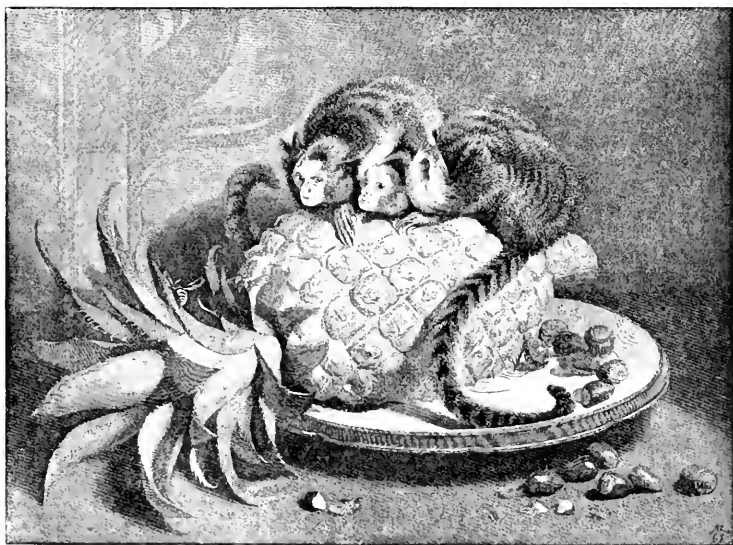
"EOS" AND "CAIRNACH."

(Used by kind permission of the "Star Journal".)

for eleven years faithfully devoted to me. How many recollections are linked with her! She was my companion from my fourteenth to my twenty-fifth year, a symbol therefore of the best and fairest section of my life." Eos, like so many other pets, was buried on the slopes at Windsor, where a bronze monument marks the spot. There are many pictures of Eos, for she was so graceful and so beautifully proportioned that it was a pleasure to transfer her outlines to paper. The picture of Eos and Cairnach, which we reproduce, is in itself

and cuddling in their beds. Furthermore, they are so extravagantly fond of insects that they have been known to eat painted beetles out of a book. Mindful of this characteristic, Landseer has appropriately drawn them stalking a wasp.

The lion dog of Malta and his wee companion have a suggestion of Dignity and Impudence in their look. The big dog was called Quiz, a name he would certainly have got changed by Act of Parliament if he could have spoken. A tragic interest attaches to him when we think that he



THE LION DOG, CAIRNACH, AND HIS WEAVE COMPANION, EOS.

a touching tribute to the affection of Prince Albert. It was drawn by Landseer from recollection a few days after the poor dog died, and was etched by the Prince himself.

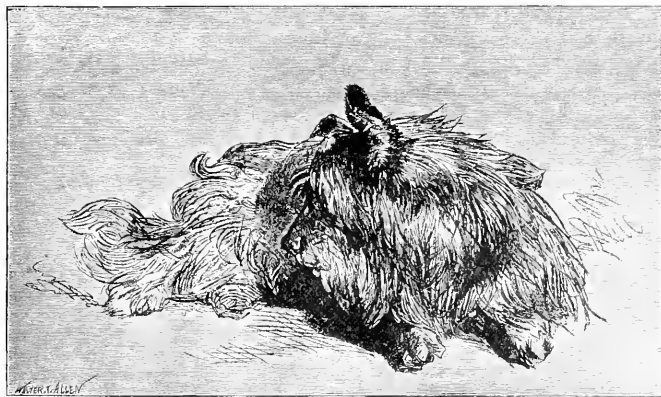
The little Brazilian monkeys, marmozettes, can hardly be called pets, perhaps; they were curiosities rather than favourites. The odd little couple were given to Her Majesty by the Queen of Portugal. They are somewhat disproportioned looking animals, their tails being twice the length of their bodies, and they are so extremely chilly in themselves that they spend most of their time burrowing

was the last of his race. There are no more lion dogs now. He belonged to the Duchess of Kent.

Dachel was a badger dog, or dachshund, as they are now called, a kind of dog that was much more rare in England in 1842 than it is to-day. They had long been known in Germany, where they were much prized for their prowess in hunting, but it was only in recent years that they became ladies' pets. The Queen was very fond of Dachel, but we cannot help thinking that he showed commendable taste in having only his head painted when he sat for his portrait. The dachshund is

the sort of dog that one buys by the yard, says *Punch*; and certainly to any other eye than that of the trained dog-fancier, they are sufficiently ungainly with their long bodies and their short crooked legs. Their heads and their eyes redeem them, however. Theirs is the face of a philosopher,

much dog. Like many a better known royal favourite, Islay was an inveterate beggar. She is always begging: whether beneath the perch of Lorie, or at a door, or holding a letter in her mouth, Islay is always sitting up very straight with two little paws nicely joined in front. She



"ISLAY."

(Used by kind permission of the "*Art Journal*.")

of a sad one, however, upon whom the cares of life rest heavily.

Among these early favourites should be reckoned Dandie, a rough old Scotchman given to the Queen by Prince Albert on her birthday in 1842. Then, too, there is Islay, a little Skye, all hair and not

was such a good and quiet sitter, or rather beggar, that she was used as a painter's model. In the days when they were young, the Queen and Prince Albert used to take lessons from Landseer. And what subject more suitable for lessons under that charming painter than a dog? Islay used to be

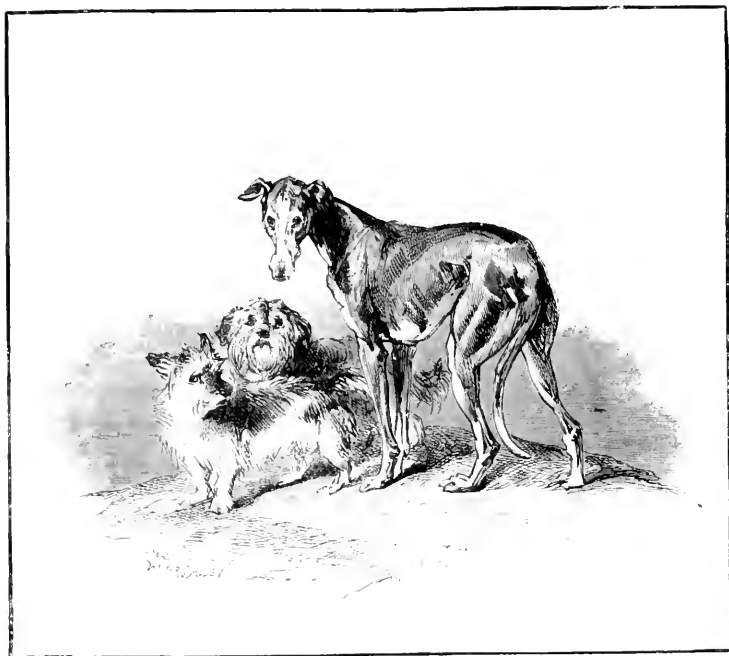


"NOBLY."

(Used by kind permission of the "*Art Journal*.")

told to sit up. Then Edwin Landseer would draw her in thirty minutes, and Thomas Landseer would bite the plate in ten minutes for the Queen's lesson. Queens have not much spare time to devote to their own pleasant recreations, hence the haste of the artists, and hence also possibly a certain want of finish in the work. The chalk drawing of Islay, the original of our illustration was sold at Landseer's sale for £241. It now belongs to the Duke of Cambridge.

"Dear, good Sharp was out with us," says the Queen in 1867, writing of her life in the Highlands, and he, too, like the pets of younger days, was painted by that old veteran, Landseer, then fast nearing the end of his labours. Sharp made one in all the Queen's mountain expeditions, and went with her to Callander and the Trossachs. Although a royal pet, Sharp was not above a few vulgar canine pleasures. The Queen says he often indulged in "collic shangies," which is Scottish for



"EOS," "CAIRNAUGH," AND A DANDIE DINMONT.

All these pets belonged to the bright, happy days of the Queen's youth, and perhaps were cherished with an especial affection. But pets die, and their places are filled by other favourites. The Queen, who is so fond of animals, has had a long succession of them; the names of her ponies and her dogs recur in her journal sufficiently often to show the reader how they made a part of her daily life, as they make a part of the life of every really kind-hearted person.

quarrels, and that he raised his spirits when galloping beside her carriage by attacking the cottage dogs that he passed. At dinner-time, however, he always behaved very nicely, and did as he was told, like an accomplished courtier.

Of all the later favourites Noble is the most interesting. Noble was a splendid collie, given to the Queen on her birthday in 1872 by Lady Charles Innes Ker. Her Majesty was at Balmoral at the time, and the puppy was given to her for

her Home Park kennel, where all sorts and conditions of dogs lived in peace and plenty. When Noble arrived he was pronounced fit to be a Royal Favourite, and his education was taken in hand by John Brown. Obedience is the first duty of a dog, and this lesson Noble learned in his youth. He never left a room where he was told to stay, never quarrelled with other dogs. He would carry letters and telegrams to his mistress, wait patiently for the answer, then would carry back carefully and faithfully any missive confided to his mouth. He could sit up decorated with biscuits on nose and paws and would never attempt to eat one unless

bidden to do so. He was fond of looking for sticks in the water, and if there happened to be no person ready to throw sticks for him, he would himself break off twigs from the shrubs and play with them. Suddenly he died, like Eos, without warning. There is a monument to him at Balmoral and a statue at Osborne. Galleries of portraits of those who have enjoyed royal favour are not unknown either in this country or elsewhere, but the gallery of the Royal Favourites at Osborne is absolutely unique. It is a fitting symbol of a court untouched by the breath of scandal or the whisper of reproach.

A FAIRY'S LOVE.

MRS. COMYNS CARR.

PART I.

THE LOVE TEST.

THE shades of evening fell softly upon the valley of the Rhône. Where the river made many marshy islets, creeping towards the lake, a veil of grey vapour lay lightly above the meadows, and the tall poplars stood as ghostly sentinels against the black rock-precipices that rise from the western shore.

But upon the distant glaciers of Mont Blanc the setting sun left a fiery rosiness still, and the little village of Aigremont, far up on the sunny slope of the fertile eastern shore, was merry yet in the lingering sunlight and the merry rest of eventide.

"Yes, thou art very proud of thy pretty lover, with his golden curls and his milk-white skin," cried a bold, buxom maid, who stood with her companions beside the shady village well," but I can tell thee, I would not give a kiss for a man who is so fearsome of his handsome face and limbs that he shrinks from a precipice rather than save one of his herd from disaster." There was a roar of laughter, and all eyes were turned towards a tall and slender maiden who stood erect beneath the walnut tree, waiting until her copper pitcher was filled at the slowly trickling fount.

"Michael d'Orsiquet is naught to me," said she proudly, and her short upper lip curled and her

deep grey eyes looked straight at the unwary speaker.

"Oh, hark, Michael is naught to Salome," echoed another damsel scoffingly! "And yet who else dances with her on the green at fairs, who else brings her posies from the Alps? With whom else does she sing in the *rionda*, and who is it who carols *huchies* under her window at night? Oh, no, he is nothing to her!"

But the short lip only curled a little more, and the grey eyes gazed steadily.

"I cannot help his singing," said Salome, quietly. "The birds sing because God made them, and I cannot still them."

"Nay," replied a swarthy youth in the offing, "Mistress Salome cannot help the ways of fools, but it is not for that to be supposed that she listens to her own father's cowherd!"

The lip did not uncurl, but the eyes dropped, the pure profile was turned away and only the flaxen tresses were presented to the bystanders: the pitcher was near full.

"D'Orsiquet or no d'Orsiquet," continued the last speaker, "his fortunes are fallen and he is no match now for the daughter of farmer Duplessis."

The proud head was raised again and the grey eyes flashed, and the lips, trembling with anger, opened to speak, but at that moment the gay carolling of an elaborate *jodel* fell upon the air, executed with all the finish of an operatic singer,

and the figure of a tall and comely youth descended the path toward the trees.

Salome turned once more to her pitcher; her lips trembled still, but upon the grey eyes and the pale face that suns had tanned so little, all the former coldness fell like a shadow.

"Ah! now, for whom are those pretty scales?" whispered Judith—the girl who had first spoken. "Dost thou suppose that Michael would have come down to the well to see *us*?"

The youth stood on a little rock just above Salome. His eyes were fastened on her; he seemed to have none for anybody else; yet she never glanced at him, nor did her cheek flush with pride or pleasure at the knowledge of his gaze.

He was well-named; as he stood there he was as a very image of the saint himself. The evening sun shone on his golden curls and into his blue eyes, but the gladness on the sweet mouth had slowly faded and the curved upper lip closed over the full lower one, sadly.

"Hast lost any more of thy master's cattle over the precipices of Jaman?" asked the youth who had sneered at him before behind his back.

Michael turned his head for a moment, but only for a moment, for when he answered the speaker his eyes were fastened once more on Salome watching how *she* would take his words.

"God forgive me," said he humbly, and it was evident enough that he was not speaking to the churlish scoffer; "I sat and played on my pipe and the heifer gave me the slip."

"Thou hadst best have been a musician, methinks, than a simple cowherd," sneered Judith.

"Ay, if whistling into a reed be all the duty of an Alpine cattle-herder," added the bully, "there might be others who could vie with thee, mayhap, but I have heard tell that the work needs presence of mind—nay courage."

"Courage!" echoed Michael, the quick red leaping to the sunburn of his fair skin and making it of a russet hue!

"Ay! couldst at least have brought thy master the skin of the poor beast!"

"Methinks thou dost not know or dost not remember the precipices of Jaman," replied Michael, with a glance as near to scorn as his gentle beauty could assume.

"Ay, I know them well enough!" laughed the

bully. "And wert thou not such a pretty Saint Michael, as thou art, thou wouldst not, perchance, be in the service of farmer Duplessis!"

The glance at Salome was unmistakable and a general laugh followed that brought a faint flush to the marble whiteness of the girl's cheek.

"When Michael d'Orsiquet comes for his wage to the farm, I fear me he will learn that he is no longer in the service of farmer Duplessis," said she, in a low voice, but with her grey eyes flashing fiercely as she turned them on her fair adorer.

"Well done, Salome," and "Come, thou hast shown a bit of spirit at last," came from all sides in varied tones of rough raillery; and only one voice cried sharply, "Let the girl alone, for heaven's sake; she hath done naught against *you*."

It was the voice of a buxom woman of middle age, who now approached the fountain with her vessel; the eyes of the loiterers rested on her good-humouredly, one and all; even the most malicious could not manage to pick a quarrel with mother Falaise: she was too entirely free from malice herself.

"Ah, you always had a soft corner for Michael, my mother," laughed Judith, as she helped Salome hoist her copper water vessels on to the yoke for her shoulders.

"And who else should have it if not I who nursed him at my breast when his own mother was laid in the earth?" declared the woman, stoutly, looking towards the comely youth who stood where he had first appeared, but with a face set and stony as though transfigured by grief. And then, guessing his pain, but with the tact of affection restraining from noticing it, she added: "For shame on you all to twit a man with his ill-luck. It's you that are cowards, not he. Ay, and it'll serve you right if the fairy's milk gets some damage on your sills this night and misfortune comes *your* way next. Most like the milk for the fairies was sour last night on farmer Duplessis' window, and that's how the mishap befell the herd at all."

Several of the lads laughed at this, and Judith said scoffingly: "I thought that old story was a worn-out tale now-a-days, mother."

But Salome had looked up and Michael even clasped his hands, waiting on her words.

"I always set the fairies' portion," said the girl proudly.

"Ay, and last night it *was* poisoned, added the youth, for I saw it curdled and tasted it; and beneath the window there was a sprig of henbane.

The people looked from one to the other in unacknowledged horror, and a low exclamation escaped Salome's lips; but the girl Judith dropped her eyes and grew rosy red.

She burst forth, however, presently with a rough laugh: "Ah, you were singing your fine roundelays beneath Mistress Salome's window, I suppose. That is how you came to be by. Well, I for one have no faith in these old folks' tales. They're nonsense. If farmer Duplessis' heifer fell over the precipices of Jaman, it was not because the fairies were offended and ceased to protect the cattle; it was because their herder was a coward."

The red leapt once more to Michael's cheek, but Salome only grew a little paler, and set her lips more tightly.

"Ay, the young mistress has but served him out his deserts," cried another.

But mother Falaise made reply:

"Come, lad, never stand there dumbfounded," cried she gaily. "Whether Mistress Judith does or not, I believe in the old tales, and if one is true, so may another be. Say the milk *was* poisoned by some cowardly hand of jealous maiden or envious youth"—and the dame glanced at the handsome couple and then at the flushed and angry face of the spiteful Judith. "thou hast no need to take the name of coward so quietly for all that. Come, let me show thee a way to give them all the lie. I warrant—hunter or no hunter, hero or no hero—there's not a man here would brave the fairies of the Rhône islets if he believed in them. Dost know the tale, Salome? He who at the full moon plucks a handful of the lilies that blow where lake and river meet may chance to see one of the fairies to whom they belong, and he who sees the fairy" added mother Falaise, dropping her voice to a dramatic whisper—"is a dead man within the year."

Again youths and maidens looked from one to the other, and a shadow fell upon the little company that was not only the shadow of twilight as the sun sank behind the mountains.

Only Michael's face was as though transfigured by joy as he gazed still at Salome, who glanced at him now with her lips parted and fear in her grey eyes.

"Ay, my mother, 'tis a good thought," cried he gaily. "I will go. The moon is propitious—she is at the full. This very even will I go. And mistress Salome will perchance accept the lilies of the Rhône fairies in token of my sorrow at the misfortune that has occurred."

"'Twill be a better posy than a handful of gentian and mountain-pink at any rate," laughed Judith, "and though thou wilt not risk thy life, o' my thinking, thou may'st wet thy feet, and that would be a peril to thee."

Michael took no notice of the taunt, but it seemed as though Salome did, for the momentary betrayal of anxiety for her lover was quickly followed by a return of her former hardness as she replied: "I have no need for posies. Neither is it with me that thou hast to reckon, Michael d'Orsignet, but with my father."

"Nay, come now, Salome," declared the mother Falaise, "everyone knows well enough that it is thou who art mistress at the farm. Be not so haughty, maiden. It becometh thee not."

The last words were spoken in a low tone as the dame took her turn at the spring, but Salome took no notice, and without another word, slowly began her ascent towards the farm.

"Salome is no fool, after all," laughed Judith. "She will take the handful of lilies for what they are worth. She knows well enough that no sane man believes in fairies, and if this feat is a display of courage——"

"Nay," interrupted Michael, quickly, for now that Salome was gone his gentleness had risen in a storm as the soft snow before a hurricane—"no, it is not meant for any display of courage. Thou art right—no sane creature believes in fairies, and if Mistress Salome's heart is poisoned, as the foolish pot of cream was poisoned on her window-sill—it is by no agency unknown. I look not to meet the fairy of the Rhône, yet if Mistress Salome will but take the lilies for what they are worth——, well, I shall be content."

So saying he leapt from the boulder where he stood, and, swinging himself down on to the grass slope behind it disappeared into the pine-wood at his left.

A roar of laughter greeted his departure, for it Michael, the dreamy, the love-sick piper, had so openly confessed his doubt of the fable no one could dare to acknowledge a secret belief in it.

"Oh, the brave hero—a fine St. Michael, indeed," were the exclamations that followed him as he went, and above them the voice of mother Falaise lustily crying: "Come, which of you will go down to-night and pluck the fairy's lilies at the moonrise?"

But Michael heeded them not. He cared nothing for their taunts; sensitive as he was, he cared nothing for their rough usage; he cared only for one thing in this world—Salome's smile, Salome's kindness. And if he gave any heed to the jealous gibes of his comrades it was only because, with a lover's unerring instinct, he guessed that she cared for them, he guessed that they injured him in her eyes.

A coward! It had struck her like a stone; he had seen it. And she had said that that night he would be discharged her service.

Oh, how cold she had looked! She had frozen his heart.

But it beat now wildly, as he climbed the hill upon the slippery fir needles. Salome stood on the top, which she had reached by the path. The farm nestled into the hill-side above them—white walls and a thatched roof secured by huge stones; it had a fringe of vine before its door and a background of vines behind it.

He could hear the farm-servants call to one another, the sound of the churning in the dairy, and the poultry in the yard. But a little fir-covered knoll hid them from sight, and he placed himself boldly in her path. The afterglow was fading, and the short southern twilight would soon be dusk. She started a little, but stood still before, and he spoke without delay.

"Dear mistress," said he, and his full, rich voice quivered, and in his blue eyes was a prayer, "Do not send me from you thus! Do not tell me that there is no way in which I can earn your forgiveness. Ah, in what have I so deeply offended? Tell me, for the love of Heaven!"

She did not look at him, but he could see that the hand that steadied the copper vessel trembled a little.

"How dare you stop my way?" said she at last. "Let me pass!"

"Nay, I will not let you pass," he replied, gaining courage as he went on. "I will not let you go till you have told me why I am in disgrace. Before all the village you have said that you will

bid your father discharge me. If it is for the mishap to the heifer, alas, I grieve for it bitterly, I acknowledge my fault for it was through carelessness that it happened. But if I was careless and dreamed instead of minding my business it was because I was dreaming of you, Salome—it was because I was speaking to you in my song. No; it is not that alone that has turned you against me. Such a little thing could not sour the heart of a maiden towards the man whose love she knows as you know mine. I will not believe it. Have you forgotten the Eve of the St. John when we climbed the forest together as the bells chimed for even-song? Have you forgotten what I told you then? Have you forgotten how you smiled upon me? And if my poor voice has been louder since then in sending its praises to Heaven, if I have forgotten myself in dreams of bliss pouring my soul into my simple flute—who is it who hath brought me to this pass? Ah, Salome, *you* surely may forgive! See, I pray you have pity. I love you, I love you! I love you!"

His voice trembled still and it was as music, it was as soft music, and his eyes were as molten fire; but they did not melt Salome.

For in her bosom beat no gentle soul and she did not understand her lover. In her own way she loved him well, as a strong-willed peasant maiden can love a handsome youth, but she was proud, proud as, perhaps, no maiden but a Swiss maiden is apt to be, and the word "coward," even had it only been whispered in connection with one she fancied, would have been as a lash across her own cheek.

"What," said she, in low and scathing tones, face and lips white with anger, "you come here fawning and cringing to me for pity now? I might have thought it; there is no spirit in you. No wonder I am the laughing-stock of the village. Go! I have told you, it is not with me you have to deal. It is with my father."

He drew back aghast. Was this Salome, the Salome he loved? The taunt lashed him to the quick, but it cut below his pride; it cut to the heart, and self-love was stunned by the deeper wound. "Then it is *that* you mind?" murmured he. "I am judged by these blustering, swaggering heroes and husseys of Nigremont, and by *their* standard I must fall. Oh, Salome, I had not believed it!"

"You may believe what you please," said she

more faintly, for she was ashamed—ashamed because she knew that she was unjust; because she knew that Michael was not really a coward though he might not be a hero of physical prowess: "I am not such a poor creature as to be led in my feelings by what others think; I can think for myself. My father was a chamois hunter and my brother died in the chase, and the lad who cannot follow where a poor little *heifer* strays is no lad for me! Nay, and though my father look not for feats in his cowherd, he will at least seek one who does his duty."

"Oh, Salome, such gibes come not from your own true heart. You are unjust, and you know it," said Michael quietly. The fire of his supplication had died out of him, and he spoke sadly. "And though you say that you are not led by others, I know full well that, but for the taunts of your comrades, you would have given me a fair hearing. But I will not yet despair. I love you too well. If I have not the prowess of the chamois hunter, I may perchance find another way to your favour. Patience hath served many a man."

"Let me pass," repeated the girl imperiously, for she felt her resolve waver before the steady fire of his patient and forgiving love—"deeds and not words move a wise woman. I see my father yonder and, you know, he loves not overmuch to see us parleying."

Michael glanced up, and saw the hale old farmer standing on the terrace above beneath the vines.

"Ay," answered he, "I know it. Yet could I reckon with my master were my mistress of a better mind. But you have said it: deeds and not words become me best. See, the last breath of the afterglow hath faded from the bosom of the glacier. It is cold, Salome, but the moon will rise ere long. I go where there is a deed to do, though I would it were one fraught with deeper danger."

"I wish you good luck," said she more softly, as she moved off.

He strode after her, one long stride, and laid his hand on her arm.

"Salome, thou believest in the fairies," said he. "Ah, do not deny it. I know it—and where is the shame?" He had fallen into the use of the

familiar pronoun in his energy, and she did not resent it. She stood silent; it was true—superstition was the bit of imagination in her simple nature, and she was far too honest to deny it to him.

"Thy silence gives consent," added he, after a moment, "and for my love of thee, I pray that I may see a sight of one this night. Say, Salome, if it be so, shall it be the way to thy favour at last?"

She turned, in her sudden return of fear, forgetting her anger.

"He who looks in the eyes of a Rhône fairy dies the death," whispered she, striving hard to hide her trembling, and speak with her former scorn.

But Michael saw that which made him take heart. "Fear not, I will never look in any eyes but thine," cried he, gaily. And unmindful of her haughty air, unmindful of the searching gaze from above, he snatched one hasty kiss, and sped down the mountain.

She tore herself away defiantly, but when the old man upon the terrace met her with anger as she mounted the steps, she looked him in the eyes just as courageously.

"So, was it for this I spared the *ne'er-do-weel* who has lost me my *heifer*!" began he angrily. "That thou mightest tryst with him on the forest border at sundown as no honest girl may do?"

Salome bit her lip, but she answered quietly enough: "It was no tryst, and Michael is no *ne'er-do-weel*. I asked thee to spare him till he had time to explain—he came to explain. Now, if thou deem he have failed in his duty to thee, do thou discharge him, and welcome; but for aught he may have failed in respect to me, I will do the chiding."

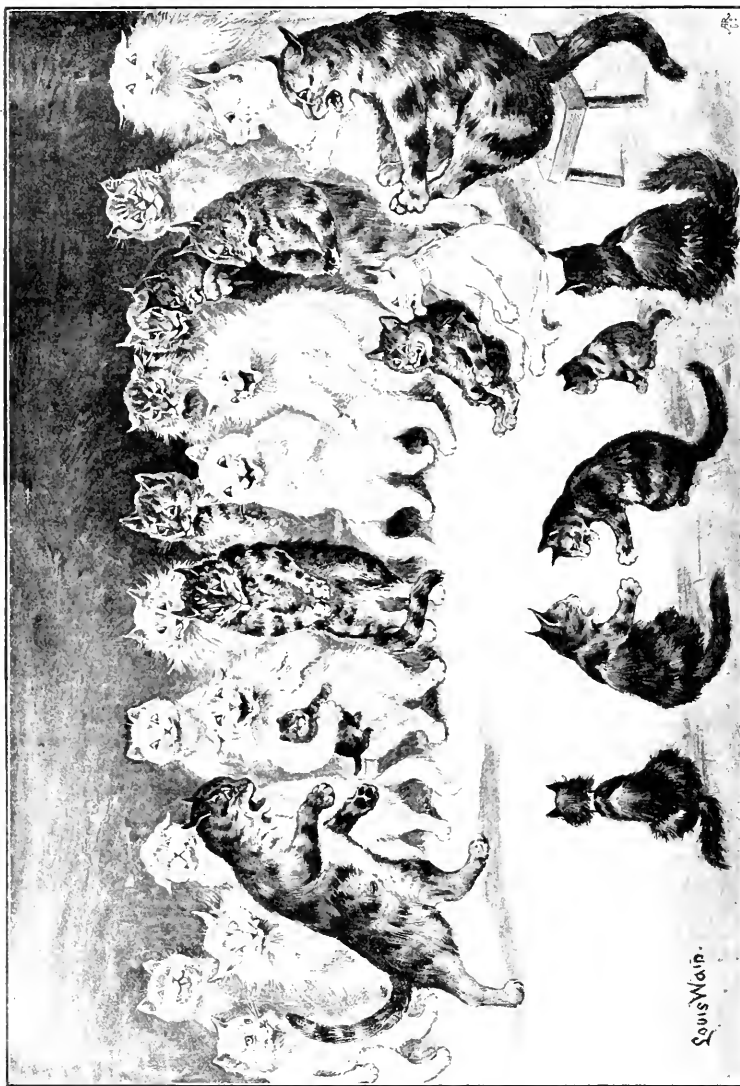
She passed into the kitchen with her water pails, and the old man was left muttering.

"Discharge him, and welcome!" murmured he. "And she loves him as the apple of her eye! Women be strange cattle! I would I had discharged him a year ago. But now it's too late. She must *e'en* rule it her own way—rule it her own way."

He nodded his head resignedly.

But within, Salome had cast herself upon her bed, and wept bitter tears.

(To be continued.)



A FUNNY STORY

THE JOKE.

YOU ask me why I wear this grin,
Which neither griefs nor frights efface,
And which, I own, is never seen
On the domestic pussy's face.

It dates, my friend, from long ago,
From happy unforgotten days
When, while the snow lay thick outside,
We sat around the Yule-log's blaze.

We were, in number, twenty-eight,
And all convivially disposed;
We listened to the ghostly lore
Which aged pussy-folk disclosed.

We heard of ghostly dogs and brooms,
And all our whiskers trembled, pale --
At last a stout well-liking cat,
Stood up and told a funny tale.

It caught us with resistless mirth,
It broke the ghost-and-goblin yoke;
No cats have ever laughed before
As we at that delicious joke.

And as we held our laughing sides,
And even the stern no more could frown,
From a high shelf above our heads
A Cheshire cheese came tumbling down!

It was enough! The sudden shock
Fixed on each furry face the grin
Which shall endure unchanged, until
The under-gardener earths us in.

For still we grin at good and bad,
We grin at brooms, boots, fish, and rats,
Alike at cats'-meat and the dog,
And mortals call us "Cheshire Cats."

E. N.



MADAME ALBANI AS DESDEMONA, IN THE OPERA OF OTHELLO
To a Photograph by Messrs. Window & Grove.

WOMEN WORTH KNOWING.

II.—MADAME ALBANI.

ALBERT D. VANDAM.

"SOYEZ comme l'oiseau posé pour un instant
Sur des rameaux trop frêles,
Qui sent plier la branche, et qui chante pourtant,
Sachant qu'il a des ailes."

Victor Hugo.

"He like the bird, as to the branch it clings—
The branch is frail, and 'neath its weight it swings.
What cares the bird? It watches while it sings—
Should the branch snap, the bird can ply its wings."

—A. D. V.

DID Victor Hugo, who liked music, but did not like opera or opera singers, have a tilt at the latter when he wrote the above lines in apparent praise of the feathered songster? I have often suspected it, and, if so, the irony would not be altogether unjustified. The opera singer is, as a rule, indifferent to the welfare of the concern with which he or she is temporarily associated, and only cares for two things, the appointments and the measure of fame to be attained. Married life, especially if it involve the relinquishing of her profession, is, as a rule, a failure with the operatic songstress, and George Elliot did not exaggerate in that respect when she drew the portrait of Daniel Deronda's mother. Consequently, when one meets with a happy and loving wife and mother in that profession, that woman is worth knowing. Such a one is Madame Gye, better known to most of us by the name of Emma Albani.

Montaigne spoke Latin before he could speak French; little Emma Lajeunesse could sing before she could talk, just as Horace Vernet could draw flowers and men and horses before he could walk. Nature takes delight now and then in saving parents the trouble of worrying about their children's professions, and well-advised are the parents who take Nature's hint. The humble organist and professor of music at Chambly, near Montreal, where Emma Lajeunesse was born in 1851, was probably too great an artist himself to thwart his little daughter's vocation; but to those who have not the good fortune to be born rich or under the sunny sky of Italy, the training necessary to make a *grande cantatrice* imposes a heavy burden, and Monsieur Lajeunesse possessed no worldly wealth. "The house in which I first saw the light," said Madame Albani once to a friend, "was so small that when they wanted to make some alterations

in the neighbourhood they lifted it up and moved it away bodily. But it was not destroyed and another spot was found for it."

Small as was the dwelling, it proved too large in a few years for the two remaining inmates, for the third, the mother, was called away and the sorrow-stricken organist and the motherless little girl of seven did *not* "find the room preferable to the company." The mother also had looked after the child's musical training. As one pictures the humble organist and the "wee bairn" trotting to church on Sunday morning, one hand unoccupied for want of the mother's loving grasp, one is irresistibly reminded of that pathetic passage in that homely song, "The Village Blacksmith"; but time, Nature's healer for the wounds of the heart, even more than for the ailments of the body, healed these wounds also, and we find little Emma Lajeunesse singing at a public concert at Montreal when she is barely eight. At nine she performs the duties of organist in a convent, where she remains for several years, whence she moves to Albany.

It has often been said that those are happiest who have the faculty of forgetting. I do not think so, nor does Madame Albani, for it is in remembrance of the kindness shown to her in the city on the Hudson that she adopted her *nom de théâtre*. It appears that the people there enabled her to pursue her operatic studies in Paris and Milan, in which latter city she made her *début* as Amina in *La Somnambula*, when she was but nineteen.

One day, when they were discussing the merits of Balzac in Victor Hugo's presence, the poet cut short the discussion by saying "Balzac is a great artist and there's an end of it." One may fearlessly say the same of Madame Albani. Among the constellations in the operatic firmament that succeeded

Giulia Grisi, Theresa Titiens and Jenny Lind, Emma Albani's place is already too well defined for me to point it out. But neither of these three could reconcile the duties of a loving wife and graceful matron with the duties of a great artist. Grisi's marriage was not a happy one, Titiens shirked the duties of wifehood altogether, and Jenny Lind virtually quitted the stage when she assumed them. Madame Albani drives those two very skittish animals, "Warbling" and "Wedlock," in double harness, and does it with infinite grace and tact. "Elsa" studies the tradesmen's books once a week as attentively as she studies her score every day; when "Amina" walks through the various rooms of her town or country dwelling she is wide-awake like the housewife in *Æsop's* fable, not asleep like the heroine of Bellini's opera. When Nature makes a great artist she means him or her to be the banker, not the usurer of humanity; the gift bestowed is a deposit, not a hoard. Madame Albani understands this better than any living artist on the lyrical stage, she is as ready to sing to the humblest peasant congregation at the quiet little church at Braemar, as to the "highest lady in the land" at Balmoral hard by. And the Sovereign marks her appreciation by a friendly visit now and then to her gifted neighbour at Mar Lodge, when the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and a "Queen of Song" have a confidential chat over a homely dish of tea. It is not the mere ceremonious visit from a ruler to a favourite subject, or from an illustrious patroness of art to an eminent artist; it is the more affectionate intercourse between two ladies, whose private virtues, rather than their public achievement, constitute the strongest strand in the silken bond.

On such occasions the royal guest frequently gratifies her hostess with her own reminiscences of the famous singers of her youth, and, what is better still perhaps, affords a hint now and then with regard to what the French call "the composition" of the characters Madame Albani represents. Two out of the three ardent students of literature among the members of the Royal family are still, happily, left to us—namely, Queen Victoria herself and her eldest daughter, the Empress Frederick. Not only Shakespeare, but Goethe and the *Nibelungen*, the chronicles of the Holy Grail, the poems of Wolfranz von Eschenbach are as familiar to Her Majesty as they are to a professor of

German literature at our universities. Madame Albani thinks that the operatic singer must realize the character to be sung just as much as the actor must realize the part he is to play. When they are available she goes to the original sources of information, but though she is "a quick study" she has not always the time necessary for the careful perusal of lengthy works such as those quoted above, and scholarly suggestions are therefore very welcome. Exalted as is her station, the illustrious Sovereign is by no means above discussing the details of "toilette," and as Madame Albani designs all her own costumes, an authority such as the Queen's on mediæval and Renaissance feminine apparel is what we familiarly term a "godsend." I was once for two hours in the library in Windsor, and the magnificently illustrated tomes treating of those sumptuary details are enough to make one's mouth water.

The woman who the Queen thus delights to honour has none of the affectations or whims that so frequently mar the characters of successful—and even of unsuccessful—operatic artists. The amiability of great singers, whether male or female, is not proverbial, success frequently turns their heads. Those who know Madame Albani best aver that nearly twenty years of the world's applause have made no difference in her disposition. She is as simple and as unpretending now as when she first came among us in '72, and, above all, she is as conscientious as an artist as she was then. Frédéric Le Maître went to mass and confession on the morning of having to "create" a new character and trusted for the rest to his magnificent inspiration. As a rule, he was by no means "letter perfect." I do not think Madame Albani goes to church on such occasions, but I do know that she studies both her text and her music very hard for weeks beforehand, and that the mornings which the great French actor spent in prayers are devoted by her in going through every note to be sung in the evening.

Madame Albani, like a good many people, has a few innocent superstitions; for instance, she believes in "the lucky black cat." Just as she was ready to go on the night of her *début* at Covent Garden, in April, '72, a big black cat came into her room and looked up at her. She was delighted. Since then she has always welcomed the "sable-hued puss;" but she takes care to tell you that

in order to bring good fortune his other appearance must be accidental. As such, unlike Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, she does not keep one constantly with her, and her fellow-actors, who might object to Grimalkin, are not treated to the sight of the latter being fed at rehearsals. Instead of this, Madame Albani's almost inseparable companion is "Chat," a terrier, who, however, does not accompany his mistress to the opera, but who follows her religiously through the house, unless Master Ernest Gye takes forcible possession of him, most frequently in the strictly orthodox way in which boys do take possession of a dog by the tail. "Chat," does not seem to mind it, for a moment afterwards he will contentedly stand on his hind legs and go through his drill.

So far I have spoken of Madame Albani as a successful *prima donna*, and a highly appreciated wife, mother, and friend. But it must not be thought that, rarely as she talks of them, that she has not had her trials also. One of the greatest authorities in matters operatic absolutely refused to believe in her future as a singer. I am alluding

to the late Maurice Strakosch, the brother-in-law and erstwhile *impresario* of Madame Adelina Patti. He admitted the purity and sweetness of her voice, but he considered its possessor not strong enough physically to bear the wear and tear of it. In vain did Prince Poniatowski endeavour to persuade him to the contrary. "Her strength of mind and will is sufficient to overcome all difficulties of that kind," he argued. M. Strakosch would not be persuaded. It is more than probable that if he had not had at the time half-a-dozen promising young singers at hand he would have allowed himself to be persuaded. Mr. Gye was better advised, and without for a moment underrating his wife's great gifts, one may say that he made her what she is. "All the better," said Strakosch, who was a personal friend of mine, when, a few weeks before his death, I was discussing the matter with him. "He has made her a famous singer, she has made him a husband to be envied. I wish there were a few more exchanges of that kind in our profession." To which the author of these lines says heartily, "Amen."

SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

AT the hour of dawn on the Northern Sea
 Broke the Eagle the chain of sleep,
 His glancing eyelid opened he,
 And longed full deeply his wings to steep
 In the flood of light that the sun poured forth
 Over the waves and the rocks of the North.

He tosses the snow from his widening wings,
 And scatters the ice that round them clings,
 With a cry and a plunge and an upward dash
 He breasts the air in the sunshine bright,
 And soars aloft in an ocean of light—
 With a cry and a plunge, and a flash.
 And a sudden sound
 Re-echoed around
 As if the earth had shivered in twain,—
 He drops far down to the sea again.
 Cried the Captain, "that's one, Boatswain"—quoth he,
 "You've brought down—Golden Eagle—King of the Sea!"
 Such is the cunning of men.

ARTHUR M. C. TAYLOR.

The Poor Lovers.

BY E. NESBIT



THERE were once two poor lovers who loved each other very dearly. They wanted to give each other a keepsake, but they were poor—poor—poor,—so poor that they had nothing to give. One evening, walking through the meadows when the grass was down and the hedges were pink with wild roses, they talked of this and each wept to think that neither could give a gift to the other; but as they were kissing away each others tears, a little fairy saw them. The fairy was riding by on a sunbeam, and he was rather in a hurry, because of course the sunbeam had to be home before dusk. However the fairy stopped a moment to see what was the matter. Then he whispered in their ears, and the lovers looked into each others eyes and smiled through their tears, and said, "Yes; we will!"

So they were married. Having nothing else to give, they gave themselves to each other and each one thought the gift the most precious in the world.

And they went to London to seek their fortunes. Their friends gave them a little money to start with, and when they got to London they were so fortunate as to get work—the work for which the public thought their talents fitted them.

He was a poet—but poetry is not marketable unless you are a lord, or have a friend who is critic of the *Daily News*. So he had to write

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notices of other people's poetry, and to "interview" people who had made money by oil and nitrates and money-lending and other unpoetic methods. She painted beautifully, but pictures are not marketable unless you take a room in Bond Street, and hang the walls with sage-green satin, and give afternoon tea to possible purchasers. So she had to paint birthday cards, and fans, and handkerchief boxes, which is tiring work and badly paid. Thus they were still poor, but they were foolishly happy, and thought the world a very beautiful place indeed.

But when they had been in London about two years troubles began, worse than they had ever dreamed of. First they had a little dear baby, with a round, soft, dark head and bright eyes, and little pink hands and feet. This, of course, was not a trouble, but the greatest joy in the world, greater than any joy they had ever dreamed of. Their little shabby sitting-room was quite beautiful now the cradle was in it. He used to look up from his writing and see her sitting by the little window trying to make the baby notice the dusty London sparrows, and his eyes used to prick and smart with tears of joy that never fell.

But a day came, a cruel sunshiny day, when he and she had to kiss the little round head for the last time, to close the dear eyes, to cover up the little pink fingers and feet, to leave the baby alone in a strange garden, and go home to the empty cradle and the silent rooms.

He and she never spoke of the baby, and she never cried when he could see her because she loved him so. But when he was out "interviewing," or at night when he was asleep, she used to cry, and cry, and cry.

And it grew more and more difficult for her to paint, and at last she went to a doctor, who understood about people's eyes. And he told her very kindly and gently that she had painted too much and cried too much and that she would soon be quite blind, but she did not tell him.

That night he came home very tired and sad and sat down at her feet and put his head in her lap and said:

"Wife, you'll have to keep us both, for I've lost my place as reporter, and they say my interviews are badly done, and so they are."

And she put her arms round his neck and leaned over him and said sweet foolish things to him till

he forgot all his troubles and laughed and was glad. And she did not tell him her secret because she loved him so.

The next day came some money, two pounds, which she had earned.

"Dear sweetheart," she said to him, "I am ill, I can work no more. Let us with this two pounds go home again."

"But—" he began,

"I want to go home," she sobbed, leaning on his shoulder and rubbing her cheek against his, so that he felt her tears for the first time since he and she covered up the little brown head and the little pink hands and feet. "I want to go home, the noise tires me. I am ill. You are ill. Everything is a mistake; let us go home. At least, we can die there—"

"My love, my dear," he answered, "we will go home for a day. One whole, long, happy day. Not to see any of the people—they have forgotten us. But the church, where we were married, and the wood where I used to kiss you."

"Yes," she answered, "that is what I wish."

So next day they went very early, for it was a long journey, and they walked together through the meadows, gray with hay, and by hedges where the wild roses were pink and sweet.

There never was such a day. They forgot all their sorrows, and only remembered each other, and the summer and the sunlight, and their love. They wandered through the woods, and heard the thrushes and nightingales, and they saw a squirrel and two rabbits.

By and by they strayed down to the sea, and saw the great jewel blazing in the sun, and they sat down on the sand and held each others hands. They were so happy that they fell fast asleep.

While they lay there on the sand asleep they both dreamed a beautiful dream. That he was writing songs that made men's hearts beat high, and their souls thrill to noble aims; that she was painting pictures which mothers brought their children to see, and stood before with tears and smiles, saying, "It is more beautiful than life."

The sun sank red behind the sea, and still they dreamed this dream, and they dreamed further that they were always together, each always lover and beloved, and that their little lost baby had come back to them.

Now, as they lay there asleep, the Queen of the Water-fairies came by. She is the most potent enchantress in the world and can do almost anything. But she can't make roses grow on a bramble, and she can't put pretty dreams in the place of ugly ones. But where she finds pretty dreams she can fix them. She came up out of the blue water with her little babies laughing and leaping round her. It's the greatest mistake to suppose that the water-fairies have tails. Mermaids have, of course; but that has nothing to do with the story.

Well, when the sea-fairy came to where the poor lovers lay sleeping, she stopped and looked at them. Her merry white babies stopped too.

"Who are these?" they asked.

The Queen of the Sea-fairies (who knows everything) sighed and said:

"They are two poor lovers and when they wake they will be very sad, because this is their last pretty day. The rest is all sadness."

The smallest, whitest sea-baby stooped to look closely at them.

"Why are they sad?"

"They have lost their little dear baby; they are ill, and they are poor."

"What is poor?"

"A kind of illness these land-creatures have."

"Can't you help them?" asked the children.

"Only in one way," the great queen answered.

"Oh, mother, darling, help them," cried all the little sea-babies, clinging round her. "Do, do, do help them, because they have no nice babies as you have."

The Sea Queen sighed and smiled and the two poor lovers also smiled and sighed, for their dream was growing more and more beautiful. Yet through it all, some thread of their thoughts still clung to the bitter truth of life, and so they sighed.

"Help them, dear mother, do!"

"Hush!" the Sea Queen answered, and she raised her hand and beckoned.

The sea answered her. A great blue wave, rising like a wall of sapphire, swept up the beach and bore her and her children back into the depths of the sea. In its breast the great blue wave bore also the two poor lovers and their dream.



WHAT shall I do to please my Queen,
To honour and renown her?
Make a rainbow meet beneath her feet,
And fetch a star to crown her.

BLUE JAY

LIFE IN A SHAKESPEARIAN COMPANY ON TOUR.

WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

PART I.

"I should like to have been Shakespeare's bootblack—just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him—to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet serene face."—THACKERAY.

"HUMPH, so you've only played with amateurs?" queried the manager, after the manner of a doctor who runs through a series of unimportant questions before beginning his examination.

Seeing that he did not expect an answer, I kept silence. His eyes, certainly, were fixed steadily on mine, yet was I sure that he knew even the character of my boots. He had me as it were in critical focus; he was deciding, I think, within his calm business mind what my face and figure and legs were worth in a certain line of parts. I have seen a connoisseur examine a possible "find" in bric-a-brac with the same close, sagacious attention.

Feeling ill at ease, I coughed. Mr. O'Neill lowered his eyes at once, and began to stroke his chin with the second finger of the left hand, the other fingers and the thumb being well spread out.

"I see," he said, after a minute's thought. "You'll excuse me saying so, but your face is decidedly comic; it should 'make up' very well. Thin legs, too, are most useful in some character parts, such as Sir Hugh Evans in *The Merry Wives*, Old Gobbo in *The Merchant of Venice*, and Biondello in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Your person certainly fits itself to all these characters. But—by the way, can you recite me anything, and sing me a song?"

Though shivering with nervousness I tried to do as he wished, but I shall never forget how hollow my voice sounded, and how loudly the clock ticked whilst I was waiting for his decision.

"I should like to hear you in a Shakespearian song before I make up my mind. If you care to learn one, come next Tuesday at ten and sing it to me."

Tuesday came, the song, "Come Away, Death," passed muster, and I was engaged for a few small parts at thirty shillings a week.

"I don't give so much as a rule to beginners," said Mr. O'Neill; "but your voice will be useful to me in *Twelfth Night* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Perhaps you'd like me to tell you what things you'll be obliged to buy? Very well. You'll need several wigs—second-hand ones will do, two or three for character parts, and three or four flow wigs for courtiers. Then you'll want two pairs of Shakespearian shoes, russet and black; three pairs of tights, grey, black and red; some grease paint for 'making up,' some lace and false jewelry, as well as the usual toilette requisites, and, a large basket to keep your properties in. I provide everything else the men require."

"This is a pretty long list, Mr. O'Neill," I remarked.

"Of necessities, only of necessities," he answered. "However poor a man may be, he must look well on the stage. That's a maxim in the profession. Get good second-hand things at a good shop; and remember that care and neatness in 'making up' excuse a good deal of inexperience on the stage."

"When does the tour begin, Mr. O'Neill?"

"We meet for rehearsals next Monday at Exbury. Perhaps you know I have a right to a week's work before the actual tour begins?"

"A week's work?"

"Yes, we run through all the plays, just to brush them up after the long vacation."

"I see. But I suppose we draw our salaries?"

"Oh, no. Actors rehearse for nothing. No play no pay is the custom in the profession."

"And the railway fare, Mr. O'Neill, do I pay for that?"

"Certainly, I only defray your travelling expenses during the tour. By the way, though, do you care for cricket and hockey?"

"Rather!"

"I'm glad of that. I hate my fellows to be milkops. English actors should be English men; fond of sport, strong—ready, in short, for a box or a bathe whenever they've leisure for it."

He rose as he said this, and walked briskly to the window.

"I'm passionately fond of sport myself," he continued; "and I'm glad you like it too. If players had been more athletic in past years, believe me, the profession would not have been so looked down upon by the world. It's time for the cricket pitch to take the place of the pot house. It is indeed. Well, good morning! I hope you'll like your new life."

When we were in the hall he stopped suddenly, and said:

"You told me the other day that hard times had forced you to give up your studio. Excuse me, but if you should be short of a little spare cash when you get to Exbury, perhaps you'll not object to borrow £2 from me on your salary. Good morning!"

He blushed slightly as he said this, and rubbed his chin with a quicker movement.

I thanked him warmly for his kindness, and then rushed off in hot haste to purchase my stock-in-trade. It cost a good deal more than I anticipated, and my spirits sank when the first month's salary was mortgaged to the last penny.

Towards evening, however, I became more cheerful. I thought of the manager's delicate kindness, of the sports we should have in the country, of the delight of studying British history bit by bit from the towns we were to visit. "Well, my boy," I wrote that night in my diary, "a trot through the United Kingdom with Shakespearian scholars for friends should be a liberal education. It does not fall to everyone's lot to get thirty shillings a week for learning his Shakespeare."

I imagined at that time, you see, that no one could live in daily intimacy with the great poet without becoming wise. I know better now. *Toujours Shakespeare* is to the actor's mind what

toujours perdrix would be to his appetite. But more of this anon.

By the first post on the morrow I got a letter from Mr. O'Neill, in which he asked me to study Mr. Page in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and one or two parts of a few lines each in other plays. Mr. Page was quickly learnt. The "short studies," on the other hand, were left neglected, like small debts, as trifles quite unworthy of immediate attention. But it was not long ere I was brought roughly face to face with the fact that it is easier to play a rôle of two hundred lines than one of fifty words, particularly on the first evening, when the nerves play pranks. In a short part there is little chance of overcoming this nervousness; and, moreover, it is necessary to add, as it were, to the text, by making every look or gesture the expression of a thought. A short part, in brief, has to be *created*, and a long one *interpreted* by the actor.

It was a hot August morning when I arrived at Exbury. The merry little town was packed with wealthy holiday-makers, who crowded down the hilly streets on to the parade, dressed in the coolest and the prettiest things imaginable. The air was so tempting that I strolled down to the beach, where hundreds of sturdy youngsters were building squat castles of sand. Before me, over there, midway between the horizon and the shore, hung an opalescent haze, through which, here and there, a parti-coloured pleasure-boat was indistinctly seen, and a steamer, nearer land, busily stained a perfect sky with a solitary cloud.

"A lovely day," said a voice behind me.

I turned. It was Mr. O'Neill who had spoken.

"Very lovely," I answered. "Perhaps a little too hot to be altogether pleasant."

"I'm very happy," said he. "Dress yourself in a *négligé* fashion. Old clothes are the best of friends this sort of weather. By the way, do you speak any dialects?"

"Well, I can manage a brogue, and I've lived long enough in Wales to turn 'b's' into 'p's,' look you, Mister O'Neill."

"That's it. That accent will do for Sir Hugh Evans, so you had better learn the part." He stood for a moment lost in thought, then, without saying another word, he darted down the parade at a swinging stride, jumped a bench as gracefully as a deerhound, and disappeared in the languid crowd.

"That's Mr. O'Neill, the actor-athlete!" remarked a pretty girl in passing to her mother.

I now turned townwards in quest of lodgings, and having interviewed numerous landladies to no purpose in the principal streets, I turned at last into a narrow lane of dingy respectability, and here, in a dirty-faced cottage, I *discovered* a room at eighteen shillings a week. Feeling tired out, I sat on the only chair, and it gave way. The floor had no carpet, the table no coverlet, the basin was divorced from its jug, and a tin can, holding about two pints of water, stood under the wash-stand.

Eighteen shillings a week! I thought. How in the world can I live on thirty? Never mind, I must do without meat, and live within my salary. And this I did, for this I was obliged to do.

At four o'clock I went to the theatre, where my new companions were already at work rehearsing *Hamlet*. It was a nervous moment. Here was I, a raw amateur, about to speak my first words before recognised professionals. I tremble now when I think of the ordeal.

"You are late!" cried Mr. O'Neill, directly he saw me. I made no answer. The even redness of my face spoke for me, and it struck me that the people whispering in the wings were enjoying my want of self-control.

"Stand in the crowd here," said Mr. O'Neill. "Listen attentively to what the King and Queen are saying, and recollect that you're a courtier."

Two ladies now began to snigger. "There!" I thought, "they think me a fool." And after this, my arms felt like stolen property. Where could I hide them—what was I to do with them? I had, 'tis true, a strong inclination to blow my nose, but any natural movement seemed out of the question, and then, all at once, I loudly sneezed.

Yet even this was not the climax of my absurd miseries; for the King and Queen, a moment later, walked indolently off the stage, and I, as a supernumerary, had to follow them.

"Don't walk like that!" Mr. O'Neill cried to me. "Walk easily. And why do you carry your arms like this? Let the motion come from the shoulders. Your elbows are not pinned to the hips, you know. Try to look natural. Come, try again. No! no! Well, you must practice this exit at home."

Once in the wings, I began to breathe again.

The rehearsal continued. All the old members walked through their parts in an automatic manner, gabbled the words, and "came to cues" as quickly as possible. The new members, on the other hand, had to read from their books (not knowing the words) with some show of earnestness, but I noticed that the "business" which tradition had handed down, or which Mr. O'Neill had introduced himself, was considered of more importance than a faultless delivery of the text. Infinite attention was given to (seemingly) trivial details, such as the handing of a letter or a goblet to Claudius, whilst the elocution of the readers, even to my untrained ear, seemed sadly wanting in ease, emphasis, and balance.

It is unnecessary, however, to say more upon this point, as all the London critics, headed by Mr. Austin, Mr. Archer, and Mr. Clement Scott, are advising players to study blank verse, and printed advice is usually followed on the stage.

The rehearsal was dismissed at eight o'clock, and for the rest of the week we were busy at the theatre for about nine hours a day, perhaps more, but certainly not less, and as I had two long parts to learn at "home," it was three in the morning ere I went to bed. This was hard work, as you may guess, but the ladies of the company worked harder than I did, and their expenses and worries far outnumbered mine. They had to buy new dresses for the stage. The material had to be bought between the morning and the afternoon rehearsals, and a moderate dressmaker found by hook or by crook; then time had to be sneaked for "the trying on," and, lastly, the money had to be forthcoming to pay the piper.

Now, our second actress received £2 5s. a week, *out of which she had to keep herself and provide dresses for eight standard plays*; whilst a pretty girl who played such rôles as Jessica, Hippolyta, and Sweet Anne Page had all this to do on five-and-twenty shillings a week. You will thus see that women are so poorly paid in a Shakespearian company that they can scarcely subsist without incurring debt. Indeed, the ladies I have mentioned usually began a tour by borrowing a round sum from the business manager, who, week by week, deducted a few shillings from their salaries, until the debt was paid.

But why, you may ask, are salaries so low?

Partly because the stage is overcrowded with

rich amateurs who play for little or nothing but the satisfaction of parading their beauty and inexperience behind the footlights, and partly because a good Shakespearian company is the only dramatic school, of any practical value, that we have to-day.

It is said that experience must be *bought*. Many an actress certainly buys hers with her capital—her health and good looks, whilst her manager is reaping the harvest of her youthful energy and talent.

To return to my story. We played *Hamlet* on the Monday evening. I can recall one by one all the impressions of that first professional performance. How hot it was! And what a dressing-room we had! It was a long, low, ill-ventilated cellar under the stage. Neither the sun nor the sanitary inspector had peered into it for many a long day; and the sixteen flaming gas-jets that lighted up its dilapidated ugliness, and a corresponding number of baskets, measuring each about four feet high and five long, that encumbered the floor, were provocative of those plain thoughts which are better left unsaid. Sixteen of us dressed in this den. A narrow passage, cold and damp, and a crazy staircase covered with bits of straw, pieces of paper, and goodness knows what else besides, took us to the stage. How dangerously pleasant it was, to be sure, to escape from the suffocating heat into this damp, chilly passage!

Yet, believe me, it was the most comfortable dressing-room we had for many weeks. I began to look back upon it after a time with a feeling akin to pleasure. The drains, truly, were not very bad; the moisture did not run down the walls in streams, consequently our underclothing only got damp from one evening to another; and although the heat might have been troublesome even to a very thin pig, still I am convinced that this cellar had its own peculiar charms.

But what of my fellow actors?

Well, they were a jolly set of fellows. Mad practical jokes, bets on racing, and one or two

piquant little subjects of scandal engaged their serious attention whilst dressing for *Hamlet*.

Are you surprised at this? Does not Shakespeare himself tell us that "the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense?"

On this first night there was a great uproar. So, after dressing myself and smearing my cheeks with pink grease paint, I escaped upstairs. Near the stage-door, there was a little window looking into a side street, and through it I saw a quaint little church, very like the Old Church, Chelsea, that stood out in bold relief from a flaming sky. Jackdaws were circling round the truncated tower; a veteran bell jingled very softly and very slowly; and I cannot tell you what a hush and a mystery reigned in the old graveyard, where the long warm shadows thrown by moss-covered stones and wooden crosses were becoming gradually shorter and fainter as the sun went down.

In looking at this beautiful and peaceful picture, I thought of the room and the noise below, of the thickly-painted greasy faces, of the wigs and false beards, the tawdry frippery, the make-believe jewels, the padded chests and legs. Great heavens! I thought, and is this acting, then, an art? What a shallow mockery it all seems! Poor Shakespeare and poor players!

"Beginners!" cried the call-boy. "Be-e-ginners!"

The play began. Judging by the applause, it went well; but I made myself conspicuous and ridiculous by forgetting my few words in the character of the second gravedigger.

"How's this?" said Mr. O'Neill afterwards. "I suppose you went through your lines before going on the stage."

"Yes, and I knew them too."

"Never do so again. Never think of a new part the day of the performance, and never anticipate the next sentence during the performance. To do so is worse than folly. If you've studied the part the words will come to you right enough. Remember what I say. Meantime, you must not be down-hearted."

(To be continued.)

MAISIE DERRICK.

Katharine S. Haegvoord

CHAPTER IX.

A SPARRING MATCH.

M^R. STANMORE received the summons he expected, and he told his landlady he should not return for a week.

It seemed to Mrs. Grieg that this was a fortunate time to choose for a long-talked-of visit to her own people, and when a note came from her lodger putting off his return for yet another week, she decided to go and see the old aunt from whom she had "expectations," so as to be back before the beginning of "spring cleaning."

She left Figgsmarsh the day after Miss Lescure's arrival; and now that she had come back it was vexatious to have no one at hand to question as to what had happened in her absence, for so very much had happened of late. Miss Savvay's arrival and speedy departure, and finally the arrival of this handsome young French girl, had excited Mrs. Grieg's curiosity to such a pitch that if she had not made all her arrangements and had not also been afraid of offending her aunt, she certainly would have deferred her journey. It was mortifying to go away in the early morning ignorant even of the name of the new visitor at the Hall.

She resolved, however, on her return, to lose no time in satisfying herself. As soon as she had finished her tea, and washed up her cup and saucer, she closed the front door behind her, and crossed the road to the forge.

On Sundays, and when work was over, the forge had a blank appearance; it was a tiled low-roofed barn with a large pair of wooden doors. At this time in the afternoon these doors stood open and showed within a dark cavernous place with a glowing red light in its midst; this light fell on the bronzed faces and arms of two powerful

looking men—one was ringing out musical blows with a huge hammer from an iron bar lying on the anvil beside the red glow; his shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbows displayed the muscles of his hairy arms—his companion stood leaning against the wall hard by as if he had given up work.

Mrs. Grieg nodded to him.

"Good-day to you, Mr. George," she said, politely; "shall I find your father in, d'ye think?" She pointed to a thatched cottage just beyond the forge.

The burly smith nodded.

"Surely, ma'am, you'll find him as usual; you always find the old 'un in at this time. I'd 've thought by now," he said, with a chuckle, "you'd no call to ask that, Mrs. Grieg."

Mrs. Grieg moved her head as if she felt unjustly accused by the young smith's grin; she smiled as she went on to the cottage door. It was pleasant to her to be teased about old Foxley. Mrs. Grieg had no present intention of changing her condition, but she believed in the old blacksmith's admiration, and enjoyed it.

The cottage door was closed, but it suddenly opened, and a tall woman stood filling up the space so that no one could pass by her. She was blue-eyed and sandy haired, her face was pale and flabby; except that her mouth was fish-like and greedy, there was no expression in the stare that greeted the visitor.

"Father in, Harriet?"

Harriet nodded, and as she did not seem inclined to move, the widow squeezed between her and the white-washed wall till she reached the open door of a room within.

Harriet rubbed her shoulder.

"She do push," she grumbled; "but there, it's them that pushes forrardest as takes the cake. Oh, Lor! Oh, Lor!"



G. A. Story, A.R.A., del.

"THE LIGHT FELL ON THE BRONZED FACES AND ARMS OF TWO POWERFUL-LOOKING MEN."

She sighed, and then she followed her unwilling guest.

Mr. Foxley was sitting rather bent forward in his chair, with his big blue eyes fixed admiringly on Mrs. Grieg. He was strong and hearty, and except for a somewhat frequent visitation of lumbago, due, his daughter said, to a fondness for pastry and such food, he was as active at seventy-five as he had been ten years before. His sight had begun to fail, and perhaps for that reason he considered Mrs. Grieg a nice-looking little woman. He had no wish, however, to appropriate her; his daughter Harriet was plain and dull, but she was willing, and slavishly obedient to his wishes, and she was not likely to be tempted to leave him. Mr. Foxley's notion of life was to let well alone and better it as much as possible by taking amusement from everything that came in his way, and Mrs. Grieg afforded the light-hearted old man a good deal of amusement without making a conscious effort to produce it.

"Well," she was saying when Harriet joined them, "I've been thinking a deal about you all, and how things were going on; it isn't leap-year, you know, dear Mr. Foxley, and yet so many strange things have happened. It seemed strange enough, considering what people said about the Hall, that Mr. Yardon should have one young girl to live with him, but to send for another, and she a foreigner! it beats me, it really does."

"But he sent one away before t'other came, Mrs. Grieg."

"Isn't Miss Derrick coming back, then?—is that your meaning? I want to hear what the new one's like, and if she visits the cottages as Miss Derrick did?"

Mr. Foxley shook his head.

"Three questions in a breath, ma'am; you must give me a little leisure to answer in; you see, I don't fancy anyone knows more than their own business—oftimes not too much o' that—so you'll maybe excuse me, ma'am, if I don't give an answer to all you ask for. But there's no mistake on one point, mind you, Mrs. Grieg, this last come young lady is a real beauty. My son Jarge says he never saw a picter as 'ud beat her, and the sect is mostly made the best of in picters, as you know, ma'am."

"Dear me! Is she that?" Mrs. Grieg's eyes were round with surprise; she would not have

believed in old Foxley's verdicts, but Mr. George was well known to have the sharpest sight for a pretty woman of any man in Figgsmarsh. "But you can tell me, Mr. Foxley, does the lady visit the cottages?"

The old man's eyes twinkled; he rubbed his bristly chin, for this being Friday, he was greatly in need of his weekly shave.

"Well," he said, "she's only been here a fortnight; it can't be expected, can it, as she'd fall at once into the ways of Miss Derrick, who came two years and more ago?"

"There ain't many like Miss Derrick," said Mrs. Grieg. Hitherto she had not thought much of Maisie, who always avoided stopping to talk with her, but so much praise of the new-comer made Mrs. Grieg contradictory.

"Understand me, ma'am, I'm not finding fault with Miss Derrick, she's a fine, well-grown young woman, and she have a pleasant face and quiet ways; but Lor' bless you, Mrs. Grieg, t'other one would take all the wind out of her sails in a crack."

Mrs. Grieg had become heated with this unlimited praise of Miss Lescure; her face looked pinched and flushed, and there was a tremble in the superior tones of her voice as she answered:

"I know one as will never put Miss Derrick second, Mr. Foxley."

In the old blacksmith's opinion women were such inferior beings that they were sure to be wrong in their assertions; he noted with much enjoyment the symptoms of irritation in his neighbour: he seized the opportunity of giving Mrs. Grieg a setting down.

"Meanin' your lodger, ma'am; well, I wouldn't be cock sure about that if I were you, neighbour; this young beauty seems able to turn Mr. Yardon with her little finger, and he's tougher to please than your lodger is, I fancy."

Harriet Foxley had stood behind Mrs. Grieg. There was a dull sound as if she had knocked her head against the wall on which she was leaning.

Mrs. Grieg gave a little start, but old Foxley merely glanced at his daughter and then shrugged his shoulders.

"I should say," he said, briskly, "that this young French miss would look higher than Mr. Stanmore. Harriet, my girl, you'll maybe do that again' the wall once too often, and make a

hole in your skull: it's only a question of which is hardest."

Mrs. Grieg turned at this, and gave a look of wonder at the pale, stout woman behind her; but Harriet's colourless eyes were staring so blankly before her that she remained unconscious of being observed.

"Lor', Mr. Foxley!" Mrs. Grieg said; "do you mean she'll be settin' her cap at the Vicar himself?"

Mr. Foxley leaned back and enjoyed a hearty chuckle at his own superior wisdom.

"I said higher than Mr. Stanmore, my good neighbour, and I'm not goin' to set a parson higher than a engineer. What's a parson, Mrs. Grieg? Any fool can be made into one, and he may live and die in the same parsonage like one o' his own shrubs; he'll never be more than a parson. Of course, ma'am, you'll understand I ain't speakin' o' bishops."

Mrs. Grieg shivered. She thought her respected neighbour was very irreverent if not sacrilegious, and she answered him stiffly, drawing herself up:

"Well, Mr. Foxley, that may be your opinion, but I should say it was a higher dooty to raise folks's souls to Heaven than to be always a layin' rails on the earth, as is the means of cuttin' short other folks's lives."

The old blacksmith shook his head as he fixed his humorous blue eyes on his visitor.

"Beggin' your pardon, ma'am, one is as unlikely as t'other; but a capable engineer don't stay where he's first planted, mind you, he's as safe to rise as that Jack what's-his-name rose on the bean vine into a barrow-night—such a thing has happened."

He paused, but the little widow did not interrupt.

"I was not thinkin' of any professional sweet-heart for Miss Lescure, ma'am," he went on; "she's

the kind o' woman that a lord or a real gentleman is apt to go wild over." He nodded his head and winked, "I know 'em."

Mrs. Grieg looked at him curiously; she began to think he was a bit childish about the new visitor at the Hall.

"You make me quite wishful to see this beauty," she said in a vexed voice; "but you only praise her, you don't say what she's like; is she as tall, now, as Miss Derrick?"

Harriet seemed to think her turn had come.

"She's a good bit taller than what Miss Derrick is; she ain't no height to speak of."

Foxley looked delighted.

"Poor Harriet!" he said softly; then to Mrs. Grieg:

"Yes, ma'am, our beauty is a perfect height; there's nothin' about her, as far as I can see, as ain't perfect. I was up the hill yesterday an' she was a comin' out o' the gate along of Mr. Yardon as straight as a young larch—the wind was blowin' her golden hair about, an' her eyes was shinin' like stars; I looked at her as I touched my hat an' she gave me a smile"—he smacked his lips—"Lord! I can see it now; I don't believe Eve was a perfecter female creature than what she is."

The old blacksmith checked himself, and a

little streak of colour showed in each cheek. Though he had always plenty to say, Mr. Foxley prided himself on guiding his tongue with discretion; he despised women for their unguarded speech. He felt now that he had given Mrs. Grieg "a handle" as he called it.

Mrs. Grieg was looking more tortoise-like than ever as she listened with her pointed head a little on one side, thereby showing many creases in her lean brown throat, so loose-skinned that doubtless it had once been plumper; her keen black eyes glistened with a mixture of curiosity and vexation.



"She raised her head stiffly."

"Well, I must say you are wonderful fascinated, Mr. Foxley." ("It ain't respectable of him," she thought.)

He nodded repressively.

"I tell you all this, ma'am, for you to understand my meanin'; there'll be a good bit takin' place in Figgsmarsh 'tween this an' Christmas, more than's been for years past; Captain Wentworth's comin' home for good, an' then Manor House 'll be open again, an' it 'll want a mistress. This young beauty 'll take the Captain by storm, or I don't know him."

He looked at her triumphantly.

But the widow considered that he was meddling in matters that belonged exclusively to females; she raised her head stiffly and drew down her upper lip.

"There's no tellin'," she said; "this beauty, as you call her, may not care for the Captain—he'll not be much to look at, I fancy—an' all of our sex ain't alike in their tastes, Mr. Foxley; you think a heap of him, more than likely because he's Lord o' the Manor, an' so forth, you see." Here she put her head again on one side. "Not bein' born on his land makes a difference in my views; if I was this beauty, an' a good-lookin' young gentleman came in my way, don't you suppose I'd liever take up with him than with a broken-down constitootion who has passed his days in India an' Heaven knows where, an' ain't got no liver, which they don't in India; an' he may have a black wife for what we know to the contrary."

She gave herself a little flounce of mingled disgust and superior wisdom; then, as she saw a look of sarcasm in her old friend's face, she felt alarmed.

"I was wonderin', ma'am," he said, slowly, "what any of us know about your lodger; he's got a wife perhaps. Mrs. Grieg, have he ever told you in plain words that he's a bachelor man?"

The pale woman behind Mrs. Grieg put out both hands as if to save herself from falling, and Mrs. Grieg herself fidgetted and sat staring with a drooping under lip; but she quickly recovered herself.

"Of course he'd have told me, Mr. Foxley, if he'd had a wife, he being such a gentleman as he is in all his ways; let alone there'd be a photo or somethin' or another to show. There is a photo,

sure enough, that hangs beside his bed, an' a very sweet face it is; but Lor', Mr. Foxley, that's his mother, he told me so. Well, I must go an' see if his rooms have been kep' aired. More than likely a letter 'll come to-morrow a hour or so before he comes hisself."

CHAPTER X.

A LETTER.

WINTER has been suddenly and prematurely blotted out by delicious weather; the unwise leaves, judging by their feelings only, have strown the ground below them with brown husks, and are busy unfolding their crinkled surfaces.

"How delicious the air is," Maisie said. "Spring air is so sweet, and yet it makes one feel lazy."

Miss Savvay looked up from her book.

"I should not have said there was anything especially lazy about you this morning, child. I was watching you run races with Patch on the grass."

The girl leaned back in her chair and laughed.

"I said 'feel.' It is not easy to be actually idle beside industrious you." Maisie hesitated, and then she looked affectionately at her companion. "Perhaps feeling so happy makes me lazy-minded."

"Happy!" Miss Savvay shook her head. "You can be happy anywhere if you choose, Maisie. Why are you so different here and at Yardon? If I were a bright, healthy young girl with your advantages, I would be happy everywhere, and I would make my grandfather spoil me."

Maisie's head drooped, and she looked troubled.

Miss Savvay watched her a moment in silence.

"You see," the girl said, plaintively, "it's my fault for being shy; since I came here I've been wondering whether it is not all vanity. I can't feel shy with you, because you are so indulgent; you could not be unkind to me whatever I might do."

"I don't know that; in fact, I am now going to scold you. My notion is that you have irritated your grandfather by letting him see that you are afraid of him."

"There is no use in arguing," the girl said. "We come back to the starting point. I will do

better when I go back; if I could believe that I was of any use, or that my grandfather really cared to have me with him, I could make myself happy, but—" She half closed her eyes, and Miss Savvay saw that she was suffering. Presently she went on firmly: "It is better to say it out at once for all, and then we won't talk of this again. I know what it is to be loved; I never knew anything else till I went to Yardon. I am not fanciful—I never thought about feelings till I lived with my grandfather—but I know that he dislikes me. I go down in the morning bright and happy, and then, I can't tell how it comes, but I get suddenly chilled; I feel quite frozen. I do everything awkwardly. I look up and I see that he is disgusted. My self-control goes, I am frightened, and then instead of smiling when I speak, I am as grave and solemn as he is. I can't conquer myself, dear Miss Savvay; I can't, indeed. It is like a nightmare. Now you see how silly I am." There was a quaver in her voice as she tried to smile.

Her friend looked very severe.

"You want a good deal of change," she said; then very abruptly added: "I can't make out why you don't stay with me altogether."

Maisie rose.

"I promised to live at Yardon," she said in a sorrowful voice, and she went upstairs.

Miss Savvay's rooms were smaller than those at Yardon, but they had the undefinable charm about them which a woman's taste can exercise, supposing she has such a faculty. The carpet was old, and the paper on the walls was faded—they had been good—but the curtains were dainty and fresh looking, and so was the covering of the chairs and sofas, and the various cushions lying about on them. Little tables were placed just where a table was needed; and there were pretty knick-knacks on them; flowers freshly gathered and effectively grouped brightened every part of the room. It is possible that these pleasant surroundings, which reminded Maisie of her own home with her mother, had helped to make the congenial atmosphere she had found at Nappa. She did not care to stay long upstairs; the talk with her friend had not left any pleasant food for reflection.

She found Miss Savvay reading a letter when she came down.

"Guess who my correspondent is," she said;

"you need not be jealous, Maisie, I will read you Mr. Stanmore's letter."

The girl's eyes brightened; she looked very happy as she seated herself near the window with her face turned from her companion. Since she had been at Nappa it had seemed to Maisie that she might have mistaken Mr. Stanmore's manner, it might only have meant kindness.

The letter began:—

"DEAR MISS SAVVAY,—I could not see you again at Yardon, for the day after our expedition I received a summons to town, and I had to stay there a fortnight before the business I went on was completed. I was so much mortified to find that you had gone and carried off Miss Derrick. I write now to ask you when you are coming back. You have no doubt heard about Mr. Yardon's visitor, and I suppose you will expect me to say what I think of her. I hear this is Miss Lescure's first visit to England; she is said to be very beautiful. I am told she is Mr. Yardon's ward."

"Miss Lescure! What does he mean?"

Maisie looked annoyed as she spoke.

"You know I told you there was a reason for our leaving Yardon, dear child. Your grandfather, I believe, meant to tell you himself. He asked me to take you away because someone was coming to stay at Yardon. I fancy he was not quite sure whether this person would be fit to associate with you, Maisie. Now listen, I had only read Mr. Stanmore's letter so far when you came in."

"I have not yet seen her," the letter went on; "she seems to have greatly impressed my landlady, and old Foxley raves about her, but you have no doubt heard of her charms from Mr. Yardon."

"How very strange," Maisie said, "that grandfather does not write and tell me. What does it all mean?"

Miss Savvay was silent; at first she had felt glad that the stranger should have filled Maisie's place, but as she thought the matter over, it seemed to her that this might be some imposter who would rob her friend of what she had a right to expect.

"Just now," the letter went on, "I got up and looked out of the window. I saw Mr. Yardon and his ward coming down the hill; he was laughing, and was evidently much amused by his companion's talk. She looks very pretty, and seems

bent on fascinating our unsociable squire. Tell Miss Derrick she ought to come back and watch over her grandfather. Miss Lescure may be a vampire in the shape of an angel."

"The letter breaks off here," Miss Savvay said, "it goes on again in different ink": "I have come in to finish my letter, and I am half-inclined to tear it up; I fear I have given you a wrong impression of Miss Lescure. That is all nonsense I wrote above; she is no doubt as good as she is beautiful. I meant to have sent you a much longer letter, but I have been walking with them, and I am to dine at the Hall this evening. I suppose it is no news to you to hear that Captain Wentworth is really coming home, and may be expected at the Manor House any time next month. The Figgsmarsh people are all agog, they talk of triumphal arches, and bonfires, and fireworks, and all sorts of rejoicings. Good-bye.

"Sincerely yours,

"LUKE STANMORE."

Miss Savvay looked at Maisie; the girl sat with her eyes fixed on the window, her clasped hands quite still in her lap.

"Do you think Miss Lescure is going to live at Yardon?" she said at last, in a voice not like her own.

"I only know what I told you;" then Miss Savvay added cheerfully; it will make a change, will it not? If you like her it will be at least pleasant to have a young companion."

"Yes," Maisie said slowly; then after a pause she added, "You are quite right; I am so slow, you see, in making up my mind that at first I was not sure that I liked the idea of finding a stranger when I go back to Yardon, but I expect Miss Lescure will brighten us all. She has already done wonders with my grandfather, to judge by that letter; fancy his taking a walk with her!"

"Yes," Miss Savvay did not answer heartily, she felt doubtful and troubled. She did not like this suddenly-gained influence over Mr. Yardon, and she did not at all like the change of tone in Mr. Stanmore's letter—there was even a change in the handwriting—it seemed at the beginning as if he took a pleasure in what he was doing, but after the break in the letter the writing was hurried and scarcely legible, finished off anyhow, Miss Savvay thought.

The maid came in with a note.

Miss Savvay read it, and then she looked troubled.

"I am afraid I must go," she said; "I am wanted at once at the Vicarage; I must leave you to amuse yourself, dear child."

Maisie was glad to be left alone. Mr. Stanmore's letter had given her much to think over; a feeling that was entirely new to her, something between disquiet and distrust, had taken the place of that serene peace which had made her so happy.

She did not know the meaning of this strange trouble that brooded on her and kept her sitting at the window while Miss Savvay went to the Vicarage. In the morning the spring flower-beds on the lawn had seemed to sparkle with colour, and now, although the sun was still shining, a grey tone had spread itself over them all. Maisie felt that she was tired of Nappa, she longed to be at Yardon again.

CHAPTER XL

STANMORE WALKS UP THE HILL.

The old saying, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," had justified its truth in Mr. Stanmore. When he found himself obliged to leave Figgsmarsh without opening his heart to Maisie Derrick, he first decided on writing to her, and then when he realised how much he should lose by telling his love on paper, he resolved to wait.

It was a fresh trial of patience to learn on his return that Maisie was not at the Hall; but Mrs. Grieg lost no time in telling him where she was to be found, and a few days after his return to the village he began a letter to Miss Savvay. His motive in writing was to ask if he might appear at Nappa, but before he reached this point, he was interrupted by his landlady.

"If you please, sir, here's Mr. Yardon and his young lady; he wants to see you, sir, but he won't come in, though I asked him."

Stanmore hurried down stairs and found Mr. Yardon on the door-step.

"Good-day, Stanmore," he nodded; "come along, I want you to look at a horse."

He crossed over to the forge, where one of his horses, a handsome creature, was being shod. The operation was just finished, and Stanmore found that he was expected to praise this horse,

which he had already seen and admired more than once; he looked inquiringly at Mr. Yardon, he knew very well that he had not been called downstairs only for this.

"Why don't you come up and see us?" Mr. Yardon was trying to look grave. Yet the corners of his mouth seemed disposed to broaden into a laugh. "What has happened to you in London to make you shut yourself up? You were ready enough to come before you went there. What has made you so unsociable, eh?"

Stanmore knew by the change in the old man's face that he must be looking conscious.

"I have only been back a few days," he said.

"Nonsense! You must come up and dine with us; come up this evening. No"—he put up his hand—"I won't hear any excuse; I told your landlady just now she needn't provide dinner for you. You'll be surprised at what I have to show you. Come this way, we shall find Miss Lescure at the draper's."

He walked on, and Stanmore found himself obliged to follow. They walked on silently till they reached the draper's.

Miss Lescure came out at the same moment. She did not at first seem to notice Stanmore, but he was looking at her, and he saw how radiantly she smiled at Mr. Yardon. Her face looked very lovely under the shade of her large black hat and feathers.

"If Maisie had only smiled like that at her grandfather," he thought, "her life would have been happier with him; old people like to be petted and made much of—she threw away her chances, poor girl; but then she is too genuine to affect what she does not feel. I believe this girl is playing a part."

"How do you do?" Miss Lescure said in her pretty foreign accent, putting her long slim fingers into Mr. Stanmore's hand, as Mr. Yardon introduced him. Her eyes drooped demurely after one rapid glance.

Mr. Yardon turned back and led the way to the foot of Hill Lane.

Miss Lescure was silent, and Stanmore did not feel obliged to talk to her.

"How long have you had that horse, Mr. Yardon?" he said.

"Between three and four years. I must go in here; walk on, I shall catch you up directly."

Stanmore walked on with Mr. Yardon's ward.

"Do you like England?" he said at last, as the silence continued.

"Do you think I can tell yet?" she said, meekly. "You cannot expect me to like London—I only saw the roofs and the dirty chimneys of houses as we came into it; we did not stir from the station till it was time for the train to bring me to Figgsmarsh."

"Well," he smiled at her—"what do you think of Figgsmarsh and the neighbourhood? It is of course a small place, but people can judge from samples."

"Figgsmarsh is too small a place for a sample of England, and almost all the people are villagers." Stanmore laughed.

"I suppose I ought to say how do you like the change to England?"

Drusilla looked relieved.

"That is an easier question to answer, and I love easy questions so much better than difficult ones," she said. "Yes, I like the change at present, because it is change, perhaps; but I suppose Mr. Yardon sometimes has visitors?" She looked calm, but she was anxious for his answer; she felt that he would tell her all she wanted to know.

"There are not often visitors at the Hall," Stanmore answered, "but I suppose you know Miss Derrick lives there? You will soon have her back again; you know she is Mr. Yardon's granddaughter."

He said this in answer to his companion's look of surprise.

Drusilla was very much vexed! she felt such power over Mr. Yardon that she could not understand why he had not told her this fact.

"Is Miss Derrick very young?"

"She is about your age, I fancy; perhaps rather older. You will find her a very delightful companion."

He saw a weary look of discontent in the girl's beautiful eyes, and it puzzled him.

Drusilla had noticed a certain change in his manner; she already liked Mr. Stanmore, and she thought, as visitors seemed to be rare at the Hall, it would be pleasant to see him often; but she should prefer to keep such a visitor to herself. She disliked a half-share in anything, and she thought that Miss Derrick would come in her way

with Mr. Yardon as well as with her present companion. She began to speak of her journey.

"Do you know Mr. Ray?" she said.

"No; I have heard Mr. Yardon speak of him. Did he travel with you?"

"Oh, yes, he fetched me from abroad. He was very amiable, I think——" She put her hand up to her mouth to hide a yawn.

Stanmore noticed her gloves, they were new, a pale grey colour; he felt jarred—Miss Lescure had yet to learn how to dress for a country walk. He answered her with a quickness that attracted her notice.

"Do you find amiable people wearisome?"

Drusilla smiled at him.

"You are not; but then perhaps you are not always so amiable as you have been to-day."

"You need not be afraid of me; people generally make themselves pleasant to you, do they not?" he said as frankly as if he were speaking to Maisie Derrick. Drusilla thought he was brusque.

"I have not lived with many people," she said a little stiffly.

"Really!" he saw an angry look in her dark eyes; she paused before she answered.

"I have lived shut up with an invalid," she said presently in a softened tone; you can perhaps guess how much I enjoy the freedom of doing what I like."

Stanmore felt interested and puzzled, but he was sure that Miss Lescure did not wish to be questioned about her past life.

"I hope you will soon have Miss Derrick back at Yardon," he said.

His companion's bright, mocking smile made him regret his words; he saw that he had implied his own good opinion of Maisie, and that this young girl was laughing at him.

"You appear to be very sure I shall like Miss Derrick," she said saucily. "I want to hear about her, please. To begin with, she is of course beautiful."

Stanmore bit his lip.

"I am not good at describing people," he said nervously, "so I may give you a wrong impression; everyone here will tell you about Miss Derrick's goodness—she is so kind to the poor

people when they are in trouble; you should hear them talk about her."

Miss Lescure looked serious; she pouted a little.

"I shall be afraid of your paragon, I am not at all good, you see, and Miss Derrick will despise me."

He was very much vexed.

"I told you how it would be, I cannot describe people. I see I have given you an entirely wrong idea: Miss Derrick is the sweetest, brightest girl you can think of; no one could help loving her."

Drusilla stared at him gravely while he spoke, but when he ended she smiled and half closed her eyes, till they looked like dark velvet lines.

"You are a warm friend," she said pensively. "You make me curious to see Miss Derrick; she is at least very good-looking, I suppose?"

Stanmore longed to change the subject, but he felt obliged to answer.

"There is a singular charm about her, but I am not sure that you will think her beautiful; she is gifted in many ways, and she has read a great deal——" He stopped abruptly and wished he had been silent.

Drusilla laughed merrily.

"Worse and worse! I shall be frightened to death of her; I shall not dare to open my lips before her! I am sure she is what our sisters at the convent used to call 'a very superior person.'"

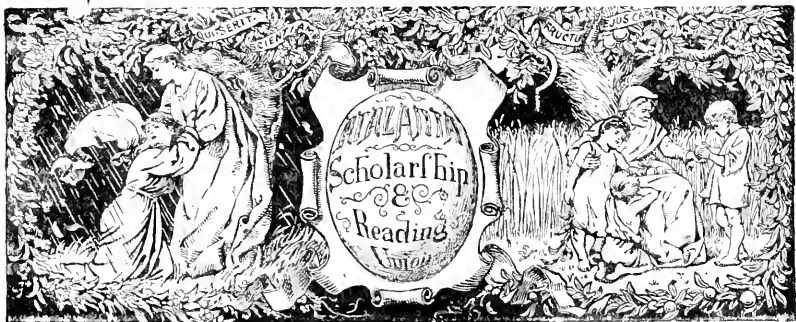
Stanmore walked on in savage silence. He almost hated Miss Lescure; she had somehow put Maisie in an unfavourable light, or rather she had made him conscious that his beloved's qualities were too rare to be appreciated by everyone.

He was glad, and sorry too, when they reached the Hall gates; he wished he could alter the impression he had given of Maisie, and yet something warned him that he would be wise in not speaking of her again to Miss Lescure.

"Good-bye," she said; "we are to have the pleasure of seeing you this evening, so I will say *au revoir*."

"By Jove! what a grace the girl has about her," Stanmore thought. "When she has mixed a little more with others she will be like a queen."

(To be continued.)



THE VICTORIAN ERA.

(FIRST HALF: 1837-65.)

JOHN KIRKPATRICK.

LECTURE IV.

IRISH TROUBLES—LORD MELBOURNE RESIGNS—THE
BLDCHAMBER QUESTION LORD MELBOURNE
AGAIN—THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE—WARS IN CHINA,
AFGHANISTAN, AND EGYPT.

RATHER a formidable programme this time, you will perhaps exclaim. Surely very political. But have we not Mr. Freeman's high authority for holding that history is just another name for politics? Not ephemeral party politics, however, but politics in its grander sense—whatever concerns the public life of the nation. And since, as Carlyle has said, his story is largely made up of the lives of great men, their lives and the life of the nation, politics and biography, are inseparable. Nor can it be too often repeated that the manifold events of history are truly inseparable parts of one organic whole. Chartism, for example, with which we left off in our last chapter, is inseparable from the Anti-Corn Law League; the history of that League, at which we shall glance later on, is as inseparable from the life of Sir Robert Peel as from the lives of Cobden and Bright; and the work done by these and other great men has left its beneficent impress on the spiritual and material life of the nation.

Irish troubles have been repeating themselves

for centuries. In some respects the warm-hearted, quick-tempered Celt is superior to the more phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon; unfortunately, when his blood is up, he is apt to behave like a maniac or a demon; but in his normal condition he is one of the most peaceable and law-abiding of mortals. And who so genial and so comical? The Irishman who complained bitterly that his heavy rent had always kept him poor, but frankly admitted that he never paid it, is a charming historic character. So, too, is the rustic who verily believed he had been boycotted—never got some hay he had bought, never got his money back—but had "never paid for it either!" Fifty years ago ebullitions of Irish temper were far more frequent than they are now. In the year 1839, Lord Norbury was shot dead by a dastardly and unseemly assassin, probably from agrarian motives. The Irish Tories declared that this tragedy was the result of Whig misrule. Agrarian crimes, they said, had immensely increased under Lord Normanby, the Whig Lord-Lieutenant; landlords and Protestant tenants were being assaulted and murdered, and when Secretary Drummond had been appealed to for protection, he had insulted them by saying that "Property had its duties as well as its rights." Nay, worse, Government was actually in league with the agitators! To all this Lord Normanby replied effectively, though vainly, in the hostile

House of Lords, and, in particular, he pointed out that, if crime had increased, it had been caused by an enormous increase of evictions. In the House of Commons, however, the reforming and conciliatory policy of the Government was approved. To enter upon a discussion of that policy would lead us too far afield, but it may be briefly described as aiming at redress of grievances, such especially as the oppressive exaction by landlords of their legal rights. Landlords, like most other people, are generally quite aware of their rights; in those days, far more than now, they required to be reminded of their duties. While enforcing their legal right to turn thousands of famine-stricken, half-naked tenants out of house and home, they too often forgot the duties of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. But the chief moral of this political episode is that Ireland has ever been the plaything of British political parties. If one party proposes conciliation, the other desires coercion, and vice-versa; and so, alas, has the pitiable see-saw gone on for full three centuries. We cannot now further discuss the Irish question, but one specially ominous fact stares us in the face—that the population of the country is dwindling, and that it is scarcely half of what the land might support if properly managed.

Why did Lord Melbourne's Whig Ministry resign in 1839? For an interesting and somewhat curious reason. For once, at least, the Whigs adopted, or were accused of adopting, a reactionary and coercionist policy. As we have already seen, the terrible lessons of the American revolution and the Canadian rebellion had taught us how difficult or impossible it is for the British Parliament to govern colonies thousands of miles distant. But such colonies are not always fit to govern themselves, as was urged in the debate on the Jamaica Bill. The slaves had been emancipated by Act of Parliament as from 1st August, 1834; but the emancipation was only partial at first, for slavery was to be modified to a system of forced apprenticeship, until 1840. And hence it became the interest of unscrupulous planters to extort from their "apprentices" a maximum of labour at a minimum of cost during this intermediate period, careless of what might become of them afterwards. The misery caused by this "exploitation," this cruel using-up of the strength of the poor negroes,

induced Lord Brougham to move for their immediate emancipation; but, as the bargain with the planters had been for the gradual abolition of slavery, both Houses rejected the proposal. On the other hand, Government tried to keep the planters in check by passing an Act to mitigate the horrors of the apprenticeship system, and another giving the Home Government control of the prisons, which the planters had used as torture-chambers for their own selfish ends. Indirectly, the first of these Acts produced the effect desired by Lord Brougham; for the Jamaica Assembly, rather than submit to this dictation from the mother-country, consented in 1838 to abolish slavery at once. But the planters made this concession with very bad grace; they declared that it had been extorted from them, and they proceeded to wreak their revenge on the negroes by evictions and other harsh measures, which were condemned by the Governor, the magistrates, and the missionaries alike. Their irritation was aggravated by the Prisons Act, which arrived in Jamaica a little later. The Assembly declared it unconstitutional, and resolved to transact no more business "until they knew whether they were to be treated as free subjects or as a conquered colony." It was this deadlock which led to the introduction of the famous Jamaica Bill by the Government in 1839. This bill proposed to suspend the constitution of Jamaica for five years, and to entrust the government of the island to the Governor and three commissioners. That is to say, the islanders were to be declared, for a time at least, unfit to govern themselves. But who were these self-governing islanders? Only a white population estimated at some 15,000, for they alone possessed political power, while at least twenty times that number of negroes as yet possessed none. Was it right to allow the small dominant minority to ride roughshod over the majority? Or would it have been safe to admit the recently emancipated slaves to full citizenship? Practically the Government answered both questions in the negative, and under the circumstances their answer was right. But the Conservative Opposition, headed by Sir Robert Peel, and aided by a knot of independent Radicals, so vehemently and so plausibly maintained that the bill was unconstitutional, that it was carried in the House of Commons by the narrow majority of five only. So poor a victory, with an adverse

House of Lords looming in the background, was accepted as a defeat. Hence Lord Melbourne's resignation on 7th May, 1839. We cannot follow the history of Jamaica further; but it may be noted that the island was self-governing from 1661 to 1866, that the negroes were ultimately admitted to political rights, that during the *régime* of Governor Eyre they were found unworthy of such rights, and that the constitution was rescinded, with the result that it is now a Crown Colony, governed from Downing Street.

And it is here that the Bedchamber episode comes in. On the resignation of the Ministry, Sir Robert Peel, the leader of the Opposition, was called upon by the Queen to form a Cabinet. He undertook the task, but informed the Queen that it would be necessary to make some changes in her household. The Queen objected to the removal of her Ladies of the Bedchamber, but Peel insisted, believing that these Whig ladies, particularly Lady Normanby and a sister of Lord Morpeth, might prejudice their mistress against his policy. Constitutionally, Peel was right. Office—the paradise of politicians—is of two kinds: temporary office, bestowed for political purposes, upon persons pledged to support their political party; and permanent office, for administrative or judicial purposes, which is or should be bestowed on competent persons. But it is not always easy to discriminate between these two classes of officials. Is a lady appointed to high office in the Queen's Household solely because she is the wife, daughter, or sister of a Cabinet Minister? or is she appointed to some humbler post because she is nimble with her needle or deeply versed in the culinary art? In the former case, on general principle, she should go out with the Ministry which appointed her, in the latter case she remains in office. Unwilling to part with her ladies, the Queen consulted Lord Melbourne and the other ex-ministers, who gave it as their opinion that, while the great officials of the Court and the Household required to go out of office with the ministers who appointed them, this rule did not apply to the ladies of Her Majesty's Household. The Queen accordingly refused Peel's demand; Peel declined office; the cup of nectar was snatched from the very lips of his followers; and Lord Melbourne was recalled to the premiership. He had sat on a wall, and had had a great fall; and yet here he was back

again! Yes, on principle, Peel was right. But, unwittingly, the worthy statesman stepped from the sublime to the ridiculous. He and his party had for years been maintaining that the Whigs were ruining the country; but, now that he had a golden opportunity of saving his country, he was ignominiously put to flight by two respectable, middle-aged Ladies of the Bedchamber! But if Peel's stout heart quailed before these ladies, historic truth requires us to add that it probably quailed more before the adverse majority in the House of Commons. He might, indeed, have come into office, but how long he would remain there seemed very doubtful. And it was probably this consideration that chiefly influenced his conduct at this critical juncture. But if Peel's motives and conduct were much criticised at the time, by some angrily, by others humorously, Melbourne's position was still less dignified and enviable. He was up on his wall again, but it was a tottering and a broken wall, covered with threatening notices to quit; and it was the petticoats of the Queen's ladies alone that sheltered him for a time from the stormy wind and tempest.

Notwithstanding the scorn of the cynical, court pageantriers, within reasonable bounds, are a grand and beneficent institution. What a boon they are to befogged Londoners and benighted rustics alike! Their dramatic effect, their aesthetic beauty, their gorgeous details, the glorious array of the noblest-looking men, the loveliest women, and the finest horses in the land—all conduce materially to the national welfare and happiness. Think how they lay art and science under contribution; how they call forth the skill and fill the pockets of a multitude of cunning artificers; how they delight, as beatific visions, the thousands who see them and the millions who read of them! Mostly fools, exclaims the stern purist, or, perchance, even here and there, a sweet philosophical girl-graduate. Not so, replies the matter-of-fact historian; they are simply the men and women whom God has created from the beginning, and will doubtless continue to create till the end of time. Very glorious and memorable among such pageantriers was the coronation of our Sovereign Lady the Queen on 28th June, 1838. For it was at once nationally and internationally beneficent. Nationally it cost £70,000, and delighted millions. Internationally it was an augury of peace and goodwill; for the

enthusiastic reception accorded to the veteran Marshal Soult, our old enemy, did more to conciliate France than a world of diplomatic circumlocution. More auspicious still was another pageant. On 10th February, 1840, the Queen was married to her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg. Englishmen, as a rule, persuaded of their own superiority, are apt to hate foreigners, and for many years the Prince Consort scarcely formed an exception to this rule. Yet the nation now knows better what a deep debt of gratitude it owes him. Apart from mere external characteristics, of which the worst that fastidious critics could say was that they were un-English, the Prince was one of the most honest and discreet, most accomplished, and most noble-minded of men—not only *facile princeps* among princes, but ranking high among men of letters and science. His illustrious career and his untimely death belong chiefly to the domain of biography; but it is due to his memory to record here our conviction that his exemplary conduct in private life, and his great work as a philanthropist and as a patron of learning, have left their lasting mark deep in the hearts and minds of the nation. Be it also noted that the Bedchamber Question was set at rest by the Prince Consort's wise intervention in 1841; for he arranged that if Peel should come into office, the three chief Whig ladies should resign. Since then the Mistress of the Robes alone has been required to go out with the Government.

Let us next glance at the military history of the years 1839—42. War can only be waged justly when some great principle is at stake, though too often it is caused by international jealousy or cupidity. Let us see what gave rise to the wars in China (the "Opium War"), in Egypt, and Afghanistan respectively. The sale of opium to the Chinese had long been a lucrative branch of the East India Company's business. The Chinese, conscious of its dangers, resolved to suppress this trade in 1796, but took no steps to enforce the prohibition till 1837. In that year they ordered all the opium in Canton to be destroyed, and when this was done they proposed to take the further step of confiscating all the vessels in the trade, and putting the opium-merchants to death. There was an Oriental simplicity in this method of reform, but as the British merchants objected to it they

withdrew from Canton. At length, in 1840, relations becoming more strained, war broke out, caused partly by the neglect of the British Government to take vigorous measures in time. The war began as a Whig blunder, it ended as a Conservative triumph. For the Chinese were beaten; they were made to pay the value of the opium they had destroyed, besides a heavy war indemnity, to cede the island of Hong Kong to the British, and to throw open five ports to the trade of the world. Yet not an unmixed triumph, for it gave a fresh impetus to the opium-trade and a new lease of life to India's pernicious poppy.

The second war above alluded to has a sad and painful story. The famous fortress of Herat, near the north-western frontier of Afghanistan, the key of India, was besieged in 1837 by the Persians, secretly aided by the Russians. Dost Mohammed, the Ameer of Afghanistan, an able ruler, was induced to enter into an alliance with the Russians. Therefore, as Lord Auckland, the Governor-General of India, resolved, with the approval of the Home Government, the Ameer must be dethroned, and a British puppet put in his place. Surely a wretched blunder, both because the unfriendly policy of the Ameer afforded us no just *casus belli*, and because a weak and incompetent ruler is a standing menace to the peace of his own country and to that of his neighbours. Although the siege of Herat, the primary cause of this iniquitous policy, was raised in 1838, Auckland persevered. In violation of British treaties, he forced his way through Scinde and Beloochistan to Afghanistan, and on 8th May, 1839, enthroned the puppet Shah Soojah at Kandahar. Next in the drama comes the capture of Ghuznee, due to the genius and heroism of Captain Thomson, and lastly the triumphal entry into Cabul the same year. The peerages and decorations that rewarded Auckland and his officers might dazzle the eye, but could not hide the iniquitous and disastrous nature of their policy. But most tragic of all is the last scene of this drama. The British were in an utterly false position at Cabul. Their violent substitution of a puppet for an able and esteemed ruler brought upon them the resentment of the Afghans, and this resentment soon blazed into insurrection. Sir Alexander Burnes, who was to have been the new British envoy, was murdered in November, 1841. Owing to grievous mismanagement, no

steps beyond fruitless negotiations were taken to avert the storm. A few weeks later Sir William Macnaghten, the envoy, met with a like fate. Yet General Elphinstone still hesitated and negotiated. At last, on 1st January, 1842, he agreed to evacuate Cabul on disastrous terms. On 6th January began the untold miseries of the retreat of the army of 4,500 men with some 10,000 followers. Nine days later, Dr. Brydon alone reached Jellalabad, with the appalling tidings that, save a few officers and ladies committed to the keeping of Akbar Khan, and save perhaps a few captives and deserters, the whole of the fugitives had perished. In September, 1842, the British army triumphantly re-entered Cabul, and happily the captive ladies and officers were rescued; but within a month the army withdrew, Afghanistan was left to itself, and the impolicy of our interference in its affairs was finally admitted. Thenceforth, until in spite of warnings history repeated itself, it was acknowledged that a strong, independent, and friendly Afghanistan formed the best barrier against Russia.

Of a very different character was the third of the wars above mentioned, the war in Egypt, or rather in Syria. Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, was one of the ablest and most ambitious of rulers; his adopted son, Ibrahim, was one of the bravest and most skilful of generals. Mehemet desired to erect Egypt into an independent principality. Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary, fearing the aggression of Russia, which by the Treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi in 1833 had been made sole protector of Turkey, desired to strengthen Turkey by placing her under the protection of all the great Powers; and by his masterly diplomacy he had almost gained his point. But in 1839 occurred a remarkable drama. Sultan Mahmoud declared war against his rebellious vassal, Mehemet, with the result that his army was utterly defeated by Ibrahim at the battle of Nezib (in Palestine); a few days later, Mahmoud died,

murdered it was rumoured; and a few days after his death, Achmet Pasha, the Turkish Admiral, deserted with his fleet to Mehemet. Bent on maintaining the "integrity" of Turkey, Palmerston now tried to persuade all the great Powers to join him in crushing Mehemet. France declined, the gallant Soult, the War Minister, being strongly opposed to coercion. But Russia and Austria agreed to support Palmerston, and in 1840 Great Britain entered into a Convention with these Powers and with Turkey for armed intervention against Mehemet. Mehemet, who, but for this formidable coalition against him, would have been master of the situation, was now offered the Pashalics of Egypt and of Acre for life; but he declined, and demanded the whole of Syria, hoping for help from France. But France, though angry, could not see her way to help him, so that in November, 1840, the British had no difficulty in defeating Ibrahim in the Lebanon Mountains and demolishing the famous fortress of Acre, key of Syria. The result was that, a couple of months later, Mehemet was obliged to restore the Turkish fleet and to accept the terms which the Allies had offered him; and in July, 1841, the five Powers, France now co-operating, entered into a Treaty for the joint protection of Turkey, thus putting an end to the sole and menacing protection of Russia. Palmerston's policy was triumphant; he had shown great ability, consistency, and energy, and had greatly enhanced the prestige of his country. But are we sure that his policy was sound? Is a sick ruler on a rotten throne, buttressed by foreign powers, conducive to British or any other interests? Is he not rather a positive nuisance to humanity? Would it not have been better to leave Mehemet in the fruition of his victory and Turkey in her righteous humiliation? But let us not condemn the great and far-seeing Foreign Minister because he did not see all that we see. "Histories make men wise"—especially after the fact!

* SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

- I. State your views on Party Government. Illustrate from the above lecture.
- II. What social and political lessons does the history of Jamaica teach?
- III. Discuss the policy or impolicy of the Afghan and Syrian Wars.

Please answer one, or at most two, of these questions; and state the total number of words in the answer or answers, which must not exceed 500. Answers to be addressed to Superintendent, R.U., ATALANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., on or before 25th January.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

1. Name the poets whom Milton speaks of as "the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy."

2. State where the remark occurs.

II.

What fictitious personages are supposed to have written the poems of which the first lines are given below? Give the real authors.

1. "O, Mary, go and call the cattle home."
2. "Drink of this cup,—Osirus sips
The same in his hall below."
3. "O for the voice of that wild horn."
4. "Buy my flowers—oh buy—I pray!"
5. "Here have I seen things rare and profitable."
6. "The merry brown hares came leaping."
7. "What gars ye sing?" said the herd laddie."

III.

Mention any poems connected with the following names; 1. Margaret; 2. Helen; 3. Barbara; 4. Lucy; 5. Mary; 6. Julia; 7. Elizabeth; 8. Rose.

IV.

With what ballads are these refrains associated? Give author's name where known.

1. "With a hey-lillelu and a how-lo-lan,
And the birk and the broom bloom bonny."

Answers to be sent in by January 15th. They should be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R.U., ATLANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., and should be accompanied by full name and address of sender. Many good Reply-Papers are received each month with no means of identification.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (DECEMBER).

I.

Abyssinian; a Dulcimer. (Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*.)

II.

Shelley's *The Question*.

III.

Characters in Southey's poem, *Thalaba*.

IV.

From the Water-Snakes. (*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*.)

V.

Kilmeny. (See poem by Hogg.)

VI.

"At Kilve there was no weather-cock." Wordsworth's *Anecdote for Fathers*.)

VII.

"A was an Archer" first appeared in Thomas White's *Little Book for Little Children*, 1702; "A. Apple-pie" is mentioned in Eachard's *Observations*, 1671.

2. "Everie nighte and alle
And Christ receive thy soule."

3. "When the stormy winds do blow."

4. "And the stormy tempest blow."

5. "Eleu loro."

6. "Years ago, and years ago;
And the tall reeds sigh as the win'd doth blow."

V.

Give author and work from which the following are taken.

1. "O thou, the morning star of my sad soul!
My little elfin friend from Faery Land!
Whose memory is yet innocent of the whole
Of that which makes me doubly need thy hand,
Thy guiding hand so soon from mine withdrawn!
Here where I find so little like to thee,
For thou wert as the breath of dawn to me,
Starry, and pure, and brief, as is the dawn."

2. "Poets' fancies all are there;
There the elf-girls flood with wings
Valleys full of plaintive air.
There breathe pertumes; there in rings
Whirl the foam-bewildered springs;
Siren there
Winds her dizzy hair and sings."

3. "There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in Melancholy."

VIII.

Two pennies were given each day to his parents, who had spent money on him when a child; two pennies were expended on his son, whom he hoped in course of years would repay him; two pennies were given to his wife, who was wasteful and extravagant; two were spent each day on himself. (*Gesta Romanorum*.)

IX.

1. *The Fagenham Ghost*. Ballad by Robert Bloomfield. The ghost turns out to be the young foal of an ass, who follows an old dame home one dark night.

2. *Cannor Hall*, by Mickle. (See Introduction to *Knotsworth*.)

3. Lord Ullin's daughter is dying from her father. She and her lover are drowned in crossing Loch Gail. (Campbell's *Poems*.)

4. Alice Brand goes with the outlaw, Lord Richard, into the Greenwood. (*Lady of the Lake*.)



ON CYCLING FOR GIRLS.

AS the morning sun strikes in the corner of my bedroom, the nickel handle-bars of my safety gleam again and make me dream, even when wide-awake, of many a pleasant spin which I have had over all kinds of road, in all sorts of weather. Not an old machine, either, with two seasons' use it has transported me without a scratch over 2,500 miles at least, and it looks good for another thousand or two. This is a little homely chat on the benefits of cycling, but I would much rather scamper over paper, on a long journey, in your company, than give any kinds of hints whatever. How do I know what will suit you, and will you have the hardihood to rough it sometimes, without grumbling? Will a shower, or a bad road, or indifferent cookery put you out? Then don't begin. But if you want rough, rude health, which will send you to your daily tasks with renewed vigour and ardour, if you want to keep cheerful, to keep brain and mind and body healthy with renewed contact with nature, and gain the inevitable purifying of the blood, and strengthening of the muscles, then you cannot begin too soon. Only it isn't all rose leaves and lavender, and it may not suit your constitution, and therefore a few cautions to begin with.

Anyone with fair health and without organic disease may benefit by cycling. Women and elderly men suffer as a class from lack of open-air exercise, therefore many women are a "bundle of nerves" ere they are past middle life. Cycling

strengthens the muscles, removes excessive fat, and induces healthy action of the skin. "I feel a new man since I took to cycling," said a gentleman from Devonshire, whom we met on a tour in Scotland, and as if to prove it he let himself go down a hill, and was round the corner of the road in a twinkling. Holbein, the famous road-riding cyclist recommends to the aspiring cyclist that he takes long walks in order to get and keep the muscles in tone. The body gets accustomed to fatigue, and able to sustain a great effort when the demand is made. Dr. B. W. Richardson, an enthusiastic tricyclist, who has written of the joys and profits of cycling, is getting a little grandmotherly, and warns very young riders off the premises. He is afraid they may curve back and legs hopelessly for life. Dr. Gordon Stables says he was a martyr to rheumatism when he first took to cycling—the bicycle first, and afterwards the tricycle. His rheumatism used to come on periodically, and last for six weeks at a time, during which he could hardly stand on the floor, nor sleep in bed without his legs being elevated. Since he adopted cycling, and has thus been able to keep his skin in good working order, he has never had a tinge of rheumatism. Dr. Austin Meldon is of opinion that there is no exercise more healthful, or one which tends more to ward off disease than cycling. This is particularly the case in any tendency to gouty or rheumatic affections. A ride invigorates the nervous system and oxidizes the blood. He is finally of opinion

that there is no form of out-door exercise or amusement which tends more to prevent disease and to lengthen life than cycling. Dr. Turner thinks the exercise equally good as a preventive and cure of disease, and, speaking as a medical man, he believes that he has saved many persons from a life of misery by prescribing cycling. Another medical man says that nothing neutralises the poison introduced into the blood by faulty digestion of food, like gentle and continued exercise in the open air.

A cycling tour is easier and pleasanter to undertake than a tour in search of a tricycle or bicycle. You get bewildered at the variety of your choice. You read lists of famous makers, visit several show rooms, take a note of prices and styles, only to get deeper in the mire. The only thing you are clear about is the probable price you intend to give. That narrows the choice somewhat. Makers and dealers, too, have their pet cycles, and quite rightly so. Only you must put two and two together. A sensible proceeding is to get the experience of as many riders as possible. You get to know the good and bad points of a machine in this way, and hear also what is recommended. Weight, age, speed, are all considerations. Miss Lillias Campbell Davidson, who supplies the Ladies' Column to the *C. T. C. Gazette*, says it is hardly possible to say which is the best machine when so many are in the market. For her own part, she rides a Ladies' Beeston Humber tricycle, and finds it almost perfection. The best plan, she thinks, is to try several of the best makers until one finds the most suitable.

At the recent Stanley Cycle Show at the Crystal Palace there were no startling novelties, such as the innovation of the pneumatic tyre two years ago. But there were "chainless safeties," a spring-tyre cycle, and a specimen of the "bone shaker" of 1868, which is not unlike the safety of modern days.

As to the season for riding; ride in all seasons if the roads and weather are good. A ride in cold weather, if you are careful to avoid chills, is much more exhilarating than during muggy, or warm weather.

The editor of the *Gentlewoman* offered a prize for an original design for a cycling costume for ladies. The design which gained the prize was a plain skirt of grey or fawn serge, faced with macintosh, as a

security against mud. It is short all round, reaching to the middle of the ankles, and is edged round the hem and up the side with military braid. The front is without drapery, and the back and sides are pleated in narrow pleats. There is an under bodice or blouse of grey silk or flannel, over which is worn a half-loose bodice of the serge. The sleeves are full, with deep cuffs, and the gloves are grey gauntlets. The hat is a Tyrolean shape of grey cloth. Miss Davidson prefers the ordinary C. T. C. uniform frock, however, in which the bodices, as far as possible, resemble the fashion of the day, and the skirts have the fulness in front instead of at the side. The Rational Dress Society has been recommending the dual skirt, either in its Syrian or Japanese form. The Eilitto dress has also its admirers; the address for paper patterns is 7, Southampton Street, Strand. The skirt is plain and short, coming only to the top of an ordinary high boot, and is an adaptation to cycling of the country gentlewoman's shooting dress. But the choice of dress is so much a matter of personal taste and personal convenience that we will say nothing further about it, except that all wool is best, of course.

It is half the battle, in cycling, if you are conveniently situated for good roads. If you have nothing but what is hilly then you will get discouraged. It is best to ride at first only for a short time and distance. Never ride up a hill when you feel that you would rather walk and when it demands a greater expenditure of energy than you can spare. "Never ride for a record of speed or distance; ride not as an American, to be able to tell how much you have done; nor as an Englishman, erefy for the muscular pleasure; but as a German would ride, for the benefit of both body and mind." Don't ride after a full meal, if you can possibly help it. The world will become a brighter and better place when many trifling ailments are driven away by exercise in the open air.

The art and pastime of cycling is very popular with ladies—and, indeed, with everyone who can possess a machine—in Washington, U.S.A., where the smooth, asphalted pavements render it the paradise of cyclists. A Brooklyn lady reports that she learnt to ride the "safety" in three lessons, and she says there is nothing like a spin on the bicycle to make you forget all your troubles. Your

attention has to be concentrated on your wheel, and you feel as if you were flying. In teaching novices they are allowed to depend as much as possible upon themselves, until confidence is gained. Once the learner has overcome the first fear of the wheel, she never asks a return to the heavier, and apparently safer, tricycle. This lady does not favour the divided skirt; she considers it unnecessary, and does not like it. A somewhat full skirt, with close-fitting woollen undergarments, and a blouse, or basque, are recommended. A short jacket is comfortable to ride in in cold weather.

"When we do have lovely tracks in Brooklyn, like Washington," says this fair dame, "it will be the biggest kind of boon to us wheel-women." Bishop Cose, of Buffalo, does not approve of all this; he considers bicycling as indecorous and indecent for women, and that girls on two wheels reminded him of witches on broomsticks. A Roman Catholic priest had also been speaking against the pastime. This is having no effect whatever on the American ladies, however, who take to the pastime like ducks to the water.

Robert Cochrane



THE first of Messrs. Cassell's *International Copyright Novels* is a remarkable book. It is an American story called *The Faith Doctor*, and its author, Edward Eggleston, has evidently studied his strange subject with care, and has produced a book decidedly above the average, both as regards cleverness and originality.

The scene of the story is laid in New York, and the Faith Doctor is a woman. Mr. Eggleston says in his preface that the motive for his story has been supplied by the prevailing interest in mind cure, faith cure, Christian science, and other sorts of aerial therapeutics taken by the American community at large, and by the highly-cultivated population of New York in particular.

Apart from the many pictures which Mr. Eggleston presents of the complex society in this

metropolis, the book is worth reading because of the strange and yet beautiful character of the heroine. In many ways Phillida is a grand creation. Her singleness of purpose, her unworldliness, her rigid sense of honour, and her humble yet perfect faith in the gifts with which she believes Heaven has specially endowed her, are depicted with a masterly pen. The scene where, after earnest and passionate prayer, she brings her faith-cure to bear upon the sick German girl, Wilhelmina, is extremely graphic.

"While the feeble Wilhelmina was eating, Phillida drew the only fairly comfortable chair in the room near to the stove, and taking from a bed some covering, she spread it over the back and seat of the chair. Then when the meal was completed, she read from the Acts of the Apostles

of the man healed at the gate of the Temple by Simon Peter. With the book open in her hand, as she sat, she offered a brief fervent prayer.

"Now, Wilhelmina, doubt nothing," she said, 'in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk.'

"The invalid had again caught the infection of Phillida's faith, and with a strong effort, helping herself by putting her hand on Phillida's shoulder, she brought herself at length to her feet, where she stood a moment, tottering, as though about to fall.

"Walk to the chair, dear, nothing wavering," commanded Phillida, and Mina, with much trembling, let go of Phillida's shoulder, and with sadly unsteady steps tottered forward far enough to lay hold of the back of the chair, and at length succeeded with much ado in sitting down without assistance. For years she had believed herself for ever beyond hope of taking a step. She leaned back against the pillow placed behind her by Phillida, and wept for very joy."

But the Faith Doctor was not to remain in undisturbed possession of the faith which was to effect marvellous cures. Doubts came presently to assail her; Wilhelmina's recovery was after all but partial; in the end the German girl died of consumption. There is a powerful scene where Phillida is asked to come and cure a little boy ill with diphtheria. Here she confesses her utter inability to do anything to assuage the pains of the little sufferer, and she herself takes steps to bring to his aid the best medical advice in New York.

There is a love story which plays an important part in the Faith Doctor's life, but the interest of her own character is the charm of the book. The scenes which describe Dr. Eleanor Arabella Bowyer, the psychopathic healer, who works for money, and who is a sham from beginning to end, are amusing as well as interesting. She forms a striking contrast to Phillida, whose nature is as sincere as hers is false.

* * *

IT is scarcely the time to speak in January of such a far-away event as a summer holiday, but if the readers of *ATALANTA* can transport themselves in the hot months of August

and September to the "Squirrel Inn," they will enjoy country air, the best of living, and a totally new experience.

Does the "Squirrel Inn" exist on *terra firma*, or in the realms of fancy? I confess I should greatly like to ask Frank Stockton this question; at any rate he has given us a book which his publishers (Sampson, Low & Co.) must have been very glad to receive, and which will give his readers a hearty laugh and a keen sense of enjoyment.

The "Squirrel Inn," built by Stephen Petter, was an edifice constructed with a great deal of thought and a great deal of labour. The outside was partly Old English, partly Colonial, partly Swiss, partly Norman. There was a tall tower, and there were some little towers; there were peaks and different kinds of slopes; there were many doors and many windows of different forms, sizes, and periods, some of them jutting boldly outward, and some appearing anxious to shrink out of sight.

Inside, stairways were placed where they were needed, but they were not allowed to interfere with the shapes of rooms or hall-ways. The floors of the rooms, even in the same storey, were seldom upon the same level; sometimes one entered a room from an hall-way by an ascent of two or three steps, while access to others was obtained by going down some steps. If there happened to be no other good place for stairs they were put on the outside of the house. The upper room of the tower was reached by a staircase from outside, so that a person might occupy this room without having any communication with the other people in the house. There was another room in the building which could only be reached by means of a ladder placed at one of the windows. Mr. Petter's motive for building a house after this peculiar plan is explained in a conversation with his wife, which occurs in the last pages of the book.

"If this house," said Susan Petter, 'had been built in a plain straightforward way, with a hall through the middle of it, and the rooms alike on both sides, then things might have happened in a straightforward way, and not all mixed up as they were this summer. Nobody could tell who was going to marry who, and why they should do it, if they ever did.'

"To this Mr. Petter replied,

"'It strikes me, Susan,' said he, looking reflectively in front of him, 'that our lives are very seldom built with a hall through the middle, and the rooms alike on both sides. I don't think we'd like it if they were. They would be stupid and humdrum. The right sort of a life should have its ups and downs, its ins and outs, its different levels, its outside stairs and its inside stairs, its balconies, windows, and roofs of different periods and different styles. This is education!'"

To the "Squirrel Inn" there arrived in the course of a summer, a Greek scholar of the name of Tippingray, a young widow called Mrs. Cristie, and her baby son, a gentlemanly young man named Walter Lodloe, a nursemaid (who was also an undergraduate of Vassar College) called Ida Mayberry, and a rather ne'er-do-weel sort of person who boasted of the name of Lanigan Beam.

Mr. Petter received his guests according to theory, admitting some of them to the full benefits of the interior of the "Squirrel Inn," but lodging others in an outhouse, in the tower room with the outside staircase, and in the chamber which could only be approached by a ladder placed at its window.

What happened to these guests, their love-affairs, their perplexities, the hopeless jealousies aroused in the breast of a fair spinster of the neighbourhood called Calthea Rose by the charms of the learned nurse-maid, Ida Mayberry, require Mr. Stockton himself to describe. No one else can attempt the task, -but I should like to go to the "Squirrel Inn" next summer.

* * *

TIM (Macmillan & Co.), is the pathetic story of a short life. The author does not disclose his identity, but the narrative reads more like truth than fiction, and from many indications I should incline to the belief that the writer is a man.

Tim, whose life numbers but a few years, has, on the whole, but a sorry time in this old world. The picture which the author has sketched with one forlorn little figure as its subject has doubtless many originals. There are heaps of morbid

children in the world, whose physical nature is stunted or subordinated to an over-strung nervous organisation, and to a prematurely developed state of the affections. Tim is neither beautiful nor extraordinary clever; he is puny in stature, possesses no constitution, and is, according to his old nurse and the family doctor, extremely difficult to rear. The doctor says more than once to the nurse, "Remember one thing, what would scarcely hurt an ordinary child would kill this one." After eight years of solitary existence, Tim's father returns home from India, anxious and longing to see his only child. He has built many castles in Spain over this young head, he has imagined the boy as the perfection of an ideal English lad, as strong in frame, and beautiful in face. The real Tim is in every respect the reverse of what his father imagined. The father shrinks from him in disappointment, and shows the child but too plainly what he feels. Until the very end of the book father and son never come together.

Tim's little life, however, is not without its glory, he has formed a friendship. He loves a boy with a gay step and a princely face, a boy who in every respect answers to the ideal Tim, who had existed in the Spanish castle for so many years. Tim's love for this boy is the motive power of his life; it rules him and almost kills him; it estranges him still further from his father; it is only half returned, for a healthy boy like Carol can scarcely understand the depths of Tim's devotion.

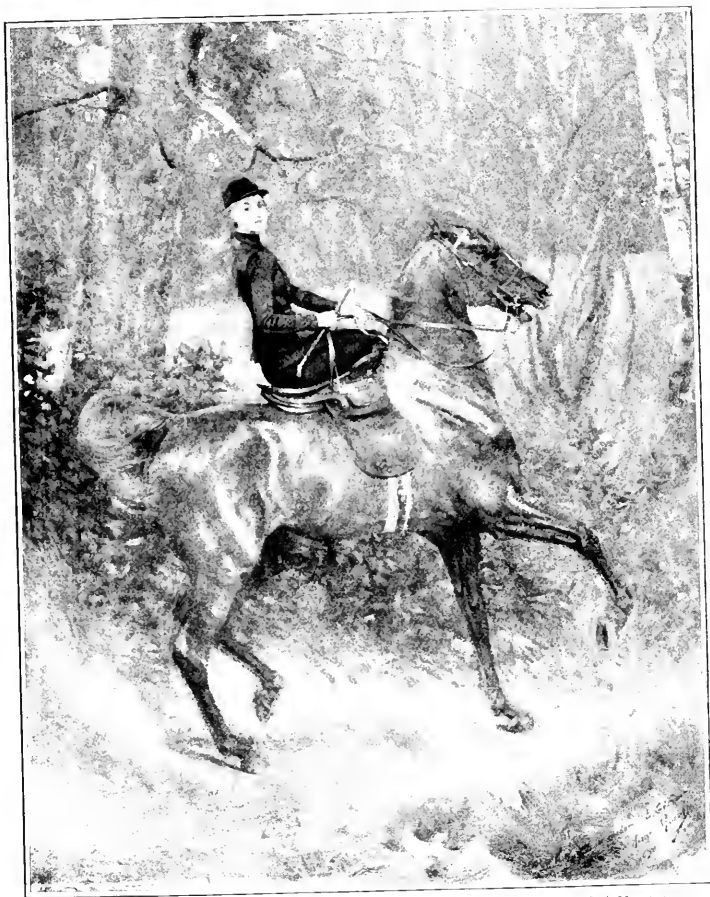
The two boys go to Eton, where Tim fags for Carol, and is in ecstasies at being of the smallest service to him.

At last school days are over, Carol goes to Cambridge, and Tim's short life comes to a close. The friends have not met for a long time, but there is a last interview.

"Do you remember, Carol," says Tim, "the first time we met? I lay on this sofa when you first came to see me after the accident. I had been dreaming of you without knowing it; I thought you were an angel. And then I turned and saw you standing there in the doorway. You kissed me that day, Carol. Will you kiss me now?"

"Carol bowed his head without a word, and kissed him. And thus their friendship was sealed at either end."

L. T. Meade



Gouffé, sc.

Aimé Morot, pinx.

ON THE WAY TO THE MEET.

ATALANTA

VOL. V.

FEBRUARY, 1892.

No. 53.

MY VALENTINE.

Mosse Macdonald.

I.

SIT so a little, Amy dear,
And let the firelight play
On thy fair head that shines out clear
Against the darkening day;
The home fire has its glow for thee,
The window has its star,
The earthly light and the heavenly
Thy mingled halo are!

II.

Now if I were a painter bold,
Painting the Graces three,
Or those fair goddesses of old
Young Paris climbed to see,
Two queens should link white arms in thine,
The rays that played round them
Should kiss the hair of sunny shine
That makes thy diadem.

III.

Or if I clothed those ladies three
In raiment of the saints,
Like the young angels full of glee
That Perugino paints,
Then at a loss I'd be to tell
Which name to give to thee,
Thy face would suit them each so well,
Faith, Hope, or Charity!

IV.

Or if, a clerkly sculptor, I
Were set to carve all day
On some great minster's masonry,
Long centuries away,
Where minstrels carven all arow
Viol and rebeck play,
One angel face in marble snow
Like thine, should lead the lay.

V.

If up in choir the clerks and boys
 Had haply heard thee sing,
 Their plain-song would have seem'd but noise,
 Each close a hopeless thing.
 Knights would have lost the place for fear
 Lest nuns they face should see,
 And clap thee in the convent near,
 And rob all hearts of thee !

VI.

Yet 'tis not for thy bonny mien
 I love thee, dearie, so,—
 Thy health and mirth when thou art seen
 Where Highland breezes blow,—
 But rather for the peace and rest
 That shine from thee like rays,
 And because thou dost keep thy best
 For home on cloudy days !

VII.

Oh, pleasant gift of Heaven's grace
 That kept a life like thee
 From all the other hearths of space
 To comfort mine and me,
 —Like the lone stars that earthward come
 Falling from heaven clear,
 Into my age, my clan, my home,
 And my heart's atmosphere.

VIII.

If I, perchance, before to-day
 Had never seen thee, dear,
 Then from this hour I'd seek a way
 To be thy cavalier ;
 But thou art mine, so kind and good,
 For naught that I have done,
 I have by right of brotherhood
 What I could ne'er have won.

IX.

Ah ! priceless things my tears replace
 When once they fade and die,—
 The old home love, the pure embrace
 That Cræsus cannot buy !
 Happy in life's hard bondage they,
 Who find at home release,
 And draw refection day by day
 Out of the wells of peace !

X.

Amy !—but soft,—my sister's eyes
 Gaze through the casement bars,
 And, with some vision love describes,
 Seem distant as two stars.
 Amy, come back from fancy's spheres !—
 She turns and smiles on me,—
 Go miles and years, that smile of hers
 Is sweet as man shall see.

XI.

Good-night !—she's gone ;—the hearth is dim.
 Alack, she yet must go,
 When Love wins 'Yes,' that's more to him
 Than all the whole world's 'No.'
 O modern heart that seekest hers,
 Be ancient yet in this,—
 First win in Holy Land thy spurs,
 And earn our Amy's kiss !

A BATTLE AND A BOY.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

CHAPTER IX.

FRANZL'S desire to see Kurt's old face, with its supercilious and insolent smile, was so great that he entered the Normanns' courtyard, with his full cans, a good half-hour earlier than usual. He felt extremely sheepish; not in the least from overweening consciousness of heroism, but simply because he, for the first time since the day he met Kurt, did not approach the house eager to take offence and with scowling animosity seated on his brow.

He was therefore astonished beyond measure when buxom Nanni hugged and kissed him tumultuously, and Hildegard seized his hands and danced up and down, and said, "Oh, dear me! oh, dear me! oh, dear me! oh, dear me!" as fast as her tongue would go, and could think of nothing more appropriate to remark. But this discomfort increased tenfold when Kurt's dreaded mamma wept over him, and poured incoherent ejaculations upon him, and Fraulein Doris smiled like an angel, and murmured, "Dear little boy! dear Franzl!" and finally took his hand and led him along the corridor, saying:—

"Papa wants you. You must come to papa."

This was the worst of all. Not like a conquering hero, but frowning and reluctant, the boy entered the Major's study and stood with the air of a culprit before the tribunal.

The tall officer rose from his chair at the writing table, came forward with his long military step and beautiful clanking sabre, and without a word looked for some moments at the little figure.

"My brave little man"—the voice accustomed to command a squadron was low and unsteady—"you have made me your debtor for life." Von Normann placed his hands on Franzl's shoulders.

The boy squirmed and wished he were on the other side of the door, but presently became interested in the Major's spurs.

"You risked your life for my beloved son," the deep voice went on, "and you have made us a glad house this day, instead of a house of mourning."

Now Franzl had not looked at the matter in this light, and the close proximity of the gentleman, together with the solemnity of his tone, rendered the child hopelessly unreceptive of other people's views of his conduct as well as taciturn as to his own. Having his chin raised, and being forced to bear a long thoughtful scrutiny, he discovered with surprise that in spite of the grey hair, weather-beaten face and the bigness and awfulness of the Major, he had Fraulein Doris's gentle questioning gaze.

"Such a child," murmured von Normann, "and such heroism! To think what it is you have done for me—restored to me! To think that you have saved my only son's life!"

"I got his head up," Franzl admitted in a tone which from embarrassment sounded sullen.

"Got his head up! You saved him—swam with him—pulled him along under those logs, a merciful Heaven alone knows how, and Kurt as large as you!"

"Oh, no, I'm bigger," Franzl broke out, "and a great deal stronger. I could have pulled him out if he'd been twice as heavy."

A twinkle was visible an instant in the Major's eyes.

"It was not only your strength," he said simply, "it was"—he hesitated. He had the kindest heart in the world, and a loyal, grateful spirit, and was resolved to watch and further this boy's interests always; but the good Major entertained thoroughly conservative views, and disapproved of turning the heads of the lower classes even if they did save lives. The boy, it was true, with sturdy unconsciousness of the greatness of his deed, seemed to regard it merely as an exhibition of muscle. But perhaps he had had praise enough for the moment. The women would surely spoil him if they could. It would be wisest to find out gradually what would be best for him, to study his tastes, capabilities and wishes. Physically he was a beautiful specimen, and no man could have evinced a more gallant spirit. It was a responsibility—a sacred duty to do the right thing for him. In the

meantime graver matters should be decided, one could give the little fellow a great pleasure.

"We shall have time to talk of many things when we know each other better," the Major said amiably. "I am going to look well after you."

To Franzl this sounded ominous as well as superfluous, since he was perfectly able to look after himself. He stared and said nothing.

"But tell me some wish of yours, something that you want very much," the Major went on in the kindest tone, "something that I can do at once to make this a happy day for you."

He waited, smiling indulgently upon the shabby but honest boy, and rather curious to hear his reply.

"Oh, it's happy enough. There isn't anything the matter with it," Franzl answered, unabashed now that the Major was asking him straight and not making him feel foolish.

That gentleman concluded the boy's apparent indifference might be a concession to peasant-etiquette, and waited with benevolent expectation.

"Well? What shall it be? What shall I give you?"

"Nothing," Franzl replied, his manner so simple, his glance so bold and direct, it was impossible to doubt his sincerity.

"Nothing," repeated the Major.

"Why, no," the boy returned, smiling charmingly, for he thought he would have a room like that by and by, with armour and guns and swords, and a big horn crosswise on the wall.

"But you really must tell me something, my dear boy," urged the Major. "Give me the happiness of doing some trifling service for you to-day. You surely have needs and wants. Everybody has. If I should propose this to my boy, he would tell me fifty things, I assure you. Don't hesitate. Don't be shy. Remember it was my darling's life that you saved. I can never, never do enough for you."

"I went swimming for fun," Franzl remarked somewhat stolidly. "They don't pay you for swimming."

"Good heavens, child!" Von Normann exclaimed, not without a trace of impatience at the boy's obtuseness or opposition. "Can't you understand it's my son's life we are discussing? I presume you won't deny that you saved him?"

"I suppose I did," Franzl conceded reflectively, "but I'd have gone for anybody else as quick.

When you see them fall in and don't see them come up again, you have to go for them, you know."

Von Normann gave him a keen glance, turned, and walked up and down the room.

The boy's gaze followed the stately martial figure with approval. He would have a uniform, too, some day, with tight legs, high boots and all.

"Let us be serious," said the Major. "I shall put some money in the bank for you to-day, for one thing."

Franzl looked quite unconcerned. The only money which he understood was money that he could see, feel and chink.

"But we can talk of that later," the Major continued, edified to observe that the child evinced no desire to occupy himself with so vague and uninteresting a subject.

"What the deuce of a boy it is!" thought Von Normann. "One can make no headway with him."

"Now see here. I haven't much time."

"Neither have I," returned Franzl, pleasantly.

The Major smiled, put his hands behind him, and looked down steadily at his guest.

Franzl, also very erect, and with his hands behind him, stood watching with much interest the phenomenon of Fraulein Doris's pleasant eyes under bushy, grey eyebrows.

"The children call you Franzl. Franzl what?"

"Reiner."

"How old are you?"

"Twelve in January."

"Tyrolean, as I hear from your accent?"

"From Heilig-Kreuz, in the Venter Thal."

"You have snow enough there, eh?"

"They have more at Vent. The avalanches snow them up there for six or eight months. But I could come down in March from Heilig-Kreuz."

"You came down in March?"

"Why, yes, to the child market in Ravensburg."

"Not alone?"

"I started alone, and was alone in the mountains. Down below sometimes I met people, and sometimes I didn't."

"What is your father?"

"He was a hunter and guide. He is dead—my mother too."

"Ah! No family then? No brothers and sisters?"

"I have a family—a small one."

"But not here?"

"No, not yet."

"You are with Christian Lutz?"

"Yes."

"Does he treat you well?"

"Well enough. But it's Leni I see most. She is good."

"How long do you work a day?"

"From half-past four in the morning till eight in the evening."

"Enough to eat?"

"Yes."

"Anything to complain of?"

"No."

"Hm," said the Major.

"Of course," thought Franzl. "They always have to 'Hm' at a fellow."

"You are young to pull that cart from Waldheim to Wynburg."

"The older ones don't pull theirs better."

After a moment the Major asked:

"Have you thought what trade you'd like to learn?"

"I have thought, but haven't decided yet."

"If you'll decide, I'll see to the details. I'll get you a good place at once."

"But I like it where I am. I like Leni. Then I'm sold till next March. He bought me at the child-market."

"But I could buy you on higher terms. I know Lutz. You'll find he'll sell."

"You can't sell yourself for a year, and then cut it short," Franzl gravely explained. "It would be like cheating when you measure milk. That isn't business."

The Major laughed heartily.

"You are quite right, Franzl. Your logic beats mine every time. Keep your engagement, by all means. And March is not very far off. But don't sell yourself to anybody else before coming to me. I promise to pay highest. By the way, what is the Ravensburg market-price for a fine little fellow like you?"

"Fifty marks," was the proud reply. "Only very few old boys get more."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the Major abruptly, then again, and more vigorously, "Upon my word!" but Franzl had no idea what he meant.

"Once more, and for the last time, there is positively nothing that you want?"

"Oh, there are some things I want, but you see

I am going to get them myself later," the child replied with his brave young voice.

"Which means that there is nothing whatever you want of me to-day?"

"Nothing."

The Major raised his eyebrows and shook his head slightly.

"Then I wish I were as rich as you, and as independent."

The boy was looking critically at a rifle on the wall.

Von Normann took it down and put it in the child's hands, saying pleasantly:—

"It is too long for you or you could have it. Would you like a small one?"

"Thank you, no," Franzl returned with dignity.

"I have one of my own at home. It was my father's, and it is quite as long."

The Major turned to replace the rifle and conceal a smile, asked Franzl to wait an instant, and left the room.

"Doris, my dear," he said, "that's a child after my own heart. Sturdy, sound, brave and proud as a Spanish grandee. Peasant-pride, you know. No sickly longings to rise above his station; no discontent; no desire for luxuries. Why, my dear girl, would you believe it, I have tried my best and I can't induce him to say he wants anything whatever! You must try, Doris. Perhaps you will wheedle it out of him. You'd wheedle anything out of anybody."

"I'm wheedling a deep wrinkle out of your forehead, papa," smoothing it with her soft palm. "It's a very peculiar wrinkle, and always comes when you mount your hobby that people should be contented in their stations. But I'm glad you like Franzl. We would love him whatever he was, for what he did yesterday, but he is a lovely boy, papa."

"There is admirable stuff in him, if he doesn't get notions. I don't want him spoiled in this house, you understand."

"Oh, papa, as if you wouldn't spoil him first of all! As if you hadn't spoiled all of us!"

"That's altogether different. But we'll talk of these things later. Try to gain his confidence, and help him think of something he wants. I asked him casually, supposing he would answer on the instant like any other child. He looks so honest I must believe him, yet it is

incredible that the little rascal has risen above all human wants and desires. So I'm puzzled and feel like carrying my point. No doubt you can do better with him, but don't flatter him, Doris. There is refreshing integrity in the boy."

"You wouldn't accuse me of tampering with it, would you papa, if I should give him a large slice of bread and butter, spread extra thick with strawberry jam?"

"I must go," Franzl said at once as father and daughter returned to the study. "I must hurry or shall be late."

"But you'll come back? I want to see you so much, and Kurt has asked for you. He has fallen asleep again now."

"Oh, I can't. You see, I ran away yesterday. I can't again to-day."

"No, we don't want any deserters," the Major said smiling. "But what have you to do?"

"There's no market. After my rounds I go home and work."

"If I make it right with Lutz? If I say I am keeping you?"

Franzl still looked doubtful.

"How will he know?"

"I'll send my Bursch."

Franzl's eyes sparkled.

"A soldier on horseback with a message about me?"

"Yes."

"Will he say it loud so that all the men will hear?"

"His voice is very powerful," the Major said soberly, "and I will give him special orders to roar."

"And the milk-cart?"

"Must it go back at once?"

"Of course," Franzl returned instructively. "Didn't you know they wash the cans?"

"At least I have always hoped so," the Major rejoined meekly. "He can take it up, I suppose."

"A man in uniform with my milk-cart?"

"Yes."

Franzl flushed.

"All right. I'll come."

"When and where shall he meet you?"

"Here, at eleven."

The Bursch and Franzl were both punctual. After giving the men some lordly directions, the boy went into the house. Doris received him, and

led him at once into her mamma's dressing-room, where Kurt was installed in high state.

"Mamma can't let him out of her sight," the young girl informed him. "She has to look at him every instant to see that he is all there. But I don't blame her."

The room was slightly darkened, there was a mingling of sweet odours in the air, a profusion of rose-colour and lace on the bed where Kurt lay — "swaddling clothes," he disrespectfully called his environment.

"I wouldn't miss this meeting for worlds!" whispered Frau von Normann to Doris.

"Hallo, Franzl! how are you?" said Kurt with a very dreadful leer.

"How are you?" returned Franzl with a grin.

Kurt put out his hand. Franzl took it.

"I say that ~~was~~ a muddle!" remarked the invalid, which was all the speechifying ever made by the two upon the subject of Kurt's danger and Franzl's pluck or any emotional phase of the accident — at least, while they were cubs.

"Why didn't you come up?" Franzl demanded bluntly after some minutes employed in a satisfying stare at Kurt's face, which had lost not a whit of its mocking flexibility.

"That's what I'd like to know myself," drawled Kurt. "I suppose I must have hit my head on the log. Papa thinks so. I don't remember a blessed thing from the moment I fell, until I opened my eyes in a strange room and mamma was crying all over me."

"I shouldn't have hit my head," Franzl asserted with extreme arrogance — "or if I had——"

"Oh, come now!" interrupted Kurt, "I'd like to know how you'd have helped it."

But before Franzl could expound his theories, discreet Doris observing signs of electric disturbances in the atmosphere, had drawn him out of the room, telling him Kurt's chest still troubled him and talking made him cough.

Frau von Normann frequently described the scene to her chosen friends, and declared that it was the most touching thing she ever saw; and it was, no doubt, in her eyes, which were all she had to see with. She always beheld her son's head in a nimbus the radiance of which in this instance illumined his little vagabond companion. After all, Shakespeare and Goethe could only see with their eyes, the highest and the

meanest of us are subject to this limitation, and when that formidable person, the critic on the war-path, seeks to drive poets and painters all in one direction, he betrays a naive egotism, for what he really says is: "Paint your pictures of life as my eyes behold;" and this is something never yet on land or sea, for only a woman in love ever sees with somebody else's eyes—and she not for long. "*Look in thy own heart and write,*" said the poet.

Frau von Normann, furthermore, was at first a little annoyed that the facts of the drowning episode were not reversed. It would have seemed to her more fitting had Kurt saved Franzl.

Even Sir Walter Scott confessed that he could not repeat a story without giving it a new hat and cane. Frau von Normann was still more liberal. But however she told her tale, the little milk-boy, to her secret surprise, invariably received the plaudits and bore off the laurels. She gradually adapted herself to the situation, took Franzl under her wing with a graciousness which was exceedingly discomposing to him, and with the admirable mental elasticity of a certain type of mother, persisted in interpreting the whole episode as a beautiful tribute to her darling's loveableness.

"Kurt is so noble, so winning," she declared. "Everybody loves him. Think how devotedly attached to him that child must have been to risk his life for him. Really, it shows unusual power of appreciation in a boy of his station. Darling Kurt!"

CHAPTER X.

IN Doris's room, Franzl felt uncommonly comfortable. She did not ask him questions like the Major, or overpower him with grandeur and lace-ruffles like her mamma, but put him in a low chair, gave him a large dish of peaches and cream, and told him she wanted him to see her cat, for he was a very curious cat, with most original ways of his own.

"Othello!" she called.

A great silver-grey Angora cat stalked majestically from the next room.

"This is my friend Franzl," the young girl politely informed him.

Franzl laughed with delight.

"Oh, he can't understand that," he exclaimed.

"Watch him and let him do what he pleases."

Othello came directly to Franzl, sniffed boots and clothing, stood on his hind-legs with his broad soft paws on the boy's arm, scented him—hands, face and hair—gave him a straight long look in the eyes, turned away and lay down at Doris's feet. There was no purring, nothing insinuating or catty, only a clear-headed, cold and dignified inspection of the stranger.

"Why, he's like a dog!" Franzl cried.

"Indeed he is in many respects. He will never do that again to you. He knows you now. He examines every stranger, and has strong likes and dislikes. Mamma has some visitors at whose feet he springs the moment he sees them. They are not very fond of him. He treats others with indifference, and some he likes and welcomes. He doesn't scratch—that is, he scratches Kurt, but has never scratched me. He has a way of lifting his paw, curving it, and striking swiftly and hard when he is displeased. He is fond of the odour of flowers, particularly violets."

"What else does he do?" demanded Franzl eagerly.

"He plays hide-and-seek with Kurt and Hildgard. He eats fine white bread of a particular kind for his breakfast, and won't touch any other, and he doesn't like milk. You saw he did not deign to notice your cream."

"But what does he drink?"

"Water and sometimes a little soup."

"Is he your own cat?"

"Yes. He belonged to a girl friend of mine, and it's very odd, but he followed me home several times, very solemn, his tail straight up in the air like a flag-staff. Finally she gave him to me, and although she lives near us, he has never gone back once. So you see he is more attached to people than to places, and that is more like a dog than a cat, isn't it? Altogether, he is a very remarkable animal, aren't you, Othello?"

"What is it you call him?"

"Othello."

"What's that?"

"He's a man in a story-book—one of the best story-books in the world. He was very kind-hearted, but jealous. So is my cat. He is jealous when I write, and tries to knock away my pen, and waves his tail between me and the paper. He is jealous when I read, and calmly puts himself between me and my book, and brushes my

face with his tail until I speak to him and pay him what he thinks is proper attention. He has a very expressive tail. His name used to be Peter. He didn't mind at all when I changed it."

"And you didn't say, 'Kitty, Kitty!' just now, you only said 'Othello,' once."

"You see," returned Doris, smiling, "he is a character. Another thing. Look, Franzl."

She took a birdcage from its place at the window and put it on the floor. Othello opened his eyes lazily, blinked without apparent interest or desire, and closed them. The canary paid as little attention to him.

"He is often in the room alone with Mignon, and could easily put his paw through the wires, but he never goes near him."

"Did you ever try him with the bird out of the cage?" Franzl asked, excitedly. "Because it would be awful fun to see if he goes for it, you know. Now, if you should let the bird hop along the carpet just in front of Othello's nose while he's asleep?"

"It might be fun for you and Othello, but I fancy Mignon wouldn't enjoy it much, and it wouldn't make me very happy. Othello is used to the cage, but not to birds hopping before his nose. While I admire his wonderfully good breeding, and his way of viewing things in the light of pure reason, he is very quick and fierce sometimes, and I don't know what wild-beast instinct might tempt him to lift that swift paw, and slay my poor birdie before he remembered what a fine, civilised, genteel cat he had become. Of course, he'd be sorry afterwards, but that wouldn't help Mignon or me."

"No," Franzl admitted, regretfully, "but it would be awfully good fun."

Doris smiled and rehung the bird-cage.

"What did you call that bird?"

She told him.

"Why do you call him that?"

"It's only French for 'darling,'" she returned, carelessly.

"Oh, is that all," he said, encouraged, "it isn't hard when you know, is it?"

Suddenly he flushed, started, looked excited, uncertain, cast a rapid glance at the pictures, at a bookcase, a writing table upon which were books and papers, at the young girl who was smiling in the sweetest and most tranquil way, rearranging

some violets in a low dish on the table near her, and removing a few which Othello had not only smelled but chewed.

"Oh," Franzl broke out, "I wish you'd tell me what the great crowd of men coming down the middle of the street meant. Kurt was in front with yellow gloves. What were they doing? What did that priest with his arm out and his head thrown back want? Why did they whip themselves? Why were their backs bare and bloody? Why were they so hungry and thin and white, with such awful eyes?"

Doris walked a few steps away from him.

"Dear little Franzl," she murmured, soothingly.

"Why did they have that child all skin and bone on a litter? Why did they kiss his clothes? Where did they come from? Where were they going? Why were there miles and miles of them coming along behind as far as you could see?"

He had risen and approached Doris, until he stood close to her, grasping the table, scowling in his passionate eagerness, fiery and indomitable search shining in his eyes.

Doris covered his rough brown hands with her own.

"I don't know how to tell you quite, dear," she began.

The child groaned.

"Oh," he cried, desperately, "not even you?" His disappointment was so intense that she hastened to say:

"You misunderstood, Franzl. I can tell you, but perhaps you wouldn't understand, because there are things that go before, and I don't exactly know where to begin."

"I don't care about the things that go before. It's those men I want to know about," he said, imperiously.

"It was a great many hundred years ago—six or seven hundred—when those men used to march through the streets in Italy."

"Is it true—what you're saying?"

"Perfectly. They thought it would please God if they whipped their backs until they bled."

"Did it?"

"I cannot believe that it did. But all over the earth, at all times, among all nations, people have been trying to find God, trying to please Him, trying to find the way to heaven and life after death; and sometimes they have done very queer things, even cruel things, because when a great

many men get an idea into their heads they want everybody else to think exactly as they do, and they'll fight for it, and hurt themselves and other people for it, and it's like a fever. It makes them wild, and they think nobody ought to have any way but their way of finding God. Is it too hard for you, Franzl?"

"Oh, I don't call this very hard. Were they hunting for God down that street?"

He was drawing nearer and nearer. His face almost touched hers. His eyes devoured hers. His breath was quick and audible.

She hesitated, considering how she should re-attack the subject.

"No, dear, it's not quite that. You see there had been wars."

"Real wars? Is it true?"

"Real and terrible wars in a far-off land."

"What were they fighting about? Did those men fight?"

"Franzl, you must try not to be quite so quick. You want the whole world all at once. The wars were about the Holy Land. The Holy Land is in the East where Christ used to live. A great many nations sent armies to take the land away from the heathen. There were long wars, and several times—seven or eight wars—and they didn't accomplish what they undertook. However, the nations became acquainted and learned useful things from one another, and a great many from the enemy too. But, afterwards, there was confusion everywhere, because these wars had made such changes in people's minds. Besides, when the soldiers came home they brought diseases with them. There was a terrible plague. There was famine. Everything was topsy-turvy. Then these men that you saw in the picture started up. They declared God was angry, and the only way to please him was to scourge—that is, whip the body. Baptism and the sacraments were of no use, they said, the only true religion was scourging. So they marched through the streets scourging themselves, and all the time people joined them, rich and poor, young and old. I am afraid I don't make it very clear to you, Franzl?"

"I understand very well," he said haughtily. "Fighting isn't hard to understand. What was that priest in front doing?"

"He was motioning to the people to clear the way."

"What were they doing with that little skin-and-bone boy with his eyes sunken in?"

"He was dying, he had scourged himself so. He was almost a saint. They were worshipping him."

Franzl drew a deep breath as if an enormous load had been lifted from him. How much or little he understood she had no idea. His face cleared, he smiled brilliantly.

"Nothing's hard when you know it," he remarked. "But I wouldn't have been any such fool. I'd have hit some other fellow's back. I'd have—"

"One thing more, Franzl. The reason you cared about the picture, the reason you have seen it so plainly since, is because it is a strong picture. If a poor artist had painted it, you would have forgotten. But this painter his name is Marr—felt the story and knew how to tell it on canvas and make it real, and that is why the procession comes marching down toward one and reaches so far behind, and is so moving and alive and the figures are so strong and the faces so strained and fierce."

"Did any of them ever get well?"

"I presume so," she replied, with an amused look. "But, Franzl, I haven't told you their names. The Flagellants. That is a hard word, isn't it?"

"Words are never hard if you know what they mean," he returned sententiously. With infinite confidence in Doris and the rattling ease acquired by long practice:

"Phyllis in-spe

Fain altruistic

Incorrigible quid-pro-quo

Eschylus catapult

Walthalla propensities

Bohemian Hindu

Scylla Charybdis

Encyclopedia

Lufus-in-fabula

Ganymede Berserker

Blessbleege and ethics.—What do they

mean, please?"

Doris broke into uncontrollable laughter.

"Oh, Franzl, Franzl! where did you get that rigmarole?"

"Rigmarole—twenty-one—twenty-one,—rigmarole," repeated the boy mechanically. Then with a certain anxiety:

"But don't you know them?"

"I think so," she returned, laughing a little still,

in spite of herself—"if you'll say them slower, I didn't quite hear all of them."

"Are they funny words?" he asked solemnly.

"Not at all, Franzl. The reason I laugh is because it strikes me as funny for a little boy to say them together and all at once. They are very good words. I'll tell you all I can about them."

"I didn't hear them all at once," he explained.

"No, I presume not. And why did you say them so, so—quite in that way?"

"Oh, I've been singing them, you know, going up and down the road."

"You dear child."

"I was afraid I'd forget, so I hung on to them by my teeth. I don't forget much of anything. Sometimes I wish I could, because I can never get my thinking done, and it's tiresome. But I thought I might forget these because I only heard them a word at a time, so I strung them together to keep them."

"Where did you hear them?"

"Herr Arno said most of them. Herr Heinrich some. When they are together their talk is awful. I thought I'd have to wait till I got big, and then I could find them out myself."

"But have you asked no one? Why didn't you ask Herr Arno?"

"I did almost—once—but I don't know him as well as I do you and Leni, and he began to sling some more at me, so I got discouraged and gave it up. And there wasn't anybody else to ask except Leni and she's busy, you know, and she says she never minds such nonsense. I suppose that's the way she feels," he added gallantly, watching Doris.

"I presume it is," she said kindly. "How long have you stored your words away?"

"From the day I began with the milk. That was in March. Herr Arno said three that morning."

"He would have told you them gladly and far better than I can. You must ask him next time. He would be pleased to have you ask him anything. He never dreamed that you listened or cared. Now say your words, Franzl, very slowly."

He said them slowly, loud, emphatically, some right, some wrong, some dislocated almost beyond recognition, his eyes fixed earnestly upon hers, and she dared not laugh.

She explained them one by one, as simply and briefly as she could. It was no easy task. Franzl's interpolations were rather mirth-provoking; his comprehension of what seemed to her

difficult points sometimes amazed her, while easy things were often hopelessly beyond his grasp. Towards the Greek gods he manifested considerable hostility and contempt. "Come, now, Fraulein Doris," he remarked, shaking his head with an incredulous smile; "that isn't sense. They've been lying to you." But his interest was unflagging, his cheeks were flushed, his eyes always staring in hers.

She galloped through ancient and modern times—history, geography, poetry, mythology, biography, and the dictionary—and paused to take breath, wondering what manner of witches' dance she had created in the unfortunate child's brain.

"Oh," said Franzl, "I like it awfully; I wanted it more than anything. All these months they've been whirling inside my head. Words are awful things when they keep at you."

"You wanted this more than anything?" she exclaimed. "*This*? Only to be told what these words mean? It isn't possible that this is your dearest wish?"

"I wanted it deep down inside of me. When it's deep inside of you, you can't talk about it, you know. I wanted to know about the men and the words. It has been awful." He gave a long sigh of remembrance and relief.

"Oh, papa! What a shock is in store for you!" Doris thought. "This is your model child contented with his present lot."

"Now," said Franzl, cheerfully, his mental appetite unsatiated; "what is a *blessbleege*?"

"A what?"

"A *blessbleege*! Herr Arno said it to Kurt, and Kurt said it himself."

She bit her lip.

"Ah, yes, I see."

She looked at him rather hopelessly. How was she ever going to explain to this milk-boy the supremely proud motto of her proud old house? She was a girl of modern and liberal ideas. No mouldy prejudice impeded her progress, dimmed her sight, dwarfed her soul, or restrained her loving helpful hand; nevertheless, she cared for the family motto. While she had no overweening vanity in her long descent, she would rather than not look back upon a fine ancestral perspective. The historical dignity of the Normanns was interesting to her, nor did it seem to her a worthless thing in the present, that the race in

the past had been, taking them all in all, an honourable one. Sometimes she wondered if she were too romantic, if the merely picturesque element of lineage fascinated her, for she cherished an affection for family tradition side by side with what her father considered almost revolutionary sentiments, a sturdy disregard for social honours, and no sympathy with certain belittling rubrics which governed the women about her. If it were an advantage, a benign influence of which one might frankly be glad to have able, honourable and well-bred parents, then why not also be honestly thankful that one's grand-parents, great-grand-parents, and more remote progenitors were also honourable? It was certainly pleasanter and more promising than if they had been criminals. It seemed to her that this was a sensible way of regarding it, and she wished, for her part, that the whole world were so educated that each soul, not now able to look back upon satisfactory ancestors, could at least make himself worthy of becoming the noble ancestor of a future line. Aristocracy of mind and character—when all should reach it, all would be noble. As to the motto—she loved it. It meant much to her, as it had to the men and women of the race for centuries. In the family annals were brave tales how they had died for the undefinable spirit of their *noblesse oblige*.

Many such thoughts flitted through her mind. Yet what should she say to Franzl? How could the baroness accentuate her privileges before this child destitute of all of them? How could she, under his trustful unfaltering gaze, expatiate upon worldly distinctions, and the dignity and virtues of hereditary nobility? It would be insolence and fatuity.

Suddenly a lovely smile from her very heart played over her face. Of what, then, was this child destitute? What had his brave soul prompted but yesterday? What did she prize in the whole ancestral vista, if not the resolute spirit, the loyal heart, the clear brain? How was any of them nobler than this poor little untaught boy? Out of his beautiful ardent eyes his spirit pleaded for enlightenment, for truth. Without traditions, or motto, or race, or rank, or any moral aid in his surroundings, he had done the high-hearted deed which made the milk-boy brevet chevalier. A

long-dead Normann was promoted for extraordinary bravery on the field of battle. Wounded and against heavy odds he saved the life of his friend. He did not reason or know why. Nor did Franzl. It was only their instinct—the voice of their brave spirit, and they were equal—brothers in soul rank; and what other nobility was worth anything, or had any right to exist?

"Ah, Franzl," she said, her voice sweet and moved—" *noblesse oblige* means different things at different times, but always that the more one has, the more one must give—that one has not one's gifts for one's self. Sometimes it means one must give love, sometimes courtesy, or silence, or speech, or work, or forgiveness, or patience, or strength—it is often indeed the thing that is hardest to give—but whatever it may be, one gives because one must, since one has received so large gifts one's self. And the most precious thing a man can give is his life, and that is what you were ready to give yesterday, because *noblesse oblige* was in your heart, although you did not know or think. You had more courage, strength, more skill, more brain than the others—that is why you gave of them all. You were pitiful and generous—that is why you could not see Kurt drown before your eyes without risking your life to save him. And now you know what *noblesse oblige* means, Franzl."

Once more came his long-drawn satisfied sigh. He had gradually pressed against her knee, was in her face and eyes, and almost down her throat. He was far from clean, and smelt of stables and bucolic things generally; but Doris loved him and thought him beautiful, with the unfathomable clearness of his gaze, and now and then a flashing glance that startled her, it was so keen and dominant, so out of place on the roundness of his pretty brown face.

"It's more comfortable when you know things. I like it awfully—your talk. But," he added, with a little explanatory air, a touch of masculine superiority and knowledge of facts, "I didn't do all those things you said. I didn't bleege a minute. There isn't any time, when a fellow is under water. I only went for him. You would yourself, if you'd seen him go down and not seen him come up again."

(To be continued.)



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PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCESS ELEANORA OF MANTUA

From the Picture by PONTIUS DE GIOVANNI in the Pitti Gallery, Florence.

CHILDREN OF THE OLD MASTERS.

Allen Zimmerman

WHEN the old Masters set themselves to paint children they did so with the grace, the skill, the inimitable fascination that distinguishes their art, but it is not often that children appear on their canvases, since they mostly painted pictures of a religious character, when representations of purity and youth naturally ran into angels, or were adumbrated in the figure of the Child *par excellence*, the Infant Jesus. To attempt even a list of the pictures representing the Holy Child Jesus which are to be found in the galleries of Florence, would exceed the limits of our space, even if we enumerated the names of the pictures only.

Famous among the famous are Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair," "Madonna of the Grand

with the babe's divine origin and divine mission; but too frequently the artist's own want of spiritual purity and mental elevation makes itself felt in the creation. Thus, for example, Murillo; his children are often beautiful, attractive, but they are commonly elfish, mischievous little beings; his Saviour savors too much of the earthly, the prosaic; he lacks elevation, he is void of inspiration. Still, even so, Murillo's Child Christ is often very beautiful, regarded simply as the picture of a child. It is a moot point whether the so-called "Madonna of the Rosary" represents a Madonna or not; for my own part, I incline to the belief that the picture is merely that of a mother and child, and that the child is a little girl. It

Duke," and "Madonna of the Goldfinch," familiar—by prints and photographs—as household words. Raphael, we say it in no irreverent spirit, might be called the Court painter of the Infant Jesus. No one as well as he ever conveyed into the look of the baby face so deep a sense of divine mystery, of omniscient wisdom, of mental power, without sacrificing on that account its gaze of childish innocence and grace. Again and again does the face of the Child Christ meet us as we traverse the Pitti and Uffizi galleries, and in all cases do the painters strive to impress us



HEAD OF ST. JOHN.

From the "Madonna dell'Impannata," by RAPHAEL, in the Pitti Gallery, Florence.

holds a rosary in its hand, with which it is indifferently playing; there is no attitude, no thought of devotion, in either mother or babe. Another so-called "Madonna and Child" by the same hand is no doubt more correctly named; the child stands on its mother's knee, its arms caressingly laid on her shoulder, a posture that conveys a sense of dignity and protection such as we might expect from Him to His mother. Unlike the usual representations of Jesus, He is painted here as having dark hair and shining dark eyes. There are few pictures depicting the Child Jesus alone,



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THE "MADONNA DEL ROSARIO"

From the Gallery of Bartolommeo Marullo, in the Pitti Gallery, Florence.

apart from His mother. "The Infant Jesus sleeping on the Cross," by Christoforo Allori, is a well-known and very sweet example, though the artist does not belong to the best epoch of art. Though a Florentine, he was one of the eclectic school that arose in Rome in the 16th century, who are apt to be a little mannered and a trifle over-sweet in the painting of expression. Francesco Albani, of the school created by the Caracci, who were the eclectics of Bologna, has a round picture of the Holy Child standing in the midst of a group of angels. The boy, who is dressed in long red robe held in by a girdle, looks about two years old, and has a charming expression of childish naivety and purity. He is represented with lifted hands as in the act of invocation.

St. John the Baptist as a child is continually painted in the pictures that represent the Baby Christ. The older painters evidently look upon him as the infantine companion of the Child Jesus. Perhaps

one of the most beautiful of these impersonations of the Baptist in his youth is that in Raphael's lovely picture, "The Madonna of the Goldfinch."

"Raphael's mild Madonna of the bird."

as Mrs. Browning terms it. This picture has a curious story. It was painted by Raphael as a wedding present for his friend, Lorenzo Nasi. Twenty-seven years after Raphael's death Nasi's palace fell in, owing to a landslip, and the costly picture was broken into bits, which were, however, happily recovered and restored. St. John is supposed to have caught a bird, which, in childish eagerness, he brings to show his playmate, holding it just as a child would, rather roughly with both hands. Attitude and expression breathe life, energy, and grace, a contrast to that divine Babe, whose look—pensive, almost sad—recalls Miss Bremer's criticism of the picture:—

"The divine goodness expressed in the countenance of the Child Jesus while He holds His hands



THE INFANT JESUS SLEEPING ON THE CROSS.

(CHRISTOFANO ALLORI, in the *Uffizi Gallery, Florence.*

over the little bird, and seems to say, 'Not one of these is forgotten by My Father,' is beyond all description."

Another "St. John" by the same painter hangs also in the Tribune, that treasure-room of all the choicest gems of art that the Uffizi gallery has

Colonna, for whom it was painted, having presented it to the physician who had saved his life. Close by hangs a Paolo Veronese, depicting the "Holy Family with St. Catherine." The St. John in this group is extremely graceful and full of feeling as he kisses reverently the foot of the Holy Child,



GROUP OF FIGURES FROM THE "MADONNA DEL POPOLO"
R. RAFFAELLO, in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

to show. There is nothing superhuman about this lad of apparently fourteen summers; he has rather the look of pronounced, healthy, earthly beauty. The whole character of the work is more pagan than Christian. It would appear that the picture once served to pay a doctor's fees, Cardinal

who lies asleep in His mother's lap. Another most beautiful St. John is the one in the "Madonna del l'Impannata" (Madonna of the Cloth Window). He is shown here as a boy about eight years old, looking straight out of the picture with an exceedingly intelligent and lively expression. This work



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MADONNA DELLA FUMIA

From the Plater by RAPHAEL SANZIO, in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

is also assigned to Raphael, but there is some question whether it was executed by him. However, a sketch from the hand of Raphael in the Royal collection of England proves that the invention, if not the execution, is that of the master. Andrea del Sarto, too, that painter of animal beauty and serpentine grace, excels in his Christ children and in his St. Johns. Prominence was given to this saint by Florentine painters, owing to his being the patron of the town, and this is why Florence is so especially rich in examples of pictures of the Baptist. Perugino has a very sweet little St. John kneeling by himself in a picture of "The Mother in Adoration," which is often copied, and hence familiar. Fra Angelico, lover of grace and purity though he was, did not incline to paint children, except, of course, the Holy Child. There are, however, from his brush, two tiny creatures in the foreground of his "Marriage of the Virgin," very pure and ecstatic in expression.

It was rather the later than the earlier painters who departed from strictly religious themes, and also devoted their energies to secular subjects. Basaita, a Venetian, a follower of Bellini, had, like his master, a special skill for depicting childish vivacity. There are some charming little ones painted by him, who are shaking an orange tree in order to bring down its golden fruit. Near by hangs a picture called "The Choice of Moses," in which the infant lawgiver is depicted as being held up before two dishes, one containing gold and the other burning coals. The pendant to this is a "Judgment of Solomon," with

the most astonishing babe held up by one arm, as stiff as if he were made of wood; a dead child lies on the ground in front. Another dead child is that in the first picture of the series, representing "The Miracle of San Zenobi." This saint, whose statue as that of the favourite local saint is one of the most prominent on the front of the cathedral of Florence, was a canonized bishop who raised to life a child whose funeral he met whilst walking in procession. The painter is Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, a Florentine, son of Domenico Ghirlandajo, once

the master of Michael Angelo. Also painted by a Florentine, indeed by that master of his craft—Andrea del Sarto, is a beautiful banner that was executed for the Confraternity of St. James, and represents that saint, the special patron of pilgrims and pilgrimages. He is depicted here as clad in a green tunic and a rich crimson mantle, and since one purpose of the confraternity for whom this standard was made was to educate poor orphans, two boys are placed at his feet. They are dressed in pilgrims' clothes, and are evidently bent on a pious mission. The saint stoops to caress one



HEAD OF A YOUNG BOY
(CORREGGIO, in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.)

of them, with a tender benign expression. Of the boys' faces not much is seen, but an impression of reverent devotion is conveyed. Some very beautiful groups of children with their parents are seen in the large picture by Barocci, in the hall bearing his name in the Uffizi. The canvas is entitled "La Madonna del Soccorso" (the Madonna of Aid), to whose protection it is evident that mothers and fathers commend their little ones. The life and motion in these groups is wonderful, as well as the feeling they express, the children

are genuine children, free from self-consciousness and attitudinizing, healthy little animals, indifferent to what goes on around them, intent merely on their own physical comfort and enjoyment. It is rarely that this painter presents himself in so agreeable a light as in this picture. Filippino

A painter, or, more correctly, a family of painters who hardly ever put brush to canvas without painting youth and childhood, were the Venetians Bassano. It was the elder, the father, Jacopo da Ponte, surnamed Il Bassano from the place of his birth, who may be considered as the originator in



PORTRAIT OF DUKE COSIMO III, AS A CHILD.
(G. SUBST. RIEMANN, in *Die Pitti Gallery, Florence*.)

Lippi, whose angels we have admired, gives us hardly any children; an exception is a little shepherd boy, painted into a "Nativity," a charming, artless figure depicted as leaning over a wall, watching proceedings with naive wonder and interest.

Italy of that style of painting commonly known as *genre*; he lived in the 16th century. His children, generally boys, are regular little peasants, with expressions neither intellectual nor sublime, more commonly, indeed, stodgy and stolid, speaking of slow wits and slender education.

It was a frequent habit with the elder painters to introduce into their pictures the portraits of the donors, most often painted by their order for some church or convent, and presented in fulfilment of some vow, some special favour accorded to them by Heaven. They are usually accompanied by their wives, and not unfrequently by their children. A magnificent picture by Hugo vander Goes, executed when the art of oil painting was almost in

Maria Nuova, and to these works were added some Flemish examples of the new art of oil painting, among them a tryptic by Hugo van der Goes. These dates effectually dispose of the legend that the kneeling little girl in profile on that door of the tryptic which represents the female members of the Portinari family is the portrait of Beatrice Portinari, wife of Simone dei Bardi, known in literature as the inspirer of



Portrait of Leonello and Diego di Cerreto as an Infant.
From the *Pinacoteca* by E. Baroccio, in the Pitti Gallery, Florence.

its infancy, contains such a group of donors. This picture hangs in the gallery which belongs to the Hospital of Florence, known as Santa Maria Nuova. This hospital was founded by Folco Portinari di Ricovero, the father of Dante's "Beatrice," who died in 1289. More than a century and a half later a member of the same family, Folco, son of Edward Portinari, commissioned two Italian painters to decorate the Portinari Chapel in Santa

Dante's "Divina Commedia." Nevertheless, the head of this child is engraved and sold as the portrait of Beatrice in the Florentine art shops, that lay themselves out to entrap the unwary tourist. Now, Beatrice could not have been painted in oils, since oil painting was an invention unknown in her day.

In portraits of children the Florentine galleries are fairly rich. Two babies are specially familiar

to all who have seen photographs or engravings of this collection. The one is swaddled after the barbarous and unwholesome Italian fashion that prevails to this day; the other lies in his cradle, under a gorgeous pearl embroidered coverlet. Both are very beautiful, and as childlike, artless,

of Leopoldo de Medici, son of the Grand Duke Cosimo II., who lived to be a Cardinal. It is to him that the Uffizi gallery owes the idea of that most interesting and unique collection of autograph portraits of painters of which I shall speak in another paper. He died in 1675. A very beautiful



PORTRAIT OF DON GARZIO, SON OF COSIMO I. OF MEDICI.

A. BRONZINO, in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

and unconscious as well can be; just regular babies as they should be. The first—the swaddled victim—is by Baroccio, and represents Prince Frederick of Urbino, who was born in 1605, as a painted inscription on the picture shows. The other, by Tiberio Titi, a Florentine, is the portrait

portrait of Sustermann's (that prince of portrait painters, a Fleming, whose style, however, was formed in Italy) is that of a boy, ardent, frank, and glad of mien. He was the grandson of the swaddled baby, being no other than Cosimo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, son of Ferdinand II.



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A YOUNG PILGRIM.

The Picture, by A. GRIMONI, in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

and Vittoria della Rovere, the daughter of the above-named Frederick of Urbino. The Flemings, Pourbus, were a family of portrait painters; indeed, the Lowlanders were peculiarly strong in that branch of art, perchance because it requires slow patient intuition of character and imitative power. A very exquisite portrait from the hand of Franz Pourbus, called the younger, to distinguish him from his father of the same name, is that of Eleanor of Mantua, who was crowned Queen of Hungary in 1627. She was the wife of the Emperor Ferdinand II., the overzealous Catholic, who so cruelly persecuted his Protestant subjects. At the time the Princess's portrait was painted she cannot have been more than ten years old. Robed in a dress of royal splendour, bearing on her little head a fantastic regal decoration, her face peeps out from amidst this external splendour as genuinely childlike and simple, with a certain ingenuous expression that is half humorous and half pathetic. All epochs, as we know, seem to imprint their peculiar expression upon the men and women who live in that age, no doubt the result of current modes of education and methods of thought. This child, curiously enough, strikes us as quite modern in face and mental characteristics; she might be a little girl nurtured in some South Kensington drawing-room and tricked out in fancy guise to please the whim of her limner. Paolo Veronese often introduced children into his gorgeous panels, but their purpose seemed to be to serve the general decorative design rather than to stand out as individual representations of mankind's fairest period of existence. Paolo Veronese does not sufficiently sympathise with simplicity to put himself into mental harmony with children. From the hand of the great Florentine painter Bronzino there is a wonderful portrait of Don Garcia de Medici, who has given the name to a chapter of "Roger's Italy." He it was who foully murdered his brother not yet nineteen years old, when both were out at the chase. Garcia returning alone, Cosimo surmised what had happened, and with his own hand, after the fashion of Brutus Junius, he slew his son in order that justice be done. It was given out to the world that the two youths had died of a contagious fever, and funeral orations were publicly pronounced in their honour. Alfieri has written a tragedy on this theme, but he has so changed the story and

the characters that it can scarcely be regarded as historical. In the picture before us the squat, ill-shaped imp, looking about five years old, is dressed in a coat of deep blood red hue, in his hand he holds a bird which he clasps so tightly and with such evident indifference that his cruel character may almost be foretold from the action. In this case the artist evidently read even in a baby face the nature with which he had to deal.

Coreggio, that painter, *par excellence*, of children, as we have before stated, is but poorly represented at Florence. We have, however, here one beautiful study of a boy's head by him.

Connecting the Pitti and Uffizi galleries, there is a long passage which even spans the Arno, which was built on the occasion of a Medici marriage as a means of joining the residential palace with the administrative one, also a means of escape should danger arise. The first idea of the way was suggested, it would seem, to some ancient Medici by the passage which Homer describes as uniting the palace of Hector to that of Priam. It is now used as an additional art gallery, and to walk from one end to the other forms an excellent constitutional when it is wet. Here hangs a large and historically, if not artistically, valuable collection of portraits of the Medici, their friends and contemporaries, among them of a large number of children. It is difficult to photograph these pictures owing to the want of light, but the attempt should be made, for, if on no other account, as studies of costume they are of value. Among them hang some children of the Stuart family; a pretty group of a brother and sister, the girl wearing a Queen Anne cap, and a portrait of a boy in armour, with a blue scarf tied across his cuirass, show the class of feature belonging to that unfortunate race. Some of these pictures in the gallery are very elaborate and ambitious. There is one portrait of a boy on horseback in which the horse is painted life-size. Many are depicted accompanied by their dogs, and yet oftener, according to the custom of the time, with their favourite dwarf in attendance. There is a small quaint group of a little child sitting in a small chair while two older ones play at draughts on a board laid across the little one's knee. One most interesting portrait is that of Louis XIII. of France, whose mother was Marie de Medici. His face is placed at the end of a long row of heads of little princesses painted



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THE HOLY FAMILY

From the Picture by TITIAN, in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

by Pourbus the younger. Many of these infants are wretchedly sickly looking, and some are almost deformed; they are scions of various royal, imperial and ducal families, Stuarts, Bourbons, Hapsburgs and Lorraines. Their dress is a perfect mine of wealth for students of costume, being painted with great minuteness and care. The poor little children must often have been very uncomfortable when they were thus sitting for their portraits, dressed up in their best, and sometimes we seem to read as much in their faces. It is a far cry from them to the children of the present day with their loose robes and flowing hair. There cannot be much question which is the most advantageous costume for the happiness and physical welfare of the children.

I cannot close this article without naming the picture of a child which is no longer in Florence, the famous "Puttina" (little girl) by Titian, which formerly adorned a panel in the Strozzi Palace, for which place it was especially painted. Financial embarrassments caused the family to sell it to the Berlin Museum. It is a little under life-size, a figure of a girl standing by a table, on which sits a dog, to whom she is holding out a sweetmeat; the dress is grey, the hair is a curly crop, the face is most *espigle* and charming. The original was a daughter of the house of Strozzi, whose father had commissioned the picture. A great sweep of Strozzi heirlooms was made at the time this picture was sold, among them was the beautiful wrought-iron door-key, which was the work of Benvenuto Cellini.

A FAIRY'S LOVE.

MRS. COMYNS CARR.

PART II.

THE FAIRY'S HOME.

THE moon rose slowly from behind the rugged rocks of Ai; slowly, very slowly, creeping round the spur of the mountain, the silver rays fell softly on the grey poplars that stood in scant rows across the marsh, and lit the rushing Rhone in the gorge, and the pools and runnels of water, where the river split itself up on the plain and made those islets of fancied fairyland as it neared the lake; the marsh caught the sidelong glance of the moon from behind the precipices, but the wide expanse of the lake was dark still in the shadow. Michael lay face downwards on the soft ground and stretched out his hand across the stream, striving to pluck the lilies for Salome. He had waded through a great deal of water trying to get to this place where he saw that the flowers were finest, and sometimes the water had been less shallow and stronger than he had expected; and now that he was here somehow he could not get the lilies, they eluded him. He was beginning to lose patience; he did not want to wade far into this portion of the stream, for he knew that the current was very swift just here and the water

deep, but he would not go without the lilies, no, not even without these particular lilies that he had marked for his own.

He had forgotten all about the fairies in his eagerness over the quest, in his resolution not to be daunted, and his unreasonable vexation against the lovely wayward things that floated away from him on the bosom of the stream as soon as his hand seemed to hold them, made him more determined than ever to secure them. They seemed to laugh at him with their bright, white faces; it was a fancy, of course, but it irritated him. And as he waded a space into the water and stooped down, stretching out his hand towards them once more, the moon flashed a sudden light upon the ripples, and he said to himself that that would make all easy, and remembered that till now he had worked in the dusk that had so quickly followed the short twilight.

He was right, the moon did help matters, but not quite as he had expected.

The lily floated into his hand as though of its own free will, and as he plucked it up by the roots others followed, until he had his arms full in a moment. But what was that that had suddenly grown up out of the heart of his next victim, as though it were its own green calyx? What was that that stood there so lightly upon the broad

white petals, transparent and green as the water, shining, glittering in the moonlight?

He rubbed his eyes, for what he saw could not possibly be reality; it was green as the calyx of the flower, translucent as the moonlit ripples, it gave forth light as a glow-worm, but, strange as it was, it had the form of a girl—of a young girl, lovely and dainty past compare.

Michael shook himself angrily. Surely the moon had struck his senses, as he had heard tell that it sometimes did; or surely the white marsh-mist had got into his eyes so that he could not see! He looked around; everything else was solid and comprehensible enough: the dark sheet of the lake to his right, unlit yet by the treacherous orb, the black precipices standing out of it where, half-way up the unscalable face, the tale ran that fairies dwelt in a secret cave; the gentler slopes, vine-clad and fertile, that led to his own village; and, beyond the strange vision, a long stretch of plain over which the phantom vapour floated finely, suffused by the golden moonshine, floated around the spectral poplars, floated nearly as far as where the rushing Rhône thundered faintly in the distance—down the gorge of the mountains. Yes, it was all as he knew it, only more spectral, more uncanny. But the figure—

Yet, as he wondered, she spoke, and as she spoke he saw that her eyes, too, were green—green as emeralds, green as the rushes whence she was born, lithe and straight as they, green as the rippling water where they grew.

"How dare you pluck my flowers?" she said, with a sort of half inconsequent imperiousness—and the voice, too, was sweet as the ripples—the voice of a young girl, and she shook the water from her like diamonds as she stretched forth a slender arm from her green draperies and pointed it at him.

"Don't you know that any one who dares to pluck my flowers without my permission dies within the year?"

The words were harsh, but the voice was so liquid and she smiled so enchantingly as she said them that Michael took heart of grace.

"I could not ask permission," said he, humbly, "for I did not know you, fair lady."

She laughed merrily, looking at him not half displeased—then quickly resumed her imperious air.

"Ah, thou canst dare to argue with me, the

Rhône fairy," said she, with pretty haughtiness, yet apparently forgetting to continue her speech in the more dignified mode of address. "Thou dost so because thou seest that I am young, and thou thinkest I can have but scant power, but know, rash youth, that I have power to strike thee dead, even where thou standest."

Michael said no word, but he dropped the lilies into the stream—the lilies that he had been at such pains to get—and his heart beat strangely, yet not with fear.

"Ah, that is easy enough to do," said the little creature, as she watched the poor flowers float slowly down the current towards the lake; "but thou hast torn them from their roots; they do not float as they once did, full of life. Nay," added she, sadly, "thou hast killed them; the water will be now but their grave, and I loved them."

She spoke with a tender and simple pathos that moved the heart.

"I would I had not done it since it so grieves you," said Michael, repentantly.

His voice seemed to recall her to action. With a change as swift as it was airy she forgot pathos and laughter in the sense of her power, in the desire for her revenge.

"Ay, thou mayst well wish thou hadst not done it," said she, severely, "for thy punishment is sure, and thou canst not elude it. And thou art a fair youth and strong of limb, 'tis a pity thou shouldst die. What evil genius brought thee to such a pass that of all the flowers in the world thou must needs pluck these very forbidden lilies?"

"I plucked them for the girl whom I love," replied Michael, bravely.

The little fairy looked at him: her face grew serious with the sudden seriousness of a child's.

"Love," repeated she, musingly. "There was an old fairy told me once that the passion mortals call love brings a deal of pain and trouble. Ay, and she said that mortals do foolish things, and even wicked things, for the sake of what they call love. Hence didst thou pluck my lilies then?"

"I did not count that a sin," answered Michael boldly.

"Thou didst not count it a sin," repeated the fairy, aghast. "Not a sin to break a law, to take what was not thine? And the woman—did she will this deed, and knew that it might cost thee thy life?"

Michael was silent. How could he reply? To tell the fairy that he had not believed in her existence would be an insult—and then, was he quite sure that Salome had not believed in it?

"Ah, I remember," added the small being, wisely, "that same old fairy said that mortal love was selfish, and surely I see now that it must be so. It cannot be like the love I bear the flowers, for when my lilies die I am sad, but she for whom thou didst so wantonly pluck them would not have grieved hadst thou died in the doing it."

"Ay, she would have grieved, methinks," answered Michael, sorely puzzled. "Mayhap one does not always understand. But I do not think that love is always selfish."

The fairy looked at him, but his head was bowed; he was deep in troubled thought. She looked at him and he thought of Salome, but, lo! when he raised his eyes again to see why she stayed her avenging hand, it seemed to him that there had come a change over her, it seemed to him as though she had increased in stature, as though she were less transparent than at first; it seemed to him as though those wondrous green eyes pierced him through. Was it thus that he was to die?

He tried to drop his own gaze and he could not, and across the moonlit ripples her voice came softly: "'Tis a pity thou shouldst die," it murmured, "thou art so fair."

He did not reply; his heart beat strangely and he felt that she was floating slowly over the water towards him; but he stood as in a trance.

"I have always wished to see a mortal," said the liquid voice again. "And now I have my wish. Methinks I am glad thou didst pluck the lilies."

She laughed a low, soft laugh, but still he stood as one numbed.

She was close to him; the mists of the marsh seemed to encircle them both, and she laid her cool little hands upon his hair.

He shuddered, for the mists were dank, and she murmured, "Are all mortals as fair as thou?"

What was it that froze his speech so that he could not answer?

"But I care not," she continued; "thou art fair enough. I ne'er dreamed a fairer, and I will love thee. Nay, shrink not from me; I will do thee no hurt. Thou shalt live, for if I love thee it

is permitted to me to pardon thine offence, and to take thee to my home. Ah, I am glad thou hast come, for I have much desired to love a mortal."

Again he felt that cool touch upon his brow. He strove to shake it off, he strove to speak, but there was as a sweet slumber upon him, and the marsh mists closed in close, and he felt himself gently lifted from the earth, and the mists upheld him and bore him whither he knew not.

But he was not afraid, for it was as though it were not he but another to whom this befel.

Slowly they floated beyond the marsh and over the great lake, and the water was dank and dark beneath, yet his brain did not reel; and the stars were bright in the solemn blue of night overhead, yet he was not dazzled, for the soft voice murmured in his ear and he was content.

And they rose and they rose upon the night air, till the water was far, far beneath them, and the stars seemed very near. Michael had watched the familiar spots upon the shore pass by below him one by one. He had even recognised the silver-domed belfry of his own village church at Aigremont, shining in the moonlight against the hill-side. He had known that he was floating slowly past it and away from it yet he could not stop, and perhaps he would not even have stopped if he could.

But, at last, the pretty fairy—who held his hand fast in hers, and seemed to bear him so safely upon the bosom of the mist—at last, she blew upon a tiny reed that she drew from her bosom, and there was a sound of voices upon the air, and he saw that the cloud had borne them close to the precipices of Ai, and that in the naked face of the mighty black frontal a little aperture was visible. It flashed across him at once that this was that home of the fairies in which Salome believed, and at which he had so often laughed.

And as he thought the thought he felt himself drawn yet more firmly by the hand that held him, he felt his feet touch solid ground, he heard the rippling laughter around him once more, and that most rippling of all the voices say to him:

"Welcome to Nerina's home!"

The mist rolled away, there was a dazzle of light in his eyes, but as the sense came back to them he was conscious that the laughter faded away, as it were, into the bowels of the earth, and that he was still alone with the fairy of the Rhône.

"Where am I?" said he, slowly awakening.

"Thou art in Nerina's home," repeated she, sottly. "I am Nerina."

He passed his hand slowly across his eyes and looked at her.

The transparency through which the moonlight had seemed to shine as she stood upon the bosom of the river was no more, and a strangely searching light from he knew not whence, showed her to him as a tangible and a very lovely woman.

Upon the great whiteness of her skin, a delicate carmine lay that grew redder in the arched lips, and two slenderly carved eyebrows were black upon the ivory brow; her black hair hung in long rippling masses upon her bare, snowy shoulders, and reached to where her beautifully moulded limbs moved lithely through her draperies; her soft black eyes shone merrily.

Truly she was a lovely woman, and yet—was she a woman? Or was she a child? Or was she—neither?

Michael could not tell, but he felt that—tangible as she seemed she was as intangible still as when the moonlight shone through her on the water.

"Why have you brought me here, fair lady?" said he at last.

"Why?" repeated she, with her bright sweet smile. "Hast thou forgotten? Did I not tell thee that I would save thy life—that I would love thee? Therefore have I brought thee to my home. The other fairies laugh because they do not believe that Nerina will ever love or be loved; they say she is of the water and cannot hold or be held. But I think I will love thee. Thou art fairer than other men."

Michael was silent and sighed.

"Nay, nay, but thou dost not need to sigh now," cried she, throwing her arms around him gaily and nestling her head on his shoulder. "Many a fairy's son hath sighed because Nerina would not love him, but thee will I love."

But still he sighed and drew himself gently away from her, standing with eyes downcast.

"See," said she, seemingly unconscious of his mood, as she led him towards a crevice of the rock whence a little spring trickled slowly into a tiny pool below, "in the mirror of this secret and magic water that comes to me from the heart of the earth thou mayst behold all my kingdom. For deem not

that I am sovereign of these Rhône waters only. Nay, wherever the lilies blow that thou didst so rashly pluck to-night, there am I mistress. When we are wed thou wilt not need to dwell here in this narrow valley where thou hast ever dwelt. We can roam, thou shalt see the world. Thou shalt know the haunts of all men. For sometimes," added she, tenderly, "I will permit thee to return awhile to earth. I shall not be afraid, for I shall know that thou wilt ever love Nerina best, and that not for the love of thy life alone wouldst thou return to her that thou mayst keep it."

"Then, if I should return to earth for ever it would be to die," murmured Michael.

"Aye, without a doubt would it be," replied Nerina, laughing. "Thy punishment is death. It is I alone who can save thee, and wherefore should I save thee alive if thou goest from me, and I may not see thee more? The old fairy told me that they who love, love for their own delight," added she, pausing to consider with a pretty look of grave pondering on her careless face, "and, truly, I feel that they are right. Yet would I not have been so selfish as that woman whom thou didst love on earth and who sent thee to thy death sooner than renounce a mere whim. Nay, I will keep thee by me, to love thee always, for thou art fairer than the sons of the fairies."

Again Michael withdrew himself gently from her as she threw her white arms around him and cooed, laughing in his ear, but she noted it not as she drew him once more towards the magic pool, and bent his fair head over it that he might see within, while she softly blew across the water on her reed.

And, lo, as he looked, that which she had said came to pass and he saw reflected on the limpid surface the passing image of all the fairest countries of the world. Yes, the smooth waters of northern rivers appeared to him with willows upon their banks and ragged-robin and meadow-sweet in the meadows at their sides, and beside the tall bulrushes the Rhône lilies grew; and the rivers ran through deep woods of spreading elms and beeches, such as he had never seen, and past lordly mansions with wondrous gardens by the water and swans swimming proudly below, such as he had never dreamed of; and the rivers ran through great towns, where many men walked to and fro, and great churches shot their spires and

domes into the air, and wherever men had not spoiled the fair water, the fairy's lilies floated still upon its breast. Beneath grey skies and blue the rivers ran, and where the air quivered with heat and white marble palaces stood, with red cactus and pale magnolia against their walls, amid groves of orange-trees and palms, and still the snow-lilies floated on the stream, and it was the kingdom of the fairy again.

Michael gazed fascinated, watching the wondrous pictures pass and fade upon the surface of the magic pool; his lips parted and there were dreams in his eyes as when he played upon his flute on the mountains, but at last the water was still and black as before Nerina had blown upon it, and he roused himself with a sigh at the sound of her cooing laugh once more in his ear.

"Thou seest, thou beautiful youth, when thou art Nerina's own thou wilt no longer be doomed to pass thy life in this narrow valley where the mountains close in about thee and hide the world from thy gaze; thou wilt no longer need to waste thy time with herds of cattle, pouring thy song to the empty air, and giving fair words to those who are unable to understand them. Nay, Michael, we will quit awhile these towering mountains that crush us with their might, these cold glaciers and monotonous pine forests; together we will float over the world as we have floated to-night over this little lake; thou shalt learn to know life, to know the great world, thou shalt become that for which thou art fitted."

But slowly Michael was awakening from his trance, slowly the blood of life crept back to his heart and brain.

"Nay," answered he, slowly but firmly, "the life that is mine is the life to which I am fitted, the life that methinks I should ever prefer. I am content, I need no other."

"Ah, thou dost not know," insisted Nerina, shaking her head just a trifle pettishly, "thou knowest no other. Thou wilt not say so when thou hast seen what is beyond these encircling mountains."

Michael raised his eyes; a quiet and steady fire burned in them.

"Then I would rather not see what is beyond them," said he, defiantly. "Nay, I would fain believe that the sight of no other lands, howsoever fair, would quench in me the love of home that

dwells in every Switzer's breast. But if it were so I would choose not to be tempted. Narrow it may be, but the valley where I was born shall ever be the sweetest upon earth to me, and no other dome, however splendid, can point me heavenward so well as the silvered belfry of my simple parish church. Nay, a fool thou mayst think me, but I fear to leave the great sheltering mountains, the silence of the lonely hill-tops where I seem to be so near to heaven, the vast spaces where my poor voice doth but lose itself in the mighty winds, the crags and precipices where I am as nothing amid the perils and the greatness of nature. In the plains I should die, methinks, for I could neither breathe, nor think, nor pray—God would seem so far off."

Nerina was silent, looking at him with a kind of wondering awe and innocence in her black eyes, from which the pettishness had died away.

But all at once she burst into that merry rippling laugh of hers, waving her hand as though to dispel a cloud.

"Ah, thou wouldst puzzle me with thy long words," said she, gaily, "but I don't understand them. I only know that there never was a mortal yet, so they say, but was glad to get away from the dull toil of earth to the pleasures of fairyland, and thou art a mortal, thou wilt be like the rest when thou hast once tasted them. Even as he who hath once beheld Nerina in the flesh cannot choose but love her above any mortal woman, so wilt thou love the kingdoms of earth better than dreams of heaven in the loneliness of nature. I warrant I know thee better than thou knowest thyself, for am I not a fairy?"

But Michael braced his heart within him and looked her bravely in the eyes. "And yet, lady," said he gently, not for fear of her anger, but for sorrow at a discourtesy he would fain not have shewn to any bearing the semblance of woman, "and yet, lady, forgive me, but I cannot love thee. She whom I loved on earth must ever be first in my heart, yea, though I should die for my love."

He looked to see the bright, black eyes flash with an anger even keener than that which had broken from her when she first appeared to him in judgment, but lo, there was no anger in them at all, nothing but merry raillery that sparkled in them, with laughter.

"Ah," said she, shaking her head at him sagely,

"thou art but a mortal, thou dost not know. They say that mortals cannot even see at first, and perchance thou dost not see how fair I am?"

"Aye, I see," answered Michael, sadly.

"Nay! then how could it be that to me, who am fairer than mortal woman e'er could be, thou shouldst prefer one who did send thee to thy death for a whim? Thou seest it were not possible. For I will give thee not only my beauty, but all the joys of life as well. Thou dost not understand."

"Nay, perchance I do not understand; perchance you, too, fair lady, do not understand," answered Michael. "Methinks love can neither be bought nor bartered."

Nerina knit her lovely brow in thought, but it was only for a moment.

"I do not like thy mortal love," said she, "it is so grim and sad. I would rather love as we fairies love, in merriment and content, as we will. And thou, too," added she, caressingly, "thou, too, wilt love thus when thou hast been here awhile, and when the cloud of dull earth hath been lifted from thy brow. Come, let us leave this foolish talk and go sport with the others in the fairy ring beneath the moon. There wilt thou learn wisdom of mirth, I warrant thee." She floated towards him, her white arms outstretched, her face all rippling laughter and joy, and once more the mist seemed to enter and encircle them, and once more he seemed to be wafted from the earth and out into the lap of the moonlight. Yet it was not as before, for he fought with the mist and struggled with the darkening cloud and fain would be free.

"Ah, fair mistress," he cried, in anguish, "I pray thee, I pray thee give me leave to depart. Fain would I love thee as thou wilt, fain would I save my body alive, but it cannot be. I love thee not, and I would rather lose my body than my soul, I would rather die than be false. I pray thee let me but go, and gladly will I pay the price and lay down my life within the year."

The cloud parted and he saw her face once more, and the wonder in it was great.

"Mortals are stranger than I thought," said she, "or else art thou not like other mortals. But if

thou wilt thou shalt go. I would not keep thee against thy will." And then a shade of haughtiness that had clouded her face, vanishing with the pretty laugh of her complete self-satisfaction, she added, "But I am not afraid. Long, long before the year is out, and thou must die, thou wilt sigh for Nerina again. Then wilt thou call on me and I will forgive thee, for thou art fairer than the sons of the fairies. But until thou call wilt thy Nerina not appear to thee, and thou shalt be sad until thou learn that she alone can give thee ease."

And, as she spoke, the cloud that had been slowly soaring, seemed to stand still and then as slowly to descend.

"See, take this little pipe," continued she, bending him over where he lay. "It is a reed cut from thine own river, and it is the voice that binds my world to thine. What thou speakest into it shall I understand better than if thou wert by me. And when thus thou callest me I will come."

Michael stretched out his hand to take the pipe, and, as he took it, it seemed to him that the lithe fingers that closed over his were chill and wet as with trickling water, and as he gazed into Nerina's liquid dark eyes they became green again and transparent as the water where he had first seen her, until her whole lovely self seemed to fade and become more and more transparent too, and at last there was nothing left but the little-fairy figure through which the moonlight shone, and from whence the silvered drops fell like diamonds. And, lo, around him there was nothing but the marsh with the white mists wreathed upon it, and the many winding, creeping, rushing streams of the Rhone making for the lake. He was lying upon his face on the slippery wet bank and stretching out his arms over the water.

He shook himself angrily, for he thought that he had been asleep, but one of the dead lilies that he had plucked had caught in the rushes and lay faded beneath his hand, and upon the bosom of the stream hard by another living one floated white and gay, and in her heart lay one drop of water that glistened brighter than the moonlight.

(To be continued)

LIFE IN A SHAKESPEARIAN COMPANY ON TOUR.

WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

PART II.

"The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them."

—PLAY-SCENE: *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

WE played six pieces at Exbury, and then, on the Sunday morning, we left by an early train for a fit-up town (*i.e.*, a town without a theatre) where we had great difficulty in finding rooms. The company carried its own scenery and proscenium, and built the stage, measuring about 12 feet square, in a large room in the Town Hall. We opened with *Hamlet*. The throne of the King and Queen was easily made by covering two kitchen chairs with a piece of plush drapery; poor Ophelia was buried behind a mound of Huntley and Palmer's biscuit tins, sagaciously hidden by green baize, and the gravedigger shovelled the earth out of a starch box, where the two skulls lay near a human tibia and the bone of a calf's leg. Alas, poor Yorick! It was really too unkind of the stage manager to hint that your skeleton even is whimsical and given to practical jokes.

As to the Ghost, he was bored beyond measure by the mishaps which attended his appearance on a fit-up stage. His spirituality—fine white muslin—used to catch in every projecting bit of the scenery, and once the spectators were greatly amused by the following scene:—

THE GHOST (*looking at a limelight in the wings*):

"The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire."

(*The light goes out; the ghost takes a retreating step; the muslin catches in a piece of the scenery and tears loudly.*)

HAMLET (*a-ide*): For heaven's sake, get off, man.

GHOST (*sad after the mention of Paradise*):

"Adieu, adieu, Hamlet. . . . Remember me."

(*Exit GHOST with noise of tearing muslin.*)

HAMLET: "O all ye hosts of heaven! . . . Remember thee!

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds
a seat

In this distracted globe."

These unrehearsed effects were common enough in all our fit-up performances. One night, for instance, Romeo went to die near the tomb of Juliet. Paris, mourning at the same late hour for the same lost love, saw him, and cried out in anger, "Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee. Obey, and go with me, for thou must die." And Romeo, answering, said, "I must indeed, and therefore came I hither"—and at this very moment the wooden walls of the stone sepulchre fell with a crash upon him. Juliet, discovered to the audience, was seen rising from her bed of artificial flowers to encourage the desperate stage-hand, who eventually pulled back the fallen walls. On another occasion the drop-cloth separating Hamlet, Marcellus, and Horatio from the "setting" of the next scene went up by mistake, and then came down with a bang. "Is this a custom?" queried Horatio; and Hamlet answered, "Ay, marry, is't. But to my mind—though I am native here, and to the manner born—it is a custom more honour'd in the breach than the observance."

A cathedral town was my next experience—a very unpleasant one, as you shall see. We arrived on a Sunday evening, in a steady downpour of rain, when the bells were ringing for church, and hundreds of people were answering their merry summons. The streets were inches deep in mud, a chilly mist clung round everything and everybody, and we, the outcast peripatetic players, jaded and hungry and dirty after a long journey, had yet to search for rooms. As we filed up the main street with our ungainly hand-bags, the church-going city looked at us with open eyes of wonder, and passers-by whispered to each other, "Good gracious! where *have* they come from?" whilst many a cheeky imp, without taking the cigarette from his innocent lips, asked us, quite sarcastically, how our grandmothers were off for soap. Several hours did I wander about

before I could find a landlady willing to take me in. No; they didn't let rooms on the Sabbath-day; there were six days for *that*; besides, they strongly objected to "theatricals," who not only kept late hours but wanted hot suppers at midnight. However, I did find a lodging at last, but not until I was wet to the skin. A feverish cold prevented me from playing on the morrow, and my day's wage was stopped.

It is scarcely necessary for me to tell you what this room-hunting in the wet is to a girl; and, with regard to illness, I will only say that I have seen actresses at work when the influenza fever was at its height, when it was positively courting death to stand in the draughts of the wings and passages. But as they were dependent upon the stage for subsistence, and as every day's wage was of vast importance to them, can you find it in your heart to censure them? I cannot. Balzac tells us that "a woman in love no more believes in common-sense than a theatrical manager believes in the indisposition of his players." It would seem, then, that the sick player's grievance has passed into a proverb. Yet it is a grievance which never should have been; for you must understand that an understudy does not benefit in any pecuniary sense from the absence of his principal. It is the manager who pockets the confiscated salary. He says he has a right to pocket it, because he has been deprived for a day or some days of a valuable servant. Nonsense! It is his own fault if the understudy is not to be trusted for a night or two, and it is sheer folly for him to say that the temporary absence of any member of his company will be detrimental to the success of a popular play. As a matter of fact, playgoers take a sympathetic interest in a clever understudy, and delight to cheer him on.

Before proceeding further, let me add just a few more words about travelling and landladies. Our weekly labours often began at six or seven o'clock on Sunday morning, at which hour, after a breakfast of cold tea and half-fried ham and eggs, we set out in a slow special train, that panted and jerked and trembled, seemingly as dead weary as we were after the fatigues of the week. What a scramble it was to get up, to be sure! And the breakfast! Violent language alone could frighten it from the larder and the tea-caddy into the cold frying-pan and teapot. But the rush to the station with

a heavy portmanteau was the last and almost fatal straw. A curious sensation as of sea-sickness would seize upon one, which lasted for hours afterwards, and it was exasperating to see Mr. O'Neill pass in a cab, and difficult to return his friendly nod.

The longest and, perhaps, most wretched journey we ever made was from Glasgow to Brighton. We started in a "special" a few minutes before midnight on Saturday, arriving at 11.30 on Sunday morning. Fagged out with two Saturday performances and packing-up, we fell easy victims to the cold. It was freezing hard, and there were only two footwarmers in our carriage. But we had our rugs and friendly pipes, and at Derby, thanks to Mr. O'Neill's thoughtfulness, we found a steaming breakfast awaiting us. Ah! I've never tasted such delicious, such refreshing coffee since.—There was yet another memorable journey, from Exeter to Dublin. The company crossed in a cattle boat, owing to some negligence on the part of the business manager. The ladies slept on deck, preferring the Christmas cold to the frouzy cabin, and objecting to pay five shillings for the privilege of retiring, like Sir Joseph Porter and his numerous relations, down below.

Now I have a particular reason in calling your attention so repeatedly to our Sunday travelling. I believe, indeed, that so long as England will not acknowledge the Continental Sunday, so long will the custom of actors travelling on that day keep alive a certain popular prejudice concerning the respectability of those who work on the stage. Nor is this custom less pernicious from an artistic point of view; for those who expend a vast amount of nervous force during the week, partly by rehearsing in the day, but mainly by working in a stifling atmosphere from seven till past eleven each evening, require, without doubt, that the fifty Sundays or so of the year should be freed from the exhausting and harassing fatigues of railway journeys. As a rule, too, moreover, they are quite unnecessary fatigues, and it is high time for the Actors' Association to take notice of this fact. Every manager, if he thought fit, could so arrange his tour as to enable his company to travel from town to town on the Monday morning, leaving ample time for the scenery and baggage to be taken to the theatre. Every now and again, of course, a long Sunday

journey might be absolutely necessary—it is the constant practice, however, of robbing the player of his day of rest which is inimical to his art, besides being a serious hindrance to a further rise of his calling in the world's esteem. And if you have ever heard the noise made by the numerous companies which pass through Birmingham on Sunday, or seen a troop of jaded and untidy players lounge down the quiet streets of Winchester, Salisbury, or Gloucester, on the look-out for rooms, I am convinced you will feel as I feel in this matter, and will think that my remarks are not unworthy of the serious consideration of the Actors' Association.

With regard now to theatrical lodgings: I lived in rooms for twelve years, during which time I became acquainted with Belgian landladies, Breton landladies, and London landladies, but I must own that the provincial theatrical landlady is not only the cheapest, but the honestest of all. She dare not be either dear or dishonest; for her reputation would be known to every company "on the roads" in a month or so, and her rooms would be shunned. To men she is always kind and attentive; but she is rather familiar and off-handed with women. She likes an actress to sit in the kitchen with her, "familiar-like and chatty," and not to grumble when the meat is raw, or the vegetables are hard, or the boots dirty. I rather fancy that an actress who "makes a fuss" leaves her character at the mercy of her landlady. At all events, I would never believe what any theatrical lodging-house keeper said of a lady lodger.

The Scotch landlady regards the theatre with frigid austerity, as she is firmly of opinion that it is the open gate leading to that mysterious place which is so much hotter than darkest Africa. I'm afraid she has very little hope for any play-actor, whose money, nevertheless, makes pleasant music to her canny ear. She only tolerates him. "Ah," said one, to a friend of mine, "why dinna ye tak to samething guid? The theater is na guid, ye ken, and guid ne'er came of it. There's my laddie, noo, he's a tailor at Aberdeen. Why dinna ye tak to samething gentlemanly?"

But however good these worthy landladies appear, personal cleanliness is by no means considered a necessary attribute of virtue. Seriously, I cannot recall a single one who had a bath of any

kind in the house. I have taken my morning tub many and many a time in a bread pan. A celebrated actress, whose name I will not mention, once took hers in a cleansed beer-barrel; and she was very short and stout.

I have now hinted at most of the troubles and hardships which I met with on tour, and it would not be right to forget the few pleasures. Good notices in good newspapers came to one like fine days in a foggy winter; while the cricket and hockey matches were not only health-restoring but delightful. They recalled the dear old schoolboy days, when hitting over the pavilion was a joy to dream of during the Dominie's sermon—an achievement to crow about in many a letter home. Mr. O'Neill, too, gave a supper from time to time, a merry, generous, homely supper, followed by music, comic songs, and recitations. And playing in Manchester was also another real pleasure. Here the critics are friendly advisers, who cheer even while they correct, who speak sense without any wounding satire, who seem to dilute their ink when they catch a youngster tripping; and here, too, the audiences are warm-hearted, intelligent friends, who hail wit and humour with a laugh that makes the "welkin ring." Indeed, Lancashire is the theatrical county of the United Kingdom, and Manchester supports a Shakespearian comedy as other towns support "The Private Secretary" and "Doctor Bill," with packed houses night after night. Dublin and Bedford run Manchester very close, while Liverpool and Edinburgh are far away in the rear.

Well, the years in the provinces were unpleasant enough, certainly, but they did me good. "Roughing it" does no man harm, so long as it does not banish him for too prolonged a period from home and friends. It is questionable, however, whether the provincial stage is altogether good for any girl at the present time. But you will be able to judge for yourselves from the sketch I have shown to you of the life. I could have made this sketch with much darker shadows and fewer touches of light, without any sacrifice of truth, but, preferring a *croquis* nearly in outline, I refrained from doing so. It was quite sufficient, I think, to mention how inadequate the salaries were and still are; how wretched the dressing accommodation is; that Sunday is generally a day of tedious travelling; and that a lady has not the

comfort on tour which the kitchen-maid has at home. All English parents should take note of these facts, for dramatic aspirants, alas! are becoming more and more numerous every day. Girls, discontented with the quietness of home, taste the sweets of acting in private theatricals, and forthwith become dazzled by the footlights. As a rule, sad to say, they have no genuine artistic faculty, they only sigh after a new life—a new and free-and-easy life. Anything rather than a humdrum existence at home! And so they leave their families for the miserable jealousies of the stage and the whispered backbiting of the green-room.

It is a depressing sight to see girls of excellent education “walking on” in London at fifteen shillings a week, and painful and disheartening to watch the slow transformation of a lady into a fifth-rate actress, one with hair that changes seemingly with the seasons, and with roses on her cheeks that bloom brighter every year. But my sympathies are more particularly extended to those clever young actresses who labour so earnestly and so steadily in the provinces, vainly hoping that some London manager, hearing of their talents, will summon them to town. When, I sometimes ask myself, when will these brave strugglers find their literary champions—their gallant pen-knights?

Are nursery-governesses alone worthy of the author's manly sympathies? And sometimes I

wonder why a clever lady novelist does not leave her cosy study and realistic French novels for a tour in a Shakespearian company. Therein she would find “copy” and scenes and incidents in plenty, wherewith to open up new ground, and it would be pleasant indeed to welcome a volume drawn from English life that did not remind one of Paul Bourget, Catulle Mendes, or Guy de Maupassant. To return, however, to myself, and to conclude. Twelve months after I joined Mr. O'Neill's company, I found myself again in the little theatre at Exbury, with the same companions and in the very same bare and miserable dressing-room. Once again I gazed through the little window at the quaint old church with the truncated tower, and again I saw the great round sun sink gloriously out of sight. Swallows still darted like arrows across the sky; jackdaws still circled lazily round the tower; and over the neighbouring houses, and over the distant sea hovered a rosy mist, a vapour of fire in which were seen, as in an apothecosis, *l'innomense joule des toits*, and the flapping sails of far-away boats. It was the same picture I had seen a year before; the same tumultuous noise came from the dressing-room; how was it, then, that the contrast no longer touched me? Was it because, as Shakespeare says, “custom had made it in me a property of easiness?” I think myself it was.

ON THE PRAIRIE.

FASTER, faster! Flash and wheel!

Whirl across the sun-dried grass,
Guiding hand and chiding heel,

Whish!—the wind sings as we pass.

Harken, Wild Hawk, toss thy mane,

Listen while I whisper low,

Loose I fling the fretting rein,

Thou wilt bear me safe, I know.

Faster! Keep the foremost place,

Thou art fierce and strong and fleet;

Ha, the rapture of the race!

Ho, the thud of flying feet!

See, they come, the rushing throng,

Horse and rider thunder past,

Swift as dead leaves whirled along

By the wild October blast.

Faster, loved one! Let none say

That thy glorious days are done.

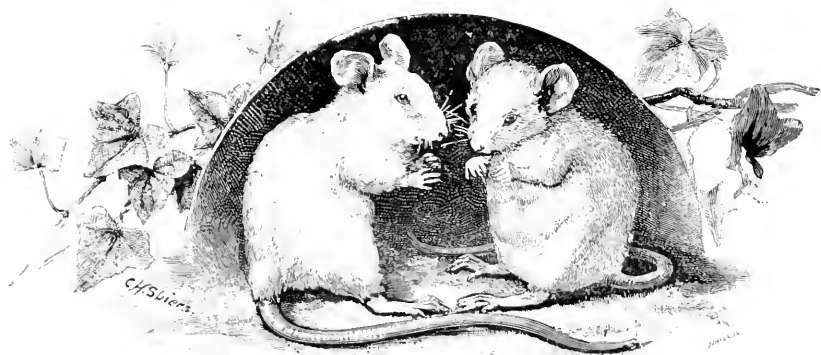
One last moment—*Courage!* Stay!

Good, my Wild Hawk,—bravely won!

MARY MACLEOD.



AN INDIAN HORSE RACE.



LAWN TENNIS AT DUFFLETON.

ARNOLD HAMLYN.

I AM a member of a highly unsophisticated family, living in a remote country place, where the wiles and guiles of town bred folk are unknown, and, if known, would be unappreciated. So it comes about that, as a community, we are always a good deal behind the times, and that fashions in dress, in games, and in social pursuits generally have a knack of passing round or over us, only taking any sort of hold at Duffleton after a fair spell of popularity in other and more enlightened localities.

It was in this way that, some few years after its introduction, croquet found its way into our midst, and has till not so very long ago been our principal and, indeed, almost our only pastime. And so it might have remained to this day but for the proceedings of a rosy-faced but revolutionary young doctor who joined us in the early summer of 1880, and who neither sought nor desired rest until he had inoculated his new surroundings with the virus of a specially rabid mania for Lawn Tennis.

Little did any of us think that in this gentlemanly, and, from the "bedside" point of view, wholly commendable young medico, we were to find a ruthless, persistent and, withal, insidious innovator who, by a hint here, an innuendo there, should in a few short weeks undermine and destroy

our devotion to the old game, and transform us from a set of quiet-going, croquet-playing lotus-eaters, into a wild mob of whirling tennis lunatics! But all this and more did Dr. Septimus Poulter accomplish in little more than a month; and to us, my sisters and myself (alas, that I should have to say it!), was the success of the revolution in great measure due. We were, as I have said, an unsophisticated family; but somewhere deep down in the heart of each of us—of Cora, the eldest, of Alison, the second, and of myself, Juliet, the youngest—was the germ of something which in a higher state of civilisation might have developed into a desire for novelty. To Dr. Septimus Poulter, as a man of some perception, the existence of this treasonable germ became known by a sort of intuition, and as we three girls had (rather by force of circumstances than of our own seeking) always taken a leading part in the arrangement of croquet-parties and such other mild amusements as Duffleton afforded, the astute doctor was quick to see that here lay material ready to his hand.

Within a week he had persuaded us to consult Aunt Jane (our guardian and only surviving relative, with whom we lived) as to the desirability of importing a set of lawn tennis, and making

a court in the garden behind the house. The suggestion was received with some surprise, Aunt Jane even going so far as to doubt whether we should not be giving offence to the neighbours, and especially to Miss MacSourley, the only living person, by the way, who had ever succeeded in quarrelling with Aunt Jane. Such mild opposition as this was, of course, made only to be overcome, and it was not many days before the doctor was giving us our first lesson in lawn tennis. We were a little disappointed with our early experience of the game, but still more with Mr. Poulter's performances, which included the destruction of nearly the whole of a large bed of white geranium, and the disappearance of five out of our six new balls over a twelve-foot wall into the next garden, with the proprietor of which we were not on speaking terms. Suspecting an inclination on our part to attribute these misfortunes to his want of skill, he hastened to explain that the ground being new was uneven, and consequently you couldn't regulate your stroke, and that the better player you were, the more this affected your play. He also said that the racquets were too tightly strung, and lastly, that if you didn't have wire netting on the top of the wall you were bound to lose a lot of balls; you really couldn't expect anything else, don't you know!

At this juncture the balls began to come back over the wall, thrown by an unseen hand, while pinned on to the covering of the last was the following note:

"Found in Miss MacSourley's flower beds. Damage done—three *Boule de Neige* roses and one William Allan Richardson knocked to pieces. Any further projectiles discovered on these premises will be destroyed.

"J. MacS."

We suggested to Mr. Poulter that he should run round to Miss MacSourley and explain matters, but he said that he had an appointment at the other end of the parish at five o'clock, and really *must* be off at once, or he would be too late.

After this the lawn tennis fever set in with frightful severity. Croquet-boxes, which had for years occupied a place of honour in the porch or under the hall table, were relegated to the lumber-room, and racquet presses, dozens of "Regulation" balls, and all the paraphernalia of tennis took their place. The doctor's spare time

was entirely devoted to giving instructions in the rudiments of the game, and when people could not get the doctor, they came to us for their initiation, "because Mr. Poulter taught *you* before *anybody*, didn't he, dear?"

In vain did we protest that we couldn't hit the ball ourselves as yet; the fact of our being the doctor's first pupils served to invest us with supernatural powers, and feeble damsels, accompanied now and again by still more feeble brothers, would drop in for a "lesson" whenever we happened to be more than usually busy with other matters, and insisted on beating the air with immense zeal and pertinacity, until an intercepted glance of hopeless misery from Alison or Cora warned them that it was time to go.

It was not long before people began to give lawn tennis parties, and we ourselves, being regarded as more or less in the van of the tennis movement, had no alternative but to invite the dawning talent of Duffleton to air itself at a function of this kind. One of our prospective guests wrote to say that "a young Oxford friend—a very good tennis player—was staying with them, and might she bring him? Perhaps he would do to play against Mr. Poulter in the more important games?" This piece of good news was duly communicated to Mr. Poulter, who manifested much enthusiasm at the prospect of getting a really good game again—it was such a long time since he'd had one. We abstained from reminding him that he had been playing with *us* for a good many weeks past, and contented ourselves with suggesting that it would be very interesting if he would play a single match with the distinguished stranger, for the combined amusement and instruction of the company. Here Mr. Poulter's eagerness for the fray seemed to abate a little, which he explained by pointing out that perhaps it would look rather selfish for two people to monopolise the court when there were so many others wanting to play. We assured him that nobody would take this view of the matter, and promised, moreover, that it should be well understood by everyone present that the match was played by special request. Mr. Poulter appeared to be comforted by this assurance, and left us with a promise to stand up against the unknown giant.

The weather was, for once, friendly, and a (for Duffleton) really creditable number of people put

in an appearance at our garden party. A few half-suppressed moans were heard for the now almost defunct croquet, but, on the whole, the interest in the lawn tennis was fairly universal, and centred especially in the much talked of duel between Mr. Poulter and the Oxford man. The former, arrayed in spotless flannels, was indefatigable in his good-natured efforts to make the gathering a success, flitting lither and thither like a pink and white butterfly, and arranging the various sets with due regard to the style of play as well as—an even more delicate consideration—to the known personal likes and dislikes of the various combatants.

Rather late on in the afternoon came our friend Mrs. Royston, with a glorious vision in the shape of the promised youth, clad in what I have since learnt is called a "blazer," apparently containing every colour known to the manufacturer of aniline dyes. After a while I noticed this gorgeous figure at the tea-table in near proximity to Mr. Poulter, and, thinking it a good opportunity to introduce them to one another, and arrange for the great match, I was approaching the spot with this object, when suddenly the figure turned and facing the Doctor said, "Why I'm blest if it isn't old Poulter! Whoever would have thought of meeting you down here! Well, I'm awfully glad to see you, old chap, especially at this particular moment, because I should like you to tell me something which, no doubt, you *can* tell me. What I want to know is, who is this crack player that I've got to meet at tennis? Do you know him? Is he any good? You see, I don't want to swagger, so to speak, but these provincial reputations—eh? *you* know! What I mean is that—well, hang it all, I *did* run up second for the championship at Wimbledon this year, and so, don't you know, unless this chap is pretty good, why it won't be much fun to look on at! What do *you* say?"

"My dear Jack," said Mr. Poulter, at last contriving to get in a word, "come with me into the shrubbery over there and I'll tell you all about it."

Ten minutes afterwards a note was brought to me which ran thus:

"Dear Miss Juliet,

"I have several *very bad* cases at the other end of the village, so please forgive my running away so hurriedly. I should have liked a good game with my old college friend, Jack Banister, but he was always a little better than

myself at tennis, and now that I am so terribly out of practice for really *hard* play, I doubt if it would have been very amusing to the spectators after all.

"Yours in haste,

"SEPTIMUS POULTER."

I was just beginning to tell people of Mr. Poulter being suddenly obliged to leave, when I heard violent coughing from several points of the compass at once, and, looking about for the cause, saw a thick column of brownish-grey smoke pouring over the wall from the direction of Miss MacSourley's garden. I dashed upstairs to discover the meaning of this, and from my window saw that a huge fire of weeds and other refuse had just been lighted on the gravel path near the wall, and there being a light breeze from the south-west, the smoke was blowing straight across our grounds. Calling to one of the maids, I asked her if she would at once find someone to go and beg the gardener next door to make his fire elsewhere.

She said she would do this, but added, "I'm afraid it won't be much use, Miss, because I see Miss MacSourley looking out of the window just as the company was a-beginning to come in—as black as thunder she was, too—and presently she come down and spoke to the gardener, and pointed to where the fire is a-burning now. Then the gardener he pointed out to the field on the other side and then up to the weatherecock, and then Miss MacSourley she stamp her foot and pointed again to the gravel walk, and the gardener he walked away a-shaking of his head, Miss. Of course, I couldn't hear what they was saying, Miss, but I could see she was a-telling him she'd have the fire there and nowhere else!"

Going down to the garden again, I found the indignation at fever heat. One or two gentlemen offered to climb over the wall and put out the fire with their walking-sticks, while Mr. Jack Banister was most anxious to be allowed to sit up in a tree and play upon it with the garden-hose. After a hurried consultation with Aunt Jane, however, we regretfully decided that we could do nothing, and that Miss MacSourley must be left in possession of her sorry triumph. For triumph it certainly was, inasmuch as the garden soon became quite uninhabitable, and, one by one, our guests, making any excuse but the real one, coughingly, and with smarting eyeballs, took their departure.

People were kind enough to say afterwards that the party was a great success, but this friendly statement always seemed to us to need qualifying, and we felt that something nearer justice was done by a facetious cousin, who wrote, in answer to our report of the proceedings, "So sorry to hear that your first lawn tennis party ended in smoke!"

The game, however, had by this time taken a firm hold upon the affections of young Duffleton, and there are even rumours of a Duffleton Lawn Tennis Club, of which it is needless to say that Dr. Septimus Poulter will be the Secretary, and, without doubt, the moving spirit.



THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

MAISIE DERRICK.

Katharine S. Haegvoord

CHAPTER XII.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

MISS SAVVAY wrote to Mr. Yardon to propose Maisie's return, and she received a polite but decided refusal. He said he did not at present wish for her, but he hoped soon to write and fix a time for the pleasure of seeing both Miss Savvay and his granddaughter at Yardon.

At the end of a month Miss Savvay was summoned to London to meet her nephew, Captain Wentworth, on his arrival, and she wrote to Mr. Yardon to announce Maisie's return.

The girl was a little nervous about her reception, and also about her meeting with Miss Lescure; she had counted on Miss Savvay's support, and she felt shy to her finger-tips when she reached the Hall.

Warren told her his master was out, but that Miss Lescure was in the drawing-room.

Maisie tried to call up her courage as she crossed the hall; she reminded herself it was her place to welcome this young foreigner, but she felt shyer than ever when she found herself sitting on the sofa beside Drusilla. She could not take her eyes from the lovely creature; she thought Miss Lescure looked so sweet and child-like, there was such a serene wonder in her eyes.

This wonder was real; Drusilla could not understand how a lady—for she felt that Maisie was a lady—could dress so simply, and be so entirely unassuming.

Miss Lescure considered that these were serious defects; and she saw that she need not fear Maisie as a rival, either with Mr. Yardon or with Mr. Stanmore. Miss Derrick was handsomer than she had expected her to be, and if she would only squeeze her waist in a little, Drusilla thought she would have a very perfect figure; she found herself envying the rich brown wavy hair which made such a contrast in colour to her own golden frizzle.

The girls began to talk on various subjects, and as Maisie shrank from talking about herself, she soon became deeply interested in Drusilla's account of her journey. She looked at the girl's black gown, but she did not like to ask why she wore it.

Drusilla understood Maisie's wistful glance, and she said abruptly:

"I am in mourning for my mother."

Maisie leaned forward and kissed her; she felt that there was a link between her and this beautiful stranger.

"I know what that loss is," she said, tenderly; "it seems the worst grief that anyone can have."

A sort of wonder at herself flitted across Drusilla's thoughts; she seldom indulged in self-questioning about the past, feeling sure that she had done rightly, her point of view being that success and the right way were one. With her, reflection and speculation were always directed to the future, and to the best methods of avoiding failure in her purposes; it was, therefore, the revelation of a new self to see in the light cast by Maisie's words that she had not been conscious of an overpowering grief for her mother. She felt, however, that it was better to assume what was expected of her; she had already determined to have Maisie "on her side," as she expressed it, and she accepted her offered sympathy as if she needed it.

"Yes," she sighed, "it's very sad: I miss her very much."

She was speaking the truth; she had often wished for her mother's advice since she had been at Yardon. She enjoyed her freedom from restraint and from the taunts to which she had been accustomed, but she was well aware that those

very taunts had stung into her lessons of reticence and worldly wisdom which helped her every day.

"Was she ill long?" Maisie said softly.

Drusilla turned away; there was a limit to grief.

"She was always ill; I—I would rather not talk about it."

Maisie sighed; she was sorry for the poor semi-foreign girl; she sighed, too, a little over her own hasty judgment. She had really thought at first that Drusilla was not sorrowful enough, and all the while the poor thing was feeling her mother's loss too deeply to talk about it.

"I have been spoiled at Nappa," Maisie thought. "I believe after all Yardon is the wholesomest place for me."

Till Maisie Derrick came to live at the Hall, she had never found time or inclination to think about herself or her feelings, but except the few occasions when her grandfather had asked her to copy out a passage from one of his rare books, he had made her feel that she was useless to him. He preferred that all household duties should be regulated by his house-keeper, and Maisie had been glad to interest herself in the poorer village people as a means of using her time not entirely for herself. She struggled now against an instinctive shrinking from her companion, and looking tenderly at Drusilla, she resolved to make this motherless girl's life as pleasant as she could; this idea of protection gave Maisie a sudden courage which beautified her.

Drusilla was watching her companion with secret amusement; she thought Miss Derrick very strange; she certainly was a lady, and yet Madame Lescure had told her daughter that real ladies never let other people see their feelings, and Miss Derrick's eyes were full of tenderness when she looked at her. "They are beautiful eyes, too," Drusilla thought—almost in spite of herself, for she was not enthusiastic about female beauty—her thoughts added: "Perhaps she knows her eyes look handsomer when she puts feeling in them."

"I suppose you speak French easily?" Maisie said.

Drusilla smiled bewitchingly.

"I spoke English with my mother; but I was born in France, and I have always lived there, so French is really my native tongue."

"Your name is not English."

"No"



G. A. Storey, A.R.A., del.

"I go and see a few poor people in the village."

Drusilla drew her delicate eyebrows together, and compressed her lips. She had often puzzled over her name, for her mother had once said that her father had English relations. She was always vexed by anything that related to the father she had never seen.

Maisie was wholly unconscious of the effect her words had produced.

"I wonder if I can muster courage to talk French with you?" she said; "it would be such a help to me."

"Would it? I thought you knew everything; a friend of yours tells me you are quite learned."

Maisie wondered whether the friend was Mr. Stanmore or her grandfather; her face flushed, and her eyes drooped as Drusilla looked at her.

"Do you play any instrument? Do you sing?" asked the French girl.

"I do both, for my own amusement; you must please not ask me either to play or to sing before my grandfather."

"Why not? I amuse him by singing; I play my guitar and sing, and he is never tired of listening to me. I dance, too, queer old-fashioned dances I have seen the peasants dance in France, and Mr. Yarden claps his hands with delight when I dance and sing *patois* songs. He says I am very accomplished, so I suppose I am."

Maisie felt amused, and yet a little uneasy.

"Do you like reading?" she said.

Drusilla shook her head.

"My mother would not let me read her books, she said the amusing ones were not fit for girls; and the nuns' books were so dull all about children and good people or about things that never really happened. I tried to read a book on the journey here—a French novel, that amused me—but Mr. Ray was vexed when he found me reading it, and he took it away, I believe, for I could not find it when we reached England. What do you do to amuse yourself, Miss Derrick?" she added abruptly.

"Please call me Maisie." The girl wondered whether her amusements would suit this lively creature, who loved singing and dancing, and reading French novels. "I garden a good deal," she said, simply, "and I take walks, and—" She hesitated, for Drusilla's eyes were searching her face with a suspicious expression, checked, however, as soon as she saw that it was observed. "I go and see a few poor people in the village."

"Why do you do that; they can't like it? If a rich lady had come—I mean, if I were poor and a lady came prying into my house, I should shut the door against her."

Maisie laughed.

"I do not go to pry, she said, "I only go when help is wanted. One old woman is blind and has no one to read to her, and there are several mothers who have delicate health and a good many young children."

"How dull! I do not see how you can care for it, or help them," Drusilla said, scornfully.

"Poor people are dirty, and children are horrid little things; their hands are always sticky—I expect they spoil your gowns."

"I wear gowns that won't spoil, but if you like you can help these children without even going to see them; I am sure you could make much nicer frocks than I can."

Drusilla's face flushed, her long dark eyes looked very hard.

"I make frocks!" she said, almost harshly, "you are quite mistaken, I never made a child's frock in my life. I asked you how you amuse yourself; I hope you don't consider that sort of thing amusing. My goodness! No."

She shrugged her graceful shoulders, and her lip curled.

Maisie laughed heartily.

"Oh, I dare say we shall be able to amuse ourselves in other ways. Will you come with me now and call at the Rectory?"

Drusilla was vexed at her own want of self-control. The lady she had seen in the Paris shop would not have let anyone see that she was ruffled.

"No, thank you; I am sure from what he has said that Mr. Vernon admires you, so I should only be in the way; and I do not care for Miss Auricula—she thinks she is queen of Figgsmarsh, poor thing. It is too ridiculous."

She imitated Miss Vernon's voice and her way of holding her head so exactly, yet so absurdly, that Maisie could not help laughing.

"Good-bye, then," she said; "I shall be back in less than an hour, but I promised to give the Rector Miss Savvay's message directly I got home."

"You are too dutiful to live," Drusilla called after her as she went away. Her mocking tone jarred on Maisie.

"I was foolish to say anything about the village," she thought; "why should I want her to like what I like? She is perhaps more useful than I am, though she makes no show of it; at any rate she is very sweet."

Half-an-hour later Maisie was on her way to the village, her heart beating quickly with the hope of meeting Mr. Stanmore.

Drusilla meantime was carefully studying herself in one of the long mirrors between the drawing-room windows. She smiled at the sight of her own beauty; then she went upstairs and fetched a large coarse straw hat which she had bought in the village, and placing herself again before the glass she stood bending and crumpling the brim with dextrous fingers into a form that exactly suited her; she slightly pinched her delicate cheeks.

"Poor Miss Derrick! she is as easy to see through as a bit of glass; I wish, though, I had the lovely colour she gets when she flushes, she looked so handsome just now I was quite glad Mr. Stanmore was not here to see her; still, he would not look at me as he does if he cared for her. I wish she had not come back just yet, people should never come where they are not wanted."

Miss Lescure looked at her watch, she was expecting Luke Stanmore, but she had thought it unnecessary to say so to Maisie Derrick.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SHOCK.

MAISIE went down hill with a springy step, and that buoyant feeling of lightness both in body and spirit which makes a very near approach to happiness, so far as happiness can be found in mere sensation: she was even joyful; she was sure that she should have an interesting companion in Drusilla, for the girl liked the give-and-take of human intercourse far better than a constant acquiescence in her own ideas; she enjoyed, too, the invigoration of going back to the daily routine of life. She was on her way to see an old friend in the village, and then she was bound for the Vicarage.

Maisie had a keen sense of humour, and Miss Auricula's superior manner amused her far more

than it vexed her. "Poor woman," she said as she passed the trim gate on her way down the lane, "she has always had to associate with untaught people, and her own superior knowledge has become a fixed idea; she cannot, perhaps, change her manner when she is among her equals."

Maisie turned to the right when she reached the bottom of the lane; she did not see that Mrs. Grieg was peeping at her from behind her lodger's curtains.

Mrs. Grieg shook her head and decided that Miss Derrick must have picked up another sweetheart while she was away, or she could not have looked so free from care.

The blacksmith was not sitting at the half-open door of his cottage, but Harriet Foxley came out and gave a half sulky nod in answer to Maisie's smiling greeting; Harriet's left shoulder was so near her ear that any one of her associates would have known at once that she was in a temper.

"Is your father quite well, Harriet?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Harriett saw that Miss Derrick lingered as if she would come in, and, coming more forward, she filled the doorway with her ample brown skirt and black apron.

In the fuller light her hair looked the colour of red gravel against her dull yellow face. She stared hard at Miss Derrick, and Maisie fancied there was an expression of dislike in the woman's large pale-blue eyes.

"Father's not in," Harriet said, slowly; "he's gone up to the Hall, summat's amiss with the mare's foot—Miss Lescure's mare."

She stopped, and Maisie felt restless under her steady stare; Harriet had avoided her during her past winter visits to the genial old blacksmith, visits which had been pleasanter in his silent daughter's absence.

Miss Derrick nodded farewell to Harriet, and was turning back towards the lane.

"Ain't she a beauty?" Harriet said, abruptly; she pointed in the direction of the Hall.

Maisie was surprised at this attempt at conversation, it was so unusual.

"Miss Lescure is very beautiful," she answered.

Harriet scarcely waited for her to finish.

"Yes, and there's others as thinks the same; there's a gentleman as lives not so far off neither, as loves the very ground the furrin lady walks on:

it's he as come after father, maybe half an hour ago, an' now he's gone across the meadows to find him. Mr. Stanmore he was in a-takin' about that mare."

Maisie had turned her head away before the words were all said :

"Good-bye, Harriet; tell your father I am sorry to have missed him."

Miss Derrick felt bewildered as she went on towards the lane; something was urging her to go back to the Hall; even when she reached the Vicarage she longed to pass it by. She stood still and smiled at her own fancies. She had come out chiefly to deliver Miss Savva y's message to the Vicar, it would be absurd not to give it.

The Vicar was not at home, and Maisie was obliged to go in to see Miss Auricula.

Miss Auricula was a tall, stiff-figured woman of doubtful age, with auburn hair frizzled over her forehead, and faint-coloured blue eyes. Something in the face suggested a derived beauty, possibly from a handsome grandmother—beauty which had become faded in transmission, although its owner not only believed in its existence, but valued herself extremely on the possession of a hectic complexion, and a high-bridged nose.

"You left Miss Savva y well, I hope," she said graciously.

Maisie Derrick had taken a higher place in Miss Auricula's opinion because she had friendly relations with Captain Wentworth's aunt. The young Vicar's devotion to Maisie was a constant vexation to his elder sister; she thought him ill-judged. Miss Derrick was Mr. Yardon's granddaughter, but that was not much. Mr. Yardon was not so very old, he was young enough to marry again, and then where would be Miss Derrick's prospects?

Miss Auricula considered that Maisie was ordinary; she was not plain or awkward, but she wanted manner, she was much too retiring and simple to get on in Society, and Society meant Heaven to Miss Vernon, who had spent her life

in a country village clinging to the fringe of notice accorded her by her titled neighbours.

Miss Auricula did not wish her brother to marry because she liked to rule

at the Vicarage; she fancied she ruled Figgsmarsh also, but Figgsmarsh thought differently; still, if Charles found it necessary to have a wife, his sister thought he ought to choose some one distinguished looking and also who would sympathise with her, and accept her as a permanent institution in the Vicarage. Miss Auricula felt that she could



Mr. Yardon amused.

tolerate a really beautiful creature like Drusilla Lescure; her style and manner seemed perfect: she was a girl who would make her way anywhere, and would be an ornament wherever she went. Miss Auricula was so curious to discover Maisie's opinion of Mr. Yardon's ward that she hardly had patience to listen to Miss Savvay's message, although at another time she would have been delighted to learn that Maisie's friend had decided to shut up her own house, and to take up her abode at the Manor House during the autumn with her nephew.

"I feel so happy about it," Maisie said.

Miss Auricula looked at her keenly.

"I wonder what Captain Wentworth will think of your visitor?" she said; "is she not beautiful? She seems already to have turned the heads of all the men in Figgsmarsh: I tell my brother that he has Miss Lescure on the brain."

"She is very beautiful," Maisie said; "and very bright and pleasant."

Miss Auricula nodded and smiled; she had a high voice and rather a gushing manner.

"My dear, you should only hear the men about her; they simply worship her. I suppose Captain Wentworth will be as devoted as the others; as to your friend Mr. Stanmore, he spends half his time with her, he is quite fascinated, and they look such a handsome pair riding together."

Maisie did not betray herself, she was always on guard with Miss Auricula, who had a way of saying spiteful things with the best intentions for the moral good of her listener. The girl waited even while Miss Vernon dilated on the present advantage that would accrue to the neighbourhood from the presence of Captain Wentworth at the Manor House. When at last the lady paused for breath, Maisie rose and took leave.

Miss Vernon came with her to the door, and then having watched Maisie to the gate, she straightened her flat back till it looked hollow, and wondered, as she returned to her tasteless drawing-room, what attraction so likely a young fellow as Mr. Stanmore could have found in Maisie Derrick.

Meanwhile, the girl was going home at a pace that soon made her stop to take breath; but the rapid movement helped her spirits, and when she reached the gate, her eyes and her cheeks glowed with health.

"Has my grandfather come in?" Maisie asked when the door was open.

"No, ma'am," Warren said; Maisie was a favourite with the household, and the man thought that his master might have stayed in to welcome Miss Derrick; he had a shrewd suspicion that she had not been fairly used; he fumbled over the closing of the door while the girl crossed the hall; then he said abruptly, as she turned to go into the drawing-room, "Miss Lescure's in the garden, ma'am, with Mr. Stanmore."

Maisie's heart gave a bound; she did not stop to think, she crossed the room and went out by one of the long open windows. The fresh air cooled her hot face; she looked across the lawn, but she could not see either Drusilla or Mr. Stanmore.

The lawn sloped on for some distance to a sunk fence, which divided it from a large meadow planted with trees. Maisie walked down to the ha-ha, and shaded her eyes as she looked along a path that slanted across the meadow till it reached a clump of elm-trees.

While she stood looking, Drusilla came out from behind the trees, and moved homeward up the path: she walked slowly, with her eyes bent on the ground. Maisie went on to some steps at the end of the sunk fence, and then forward along the field-path. Drusilla gave a little start when she saw her.

"So you have come back," she said, gaily; "I knew you would not be long, and I told Mr. Stanmore so; but he said he could not wait."

She said this with a smiling face and glibly, as if she had got it by heart.

But Maisie was looking at her with such a searching, direct glance that Drusilla's eyes drooped; she seemed unable to bear the truth that shone in her companion's face: she looked up again almost directly with a curious, questioning expression.

"I told him it was unkind, because I knew you two were old friends," she said; "I don't care about him, you know."

Maisie felt a sudden distrust; nothing had happened to change her opinion of Drusilla, and yet she felt almost dislike to the lovely, graceful girl. She scarcely knew how to answer.

"Yes, we are very good friends," she said, gravely.

Drusilla came up to her and pinched her cheek.

"You are a little angry with me, Maisie dear, but it is not just of you; I do not care for Mr. Stanmore, nor do I want to rob you of his friendship. I told him more than once just now that he ought to wait to see his old friend, but he went off as if I had not spoken; do not be vexed, dear, I dare say we shall see him to-morrow, he comes here so often: he doctors my horse, you know, and he teaches me to ride; I really find him useful, but that is all; I do not care a bit for him."

Drusilla was surprised at Maisie's coolness: she had made up her mind that there had been something between her companion and Mr. Stanmore, but though Maisie had flushed for an instant, when Drusilla ended she was calm.

"Do you like riding?" she said.

"No, I am afraid of the horse, and if I fell off I might be hurt; but I like being taught to ride; Mr. Stanmore is very kind, and I should not care to ride without him. Will you take a walk now, Maisie? I will go wherever you like."

She said this in her most winning tone.

(To be continued.)

CHILDHOOD.

WHEN bitter sorrow swells the heart
And darkness on the soul is cast,
When joy and happiness depart,
And sadness fills your breast at last,
When on your path of life you meet
With disappointment and deceit,

Then whose the charm to chase away
The weariness and bitter pain,
To banish from your heart dismay
That joy may enter once again,—
Dispelling clouds that even now
Are gathering on your troubled brow?

It is the sweet and trusting glance
Of children, true and innocent,—
The bursts of joy, that but enhance
The gladness of their hearts' content.
For neither age nor sorrow may
Withstand sweet childhood's artless sway.

"No, thank you," Maisie said, decidedly. "I am very tired; I think I will keep quiet till dinner time."

"She is vexed, although she will not show it," the French girl thought.

"Dear Maisie," she said, caressingly, "come to my room, and I will show you the gown I bought in Paris; the woman said it was the newest thing she had."

"I'm afraid I can't come to-day."

Maisie spoke bluntly, she felt sorely wounded, and she wanted to be alone. Mr. Stanmore's avoidance seemed so extraordinary, so slighting, that she could hardly keep from tears, and she felt she could not cry before Drusilla, or allow her a glimpse of her feelings on the subject; she had not known how proud she was till the French girl asked her not to be angry.

"Why should I be angry with her?" Maisie asked herself when she reached her room; "and yet I am very, very angry. She has no delicacy, no feeling either, and I am afraid she is not true. Oh, how could I think she was nice, just because she is lovely!"

A butterfly's soft glossiness
When roughly touched will fade, or die,—
Just as the breath of worldliness
Will soon sweet innocence destroy.
The world sends many a poisoned dart
Into a pure and trusting heart.

Then, Mother, watch and guard thy child,
That not its greatest charm be lost,
Nor purity of heart defiled,
Nor sin nor evil it accost,—
May faith and truth be e'er the grace
Reflected in thy darling's face.

Who in life's turmoil still retains—
And though his head be grey and bent
The purity of heart, that gains
With wisdom, childlike sweet content—
To whom such priceless gifts be given
Is loved on earth, is blessed by Heaven.

GUSTAV HARTWIG.

Translated by A. EDENBOROUGH.



THE VICTORIAN ERA.

(FIRST HALF: 1837-65.)

JOHN KIRKPATRICK.

LECTURE V.

PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGE—DAWN OF FREE TRADE—
LORD MELBOURNE RESIGNS—SIR ROBERT PEEL—
SOCIAL AND EDUCATIONAL QUESTIONS.

OUR last chapter brought us down to the close of Lord Melbourne's Ministry in 1841; the wars of that eventful period carried us on a little further; and now we must return for a few moments to talk about two important and interesting subjects which belong to the same period.

Parliamentary privilege is one of those technical terms which nearer acquaintance divests of its forbidding aspect. A privilege is a "private law" which confers on a few certain rights which it denies to the many. And hence we are apt to regard every privilege as an infringement of the great principle of equality before the law. From one point of view, indeed, the whole history of every civilised country may be described as a

never-ending war against privileges, prerogatives, immunities, and monopolies. Why, then, are they so persistently attacked? Because, though not necessarily unjust and oppressive, they are apt to become so. Every right has its corresponding duty, and the man who asserts his right, but repudiates his duty, is an unjust steward. In a primitive state of society privileges are conferred on the few whose ability or rank enables them to discharge certain public duties; but as civilisation advances there is less difficulty in finding such men, and the necessity of paying so high a price for their services gradually diminishes. It is, therefore, clear that privileges, however just and useful in their origin, ought to be swept away as soon as their *raison d'être* ceases. And hence it is that the privileges of Parliament, once necessary for the protection of members in the discharge of their public duties, have almost all been abolished. Chief among these privileges, and almost the only one which still necessarily survives, is freedom of speech (for is not Parliamentum simply the Latin

word for palaver?); next in importance came privacy of debate, once very necessary for the protection of members against the wrath of an offended Tudor or Stuart, but virtually abolished more than a century ago; and a third privilege, once strenuously asserted by the House of Commons, was the right to summon to their bar, reprimand and imprison any member of the public who had presumed to interfere with their jurisdiction. This last privilege, which had often been abused and had long ceased to be necessary for the protection of the House, was virtually abolished by the famous case of Stockdale *versus* Hansard (1837-40). This privilege had received a severe blow in 1751 from the sturdy Scottish Jacobite Alexander Murray, who refused to receive the sentence of the House of Commons on his knees ("I never kneel but to God"), and in 1772 the House wisely abolished this humiliating ceremony; but down to the year 1840 the Commons still claimed a right to punish any member of the public who should presume to infringe their privileges. But if mediæval "kings by divine right" could not with impunity hold themselves to be above all law, human and divine, it was clearly intolerable that the House of Commons should continue in the nineteenth century to trample on those national liberties of which they were the appointed guardians. In Stockdale's case they waged war for the last time against the law of the land and were defeated. The dramatic story of the campaign is rather long and intricate, but in its main features it is simple enough. Stockdale had written a book which the inspectors of certain prisons where it was read declared objectionable. The inspectors' report was published in the parliamentary papers. Stockdale sued Hansard, the publisher, for libel. The judges held that the statement, though published by order of the House, was libellous, and awarded Stockdale damages. The House angrily voted both Stockdale and the sheriffs whose duty it was to levy the damages guilty of a high breach of their privileges, and committed them all to jail. But apparently it did not occur to them to commit to jail the four judges of the Queen's Bench, who were really the chief offenders. After his committal the undaunted Stockdale brought several other actions against Hansard on the same ground, and recovered more damages. Still more

furious, the House then committed to prison Stockdale's attorney, the attorney's son, and his clerk. The august law-makers had become law-breakers, they found themselves unable to stay the action of the law, and worse still, they had made themselves ridiculous. On the other hand, was not the law a little over-strict in declaring that, although a member of the House might with impunity in open debate declare Stockdale's book objectionable, the House could not with equal impunity print such a statement in the ordinary course of its business? Not unreasonably, therefore, the House resolved to alter the law so as to prevent the recurrence of so unseemly a conflict. They hastily passed a bill protecting the publishers of their papers against legal action, the House of Lords and the Queen passed the bill into an Act of Parliament, and the three years' war between the courts of law and the "high and mighty court of Parliament" was thus terminated.

Privilege and protection, as we have seen, have generally been beneficial, or at least justifiable, in their origin, but with the advance of civilisation and commerce they gradually come to be unjust and pernicious. And this, too, has been the case with the "protection" of agriculture and other home industries. It is important to understand clearly what is meant by protection in this sense, and what is meant by the converse term "free-trade." Down to (roughly speaking) 1763-75, a great epoch in economic history, marked by the establishment of potteries by Wedgwood, the invention of the spinning-jenny, the spinning-machine, and the mule by Hargreaves, Arkwright, and Crompton respectively, the invention of the steam-engine by Watt, and the publication of the "Wealth of Nations" by Adam Smith, the islands of our United Kingdom were mainly agricultural. The majority of the inhabitants were directly or indirectly occupied with the production of food, and the food they produced was pretty nearly sufficient for the comparatively small population. It was, therefore, justifiable for government to impose duties on imported food, in order to prevent it from entering into competition with home-produce, and thus lowering the price of the latter to the detriment of the producers. The price of corn and other food-stuffs was thus artificially kept up, and so long as a majority of the population benefited by high prices, the voice of the ill-fed

and often starving minority was stifled. But in the course of the eighty or a hundred years preceding 1840, the minority had gradually swelled into an overwhelming majority, trade had enormously increased, and manufactures of all kinds had grown from almost zero to colossal dimensions. And what was the inevitable result? Obviously that the majority objected to pay high prices for their food solely for the benefit of the agricultural minority. Hence the foundation of the Anti-Corn Law League by Richard Cobden and others in 1839, hence the Corn-Law agitation of 1841-46, and hence the dawn of the golden era of free trade, which has brought us cheap food, and with it a host of other blessings.

Let us now return to Lord Melbourne. Why did he resign? Because the rickety wall on which he had been perched tumbled down under him. In 1839 he had "declared before God that to leave the agricultural interest without protection was the wildest and maddest scheme that had ever entered the imagination of man"; yet in 1841 his moribund ministry professed conversion to free-trade principles. They now proposed to reduce the duties on wheat and on sugar. But their sugar bill was opposed both by Conservatives who hated free trade, and by Abolitionists, who objected to encourage the importation of slave-grown sugar, and through this formidable coalition the bill was thrown out by a majority of 36. According to more modern rules such an unmistakable notice to quit should have been frankly and promptly accepted; but the Ministry still clung to office, and when, a few days later, a direct motion of want of confidence was carried against them, they determined to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country for a new lease of life. But the country confirmed their death-warrant by returning about 367 Conservatives and only 286 Liberals; in August, 1841, the Ministry was declared by large majorities, both in the Lords and the Commons, to have lost the confidence of the country; and Sir Robert Peel was called upon to form a new Ministry. We must therefore now take leave of the Whigs for the next five years. They had been in office, with one short break of a few months, since 1830. What had they done? Under the able and earnest guidance of Lord Grey from November, 1830, to July, 1834, they had passed some of the most memorable reforms in British history (the

great Reform Act, the Reform of the Irish Church, the Emancipation of the Slaves, the Amendment of the Poor Law, and other measures); under Lord Melbourne, an able and scholarly man, an ornament to society, and a faithful servant of the Queen, but far too easy-going to be a competent minister, they took to temporizing and compromising, entrenched themselves behind the ladies of the Queen's Household, made themselves ridiculous in the Stockdale affair, played fast and loose with free-trade principles, and had lost their credit long before they lost office.

On his accession to office, Sir Robert Peel was confronted with many difficulties. His cabinet was composed of Old Tories, chief of whom was the Iron Duke, Moderate Conservatives, like the great Chancellor Lord Lyndhurst, and several Whig Seceders, all of whom had to be conciliated. Abroad there was war in Afghanistan and China, while mutterings on the Eastern horizon, in France, and in America boded mischief. At home, depression of trade had led to great distress and even to riots, and while one faction was clamouring for increased political power, another demanded the repeal of the Corn Laws. The Queen's speech accordingly directed attention to the two burning questions of the day, finance and the importation of food. Of these questions the latter is the more interesting. The "protection" of British agriculture, the nature of which has been explained, had at last become intolerable, for it enriched a minority of the people at the expense of starving millions. The Corn Laws have a long history, beginning in 1360, and they underwent many changes prior to 1842; but it may suffice to note the leading principle which guided their framers. When corn was dear and scarce at home the duty on foreign corn was reduced, and when it was cheap and plentiful at home the duty was raised. This principle no doubt tended to equalise the price, yet the average price was always grievously high. The protective system culminated in 1815, when the importation of corn was prohibited altogether as soon as the price fell below 80s. per quarter; but "sliding scales" of duty were re-introduced in 1822 and 1828, the effect of which was to maintain the price at from 75s. to 80s. at least. Peel's first important act was to establish a new sliding scale of reduced duties, but its effect was still to keep the price of wheat at fully 72s. per quarter.

Seeing that the average price is now 40s., and bread costs 1½d. per lb., we may form some idea of the deplorable condition of the working-classes in the early part of this century, when the staff of life cost double, and when wages were only half of their present amount. Peel's new sliding scale, which was supported by Mr. Gladstone, one of the most eloquent and talented members of the Cabinet, and opposed by Lord John Russell, Lord Melbourne and others, who proposed the simpler plan of a small fixed duty, was acceptable neither to the advocates of cheap bread nor to the champions of protection; and ere long it was admitted by the patriotic and clear-sighted Peel himself to be unsatisfactory. Peel's finance must also be briefly noticed. One bold measure was to impose an income-tax, which has since come to be regarded as a necessary, though irksome and inquisitorial mode of raising money; and as this new tax converted the deficit in the Budget into a surplus Peel took the further bold step of greatly reducing the vexatious duties on no less than 1,200 different imports, and of repealing the duties on British exports. Already, therefore, in 1842, notwithstanding fierce opposition, Peel had made his mark as a master of finance and a benefactor of commerce.

Let us now turn for a moment to social and educational questions. It is curious that while such patriotic and far-seeing statesmen as Cobden, Villiers, Brougham, and afterwards Peel himself, were convinced that cheap food would be the greatest of national boons, and that it could only be obtained by abolishing protection, the working-classes imagined that the chief cause of their misery was the political supremacy of the upper classes. They accordingly declined to take part in the agitation against protection, preferring to war against privilege. But they failed to perceive that, although the protection of food was justly doomed, the political privileges of the upper classes would justly survive until swept away by the rising tide of education. We cannot, therefore, wonder that, when the Chartists presented a monster petition to Parliament in 1842, praying that the six points

of the Charter should be granted, and ascribing all their woes to "class legislation," the House of Commons refused to consider it. But, as already shown, the Chartists were partly in the right, although their demands were premature and their methods crude. For the body politic was suffering not merely from lack of food, but also from many social and moral wrongs. Since Lord Ashley's Factory Act of 1833, the attention of the public had been drawn to the miseries of the working classes, caused chiefly by over-work and want of education. A commission appointed at the instance of Lord Ashley, in 1840, to inquire into these evils, had depicted them in the blackest colours; and in 1842 Ashley succeeded in getting an act passed to prohibit the employment of women in mines, and to restrict the working-days of boys between ten and thirteen years of age to three weekly. The government itself next introduced a Factory Bill in 1843, reducing the working-hours of children, and providing for their compulsory education; but as the factory schools were to be under Church management, the bill was bitterly opposed both by Roman Catholic and Protestant Dissenters, and had to be withdrawn. Next year, when the bill was re-introduced without the education clauses, there arose an interesting controversy as to whether the working-hours of young persons should be limited to ten or to twelve. Lord Ashley, supported by the Tories, carried a motion in favour of ten hours, while the Liberals had proposed twelve; but the bill, as ultimately passed, merely regulated the work of children, leaving young persons above the age of thirteen unprotected, and it applied to cotton and silk mills only. Yet it formed another important step in the right direction. In 1845, Lord Ashley succeeded in carrying a similar act for the relief of children in calico-print works, and in 1847, Fielden's Factory Act limited the working-hours of persons under eighteen to ten hours a day, and eight hours on Saturdays. "Laws grind the poor," truly had sung Goldsmith a century earlier; but the conscience of the legislature had at last happily been awakened to the duty of considering the poor and needy.

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

- I. What do you understand by a privilege? Under what circumstances may a privilege be useful? Illustrate.
- II. Define and discuss "protection." Who pays the difference in price between protected goods and those which are free from duty?
- III. Mention and explain the chief social questions of the period (1842-47).
Please answer one, or at most two, of these questions; and state the total number of words in the answer or answers, which number must not exceed 500. Answers to be addressed to the Superintendent, R.U., ATALANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., on or before 24th February.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

Who wrote the following?—

1. The White Pilgrim; 2. The Luggie; 3. Casa Wappy; 4. Keith of Ravelston; 5. The Battle of Drumliemoor; 6. The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich; 7. The Ballad of Beau Brocade; 8. The Forsaken Garden; 9. The Isle of Palms; 10. The Pleasures of Memory; 11. The Lady of La Garaye; 12. Craigcrook Castle.

II.

1. Give the name of the messenger who was sent to Hela's realm to beg the return of Balder from the dead.
2. What horse did he ride? 3. On what condition did the queen promise to restore Balder to heaven?

III.

What two examples does Browning use to illustrate these words of his own? State where they occur:—

- "Ay, of all the artists living, loving,
None but would forego his proper dowry,—
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,—
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture,
Once, and only once, and for one only,
So to be the man and leave the artist."

IV.

When Shon Maclean played the pipes, what was it like?

Answers to be sent in by February 15th. They should be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R.U., ATALANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (JANUARY).

I.

1. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. 2. Introduction to *Samson Agonistes*.

II.

1. Alton Locke; Charles Kingsley. 2. Cup-bearer in the *Epicurean*; T. Moore. 3. Frank Osbaldiston; Scott. 4. Nydia; Bulwer Lytton (*The Last Days of Pompeii*). 5. Christian; John Bunyan. 6. Paul Tregarva; C. Kingsley (*Yeasts*). 7. Donald Grant; G. Macdonald (*Sir Gibbie*).

III.

1. Poem by Tennyson; the *Forsaken Merman*, by Matthew Arnold. 2. *To Helen*, E. A. Poe; *Kirconnell Lea*; *Sister Helen*, D. G. Rossetti. 3. *Barbara*, Alexander Smith; *Barbara Allen*. 4. Several poems by Wordsworth.

V.

Give author and work where the following may be found:—

1. "I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep;
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers,
And everything but sleep."
2. "The winds that in the leaves make stir,
Chant to me of my lady's praise;
The thrushes sing her gracious ways,
The reeds and grasses sigh of her:
The nightingales at eve prepare
A choral tribute with their lays;
And summer days and winter days
In mystic whispers name her fair."
3. "Why do we mourn the days that go—for the
same sun shines each day?
Ever a spring her primrose hath, and ever a May
her May—
Sweet as the rose that died last year, is the rose
that is born to-day.
Ah, but alas! for the smile of smiles that never but
one face wore!
Ah, for the voice that has flown away like a bird to
an unseen shore!
Ah, for the face—the flower of flowers—that
blossoms on earth no more!"

IV.

1. *Hynd Horn*. 2. *A Lyke Wake Dirge*. 3. *Ye Gentlemen of England*, Martyn Parker. 4. *Ye Mariners of England*, Campbell. 5. *Where shall the Lover Rest?* Scott. 6. *The Maids of Elfen-Mere*, W. Allingham.

V.

1. *Little Ella*, Owen Meredith. 2. *Love's Nocturn* n° D. G. Rossetti. 3. *Glebe* to *Melancholia*, T. Hood.

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{ Helen Ouston.	E. B. Dunn.	S. Hooper.	G. F. Napier-Sharpe.
{ Alice M. Price.	E. Faraday.	J. K. Howard.	

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M. C. Clapham.	I. E. Fearon.	E. A. Phelps.	

DIVISION III.

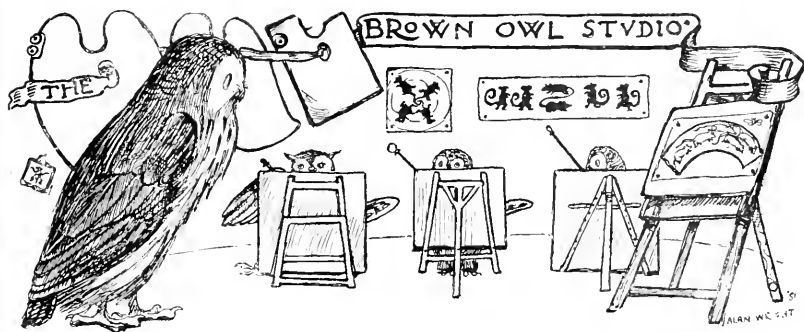
C. Bawtree.	F. E. Goulden.	E. B. Risley.	A. L. Whall.
F. M. Gellathy.	C. L. Morant.	M. Tinker.	

Disqualified because of over-length—E. M. Powde.

EXAMINER'S REPORT

I can again report my satisfaction with the Essays submitted to me. The difference between the first five was not apparent at first sight, but careful consideration of them left me in no doubt. Still, had I had five prizes to adjudge, I should have thought them well bestowed. The Essays on "Shakespeare as a Moralist" seemed, on the whole, to be more to the point, but I must express my dissent from a doctrine which some of the writers seemed to hold that a faithful holding up of a mirror to nature constitutes a moralist. I was much taken at first with the very Shakespearian talk of some of the heroines, but concluded that it did not contain solid matter enough for the highest honours.

ALFRED CHURCH, M.A.



FANCY PAINTING.

AMONG all the home employments of the present day there is none that takes a more prominent place than the art of painting. There are two classes of painters, the one comprising those who devote themselves to this study, with the intention of making it the occupation of their lives—artists in the fullest sense of the word—and the other consisting of those who, while appreciating the beautiful, have no pretensions to more than an amateur love for it. It is to this class, by far the most numerous, that we address ourselves. For one girl who feels that she has talent enough to justify her abandoning other employments in favour of painting, there are a hundred who have natural taste and capacity enough to succeed in decorating their homes, or contributing to the pleasure of their friends, by means of their pencil or brush, in a manner that is worthy of every encouragement. Two things are needed for success: first, a degree of patient perseverance that will be strong enough to hold its own against the difficulties that beset the beginner; and, second, a determination to do the best you can, no matter how modest the subject you undertake. "What is worth doing, is worth doing well," should be the maxim of all who try to copy the beautiful creations of nature.

It is taken for granted that girls who wish to paint have already learned to draw, more or less. We say "more or less," advisedly, because the desire to employ colour is only too apt to carry the

tyro at railroad speed across the beaten, and perhaps, somewhat dull, paths of drawing and shading in black and white. There are some people who think they can learn to paint first, and to draw afterwards, under the idea, poor souls, that drawing is a childish art, to be acquired when they have time for it. The condition of such would-be artists is hopeless. The simplest tracing is sure to be full of faults, if the hand engaged upon it has not had sufficient experience in drawing to be able to understand the forms through the tracing paper. To trace a design often saves much time when properly done, but to an inexperienced hand it is a delusion and a snare.

The first thing a young girl generally wants to paint is a fan. The best material to begin upon is silk, faille as it is often called, a smooth, even silk without ribs. Nearly all fan-makers furnish the silk of all shades, ready cut and prepared for painting, and unmounted. It is much easier to paint upon in this form, but if that is not to be obtained, take a fan ready mounted, and pin it out as firmly as you can with drawing-pins upon a board large enough to hold it. Pale tints are the easiest for a beginner, as the same method is followed as for painting on paper. Water-colour is employed for painting on silk. A very little Chinese white may be added to the colours, if necessary, to make them opaque, or to make them work more evenly, but the less white employed

the more lasting is the painting. Sometimes at the first painting the colour runs in little spots, but a little perseverance gets over this difficulty, and the retouching, after the first colour is dry, is quite easy.

We will suppose you have chosen your subject, a branch of wild rose with a butterfly here and there, or a few field flowers thrown lightly across. If you are pretty sure of your drawing, you can sketch the principal flowers and leaves on to the silk in white chalk. Touch very lightly, and then in case of need a pellet of bread will remove the line. If you dare not do this, slip the design under the silk, supposing it to be unmounted, and you will see the principal forms sufficiently well through it to be able to trace them in with a finely-pointed and soft pencil. The details can be added when the design is withdrawn.

In painting be very careful not to take too much colour in your brush, lest it should spread beyond the outline. Begin with the principal flowers, passing the general tone of colour over the whole petal; then the yellow for the centre; and let each flower dry perfectly before retouching it. In the meantime work at the leaves and stems, but do not attempt to finish one little piece before getting in the general effect. The less you retouch, the brighter the colour, especially for the leaves, which easily become dull and heavy. If the silk is pale in colour, the leaves can often be painted without using any white at all except for the high lights.

Water-colour is best for painting on crape as well as silk; muslin and gauze can be painted in either water-colour or oils. Crape is more lasting than gauze and requires less white, but care must be taken to apply the colours as dry as possible or else the material loses its wavelets, and becomes irregular. A paper-knife or slip of card must be passed from time to time between the crape or gauze and the paper upon which it is stretched, to prevent the colour from sticking. Painting on gauze is not to be recommended, as the material is so fragile.

Should satin be chosen, it is best to employ oil-colours. Chinese white does not adhere well, and, in the case of a fan, the folds always cause it to crack. If the satin is of a delicate tint, the oil colour should first be placed upon a piece of blotting paper to absorb a part of the oil, before

laying it on the satin. Where the satin is of a very good quality this is not necessary.

It is not by any means necessary that silk should undergo any special preparation before receiving water-colour. Most sarsenet or faille silks, such as are to be found in any good shop, take the colour quite well.

The list of pretty and useful articles to which painting—either on satin or silk—can be applied is endless. To begin with the most modest, we will mention book-markers on silk or satin ribbon. Then come hand-screens of every form, banner screens, and all the screen family, whose name is legion. Scent-bags, handkerchief pockets, and work-bags are always well received, especially if the recipient finds on one side, or in a corner, her initial prettily painted. For work-bags, sateen may be employed, and it takes oil or water-colour equally well. A bag in blue sateen, with a branch of wild sloe across one corner, and the name "Lucy" on the opposite side, gave much pleasure. One of our young lady friends went so far as to paint a branch of wild rose upon the sash and one breadth of her ball dress of white silk crape, and though the painting (in water colour) is three years old, it is as fresh as if done yesterday, and is now utilised as a sofa ornament.

Painting on wooden articles which have previously received a coating of enamel colour is known to all, but it is less generally known how to paint on plain wood. Supposing you have a letter stand (such as one seen on most office tables), and you would like to adorn it for your father's study. It may be well made, but white pine wood is not pretty as a grounding. Take a little dark staining such as any colourman can furnish, and pass it over every part of the wood. When quite dry, lay over it a thin coating of Flemish glue—a transparent glue, something like isinglass. When this is dry you have a delightful surface to work upon, which takes either oil or water-colour. Some trailing plant, such as the Wisteria or Passion flower, is very suitable for such an object. The Virginia creeper offers great variety of colour, or a simple wreath of daisies, carefully drawn, gives a good effect. When the painting is perfectly dry—and in the case of oils one has sometimes to wait a fortnight or three weeks—a coat of picture varnish should be passed over the whole, and it should then be left another week to harden. If

the painting is to be in water-colours, it is best to lay in the whole subject in Chinese white and colour upon that. This method has the advantage of being ready to receive the varnish the following day. The articles in grey and white wood, called Spa wood, but mostly of Swiss production, are painted in water-colours.

Another favourite of the young artist is the tambourine. When well painted it is complete in itself, and needs neither mounting nor framing. It takes either oil or water colour. A little experience is necessary to choose a tambourine. The parchment should be as even as possible, and if free from yellow stains, so much the better. Draw in your design either with a soft pencil or in charcoal, and then proceed to paint as upon silk. If the parchment makes the water-colour run in little spots, add a little more white to your first tints. All the most vigorous touches must be put in with pure colour afterwards. For flowers, the tone of the parchment is often suitable as a background. It can be strengthened, if necessary, by working in sepia, indigo, brown madder, or ochre. If a landscape is chosen, it is best to work over the whole surface of the parchment, except perhaps here and there in the foreground, where it can represent the lights on earth and stones.

The word stones brings us to the pebbles found on the sea beach or by the river-side, whose smooth surface takes colour very easily. Charming paper-weights can be made of these by putting a flower, bird, or anything the fancy suggests, upon them. Choose the smoothest stone you can find, and of tolerably regular proportions. Begin as for painting on wood, by a first layer of Chinese white. This dry, you can work it up to any degree of perfection by employing the colours in their pure state. If to be painted in oils, a rougher stone can be employed, on an emergency. As a rule, however, the smoother the stone, the easier the painting. A stone carefully painted in water-colours, and then varnished, will last for years. We have in mind at this moment one that has a country church painted on it, and which has been in constant use for twenty years without losing its freshness. Let it be mentioned, in passing, that gamboge should not be employed in painting objects that are to be varnished. This bright colour, so invaluable at other times, should in such cases be replaced by chrome yellow, which resists the varnish, while gamboge is dissolved by it.

We have said nothing of painting on glass, on velvet, and on terra-cotta. These, if it is desired, will furnish the subject for another article.

Elie Smith.

"HENRY VIII." AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

ON Tuesday, January 5th, *Henry VIII.* was added to the list of brilliant Shakespearian revivals which have distinguished Mr. Irving's management at the Lyceum Theatre. As one by one these have appeared it has been the custom to speak of each as the most gorgeous representation of its kind ever known. With the remembrance of its predecessors still vivid in one's mind it is impossible to state absolutely that this is the case; but, setting aside all comparison, it may be said that, taken on its own merits, a more perfect representation of the play as a whole can barely be conceived.

There are faults in the construction of *Henry VIII.* which are apparent to even an uncritical spectator. The interest is broken, there is an almost bewildering throng of characters, scene follows scene with confusing rapidity. The gallant Duke of Buckingham is barely introduced before

he disappears; Wolsey, the great moving spirit of the play, vanishes with the third act; Katharine, the injured Queen, dies in the fourth.

For dramatic purposes Mr. Irving has wisely omitted the episode of the trial of Cranmer. As played at the Lyceum, the fifth act merely shows the incident of the christening of the baby Princess Elizabeth in the Church of the Grey Friars, Greenwich.

Apart from its faults of construction it must be granted that *Henry VIII.* gives scope for much spectacular magnificence, an opportunity of which Mr. Irving takes fullest advantage. Notable examples of this are shown in the scene in York Place, where the haughty Cardinal entertains his guests in truly princely state,—the famous Court-scene in the Hall at Blackfriars, and the picturesque spectacle of the Coronation of Anne Bullen.

But it would be a mistake to imply that the human interest is in any sense overshadowed by the gorgeous pageantry which surrounds it. However brilliant the scene it is the leading actors that form throughout the centre of attraction.

First to claim attention is the young and gallant Duke of Buckingham, played with much spirit, pathos, and dignity by Mr. Forbes Robertson. From the moment that Buckingham openly dares to defy the Court favourite, his ruin is assured. Even the voice of the Queen cannot prevail against the wiles of Wolsey. Buckingham is doomed. The scene where he passes from the Hall of judgment to the Tower prison is surely one of the most pathetic ever witnessed. Outside Westminster Hall a little group of loyal friends has gathered; the barge waits ready at the river stairs. Then from the scene of trial steps the young Duke, clad in his long black velvet robe; in front walks the grim figure of the headsman, the edge of the axe he carries turned towards the prisoner, in token that he must die a traitor's death. Mr. Forbes Robertson has won distinction in many parts, but he never spoke

straighter to the hearts of his audience than in the far-well words of the ill-fated Buckingham. Noble in bearing, full of grace and dignity, he endows the character with a poetry and pathos which makes its disappearance felt as a personal loss.

In the person of bluff King Hal, Mr. Terriss is suited to perfection with the kind of part for which he seems especially adapted. There is a lavish lordliness about him, a sort of royal bluster, which is admirably to the point just here. No delicate semitones of feeling require to be indicated. King

Harry is emphatically one who knows his own mind, and speaks it with vigour. Affection is not wanting, but it is of the bold and hearty order, not tender or caressing. His friendships and enmities alike know no half measures. When Wolsey is in favour he is treated with overflowing kindness, but once he forfeits the King's confidence his punishment is dealt out to him, swift, merciless, absolute.

It is, of course, on this figure of Wolsey, and on that of his great opponent and victim, Katharine of Arragon, that the chief interest centres. In this picture of the haughty Cardinal, Mr. Irving adds one more to the striking gallery of portraits with which we are all familiar. The keynote of his character is struck with an assured touch from the very moment of his first entry. The pale ascetic face gleams with pride, self-confidence,

boundless ambition. The state with which he surrounds himself rivals the King's in magnificence. His insolence is superb, but on occasion he can veil it with a fox-like humility. Even in the midst of his triumph he is never satisfied. He is always watchful, always scheming to gain higher honours.



"I am a Queen the daughter of a King."

MISS ELLEN TERRY AS QUEEN KATHARINE.

He uses the King as his puppet, and too late finds he has set in motion the engine that shall work his own destruction.

But it is only in his downfall that the greatness of the man becomes apparent. He has borne prosperity with arrogance, but the biting breath of adversity seems to strike away the folds of worldliness that have stifled his nobler instincts. A

given. If this be taken as the leading idea of her character it must be acknowledged that Miss Ellen Terry works it out consistently. It goes without saying that her performance is full of interest, feeling, and fire. Katharine is "a Queen,—the daughter of a King," she is also a deeply wronged and indignant woman. It is possible that Mrs. Siddons never forgot the first ;



"Heaven forgive me!
"Ever God bless your Highness!"

CARDINAL WOLSEY AND KING HENRY VIII.—Act III., Sc. 2.

weaker nature might have buoyed itself up with false hope, and been content to gather up the crumbs of existence. Not so Wolsey. His heart is broken. The yielding willow may bend to the storm, but the proud oak once snapped is dead for ever.

Among all Shakespeare heroines Queen Katharine was one of Mrs. Siddons's greatest favourites. "She is so womanly" was the reason

it is certain that Miss Terry never forgets the second. She has a tender and generous heart, but to the King alone will she yield a dignified submission. When pressed too far her patience gives way. With a blaze of royal scorn she leaves the Court, and in an irrepressible burst of feeling the fickle King acknowledges that of a truth she is "the Queen of earthly Queens."

M. M.

TO those readers of *ATALANTA*—and they are sure to be many—who study lovingly, conscientiously, or reverently, their Browning, Mrs. Sutherland Orr's new book (*Life and Letters of Robert Browning*; Smith, Elder & Co.) will prove a welcome gift. This lady, already favourably known by the handbook to her friend's poems, now tells with tact and discretion the account of the poet's family, the story of his life and surrounding circumstances. Her pages reveal an uneventful life—it we count as events great change, startling adventure, worldly advancement, or unforeseen misfortune. Not as a man of action in this world's affairs has her hero any claim. He was not like Spenser, sent to rule a wild people in Ireland; he had not to toil for his bread like Shakespeare and Burns; did not, with Milton, turn his learned talents to his country's service; nor even, as Byron and Wordsworth, break out into impulsive efforts on behalf of oppressed liberty. The poet Browning was a product of the England of this century, one of her freest citizens, able with his roots in the past to live quietly, to feel his independence, to cultivate the genius of which he was conscious, and to drink to the full of the cup of life flowing around him.

We all feel, and it is a legitimate instinct, the desire to know something of the outward life of a great man. The more we fall under the spell of his genius or of his vigorous power, the greater the truth of his searching insight, the closer we are drawn by his human sympathy and inspiring courage, so much the stronger (when we recover ourselves) is the wish to know something of his personality. But we have no right to pry into sacred privacy, and Mrs. Orr has shown a true judgment in the manner she has executed her portrait, drawing the veil aside only where the public may reasonably look. The man who, first uttering himself at twenty-one, could continue to pour forth his gifts with increasing excellence and steady powers for the space of fifty-six years, stands before us as a giant; like the prophets and seers of old, masking his soul in riddles and deep sayings which time and wisdom are required to unfold. His mysterious genius is revered, but we are delighted when we can trace something of its course and touch him with a sense of fellowship to ordinary mortals. Mrs. Orr tells us how "this healthiest of poets and most real of men" was

born at Camberwell in 1812; she takes us through his vigorous childhood, with glimpses at his simple school years, his fondness for animals, his omnivorous reading in the book-crammed home. He was devoted to his mother, from whom he inherited a nervous temperament; to his father he owed a home training full of learning, guidance, and sympathy. Of strong and pure affections, Browning was fortunate in his near relations through life; parents, sister, wife, and son, all were bound to him in the closest ties which nothing ever seems to have broken through.

With this background of happiness and intellectual growth, his poetic abilities, recognized at an early age, had free scope. In his first published piece, "Pauline" (1833) he indicates the direction of his studies.

" 'Twas in my plan to look on real life,
The life all new to me; my theories
Were firm, so them I left, to look and learn
Mankind, its cares, hopes, fears, its woes and joys."

How truly carried out, lifelong, pervaded with his special cast of thought and his own highest convictions, every reader of his poems knows. He loved nature chiefly for its link with human existence, and as Mrs. Orr reminds us, "he did not cease to love men and women best." In December, 1864, three years after his beloved wife's death, he wrote: "I feel such comfort and delight in doing the best I can with my own object of life, poetry, which, I think, I never could have seen the good of before, that it shows me I have taken the root I *did* take, *well*." Much of his best work was still to come, although he was now rising into fame. His "progressive intellectual vitality is amply represented in his works." The volume contains many delightful letters from Mrs. Browning, and some few from her husband; but perhaps the most interesting pages are those which give Mrs. Orr's own impression of his opinions, characteristics, and habit of thought and mind in later years. The courage, the friendships "of the great free-lance who fought, like the gods of old, with the regular army," appeal to us all; and touches like "His love of genius was a worship," reveal more of the dignified modesty of his inner nature than chapters of description.

* * *

A POET of such individuality and depth of philosophy must needs have interpreters, and Miss F. Mary Wilson comes forward with *A Primer on*

Browning (Macmillan) (a title abandoned by Mrs. Orr for her *Hand-book*). The first two chapters give a short sketch of the poet's life and characteristics; the third, which occupies four-fifths of the book, consists of short "introductions," which in many cases amount to careful analyses, to each one of the whole body of the poems. Of "*Colombe's Birthday*," she says, "It gives scope to the all-pervasive unconventionality and the creating of mental zigzags and surprises that characterize [Browning's] 'fundamental brain-work,'" a sentence which, true in itself, shows the influence of the poet's complex thought upon a young writer. Miss Wilson wants simplicity of style, her section on the "*Art of Browning*" appears defective, and we should certainly take exception to her statement regarding great writers, that "Out of the raw material of their sensations and perceptions they weave a finished product," as untrue. But, when all is said, she shows herself an appreciative student, imbued with the spirit of her master's works, and has produced a very useful little guide-book to a difficult subject.

L. T. S.

TALES from the Mabinogion, edited by Meta E. Williams (T. Fisher Unwin's Children's Library; London, 1892). One reflection suggested by this charming volume is that children (and grown-up people too, for it is worth their while to

read such books) have a good time now-a-days. These "tales for prentice bards to tell," as the title imports, are from Lady Charlotte Guest's translation of the "*Red Book of Hergest*," a famous old Welsh MS. kept in the library of Jesus College, Oxford, and have been carefully selected and skillfully edited. They form a welcome contribution to popular versions of the Arthurian Legends, and as Miss Williams truly says, they open the door for us into a new region of pleasure. Of course we must not tell the story here, but we may note that it is full of picturesque and poetical imagery, of marvellous adventures, of weird, tragic, and even comical scenes, and of many a genuine touch of human nature. The hero is a brave, interesting, and handsome young prince, and the heroine a beautiful princess, whose father is a terrific old ogre. Then there is a jealous stepmother in the case, whose wicked schemes are happily thwarted, and there is a delightful profusion of sorcerers and sorceresses, kings, knights, and giants, were-wolves and wild boars, enchanted castles and haunted caves, and spells and charms of every kind. Perhaps the most fearful apparition of all is the huge bejewelled boar, "once a king, but changed into a boar because of his sins and his pride!" Miss Williams has done her task admirably. Few children, however big, will lay down the book without reading every word of it.

J. K.

IT is impossible to allow the February number of *ATLANTA* to go out without making a brief allusion to the tragic story which occurred during the month now drawing to a close.

On January 14th, to the grief of the nation, the eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales died under circumstances of peculiar pathos. Since the death of the Princess Charlotte on the 5th November, 1817, no event has so moved all hearts. A few weeks prior to his death the news of the Prince's engagement to an English girl had caused general rejoicing. No engagement ever proved more popular, and the Princess May, with her sunny name, was about to receive a welcome which

has seldom been exceeded in enthusiasm even in our loyal country.

Owing to the illness of Prince George of Wales, Christmas was passed very quietly, but preparations for the wedding on February 27th were being eagerly pressed forward. On Monday, January 11th, the morning newspapers announced for the first time the indisposition of the Duke of Clarence. From that date anxiety began to be felt. The bulletins on Wednesday were most alarming, and at an early hour on Thursday morning, January 14th, it was known all over the country that the young life so full of promise had passed away.



THE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.

Portrait Photograph by Messrs. W. & D. Downey, Elvry Street.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY OF TECK.

Portrait Photograph by Messrs. W. & D. Downey, Elvry Street.

The Duke of Clarence and Avondale had just completed his twenty-eighth year. From his earliest days he had received a training which falls to the lot of few even among English boys. He was a sailor, soldier, University man, and had been called to the English Bar; he was also a world-wide traveller. Thus he saw many phases of life, and in every way was gaining that experience which was to fit him to fill the illustrious post which would one day have been his.

This case of unexpected death comes as a terrible illustration of the great power of that shadowy but omnipotent Presence, who some day sets his seal on every brow. It is one more example of the story in the picture by Mr. Watts, "Love and Death";—one more instance of Love vanquished and Death victorious. But with the belief, that in another world there is a reverse side

to this picture, and that Love, though apparently defeated, is in reality triumphant, our saddest thoughts are not for the dead, but with the living

"Who is he that cometh like an honoured guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and
with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?"—

As I write, the mighty dead of the past are preparing to welcome their young kinsman into the world of shades. The funeral of the Prince takes place to-day; at the moment this goes to press the minute guns are firing, the bells tolling.

It is idle to speak words of consolation to those whom the dead Prince has left to sorrow for his loss, but if anything can lighten the heavy blow, it must be the love and sympathy of an entire nation.

L. T. Meade.



Art Reproduction Co. N.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

From the Picture by MRS. JORDON.

ATALANTA

VOL. V.

MARCH, 1892.

No. 54.



THE SAD RYME OF QUEEN VALENTINE

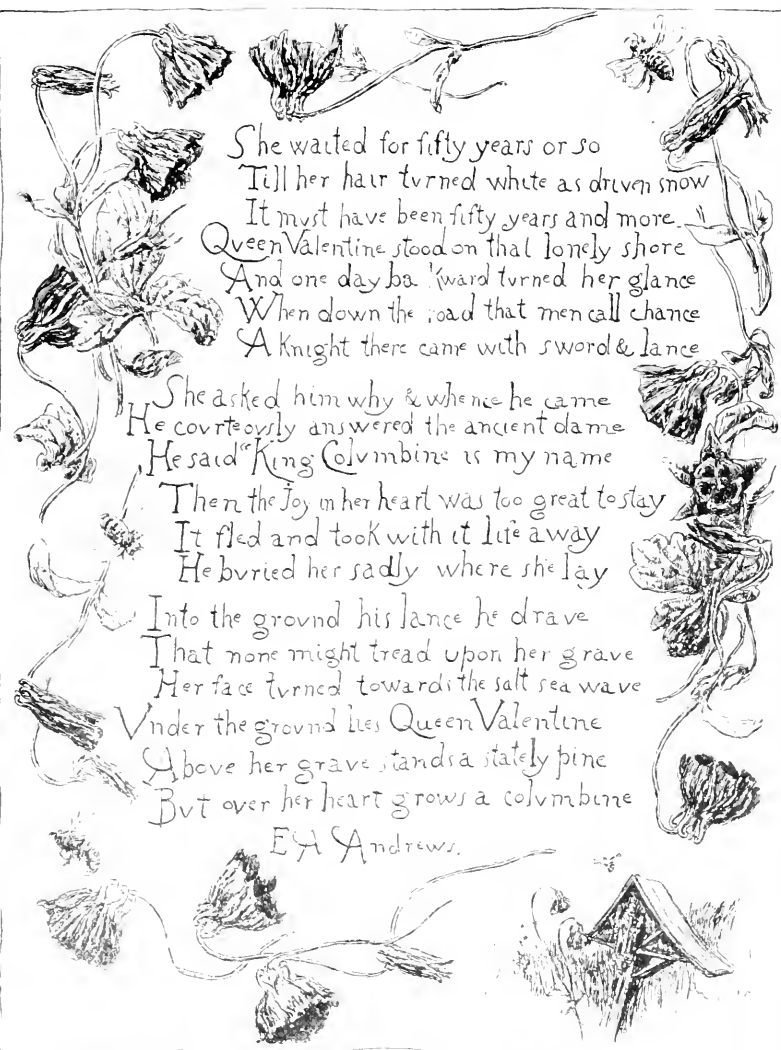
Queen Valentine had a castle fine
Like the castles on the river Rhine

Queen Valentine had courtiers nine
And her dearest knight was King Colymbine

Yet a day did come when they must part
Just as he'd grown as high as her heart

And the man in the moon and the maid ^{of the sea}
They asked each other "Can this thing be"

But he sailed away in a ship called fate
Queen Valentine stood on the shore to
wait



She waited for fifty years or so
Till her hair turned white as driven snow
It must have been fifty years and more.
Queen Valentine stood on that lonely shore
And one day backward turned her glance
When down the road that men call chance
A knight there came with sword & lance

She asked him why & whence he came
He courteously answered the ancient dame
He said "King Colombine is my name

Then the joy on her heart was too great to stay
It fled and took with it life away
He buried her sadly where she lay

Into the ground his lance he drove
That none might tread upon her grave
Her face turned towards the salt sea wave
Under the ground lies Queen Valentine
Above her grave stands a stately pine
But over her heart grows a columbine

EA Andrews.



"Her dearest Knight was King Columbine."

A BATTLE AND A BOY.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

CHAPTER XI.

"YOU leave the boy to me," said the Major, oracularly.

"But, papa," complained Hildegard, "between you and Doris I shan't have him at all. The other day she kept him so long, I really almost listened at the key-hole."

Kurt laughed derisively.

"Almost"? I say! If 'almost' means being doubled up with your ear so close I could have shot a pea straight into it from the other side of the door, then I don't know what 'quite' means."

"Be quiet, children," said Doris. "Kurt, don't tease."

"You leave that boy to me," repeated the Major, ignoring the *intermezzo*, and nodding his head with decision and benevolent intentions.

"I think," Frau von Normann remarked, "that the kindest thing we can do is to let him play with Kurt now and then Saturday afternoon. It will be a refining influence, and—"

At this moment Hildegard, incited by one of her brother's most grotesque facial contortions, choked violently, and had to be sent from the table.

"Isn't she very noisy?" the Major asked, with a helpless expression. "It seems to me she's always doing something."

"I made her laugh, papa. She goes off with a look, you know."

"If you call that fiendish thing a look, Kurt?" Doris said in an undertone.

"Don't lecture him, Doris; remember, he's not yet fully recovered," urged his mamma. "Kurt, darling, you'd better go. You'll be late at your drawing."

"It is a great responsibility," the Major went on, "our conduct to that boy. The fact that we like him personally does not simplify matters, it complicates them. It increases the danger of spoiling him. He is a bright, handsome, manly little fellow. I grant that he has become a part of us, of our thoughts and conscience, of our lives, and that we can never to the end of our days fail to consider

his interests. Precisely for these reasons I say leave him to me. Unless you want to ruin his future, want to make him a discontented miserable hobbledohoy, neither honest peasant nor honest anything else; don't flatter him, don't rouse longings for the impossible in him, don't weaken and confuse him, leave him where he is and where he belongs. Trust me a little in this matter, Doris. I've seen enough misery made by injudicious benevolence. Your sentiment and theories get the better of your judgment. I tell you simply I am Franzl's friend."

"He couldn't have a better friend on earth," Doris rejoined, affectionately. "Only, papa, I really don't think you or anybody else can stop him."

"Stop him? Stop him? Pray who wants to stop him?"

"If I could show you how he felt that day, papa. He was quite at his ease, I am sure, yet he only wanted to find out the meaning of things. I told you, but——"

"But you and I don't regard it in the same light, my dear. I presume it was like fortune-telling, a kind of reflex action. I have always found that when clairvoyants, chiromancers, and all other old witches tell silly people marvellous things, the data have been skilfully extracted from the prey."

He laughed indulgently.

"No, papa, I suggested nothing. It was all his own self—his initiative; and he cared—I cannot tell how intensely he cared. He was passionately eager."

"My dear child! When was a bright boy not curious? Curiosity is a dominant characteristic of childhood. I see nothing phenomenal in him. I observe with pleasure that he has exceptional simplicity and sturdiness. It is a healthy sign, and I like his want of greed, his all-pervading content."

"Oh papa, papa!"

"Yes, my dear, that is it. A child who cannot be induced to mention one single thing that he wants, who evidently wants nothing, is contented. Diogenes in his tub couldn't surpass him. And I

say roundly, whoever makes him discontented does him unspeakable harm. Whoever wisely aids him, not dragging him out of his own station, but helping him become a good peasant-farmer, a good master-workman, a good corporal, if you will, is his friend."

"How dare one say to any human spirit, 'Thus far and no further?'" murmured the girl thoughtfully.

"I have said nothing of the kind," returned the Major, drily. "I've made no remarks whatever as to Franzl's spirit. I am merely regarding the matter from a sober and practical point of view. The problem is, how shall we best help a healthy, hearty milkboy become an honest and happy man?"

"A milkboy who has proved himself a hero."

"Precisely. Why not? Are there not heroes in the ranks? But personal bravery is not sufficient cause to make a field-marshal out of a private. There must be privates, and small farmers and day-labourers and all parts of the social machine. Brave? Of course they are brave! Do I underestimate them? The braver they are the better for the nation—which needs true men in all classes. But it will be cruelty, not kindness, to make that boy something for which he was not meant. What is success at best for any of us? The sum total of a series of well-concealed failures. There's scarcely an ambitious man that doesn't have to acknowledge to himself, after a lifetime of striving, that the game wasn't worth the candle. You leave that boy to me. He shall struggle with tools or the stubborn earth as he will, but not with ideas if I can help it. Ideas are fatal to a man such as he will be. They'll make a vulgar agitator of him. Don't rouse his ambition, which would be in his case but another name for vanity. Let him remain simple and unspoiled. Don't modernize him. Don't pervert him. I mean well by the boy. I know what I'm talking about."

"It is the old question, papa," she said gently. "We have discussed it so many times."

"Yes, in general. Never before with a boy's life in the scales."

"Of course, Doris, you will agree to think as your papa does."

Doris laughed, went over to her father, stood behind his chair, and kissed the middle of his bald spot.

"Papa and I understand each other very well." She put her arms round his neck, her chin on the top of his head.

"That may be," he grumbled, "but if my squadron were as badly drilled and insubordinate as my home-regiment, I should be cashiered. Will you or will you not leave that boy to me, Doris? Come around where I can see you."

"May I answer his questions?"

"I have not the least objection. It is not his head I fear, it is yours."

"Ah!"

"You may go out to the farm, have him here, make him feel free and comfortable with us all. The more strongly he believes we are his friends the better I shall like it. I simply beg you to refrain from any attempt to change the current of his ideas."

"Oh!"

"Am I to interpret your 'Ohs!' and 'Ahs!' and wise prophetic looks and amused eyes and little impertinent smiles as assent to my request?"

"I agree to refrain from any conscious attempt to change the current of Franzl's ideas. Meanwhile, I understand that I am permitted to answer any questions that he may ask me," she said, demurely.

"Conscious attempt? What does that mean, slyboots?"

"It means that I am very high-principled and punctilious in making my contract with you. If Franzl demands explanations of me how can I answer for ideas which my words may suggest?"

He laughed good-humouredly.

"Be tranquil upon that point. The boy's imagination is not so inflammable as you think."

"May I give him books? For instance, *Greek Heroes*, which he has at present."

"Oh, fairy-tales won't turn him into a social democrat."

"That's your risk. Then it's a bargain. But for how long?"

"What? Must I set limits to my experiment?"

"I should think it would be fair. Because, papa, when you admit that you have failed, then it is my turn, isn't it?"

"Very good. When I admit that."

"Does a man ever admit that he has made a mistake, mamma?"

"I think not, dear. When we make mistakes

they explain them to us. When they make mistakes, we are expected to ignore."

"Come, come, I'll promise to be honest. But you'll have to wait some time for my recantation," he added, with a chuckle.

"Your papa is right about the boy, Doris. It would be disastrous should you interfere."

"But I have promised not to interfere, mamma. I shall merely wait."

"Papa," began Hildegard, who had stolen into the room, ashamed of her explosive exit, "everybody is talking about Franzl, and nobody lets me speak, and I've thought of something perfectly splendid."

"That's right, my darling. Out with your scheme. I don't doubt it's better than your sister's. It is evident that we, one and all, wish to pilot Franzl. Now what's your idea, Hildegard?"

"Franzl won't say what he wants, you know, and you are going to the manoeuvres, you know, and when you come home it will be almost Christmas, you know, and if you would let him have Three Wishes Christmas, you know, he would have time to think, you know, and everybody wants something Christmas, you know, and that would be splendid."

"You know!" concluded the Major, putting his arm round her. "That sounds like the legitimate drama, Hildegard. You want me to play fairy god-mother, don't you?"

"Yes, and I'll tell him what he wants."

"Child, child, you too! That's exactly what you'll not do. How you all want to un-Franzl Franzl! Even this baby is a woman at heart, and intends to lead him a pretty dance. But if you'll not tell him what to wish, I have nothing against your little comedy. I should greatly like to give him a pleasure, and, as you say, he'll surely have Christmas wishes."

"Then, may I tell him myself?"

"Yes, and perhaps you'll succeed better than Doris or I. If his wishes are reasonable and in my power he shall have them. I wouldn't dare say as much to you or that rascal Kurt, but Franzl's views are more modest."

"Is it a promise, papa?"

"It's a promise, my darling."

"You hear, mamma! You hear, Doris! It is a promise, and it's my own thought and I may tell Franzl myself."

"But not a hint, remember, otherwise I won't play. I'll refuse to be godmother."

"No, indeed, papa. I wouldn't spoil the fun for anything."

"Mind, you are not even to question him beforehand."

"Of course not. I'm not half so silly as I act."

"That's very encouraging, I'm sure, my dear. It would be well for many people if they could say the same. Christian Lutz, for instance, although silly might not be my choice of words to express his animus. I saw him this morning."

"Oh, papa, why didn't you say so before?" Doris exclaimed.

"I wanted to plan the campaign first and crush incipient rebellion."

"They crush best who crush last," she retorted.

"Isn't that silly too, papa?" demanded Hildegard gravely.

"Undoubtedly. It is always silly to be saucy to one's papa. Lutz is a donkey and incapable of seeing beyond his own pasture," continued the Major, "he evidently didn't want to talk with me at all, but I plainly intimated I didn't propose to ride up to Waldheim for nothing. I dismounted and kept one of his men walking my horse up and down, and Lutz finally consented to listen to me because he saw I meant to stay until he did. He wants the boy."

"Everybody wants Franzl!" cried Hildegard, jubilant.

"I made no suggestion to shorten the boy's time with him. Franzl himself, with very proper feeling, declined that, and aside from the fact that he ought to keep his work, I don't want any sudden transplanting of him. Everything must be sober, practical, and well-considered."

"Do you know, sometimes I detest the sober and practical," Doris remarked with a little shrug, "and I don't think it is always very intelligent either."

"It is clever enough for an old-fashioned man like me, my dear. Lutz would agree to nothing. I told him how strong an interest we feel in Franzl, and what he had done for us. Lutz looked gloomy and said it was bad for the boy. There is no doubt he regards it as a personal misfortune that Kurt didn't drown."

"The wretch!" exclaimed Frau von Normann.

"I suggested gradually lightening Franzl's

work, and proposed an indemnity. Lutz declined, flatly declaring nobody in his employ was ill-fed, or badly used, and Franzl's work was his affair. He evidently wanted no interference."

"Peculiar, wasn't it, papa?"

"I told him I had plans for Franzl, when his time was out. Lutz retorted so had he, and, as he had taken the trouble and expense of bringing the boy from Ravensburg, he had the first claim. I assure you I was tolerably curt with the stubborn old fool. He is selfish as sin, and hard as the nether millstone. He intends to do with that boy precisely as he thinks best, without regard for any more enlightened opinion."

The Major was so absorbed in his narrative that he failed to observe his daughter's eyes and smile.

"School is in the bond. Franzl is to go in November. Lutz cannot help that, but he would if he could. Still, he is what they call a strictly moral man, and he will keep his word. That sensible little Leni came out and spoke up like a man, and we together, by appealing to his cupidity, obtained one concession. Franzl may go to the Knabenhort every day—that is, to school in the afternoon and then to the Hort from four to seven. Leni urged that those last hours of the winter days could be easily spared, and I pay well for each hour. Fancy the heathen darkness of a man in this age of the world, who, if he could, would prevent a boy from going to school, and condemn him to a life not far removed from that of the cattle he tends."

"It's incredible, papa?" Doris said soberly.

"It is shameful, it is barbarous!" returned the good Major, with righteous indignation. "I do not know if Franzl is really valuable to him, or whether the boy's worth increases in proportion as we show interest in him. But one thing is certain. Old Lutz is bound to be as disobliging and churlish as possible, and will do his best to keep the child in his clutches after March. However, I'm content with the results of my first mission. Franzl will go to the Hort, and it will be an excellent thing for him. If there is a charity that is wise, healthful, doing good and harming none, it is this. There he will have a few hours every day in a comfortable place, where he'll get something to eat, learn his lessons, then read or draw, or carve wood, or play games, or do anything he likes. And all the time, mind you, he won't be

getting notions into his head. Boys of his own class, promising boys too, are his companions. At fourteen, they begin to learn a trade. They will know enough and not too much. That's where Franzl belongs, among his peers."

"I agree with you, papa. You cannot please me more than by sending him to the Hort—for the present."

"I am flattered that you approve my course, Doris. It is the best place for him. It keeps the boys out of mischief. It is humanizing, educating, comforting, and——"

"Conservative, I suppose you think," she added with a laugh.

"I trust so," he returned devoutly. "The Director impressed me as a sensible man. I heard none of your scatter-brained ideas down there. I even went so far as to ask if they ever advance a particularly bright boy to a higher school, and I was informed—to my immense satisfaction, my dear little revolutionist—that they had invariably found such a step a misfortune for the boy."

Doris laughed merrily.

"Oh, I can hear that benevolent old owl answering you! 'Certain social prejudices, crystallized—as it were—the solidarity of existing relationships—one might say—the prevailing local tendencies and inherent idiosyncrasies—so to speak—combine to render it inexpedient to distinguish one boy beyond his mates—as it were—or make him—as one might say—conspicuous.'"

"Witch!"

"That's what he told you, isn't it?"

"Approximately, yes, and very good sense I thought it."

"Very good polysyllabic words—good mouthfuls."

"Perhaps you'll like him better when I tell you that he knows every boy in the Hort, every face, every family. To know nearly a thousand boys individually requires special talent. Each evening he visits one branch, some days two. He is devoted to the boys, and he declares, although they are from the very dregs of the people, coarse enough, unmannerly and rough, he has not yet found one irreclaimably vicious nature, not in the four years in which this thing has been in existence. He does not know among the hardest cases one out-and-out bad fellow."

"I do like him. I think he is goodness itself to give so much time and affection to the boys. He is always lovely, and it's only in certain lights that he is a lovely old—fossil!"

"How do you know him so well?"

"I heard him talk to the boys of the St. John Hort, when I went down to give them season tickets to the swimming school. Then Herr Theobald has spoken of him."

"Ah! The Director said Theobald came often and was in high favour with the boys. He can do anything he likes with them."

"Yes, he is kind," Doris said, colouring slightly.

"I am by no means sure that he has been kind to me." The Major looked keenly at her. "I presume I have to thank him for a good part of your philosophy."

"I think not," she replied gravely. "He made some things clearer to me, but he did not set me thinking."

"Who did then?"

"You, papa."

"I? I was that scoundrel?"

"Yes, you," she repeated softly. "You are so sure, so very sure how everything ought to be, what people ought to believe in religion, how society should conduct itself, how the poor should feel and act, that at first I began to ask how does he know? and then to wonder and then to doubt, and then sometimes to think the contrary."

"Is it possible that I am a dogmatic old fool?" he asked in honest bewilderment.

"No, papa, you are a darling," Doris replied with considerable emotion in her low loving voice. "You are the dearest, best man in the world, and nothing and nobody shall ever come between us, you may be sure of that. We may think differently sometimes. That's no matter. Thinking isn't loving. We don't love differently; we love alike, and I love you dearly, and if I cannot always do all that you expect of me, at least, I will never do anything against your wish, no, not on any account, no, not for anybody—ever—ever—ever!"

As she leaned over him, he saw her eyes were wet. She stroked his cheek in her caressing fashion, kissed him warmly and left the room.

"Bless my soul!" said the Major, staring blankly at the door which she had closed behind her.

CHAPTER XII.

ONE November afternoon, Franzl, with the air of an infuriated bandit, walked into the St. John Knabenhof. As in this particular assembly of youths a stormy brow and glaring eyes were the rule and not the exception for new comers, his tragic manner caused no panic. The master having successfully tamed many a fiercer desperado, had no misgivings as he motioned him to a seat.

He had come most reluctantly. At the very door, indeed, he had seriously meditated flight, but as he had let himself be persuaded by Fraulein Doris, and Leni, and Herr Arno, and even the Major in full uniform, to at least go and see what a Hort was, he decided he might as well face the thing itself as those four persons in case he should run away. Still, he did wish they would let a fellow alone. With his heart in his boots, feeling queer and shy, he gave a tremendous knock as if he were Thor with his hammer, and entered the cheerful room, dark and terrible like a pirate chieftain, or a Corsican with vendetta in his soul.

It was bad enough to have to go to school without having to go to another school on top of it. They all said it wasn't a school, but if it wasn't a school then what sort of a thing was it? that's what he'd like to know, and that's what he intended to find out. Glowering at the world in general, his roving glance went on a voyage of discovery.

His neighbour on the right was a pale, fat, dough-faced boy, overgrown, unhealthy, big and young. Franzl nudged him tentatively. The child gave him a stupid stare, and continued to work at an example in simple addition on his slate where he persistently based his calculations upon the original hypothesis that five and three are nine. Franzl, not finding him a foeman worthy of his steel, peered curiously over the fat shoulder. Spying the nine he dived at it with a wet and energetic thumb, making a fine smooch and whispering, "Eight, stupid, eight!" Looking up, he met the quiet smile of the master.

"That's queer," reflected Franzl. "They hit you generally for less."

He now turned to his neighbour on the left and inspected him as if learning him by heart. He was a child with a hollow breast, claw-like hands, and so big a head that Franzl contemplated it on all sides with frank amazement.

The boy turned a pair of brilliant eyes towards him and smiled like a girl. Franzl, concluding not to nudge him, wondered why he had so many veins. He was reading Schiller's "Robbers," and on his slate were some algebra-examples, neatly done and wholly unintelligible to his inquisitive neighbour.

As the Knabenhort was nearly as gossippy as Court society, it was not many days before Franzl knew why Artur looked so ill and had so many veins, and that he was the cleverest boy in the Hort, and had hip disease, and used to be well enough until one day, when his drunken mother desired to flog him with the end of a rope, he being only a very little boy, was wild with fright, and jumped from an open window of a third story. When the Director heard of him, he had been lying six weeks on his back in bed with his legs broken, and every day and all day he was alone staring at the ceiling, until his mother, who was not always intoxicated, and who was very fond of him in her sober intervals, came home from her work at night. The Director brought him a story-book, the first he had ever had. He did difficult mathematical problems for amusement, and was far beyond his age and school in all his lessons. An inveterate reader, his tastes in literature was exclusively for romantic poetry and adventure. Whatever was wild, exciting, improbable, replete with action and life—in short, of things which he could never do, and scenes most removed from his mother's poor bare moor and all that he knew best, appealed most strongly to the lame boy.

Of many boys there, tales akin to Artur's family history could be told, and were well known to the Director, although not in every instance of alcoholic infelicity had an open window presented itself before a frightened child, or hip-disease accentuated the catastrophe. Some boys, too, were less excitable than Artur, and took their rope-ends and other parental diversions stolidly. All in all, they were good-looking boys. Some of them had the pasty colour produced by poor food and bad air, many were frail, but others were defiantly rosy, and their straight features and intelligent heads would not have been amiss in more distinguished families than those which produced them. Their costumes were rather odd, the little coats, mostly philanthropic offerings, were usually too big or too little, inclined to

conceal hands, or to expose over much bony adolescent wrist. One boy walked proudly about in a long dressing-gown buttoned to the throat to conceal the paucity of undergarments; cuffs were not the fashion at the Hort, but there was an evident struggle toward the collar-ideal.

The room was warm, brilliantly lighted, a casement was open, Franzl observed with satisfaction, as he hated to be cooped up, and had longed to break a window-pane in the school-room that afternoon. Now and then somebody, after speaking to the Master, went into the next room. Most of the fellows had closed their school books and put down their slates, but Doughface, patient and content, was still cogitating upon the conflicting theories regarding 5 and 3. Franzl wondered what they were doing in the next room. The door was open. It looked bright in there, and he heard voices. They spoke here, too, without reproof from the master. Occasionally a little giggle bubbled up for an instant. Franzl had studied the walls from ceiling to floor, all the pictures and all the pegs, had discovered the boy that giggled, had counted the gas-flames, the boys' noses, and was beginning with a friendly and interested expression to count Artur's veins, peering for this purpose close in his face, when a voice said kindly to Doughface:

"You'll get it, Hans. You have time enough. Remember, you got one out all alone last week."

" $5 + 3 = 8$ " he wrote across the top of the slate. Franzl, no more given to self-reproach than a bear's cub, could not help observing that the Master did not call Hans stupid.

"Artur, come to me when you have finished that. I have a fine book for you and a puzzle. If you can get it out you will do more than I can." In an undertone, which Franzl heard, however, "When you are tired go into the office. There is none there and you can rest in the arm-chair. I'm going your way to-night, wait for me. I want to see your mother."

Artur smiled his affectionate, lingering smile, said he felt very well, seemed on terms of easy companionship with the young man, and buried his big, clever head in his book again.

"Come with me, Franzl," leading the way to another room. "Knock at that window and ask the matron what she has for you. You are hungry, of course. I was always hungry at your age."

As Franzl was accustomed to hear Christian Lutz assert that boys ate more than they were worth, that one boy could eat an honest man out of house and home, and that boys were as bad as ravening wolves, the master's tolerance toward the cravings of appetite was an agreeable surprise. A thick slice of rye bread and butter and a glass of milk disappeared rapidly in this benevolent atmosphere.

"Have you anything to learn for to-morrow?"

"No, I did it in school. The sums were awful easy. If you know how to reckon milk in your head, you know how to do harder ones every day, and the teacher read the Bible verse aloud, so I know it."

"Then you may do what you like."

"What I like?"

"Certainly."

"May I go home, if I want to?"

"Yes. Or if you like to stay, you may read, may go in any room, may learn to draw or carve wood, use tools, play games, or exercise in the gymnasium. All that we ask is that you don't interfere with other people's comfort. In my room some of the boys are studying still, so that those who choose to read are expected to be quiet. But if they prefer, they can go into the tool room, where it is rather lively, and in the gymnasium they can shout to their hearts' content."

"There isn't any school about here anywhere?" asked Franzl, still a trifle suspicious.

"No."

"Haven't you got a ferule?"

"There isn't one in the whole building."

"What do you do when a fellow cuts up?"

"Nothing. We have very little cutting up. Why should a fellow cut up when he's happy and amused?"

"What would you do if a fellow wouldn't learn his school-lessons here?"

"Nothing. That would entirely concern his teacher. We give every boy the chance to study comfortably, but we don't compel him to learn. Still, he'd be foolish if he didn't, wouldn't he? The truth is, the boys do their lessons first as a matter of course, and they know them better since they've had the Hort."

"Wasn't there ever a fellow who wouldn't study here?" persisted Franzl.

"Oh, yes, several. One went into the gymnasium

every evening for two weeks and would not so much as look into the other rooms, but after that he fell into the ranks."

"What would you have done if he hadn't?"

"We should have let him dangle on the parallel-bars till this day."

Franzl laughed, much encouraged.

"The boys know that we try to make things pleasant for them. It is natural that they should be willing to please us, isn't it? It would be a pretty mean fellow that would take all he could get and give nothing in return, wouldn't it. At all events, I have never found him, that is, after one has taken the trouble to explain the situation."

"Do you like boys?" asked Franzl solemnly.

"Very much."

The boy contemplated him awhile with a penetrating gaze, and at length said:

"May I go into every single room?"

"Yes."

"Will nobody stop me?"

"Certainly not. They will all be glad to see you. If you want to know anything ask one of the ushers. By the way, Franzl, I've heard a great deal of you from some of your friends, and I remember seeing you several times at Herr Theobald's. I placed you between Hans and Artur because I know you to be a kind boy."

Franzl's bold air vanished. He shuffled in considerable embarrassment.

"They are both ill in very different ways."

"Doughface too?" Franzl asked hastily.

"Yes, Hans too. They have been unfortunate, but they are happy now. They like the Hort. Artur is our best singer. You will hear him at six. Hans is timid and a little slow. The boys like to tease Hans, and Artur is so small and delicate they jostle and hurt him unintentionally when they go scuffling through the corridors. You look after them both a little, will you. I like to keep Artur till the last and take him home when I can."

"All right," Franzl agreed cheerfully. "I'll knock any fellow down that touches them."

"Not immediately, please," Herr Heinrich returned, smiling, "and certainly not for an accident, but I give you leave to knock any boy down who intentionally mocks Artur's lameness. I never saw but one capable of such cruelty, and I think he was sorry and ashamed after I showed him what he had done. Now, good-by for the present.

Amuse yourself. Remember, you have the right to go everywhere. It all belongs to you if you choose to belong to it. You are welcome in every room. Don't be afraid it's a school. It is more like a boy's club."

The bread and butter and Herr Heinrich's affability had softened Franzl's aggressive mood, and he was secretly flattered to have two boys put under his protection. Still, in spite of the apparent harmlessness of his surroundings, his previous experience of the relations of boys and men set over them in any restraining and superior position, led him to suspect an inimical element lurking in ambush, and he determined to thoroughly explore the land. Taking Herr Heinrich at his word in the most matter-of-fact sense, Franzl examined every nook and cranny of the room in which he now stood alone. Presently, somewhat to the surprise of the matron, he climbed through the window and began his intelligent survey of the kitchen. With a few trenchant inquiries, he ascertained its end and aim: that there were hundreds of portions of warm milk and bread there every morning for children who never got anything at home before going to school; that there was soup at noon and night; and beef-tea all day for invalids, and coffee in great quantities to supply the carts some kind people were sending about the streets to win men from grog-shops. Franzl did not wholly understand the system which she explained, but he received agreeable impressions of the matron and her domain, which he felt as he came through the window.

His hands behind him, very grave and methodical, he proceeded on his tour of inspection, passing through Herr Heinrich's room, where that young gentleman suppressed a smile at the importance of the child's demeanor.

The usher in the second room was also amused at the vision that appeared on his threshold, and that subjected him and every boy and book to a long calm scrutiny before entering. Some of the children snickered, but Franzl at the moment was master of his fate. He sauntered about, if a movement so dignified may be called a saunter, absorbed in his self-imposed task of verifying Herr Heinrich's statements. They were thus far accurate. Except a pleasant good-evening the ushers said nothing to him. The boys were

learning, reading, drawing, as in Herr Heinrich's room. There were shelves of books and a few pictures here and there.

The next room was devoted exclusively to drawing, and the boys who came in here were taught. If they preferred to draw as they pleased, and Egyptian perspective to the modern kind, they drew elsewhere. Franzl scrutinized master and pupils, plaster casts and drawings, with his impressive air of special government-agent, and was moved to ask, pointing at a cast:

"Who is that man?"

"That is supposed to be a head of Achilles," the master responded politely.

"I know him. He's in my book."

"Do you think you could draw him?"

"Yes," Franzl answered without one modest misgiving. "Perhaps I'll come in and draw him some day," he added, affably, knowing no reason why he couldn't do what other boys could.

"I should be happy to see you," the master assured him.

He watched the boys in the tool room some time, and was persuaded there was a great deal here that he could do better than anybody else. In the gymnasium he longed to show those fellows his jump, but decided to postpone his triumph, for it pleased his fancy to regard himself as a critical outsider, at first, and not to commit himself—beside, he was conscious of a desire to see what Artur and Hans were doing. Satisfied with his investigations, he walked back to Herr Heinrich.

"It isn't a school," Franzl informed him judiciously. "I don't mind trying it, and I'll stay in your room." He returned to his place.

Hans, after being many times helped toward a more enlightened belief, had reverted to his original theory that five and three are nine. Franzl, with a fatherly air, seized the slate and rubbed out the entire tottering mathematical structure.

"Here, Doughface," he said amiably, "you just do that thing right now. No use being all night about it either." Hans, with his simple docile smile, began anew, his awkward fingers and dull brain guided by his well-meaning if imperious neighbour.

Heinrich left them to their own devices. He knew that Franzl was won and poor little Hans safe, the moment the generous resolute boy assured protectorship.

(To be continued.)



Art. by J. H. Co. Co.

AUTUMN

From the Poet by Mrs. J. H. Co.



LOUISE JOPLING, pinx.
BABY'S PRAYER.

WOMEN IN CONTEMPORARY ART.

MRS. JOPLING.

Baby's Prayer

IT is the great father-like Montaigne who wrote, "*Aux essais que je foye ici, j'y employe toute sorte d'occasion. Si c'est un sujet que je n'entende point, à cela mesme je l'essaye,*" a quaint frankness of idea which tempts me to imitation in the present case, since the question of woman's work, its value, and the proper sphere of it is a subject which I cannot pretend to have mastered. It is in no way a settled one, therefore it will be well to admit the uncertainty of any effort that may be made, and to acknowledge at the outset that I do not presume to unravel all the coil of thought lying round the truth, proposing only to work together some few ideas about woman and art in general, and the theories and practice of Mrs. Jopling in

particular. The assertion of commonplace facts has become with us a pride, marking much of the literature as it marks hundreds of the paintings of this very modern age. We may, perhaps, have a right to a certain pride when we call to mind the wealth of scientific discovery, or the vast and complete piles of historical facts gathered together in the present day for us to revel in. But whether we of this nineteenth century be the proper judges or not of all that has been and is to be, it cannot be denied that the assertive spirit renders a large proportion of our art and letters less pleasing than much that has been produced in the more humble and equally earnest atmosphere of certain earlier centuries. Said the essayist just before writing

the words I quoted above, "*Le jugement est un util à tous sujets*," and, acting on this advice, it will be better for the reader, as for myself, if I pretend to no authority, and confine this consideration to the suggestion of certain reasons in favour of women

way to be confounded with the average middle-class person of common sense who will rail at the so-called preacher of woman's rights, and consign her to the limbo of the comic newspaper, in company with the mother-in-law and other like creations



LADY BETTY.

Louis Topham, pinx.

as art-workers. For it is at the present time an article in the creed of many people to hold aloof from all art-work from the hand of a woman; and these people are members of perhaps the most exclusively athletic body in our society, in no

and conceits held to be amusing. History repeats itself, and we find in this article of belief a revival of the sentiment so easily expressed by the witty Chesterfield that "Women are only children of a larger growth; they have an entertaining talk

and sometimes wit, but for solemn reasoning and good sense, I never in my life knew one that had it." How prophetic of our assertive age and of much so lightly and easily produced in it is that phrase, "I never in all my life." He continues in this way, "a man of sense only trifles with them, plays with them . . . but he neither consults them about nor trusts them with serious matters."

I fear that this elegant man of sense had forgotten history, or else, a diplomat in wit and learning, as in politics, he made the learning in this case subordinate to the wit, and in his desire to shine, passed lightly over the memory of Sir Philip Sidney and his most helpful sister, or even for the moment forgot all the life story of Catherine of Siena. The latter certainly had lost some of the reverence due to her as a good and sensible woman, by her elevation to the rank of Saint after her death; good nature, enthusiasm and strength of purpose, however admirable in a woman, are expected from one who is a Saint, and this was probably the great letter-writer's excuse for the omission. It was unfortunate, however, that his fore-

shadowing spirit could not be urged to a greater extent, when we might have found in his writings some suggestion of the future sister of the astronomer Herschel, the wife of the historian Grote, or the Countess Russell, wife of the late Lord John, the wife of John Stuart Mill, also men of sense, but men who differed in that they derived much help from the women whom they trusted with serious matters. History, busied with the process of repetition, has yet the time to add to its annals. As it is lived so it becomes more complex, for we

all live history, though it is left to the following age to discover the fact. The knight of to-day girt about with a frock coat woven in the modern way to insure regard, and faced with the armour of satin respectability, with silken helmet and sandals of the bright varnished leather—fights a more subtle fight for very existence than did the brass-clad followers of Argive Kings. The poor helot, the slave of domestic service, of the city desk, or of the West End counter has found much increase of care and responsibility added to the old

role of agriculturalist. And, in the same way, the maid who was in Sparta trained to be a strong woman, learning by a system of athletics the use of her limbs, in the days of chivalry encouraged into the way of gentleness, is in our time being also taught to think by sharing with men the knowledge of former thought, that she may add a useful mind to the gift of inbred gentleness, and the gymnastic training which she can now obtain so easily. Having shown the evidence of Lord Chesterfield, who is in the opposition, it will be at least fair to the question to state some of the defence. I

will call a later French writer, who says: "*Quelques hommes croient qu'une aiguille, un métier à broder un piano, doivent suffire pour occuper une femme. Je ne pense pas, comme Cato, que la sagesse et la raison soient incompatibles avec l'esprit dans ces dames: je crois qu'il faut à leur esprit, à leur imagination, d'autres ressources qu'une aiguille et un piano.*" This evidence has the same drawback as the former, it is based on the fatal letter I, a letter most useful as an item of our alphabet, but in discussion apt to usurp the function of the



"FAIRE ROSAMUNDE." Louise Jopling, pinx.



Louise Trefling, pinx.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

algebraic "x," and represent an unknown quantity. Since the question is of art, I will adopt the meaning of the word which it bears by right, that of practical knowledge or skill, forgetting for the time being the degradation of it by its use among a great crowd of the most unskilful, unpractical, and ignorant house-furnishers, decorators, and drapers who increase the guilt of their ignorance and the amounts of their bills by its fraudulent use.

Now to speak of small matters of everyday life, it will be well to remember how thoroughly versed in the lesser arts of living women have ever shown themselves to be. To them belongs distinctly the glory of an effort continued to practically appreciate a decorative quality in articles of dress; though it may be without prejudice granted that they have many times failed signally, they have tried on certain principles but have lost in some measure in their application. In the matter of domestic management the art of the wife is scarcely inferior to that of her good man who is occupied in

transaction of business in the city or carrying out a strategy to secure honesty from his groom or patience from his tailor. And very often it is in the nature of woman to use and win with persuasive art, while a man will experiment and lose with ill-applied force. How often in a London season we may watch a woman who, quite conscious of her well cut habit, her grace in the saddle, and enjoying that consciousness, will amble through the Row, managing with a light hand, a firm yet coaxing spirit, and a cutting whip, employed with skill each in proper turn, the horse which made so uncomfortable a mount for her husband by reason of its sulkiness or violent pulling. It will be instructive to watch her as she approaches that same husband, taking careful account of his mood, and apparently exercising some canon of written law of the codes of which all males are ignorant.

To turn to the seriousness of daily domestic life, the facing of poverty, and the arranging of means and ways, how thoroughly art comes into play there; for in nearly every case a housewife will work upon some practical or skilfully designed plan. It is difficult to imagine what would have been the case of Richard Wagner, had not the art of that good housewife Minna been exercised with certainty during all the years of privation which preceded the friendship of King Louis of Bavaria. It is doubtful that he would ever have carried out the task of separation from the fatal Grand Opera, the money-making speculations in which he once dreamed of rivalling Meyerbeer himself, and in failing to achieve this separation, he would have failed to rouse the interest and sympathy of the enthusiastic monarch. It was not Flaxman the sculptor, but Flaxman's wife, who saved money for the journey to Rome which meant so much. And surely, when we turn from this art of the household, we will find that many women, very many indeed, have possessed those qualities which are necessary to a worker in the fine arts. It is easy to point to a list of women who have shown a patience, an enthusiasm, and a desire to receive ideas and give them utterance, which, coupled with an education similar to that of a man, would have produced art work worthy the name. If there be a quality at all such as that genius we hear rumoured, if that same genius be "an eye to see nature, a heart to

feel nature, and courage to follow nature," as the Welsh will have it, then what is the hindrance in the way of a feminine genius? If it be a mere capacity for taking infinite pains, then how can we deny the right of womanhood to genius? It is true that when we consider the art of painting

when singing, has a peculiar and distinctive voice, on every stage she plays her own part, playing it in person, because by common consent man was found, after a long trial, to be unprofitable in his playing of it; so it may surely be in painting, that no work shall be



THE LAST LOOK AT THE OLD HOME. *Mrs. Jopling, pinx.*

from a practical point of view, we find that it may be beyond the power of woman to compete with the man in the execution of large works, a question of physical strength. But in matters of art it is not safe to allow the presence of competition, or that art shall strike a false note to jar without ceasing so long as it exists. Woman,

stamped as inferior because it bears the impress of a woman's hand. And here I must find myself differing from Mrs. Jopling, who will not admit the presence of sex in art. She says that "It is much easier, by the way, to learn in Paris than in England" because "the French never regard sex in art, they look only at the quality of the work."



A LAIR VENTILIAN. *Louise Jopling, pin.*

It is true that the woman need not be manifest in the work by a weak or slight technique; so long ago as in the day of Angelica Kauffman work was produced of sufficient strength to compare quite well with a great deal which the time brought forth, though it be far from me to extol that once much honoured lady as a great painter. It is no weak argument in favour of women turning practically to art, this fact that we here in England do still pay attention to sex, be it right or wrong to do so. I do not think that the most strict of our Anglo-Hellenic aesthetes would debar from the enjoyment of art works every human being who chances to be a woman, and it will be safe to suggest that Mrs. Jopling is doing a good work in teaching to her pupils many of those principles which are so much better learned and appreciated by a practical training in the studio. Says Emerson: "Whatever

makes us think or feel strongly adds to our power and enlarges our field of action," and is it only men who are to gain this advantage? If women be indeed the inferior creature, is it not advisable to give her this chance of becoming a more worthy companion of the man who in this life below is powerless to avoid her company altogether. The practising of art can also produce on the worker a beneficial effect, for the observation, the enthusiasm and the mechanical ingenuity necessary to the production of any one work shall it not be the gain of the worker, male or female? At this point I find that Mrs. Jopling has forestalled me, for she writes that "drawing and painting ought to form a part of every child's education"—no bad suggestion could it be wisely carried out, and could every child be properly filled with the truth that in drawing and painting alone the whole nature of art does not consist. She points, with regard to drawing, to the strengthening influence it exercises on the memory as well as on the power of observation. And, in truth, the want of observation of a profitable kind is too common to be disregarded; how many there are who, not being actually painters, cannot see and feel the effect of a shade of colour, whether it be in the sky, in a wet and otherwise dreary road, or in a cottager's glazed milk-bowl. Mrs. Jopling, who began her studies at the age of twenty-three in

the studio of M. Chaplin in Paris, is, by her admission, still a student, although the guide of a large school of eager pupils, and it is by thus following a settled aim with a determined mind and constant study, by being content to learn, even if the lesson be some happy accident, let us say a hint of a useful kind dropped by a critic, or the mistakes of the youngest pupils, or by accepting with humility the lesson from that severest teacher, a reality, be it a piece of pebble, a scarlet mosscup, or even one of the glowing sunsets which Mr. Whistler has pronounced to be in nature's gaudy mood. To some the happiness in the work is intense, and we can judge our student's enjoyment by her happy memories of days when long hours were being passed in classes and evenings devoted to studies in anatomy. In Paris this enthusiast, who began to study somewhat late, was used to begin

the work of the day at seven in the morning and work until night at ten o'clock. It is of these days that she says, "Very pleasant it was to start out in the early morning, when Paris was waking into life and activity, and finishing her daily toilet, with the help of the picturesque men in blouses." It is the Queen of Roumania who exclaims that "In savage countries woman is a beast of burden ;

the European, even if it be found first necessary to bring him to the level of the savage. "Every kind of work that takes women out of their miserable little selves is good," says Mrs. Jopling, as a plea for her girl students, and she might have extended to men also this reason for the study of art. For herself, it will be safe to say that she has a higher aim than self-oblivion ; and seeing her



Louise Jopling, pinx.

DEAR LADY DESDAM.

in Turkey a toy ; in Europe a little of both." This may be not altogether correct, and still it is not to be easily denied in its entirety, while it would seem that the denial of it rests with those women whose privilege it is to teach their sex, and to suggest a better treatment by showing a continuance of greater force. In their hands it is to point out to the savage his mistake and to correct

seriousness in the endeavour, it will be a right and pleasant thing to wish her Good Speed in the way. In the meantime, she has every encouragement to continue striving after whatever aim she may intend to reach, for her pictures have hung in all recent Academy Exhibitions, and she is an elected member of the Society of British Pastellists.

A BALLAD OF PORT BLAIR.

[NOTE.—On November 1st, 1861, a cyclone swept over Port Blair, the Indian Penal Settlement, in the Andaman Islands. The "Enterprise," which was lying at her moorings, was caught by the tornado, and at about two o'clock in the morning of the 2nd broke adrift, and was dashed upon the South Point Reef, where she soon went to pieces. There were eighty-three souls on board, out of this total only six Lascar seamen were saved, and these were rescued by an admirable act of courage. Close to the spot where the steamer was driven upon the rocks is a small settlement of female convicts. As the cyclone threatened to destroy the buildings, these women were allowed to go down to the shore. When the "Enterprise" broke up, and the crew were seen struggling in the waves, these brave women formed themselves into a line, holding one another by the hand, and so, while the one end of this living chain remained on shore, the other reached out far into the suri, ready to seize and help the exhausted survivors. It is solely to the gallant conduct of these female prisoners that the six survivors owe their lives.]

STEEL for fetters and iron for gyves,
But a stronger chain can be;
The cord of pity and love that is brave
To cast itself to the teeth of the wave,
The cord of hands that a moment free
Will weave of them strands to drag from the sea,
And succour shipmen's lives.

We heard all night the breakers' boom
Awake each one in her cell,
We felt the hurricane shake the bars,
The doors flung wide, no moon! no stars!
Then forth we hied from our narrow room,
For the warder cried thro' the tempest's gloom,
And the prison rocked and fell.

Then down to the shore we went—our gang,
The air was thick with foam,
We were free once more as the wind, and knew
That its voice we heard and its breath we drew
Would crash the canes at the dawn, and come
With a roar thro' the palms of our long-left home,
And our hearts with the wild wind sang.

For the wind it had burst our prison in
And set our bruised feet free,
And our thoughts were as fast as the free-foot wind
To follow far over the waves, and find
Our father's house, and our people's kin,
And the young we had left when we came for our sin
To this sorrowful isle of the sea.

And on to the South Point Reef we passed,
And a ship came plunging by
Mad as the storm—we heard the shock
As it leapt back, pierced to the heart by the rock,
Then stayed and we saw the rockets fly
And knew by the shipmen's terrible cry
The corals held it fast.

But what could we do for their dark dismay,
Though our hands were strong and brave?
The wild winds caught the waves from under,
Hurled at the hull with the rattle of thunder,
And there at the first fierce glare of day
We saw the mariners fall away
Like leaves to their foaming grave.

Crushed by the teeth of the rocks they fell,
Spat from the waves in scorn;
Long time had our limbs been numbed by the steel
Of the heavy chain, but our souls could feel—
Ah! how our woman's heart was torn
For the poor bruised bodies cast forth forlorn
To the havoc of doom and hell!

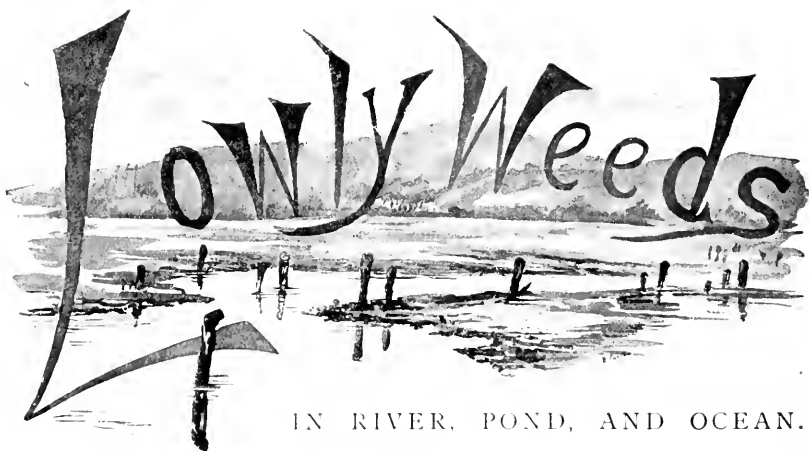
Then we saw in the wrath of the waves a band
Of men who still had breath;
And into the rollers we rushed in haste—
What matter chin-deep! knee-deep! to the waist!
So long as we weave of our bodies' strand
A cord of help with an outstretched hand
To drag from the jaws of Death!

Sucked down the horrible surges thro',
Stoned and stung by the swell,
Our battle it seemed a whole life long,
But our hands were free and our hope was strong,
And here as I sit in my convict cell
I know six mariners live to tell
What woman's love can do.

H. D. RAWNSLEY



Lowly Weeds



IN RIVER, POND, AND OCEAN.

Arabella B. Buckley

IT was a little drop of green scum from our meadow pond which set me thinking. I had brought about a thimbleful indoors with me, and put as much as would drip off the tip of my finger on to a slide under the microscope, and there, together with several minute water-animals scurrying hither and thither, I saw the lovely green cells of which the scum is composed. Each of these cells, as I knew, is a tiny plant, living and growing by drinking in the water in which it is bathed, multiplying by simply splitting into two cells, each of which becomes a plant, and spreading so fast that this tiny drop, if put into a stagnant pool in the sunshine, would cover many square yards with growing cells in a few hours. And then the thought came to me that while others tell of the beauty and marvels of flowering plants, I should like to say something about these lowly forms, from the tiny green cell on the pond to the mighty seaweeds which form dense forests in the open ocean. For very few people know much about the life of this wide-spread group of plants called *Algae*, which have no true roots, no distinction between stem and leaf, and no flowers,

and which live by drinking in water all over the surface of the plant.

Let us begin with the lowest. If you walk along any very damp garden path you cannot fail to find a bluish-green film covering the stones on the wall, or if you turn aside to some pool where the cattle drink, you will see a similar film generally driven up into one corner by the ripple on the water. Now this green filmy matter is made up of a mass of plants, each one being nothing but a tiny cell or sac filled with living matter, which drinks in water through the cover of the cell and works it up with carbon from the carbonic acid in the water into wholesome food—so that these simple plants feed like all others, purifying the air or water by giving back to it the oxygen from carbonic acid and using the carbon for their own nourishment. But perhaps you may get a thicker scum from the pool, and this, if shaken out in clear water, will be seen under the microscope to be composed of thousands of delicate threads formed of strings of cells, which gain by this arrangement, as the threads wave to and fro, bathing them in the water.

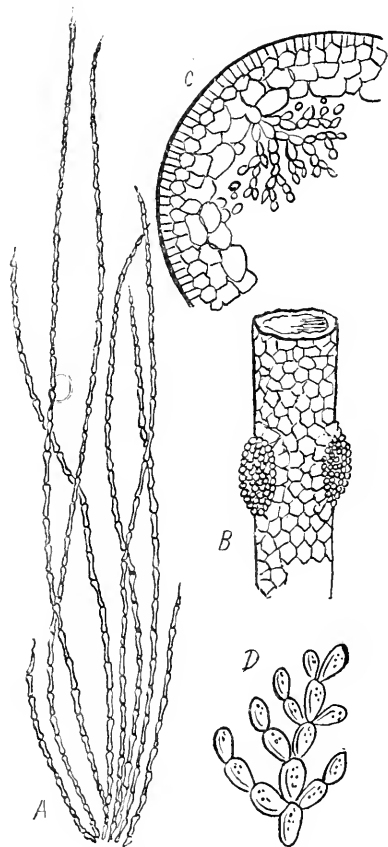
These tangled *Conferæ*, as they are called, may be found in almost any place where water abounds. In the depths of still ponds they form slimy cushions of green over the stones, in sparkling cascades they float like fine green hair, in flowing rivers they drift with the stream. In the warm springs of India, in the hot lakes of Italy and of New Zealand, in the ice-cold streams flowing from under glaciers in Switzerland, in the salt-lakes of Thibet, in mountain pools 18,000 feet above the sea in the Himalayas, everywhere you may find them busily working and growing. And yet they are nothing more than strings of simple cells, and the largest among them, the river *Lemania* (*Lemania fluviatilis*) is not more than six inches long.

It is wonderful how many different varieties are to be found. Some form a fine network, others slimy masses. Some kinds (*Oscillaria*) wave to and fro with a motion of their own in the water, and many of these are tinted in the sunlight with lovely colours—violet, orange-brown, crimson, black, and glossy green, as you may often notice in stagnant pools. Others (*Protococcus*) seize on every damp patch on rocks, tree-trunks or mosses, covering them with a green powder formed of single plant cells—some of this family turn a blood-red colour when the cells are still, and one of these produces the so-called “red snow” of Arctic regions, by growing rapidly over the surface of the snow, and turning red as the cells come to rest.

Other kinds, again, are remarkable for roving freely about in the water. In these forms each cell is drawn out at one end into a lash which waves to and fro and drives the plant along. The most remarkable of these is a colony of cells called *Volvox globator*, which may be found in many clear ponds. Each plant in this curious colony has a double lash, and a number of them are imbedded in a kind of ball of slime. As the lashes wave, the ball whirls round and round in the water, and if you watch it under the microscope you may see smaller ball-colonies forming inside the larger ones, and these, by and by, whirl out and go on their own travels.

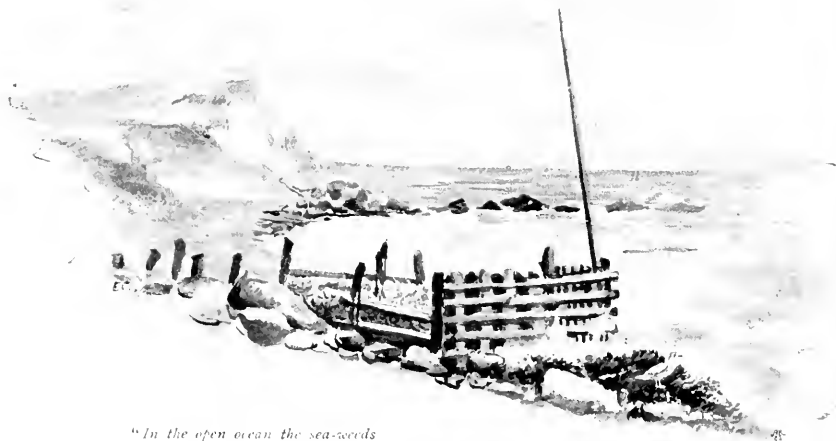
Still more wonderful, perhaps, are the single-celled plants called brittle-roots, or *Diatoms*, which build flint into the wall of their cell, and when they die leave this flint skeleton behind, looking like a

minute ribbed shell. These diatoms are to be found almost everywhere. Invisible to the naked eye, they float like fine dust in the air and live in myriads on the surface of ponds, rivers, and seas. The huge whale draws in countless millions with one gulp of water, and tiny water animals feed upon them, while their flint skeletons form vast layers in deltas such as those of the Nile and Ganges, or are spread for miles over the floor of



Lemania fluviatilis.

- A Filaments—Natural size.
 B Part of Filament—Magnified.
 C Section of same.
 D Chain of Spores—Magnified.



*"In the open ocean the sea-weeds
have it all their own way."*

the ocean. Nay, as the skeletons remain to tell the story, we are able to trace these shell-building plants far back into geological times, for we find enormous beds of their flinty skeletons in the crust of the earth, as, for example, in the marl-beds of Virginia in the United States, or in the famous Tripoli stone of Bilne in Bohemia, in which Professor Ehrenberg estimated that there are *forty-one thousand million* shells in one cubic inch of the stone.

Thus, wherever we go, we cannot examine a drop of muddy, or even often of apparently clear water, without finding some tiny plant. So long, however, as we remain inland, we only come across very small Algæ, and the reason is not far to seek. These plants, being formed of tender cells, each taking in its own food, are feeble compared with the higher plants which suck up water by their roots, and have special channels by which they convey it to the leaves where it can be worked into food in the sunlight, while their flowers are occupied in forming and sheltering their seeds. Therefore, when the higher and lower plants live together in the same situations, the lower ones have to take what they can get on the damp paths; grasses and weeds of all kinds

dispute the ground with the green films, and even in ponds, lakes, and rivers, the rushes, pond-weeds, water lilies, floating buttercups, and numberless other water plants keep the humble Algæ in their place, and will not allow them to run rampant and grow large.

When, however, we turn to the sea all this is altered, for very few flowering plants can live in salt water, so that in the open ocean the sea-weeds have it all their own way; while they are never left high and dry, as often happens to their relations in ponds and streamlets. Look down into some rocky pool at low tide and see the delicate red and green seaweeds spreading out their fine fronds so that every part is bathed in water. Then take these same weeds out of the pool and notice how limp they are, and how the soft jelly-like threads cling together in a tangled mass. Then you will understand how dependent these plants are upon the rich fluid which floats them. Even weeds formed of one single cell grow large in the sea. The *Caulerpa*, a seaweed something like the green ribbon-weeds found on our shores, grows in the Mediterranean into a plant with a stem often a yard long, held to the ground by tubes, and having flat green ribbons waving

above. Yet the whole plant is only one single cell drawn out into an appearance of root and stem and leaves.

From these one-celled plants up to the giant seaweeds formed of millions of cells, there are endless varieties in the sea; some soft and delicate, others tough and leathery; some floating at the surface, others rising up hundreds of feet from the ocean-floor; and among them is every tint, from a pale soft green, through olive and brown tints, to rich reds and purples. Even on the rocks overhanging the pool in which the red and green seaweeds grow, you may find the strong leathery Tangle (*Laminaria*), which children hang up to tell the weather, because when the air is damp the salt on the surface of the weed becomes moist and clammy. You will have to tear this plant up by the roots, for it holds firmly to the rock; but you must not imagine that these are true roots which can take in food. They are only leathery grappling-anchors, and the long brown strap has to drink the water in all over its surface, through the covering of each cell. If you wait long enough to watch the rising tide swelling through the thick banks of Tangle, you will see in what a glorious bath it lives. Even close to the shores its ribbons are sometimes as much as eleven feet long, while one kind, *Laminaria longicruci*, living in the Arctic Seas, has ribbons a yard wide and nearly a hundred feet long.

Yet the Tangle is by no means the largest sea-weed.

In the Southern Ocean one called the *Lessonia* rises up from the ocean-floor, its foot alone standing more than twelve feet high, and the long ribbons branching again and again, and falling in graceful curves like a weeping willow in the still water.

If we could only live below water, how grand it would be to travel through these submarine forests of the Pacific Ocean from Cape Horn right up to California. The smaller weeds, like coarse grass, would be under our feet, and the mighty tree-weeds floating over our heads. The mightiest among them all, the Giant Kelp (*Macrocystis pyrifera*) is sometimes rooted as much as two hundred feet below the surface of the sea, and its branches attain a length of from three hundred to five hundred feet, far surpassing in size any branches of even the largest trees on the land. This kelp has large air bladders in its fronds, which float it when it is torn from its moorings, and it often brings up with it huge blocks of rock held by its strong grappling-hooks, and carries them along as it drifts in dense masses through the water. Under its shadow, and among its fronds, live numberless sea-animals.

Delicate polyps and

jelly-fish, starfish and sea-urchins, sea cucumbers, sea worms, snails, and slugs, cuttle-fish, shrimps, and crabs, and many kinds of true fish live and thrive in the rich pasture ground; where from time to time they are disturbed by sea-birds, otters, and seals, which dive down and feed upon the crowd of busy life among the waves.



1. *Sargassum* Weed. 2. *Tridacna edulis*. 3. *Nitophyllum*.
4. *Enteromorpha compressa*. 5. *Alaria*.

Then for surface seaweed we must go to the Sargasso Sea, that belt of still water in the middle of the Atlantic, in which the Sargassum weed floats. Torn from the coast of America, this weed is carried by a mighty current into a quiet region south of the Azores, where it lives and grows, surrounded by a branch of the Gulf Stream. There it forms an immense prairie sixty thousand miles

fronds, with a mid-rib which makes them look like leaves.

This Sargassum prairie, too, has its colony of animals specially fitted to live in it. The shrimps and crabs are coloured with the same tint of yellow as the weed, and have even white patches upon them, just as the Sargassum has in consequence of a little white coralline which lives upon

1. *Delessaria*.2. *Phyllaphora*.

square, floating by means of a number of air bladders, which hang in bunches from stalks in the weed, like fruit on a plant. This weed is a good example of how a seaweed lives by being bathed in water, for it is never fixed anywhere, but forms bright yellow fields floating in the midst of the deep blue sea. It grows and spreads just like the film on the pond, only that it is much more highly developed, having stalks and

it. This imitation of the colour of the weed no doubt hides them from the keen-eyed birds who seek to feed upon them. A very remarkable little fish called *Antennarius* is peculiar to the Sargasso Sea. It has arm-like fins with which it clings to the weed, and it makes a nest of jelly-like threads among the leaves, putting its eggs in the centre.

The Sargassum weed belongs to the highest kind of seaweed, and most of its nearest relations are red

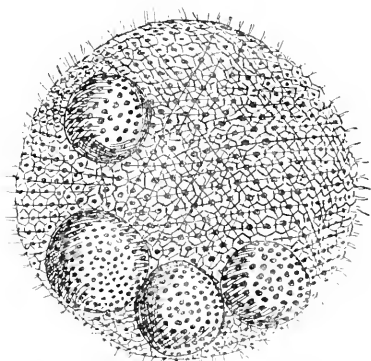


Bangia Atropurpurea.

and purple. For though seaweeds have no flowers, they have the most brilliant colours, so that there is scarcely a tint of green, yellow, brown, or red which cannot be matched among them. Moreover, these tints have a meaning beyond their loveliness which affords us still another example of the truth that, in the wondrous scheme of nature, beauty does not exist merely for its own sake, but has besides its use in the life of plant or animal. For it has now been shown that the colour of a seaweed bears a close relation to the use which it can make of the sunbeams playing in the water. Green seaweeds, like green plants on shore, make use of bright sunlight to break up the carbonic acid in the water, so as to use the carbon as food. Any child who has a salt-water aquarium knows how useful green seaweeds are in keeping the water pure, for as they break up the carbonic acid and set the oxygen free, it rises in bubbles from the leaves, covering them with silvery beads.

But if all seaweeds had been green, the deeper and darker parts of the sea, where the full sunshine cannot penetrate, would have been without plant-life ; whereas we find that the darkest nooks

and the depths of caverns right under the cliffs are overgrown with weed. We do not look there, however, for the pale-green kinds, but for those which are tinted with varying olives, browns, and blacks ; and chemical experiments have shown that, in these weeds, the usual green *Chlorophylli*



Growth of the young *Volvox* within the parent plant.

1. *Laminaria digitata*, or *Enteromorpha*
2. *Chondrus crispus*.
3. *Stilophora*.



"The strong leathery Tangle which the children hang up to tell the weather."

is mixed with other colouring matters called *Melanophyll*, which enable the plants to use the darker and more refracted rays of the sun, which pass down into the deeper water, after the light rays have been absorbed. By this means the olive-green and brown weeds can feed and grow where bright green weeds would die; while, again, the red and purple kinds can use still more refracted rays and grow in greater darkness.

Between these three tints of bright green, olive-brown, and red, there is every variety of colour in seaweeds, so that the waves of a sunbeam are, as it were, sifted in passing through the water and made to do living work at every depth. At last, at about twelve hundred feet from the surface, they seem to be exhausted, and seaweeds can no longer grow. How beautiful to think that these unconscious plants flourish in the sea, each in the particular spot where they can best do their work,

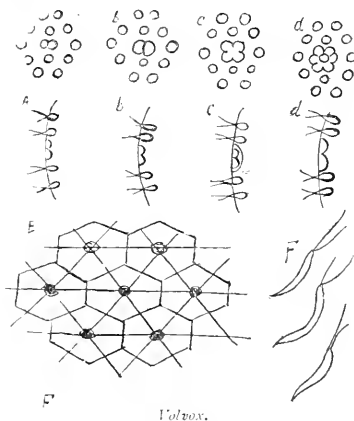
and use to the utmost the life-giving power of the sun! The green and yellow weeds flourish in the sunlit pools, the shallow sea, or on the surface of the open ocean, like the Sargassum weed. The mighty brown and olive weeds grow in the depths of the clear ocean, where their ribbon-like branches produce grand results by means of the darker rays which reach them; and they increase very rapidly, for, curiously enough, plants grow more quickly in the shade, although they make more food in bright sunlight. Lastly, the lovely and delicate red and purple weeds do not flourish in the depths, nor grow strong or large. They hide themselves in dark and sheltered nooks, where no other plants can live, and there build some of the most beautiful forms in ocean plant-life. It is these higher seaweeds which build lime into the covering of their cells, and form the red, yellow, and white corallines which were so long mistaken for

animals. These corallines are nothing more than the lime skeleton of the plant; you may find them in great numbers growing on the rocks and on other seaweeds, and you may know them from corals by the tiny urns or seed-vessels upon them.

And this brings us to another very interesting part of seaweed life, namely, how they form fresh plants. We have seen that they have no flowers, nor have they any true seeds, though the red weeds come very near to them. What all seaweeds do form are plant-eggs. In the low green weeds, such as the Laver or Sea-lettuce (*Ulva lactuca*), a green ribbon very common on our shores, little swimming bodies with lashes are formed in any cell all over the plant, and these swim out into the water, settle down and grow into fresh weeds. But when we come to the olive-green and brown weeds, these swimming cells are gathered into a special hollow place in the middle of the ribbon, where you may find it in some of the ribbons of the Tangle. *Fusus*, or Bladder-wrack (the dark green seaweed whose air vessels children love to pop), goes further still, and forms lashed cells in the dark pits on some of its spongy tips, while in others it forms round cells without lashes, and when the right time comes the cells with lashes swim out and find the round cells, and the two join together and form a plant-egg, which falls to the bottom, and after lying awhile grows into a plant.

At first sight it seems a very risky plan for two cells to meet in the open water, but Mr. Darwin has shown that plant-eggs are more vigorous when formed out of cells coming from different parts of the plant. So these olive-green weeds have really hit upon a plan for making harder plants. Still, the plant-egg of the Bladder-wrack runs one great danger. The egg has to lie at the bottom of the sea, and before it is ready to grow it may be devoured by sea-animals or destroyed in many ways. Now, the red and purple seaweeds have devised a safer plan, for they keep the plant-egg in a little closed urn, where it feeds upon the mother seaweed until it has broken up into a number of bodies quite ready to sprout. Then these come out and begin to grow at once into young plants. This, as you see, is very like land plants which keep their seed in an ovary till a

little plantlet is formed inside it. Indeed, the urn of some of the red seaweeds is even more nearly like the seed-vessel of a flowering plant, for it has a sticky point to which the cells with lashes cling when they come to find the round cells to form a plant-egg.



Volvox.

Showing successive stages of growth of young plants.

So seaweeds live and grow and multiply, and we see what a great advance they make from the tiny round cell in freshwater pools and puddles up to plants which have grappling hooks, stems, and leaf-like fronds, and grow into huge trees in the depths of the ocean, or in the dark nooks nearer to the shore actually form little ovaries or store-cases for their plant eggs. Yet, through all this advance, they remain lowly plants, taking in their food all over their surface, for they have no means, such as higher plants have, for carrying water or gases upwards from the roots. This is why we find that they flourish and grow strong only in the water-world, which they have made entirely their own. There, bathed in the rich fluid, they fill a place where no other plants can grow, affording shelter and food to the inhabitants of the sea; while their lovely colours and graceful forms delight our eyes near the shore, where in any rocky pool at low tide we may study them, and picture to ourselves the grander ocean-forests which are hidden from our view.

A FAIRY'S LOVE.

MRS. COMYNS CARR.

PART III.

SALOME stood beneath the little bit of vine trellis on the farm terrace, and, shading her eyes with her hand, looked out down the hill.

It was eventide again, and though she would not allow it even to herself, she was anxious.

Surely if Michael were safe he would have come to her at the dawn, he would never have gone straight to the Alp with the cows without saying ever a word!

Besides, had he not got the lilies for her?

Whether he had seen the fairy or no—and Salome would not have liked anyone to guess that she thought there was a chance he might have seen her—he would, anyhow, have the lilies.

But her anxiety only made her a trifle cooler, a trifle more reserved and silent than usual, and when the old farmer appeared on the threshold, crustier than ever because the rheumatics in his knees bid fair to prevent him from getting down to the ale-house, she caught up a broom and began sweeping the terrace as though her life depended on it.

"Aye, thou canst be busy enough when anyone's by," growled the old fellow, "and when no one is looking, thou art like a natural with thy dumb silly ways. If thy mother were alive thou'd be ashamed to be sick of love for a lad thou shouldst be too proud to set eyes on. But I've spared the rod and spoiled the child."

"Aye, I'm too proud to wed for riches as some maids do," retorted Salome. "I'd rather have a lad that was honest and brave, let him be who he may."

"Brave," growled the old man, who was sore against Michael yet, though in his secret heart he knew that his daughter liked him so well that he dared not discharge him for his offence; "dost call a lad brave who can't face a bit of rock?"

Salome's pale face flushed: "I pray thee let me be," said she. "Who spoke of Michael D'Orsiquet?" And she went about her work.

But the bells were ringing for Vespers from the

silver-domed belfry below and she saw Judith hastening from her cottage on the height above and knew that she was coming to fetch her to Church.

She tried to secrete herself in the house, but it was no good. The loud voice having called in vain from the orchard below, its boisterous owner followed the father's directions and unearthed the young mistress.

"Art worshippin the fairy-lilies in secret that thou dost not need the priest's blessing?" laughed the buxom brunette. "Surely thou hast had all day to do it in—and to remember the kiss thou didst give the lad for getting them too. Well, did he see a fairy? Tell me that. For if he saw none I wouldn't let the bargain stand. He's a poor enough match for thee anyhow."

Salome flashed round on her.

"What bargain?" said she fiercely, between her white lips. "I made no bargain with anyone."

"Lord save us!" cried the girl, half frightened. "What is there to be in such a tantrum for?"

"I'm in no tantrum," replied the other, striving hard to constrain herself, "but I'll have every one to know that I brook no interference in my affairs. If I choose to take a lad whose fortunes are fallen because it pleases me, I shall not ask the consent of the village to do it, that is certain."

"Oh, here's a fine business!" cried Judith. "So thou dost mean to take him, then? Why, last night thou wert ashamed of him for being such a coward, and swore he was nothing at all to thee. That was why thou madest the bargain, we all understood."

"I made no bargain," retorted Salome haughtily, "and I know not to whom you allude, but be it whom it may 'tis no affair but mine whether a lad is anything to me or nothing to me, and I forbid you to speak again on the matter."

She moved to the door of the kitchen as she spoke and opened it, and Judith, cowed, was about to obey the silent command and depart.

But without, in the golden evening sunlight beneath the vines, stood Michael.

He could not see Judith, who was within in the dark shadow, but she could see him.

His hands hung empty at his side, but his blue eyes sought Salome's pleadingly as she stood framed in the dark doorway.

"Forgive me," murmured he. "I could not come sooner. I was ashamed. I have failed. I have nothing to bring thee."

A loud laugh burst from the recesses of the kitchen, and Judith pushed past into the porch.

"Ho, ho!" roared she, "so he was not here this morning at the dawn, after all! It was all make-believe. And he didn't see the Rhône fairy, and he has not got the magic lilies! Here's a joke! There's a fine way for a lover to keep to a bargain. Give it him, Salome. Come, show a bit of spirit, lass! He's a smart, brave lad to be sure! Quite a hero! I must be off and tell it to the others. Why, I haven't had such a good bit of gossip to brighten up the Vespers with for a very long time. Salome Duplessis is going to wed a cowherd—and a cowherd who is frightened of a precipice and a fairy-tale! Ho, ho! what fun! Good-night, my love-birds."

And without giving another glance—perhaps without daring to give another glance—at the cloud settling on Salome's already disturbed countenance, she flew down the path towards the Church.

The two stood silent for a space—a space that seemed an eternity to Michael, in whose tender eyes a dumb despair was growing, as with a conviction of that which was to follow.

The chiming of the church bell in the valley below was the only sound that broke the creeping stillness of the evening, and when it ceased, the silence became a burthen too great to bear.

A little heifer lowed in the stable within, and the voice that was, perhaps, more familiar to him than any, save that of his flute, seemed to sound in his ear with a note of sympathy and to loose the speech within his laden bosom.

He looked up quickly and opened his lips. But the cloud upon the face of his beloved was as thunder now; her grey eyes would not seek his, but gazed out, sullen and fierce, across the green-sward with its sprinkling of blue gentian, away over the lake to the sombre precipices of Aï in the distance.

The words froze upon his tongue. But the little

heifer still lowed plaintively hard by, and after a while he spoke.

"Have you no word for me, Salome?" said he sadly.

"No," answered she between closed lips, "I have nothing to say."

"You are cruel," answered he mournfully. "But you do not know, and you are in your right. Perhaps if you knew you would be different."

She turned on him now, her eyes fiercer than ever.

"Yes, now you will tell me that you have risked your life for my sake!" cried she scornfully. "You, who do not believe in anything, who laugh at the old legends. You did not go because you thought there was danger, and you wanted to brave it for my sake. No, you only went because you thought it was a mere childish whim of mine, which you could gratify without any trouble and so satisfy me. But I am not satisfied—no—I am not a fool! Over and over again you have made me the laughing-stock of the neighbourhood, and I have had patience, but now I will not have patience any longer. Go and find some other girl who will be content with a dreamer. For my part I like a man."

She turned to go within, but he made a sudden movement towards her.

The heifer had ceased lowing; there was silence. The sun sank into the west, and there was a red flush on Michael's pale cheek.

"No, this is too much," said he, and though his voice was low, it quivered with emotion. "It is true that the other day, when I went to the islands, I did not believe in the Rhône fairies. I went because I thought you wished it, as I would do anything else in the world that you wished. But now I do believe in them, for I have seen one."

She held her back turned to him, but he could see that a quiver ran through her.

"I had the lilies in my hand when she appeared to me," continued he. "They had been hard to get, and I was glad, for I had done your bidding. But her eyes constrained me, and I dropped them into the stream."

There was a pause.

"Well," said the girl presently, in a hard voice, in which she strove, but vainly, quite to conceal the trembling, "her eyes constrained thee. And what then?"

Michael paused. It had not occurred to him before, but he began to doubt now whether he could tell Salome all that had happened. He had sworn to her but yester'en at the sunseting that he would never look into woman's eyes but hers. He knew in his heart that he had been true to her; but as he thought of Nerina's black and laughing orbs, how could he swear that he had looked into no other eyes? Would Salome understand that these were no windows to a soul? How could he explain it? He could not, and he knew she would *not* understand.

"Well, and what then?" repeated she.

"She told me that the penalty was death," he answered, slowly.

He could see the quiver run once more through her frame. "But she was gentle, and she forgave me," added he, "on one condition."

Then Salome turned.

"On what condition?" asked she.

He hung his head and his voice faltered.

"Nay, do not blame me," he began. "On the condition that I should return—"

But she interrupted him with a laugh so harsh and discordant that it might have been Judith's own.

"On the simple condition that you should return no more, I suppose!" cried she scornfully. "And you expect me to believe such a tale as that! You expect me to believe that the fairy forgave you just for the love of your handsome face! Nay, to believe such stuff were not to believe in fairies at all, for if there *are* fairies, they are wiser than us foolish women. But thou hast seen no fairy. Thou shalt no longer lead me up hill and down dale with thy childish romancing!" cried she, falling into the old familiar pronoun and perceiving it not. "Thou didst bewitch me once with thy pipes and thy tunes, and thy communings with the trees and the flowers wherein thou didst swear I dwelt; but my eyes are opened. I know now that thou art nothing but a ne'er-do-well, aye, and a deceiver. I have deserved to be laughed at for thy sake, but now—now I know where I am. Thou hast thought to trick me, out of my own foolishness. Because I seemed to believe in this silly fairy tale thou hast thought to trade upon my credulity, to make me think thou hadst done something brave for my sake, when thou wast all the time

that which they call thee in the village. But thou mightest have spared thy pains. Thou hast only made me believe thee a liar."

Michael's face became transfigured — transfigured by the setting sun.

"Take care, Salome," said he, and his voice was not angry, but solemn and very sad; "it may be that ill may come of what thou sayest. I will return, I will pluck the magic lilies for thee, I will bring them to thee at the dawn. But it will be at the cost of my life. I shall not again escape the penalty—within the year I must die."

But this time she did not tremble, she did not flinch, she did not even lower her eyes; she stood as a stone.

"Good," said she, "go. Bring me the lilies, and something better than thy word to prove they are the fairy's!"

"Ay, I will bring thee token enough," echoed Michael sorrowfully, as he turned away. He moved down the little broken moss-grown steps that led from the terrace to the orchard below, but ere he reached it he turned.

She was standing still upon the threshold, proud and cold and silent.

"Salome," cried he, "think of it once again! If thou sendest me from thee upon this cruel errand thou sendest me to my death."

Still she stood motionless and uttered no word.

He flung himself up the steps; he flung himself at her feet.

"Salome, think of it," moaned he. "Once thou didst love me, thou hast said it. Aye, thou hast said it with thy sweet eyes when we have wandered together beside the lake in the summer evenings, when we have stood together beneath the stars on frosty winter nights. And thine eyes have been as the stars, and thy soul as clear as the heavens themselves; thou couldst not lie."

"Yet I lied," muttered she with her foolish peasant's obstinacy, dogged in her pride. "I lied."

"I will not believe it," said he; "and thou lovest me still!"

"How dare you!" she cried.

"Aye, thou lovest me still," repeated he undaunted. "And by thy love thou knowest that I love thee, that I could not deceive thee, that I would die for thee."

A devil prompted her and she laughed, "Do it, then, and I will believe it."

He rose from his knees.

"Ay, I will do it," said he, quietly. "And I will do it gladly, for thou lovest me still."

Slowly he went down into the orchard, and was lost in the deepening twilight.

But when the last sound of his footsteps had died away, she fell forward against the low wall that hemmed the terrace, and lost for a while the sense of her pain.

The moon rose once more behind the precipices of Aï, and emptied her glory over the lovely plain of the Rhône Valley. And Michael stood as he had stood before upon the island and watched the creeping rushing waters and the magic lilies swaying hither and thither upon the breast of the stream. His hand wandered into the bosom of his shirt, as it had wandered when Salome had asked him for some proof of the fairy's very existence, in search of the little pipe of reed that Nerina had given him.

He wished he had shown it to Salome. But what would have been the use? She would only have seen in it just such a simple pipe as any other cut from a marsh-rush and made for such rustic music as he himself sometimes affected; she would only have laughed at him.

But it never occurred to him to doubt whether there were anything more in it, whether Nerina would really appear when he played into it.

He *knew* that she would appear, and he longed for her to appear, for in her lay his only hope. She only could give him that which would alone convince his beloved that he loved her. He raised the reed to his lips and breathed into it a sigh, soft as the night-breeze that moaned through the poplars, murmuring as the stream that rippled to the lake, sad as the cry of the night-jar that pierced the stillness of the desert land—a prayer; a prayer from the depths of his despair; a prayer for death. He spoke no word, but twice he breathed this sigh into the little pipe, and then he lay still, waiting patient and confident, with his sorrowful eyes fixed on the lilies of the stream. And as before, in the heart of the flower, transparent as the water, white and glistening as the crests of its wavelets, deep and green as the shadows of its pools, tender and brilliant as the moonlight, Nerina took shape of woman.

But though she was fairer than ever, more

dainty, and more exquisite in her extreme youthfulness, there was something about her that had not been there twenty-four hours ago, something that made her nearer and more living, yet something that made her also further off and less tangible.

And Michael marvelled as he saw the sweet seriousness in her laughing eyes, the tender smile upon her rosy lips, and stood up before her trembling.

"Nay," said she, motioning to him with her slender white hand, as he opened his lips to speak, "nay, Michael; there is no need for words. I know all. I told thee that thou wouldst call upon me, and upon me alone, to give thee ease, though I knew not then how it would be."

"Alas! fair maiden," faltered the youth, "yet do you not understand. I come not as you deem. I come not to return to you—fair as you are. I can love none other but the mortal maiden whom I have loved since manhood first awoke in me. But I come boldly, as a last hope, to beg one great boon."

"I know," said she, quietly, nodding her head, and with the same sweet serious smile, "thou comest to ask for death."

"How do you know?" murmured Michael, aghast.

"Did I not tell thee that that little pipe which thou holdest is the link that binds my world to thine? Did I not tell thee that that which thou shouldst breathe into it would be plainer to my ear than any words? I did not guess then all that I meant, but the sigh that thou didst breathe but now into that little reed has come to me in my own speech. I understand all."

"You know that, ere I pay the penalty of death, I would fain carry the magic lilies to my beloved that she may believe in my love? You know that I would die at her feet, and that that is the boon I would beg?" asked Michael, wondering.

"Ay, I know all," repeated the little fairy; "I know now what is the love of mortals. It is true that it is sad, but it is good. It may be that I could not have loved as mortals love, for I am only a fairy. But even as the spirit of love in *thy* heart perchance opened thine eyes to behold me as some mortals cannot do, so the love that I have loved thee with has made me nearer akin to the mortals, and through thy own pipe hath thy

complaint reached me in mine own speech. I said the love of mortals was selfish, but I, too, was selfish; yet it was because I did not understand. I might have brought thee sorrow, Michael, but now I would bring thee joy."

She smiled upon him softly, still radiant and intangible through the white marsh-mist, her voice only as the voice of a very woman.

"For, seest thou, it shall not be that thou pay the great penalty, Michael," said she tenderly. "For thy first offence I have the right to forgive thee if I will, because I have suffered love for thee; and the second thou shalt not commit. Nay, thou shalt not need to commit it, for thy beloved shall not require it of thee. Even as love hath opened my eyes, so shall it open hers; even as love taught thee to see the fairy in the flower, so shall it teach her."

The moon's radiance had become softly dimmed as Nerina spoke these last words, and the white phantom mists crept closer around, and Michael bowed his head, for he felt a strange sadness rise within him, that struggled with a dawning hope.

There was a deep silence, and then a sound as of a sob, and Michael lifted his head quickly, but there was no one to be seen; only out of the moonlit mists the sweet voice came to him still.

"When I am gone," it continued, and the sound was glad and not mournful, "one of my lilies shall float to thee upon the bosom of the stream. Pluck it up by the roots and carry it to thine own home and to thy beloved. It shall be the proof that verily thou hast communed with a fairy, and it shall grow for ever for thee as a pledge of love, for it shall be deathless."

There was another pause and again a sound as of sobbing on the night air, and when Nerina spoke again her voice was as though very far off.

"Farewell, Michael," it murmured; "me thou

wilt see no more, for I go back to the home of the fairies. But I thank thee that thou camest, for I am glad that I have loved a mortal. Farewell! Fear nothing! Thou shalt not die. Thou shalt live by thy love. See, thy beloved awaiteth thee. Live and rejoice."

The voice was now but as the sigh of the cool night breeze, and as the murmur of the rippling water came a last word: "Farewell!" And the echo sent it back again from the rocks of Aï, "Farewell, Michael, farewell."

The moon broke clear again from the cloud and the mists slowly parted, and lo! Nerina was no more; only the tall rushes bowed themselves gravely over the green water as though in sad and silent homage, and the white lilies floated on the breast of the stream where the silver light pricked the crest of the wavelets, but hard by upon the moist bank stood Salome, sobbing.

And her tears fell as soft rain on Michael's parched soul, and he leaped forward and elaped her to his breast.

For a space they stood thus, and then Salome spoke amid her tears:

"I came to save thee," faltered she, "and yet it is not I who have saved thee—it is she, the sweet fairy. But for her I should have lost thee and have been for ever miserable—unhappy me! Ah, Michael, how can it be that thou dost not love her better than me—I who have been so hard and so cruel to thee?"

"My beloved," he answered, "methinks thou art her and she is thee. It was love for thee that first made her visible to me in the heart of the flowers; it is love for me that has made her clear now to thine eyes. We will never forget her, for in our very love is she remembered; and if the world should ever dim it or tarnish, we will find it again in the heart of the lily of the Rhône fairy."

ATALANTA SCHOLARSHIP AND READING UNION.

PRIZE ESSAY.

IS SHAKESPEARE A MORALIST?

THE voice of Shakespeare "is like the sounding of the sea," not as Milton's, especially because of its sonority, but because of its infinite variety. And just as all the notes of the scale, all the combinations of harmony, and all the resources of the orchestra, are exhausted by "torn ocean's roar," and yet, listening to it, the thunder of the organ, or the shrill wail of violins, or the blast of trumpets, or the call of reeds, according to the mood of the moment, seems to overpower the rest, and to lead the symphony, so Shakespeare, "myriad-minded," sympathetically responds to every temperament of human nature. You can find in him the qualities that you seek; he presents some aspects of the lover of pleasure, some of the careless man of the world, some of the ambitious man of action, some of the passive vehicle of inspiration, some of the dreamer, some of the philosopher. He combines all these elements, and in order rightly to estimate their relative importance in the composition of the complex whole, it is desirable to approach him with an unbiassed mind, otherwise the element with which your own mind is most in sympathy assumes a disproportionate value. The contradictory opinions held about him evidence this. The Puritans turned from him in holy horror, but in many a cottage Shakespeare and the Bible are classed together as containing between them the sum of wisdom. Milton speaks of him as "Fancy's child," while Coleridge calls him "the morning star, the guide, the pioneer of true philosophy." Dowden praises him as being, above all, a man of fact who achieved that great object, success in life; Gervinus represents him as solely bent on expressing ideas and the ideal. Read Shakespeare with a preconceived notion of his intention, and there will be no difficulty in finding passages to support it.

Professor Dowden, for instance, takes each play separately and chronologically, and abundantly

proves that Shakespeare, having considered all that is done under the sun and communed with his own heart, decided to devote his life to "accumulating those resources which were to make him a wealthy burgher of Stratford." But it might be shown, in the same way, that he came to the conclusion that "vanity of vanities, all is vanity;" for we might say that the experience of his youth and early manhood is summed up in the reflection of Jaques, "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players;" this sense of futility being more plainly expressed by Hamlet, "how weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world;" and in *Measure for Measure*, "life" is "a thing that none but fools would keep;" impelling the yet deeper sigh of Macbeth,

"Life's but a walking shadow! . . .

. . . It is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing;"

and constraining Prospero, quoted by Dowden as the exponent of Shakespeare's ultimate ideas, to confess,

"We are such stuff

As dreams are made on."

Similarly, to assert that Shakespeare was a moralist, and to demonstrate it by quoting lines to prove his faith in immortality, in the providential government of the world, in spiritual existences, and in different articles of the Creed, would be easy. It would also be easy to prove his unbelief in all of them.

Quotation is not a permissible method of confirming a statement when dealing with a dramatist, as there is no infallible test by which to decide positively when he speaks *in propria persona* and when in character. The difficulty of identifying the dramatist is particularly great in Shakespeare's works. It is strange that Dante, venturing among

ineffable sublimities, breathes his own personality into every scene, while Shakespeare, occupying himself exclusively with human character, has completely hidden himself behind his own creation. But so it is; Autolycus or Hamlet may personify Shakespeare, just as the reader chooses.

We can only surely and safely attribute to a dramatist the qualities which are common to all the plays; such as are suggested, not by any single character in them, but by a survey of their main tendencies and general style.

One quality suggested by such a survey of Shakespeare's work is his reflectiveness. Every object and situation brings a kindred thought to his mind. Not only in plays like *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, where the subject necessitates such treatment, but through histories, tragedies, and comedies alike there runs that golden thread of wisdom which has supplied the world with household words of profoundest truth. It is the poetic faculty of seeing veiled resemblances exercising itself on human experience, the piercing through action to the deepest springs of motive by a kind of divination, and revealing what had before been unspoken secrets of human consciousness.

No one else can compete with Shakespeare as a moralist of this sort. But while this moral meditateness is probably one of the most conspicuous features of the spiritual side of Shakespeare's genius, the morality of the general teaching of the plays is by no means so self-evident. Righteousness does not always triumphantly vindicate itself; retribution corresponding to his measure of guilt does not always fall upon the wicked. Macbeth is killed in honourable combat; Richard III. meets a soldier's death; King Lear, Constance, Henry VI., Juliet, Desdemona, Arthur, Ophelia, earned their fate by no crime; Hermione, Antonio, Adam, Imogen, receive no compensation for their unmerited sufferings; Hamlet and his uncle die by the same means in the same hour. Here seems no order, no moral government.

And though German critics, indeed, would assert that each play is an ethical study, maintaining, for example, that *Cymbeline* is meant to illustrate fidelity, *The Merchant of Venice* man's duty with regard to wealth, and so on, such theories are as unsatisfactory in application as they appear far-fetched. In no one case can the drift of a play be summed up in an aphorism which undeniably

conveys the essence of the author's intention. It rather seems as if he made a point of abstaining from inculcating simple truths.

Shakespeare was incapable of superficiality. Less profound thinkers may write their "moral" in great letters, and by means of the fiction of poetical justice pander to the mercenary demand of the public that to be good must be made to appear to "pay" better than to be wicked. Shakespeare's plays are illustrations of life drawn from human nature, not to fit a theory, and they teach what practical experience does. Therefore the punishment meted out to criminals is no severer than the sufferings allotted to the just; therefore wrong-doing and stupidity are followed by similar consequences; therefore fortune sometimes smiles on the unworthy and frowns on the deserving; therefore merit is often neither recognized nor rewarded; therefore his good men are not entirely heroic, his bad men (except Iago) have some good dispositions. This is what is to be found on all sides in real life—he only brings us face to face with Solomon's difficulty: "one event happens to all alike."

Still, to the wise man, in every age, though oppressed by the contradictions it involves, there is but one conclusion, a moral one, of the whole matter: "Fear God and keep His commandments." And this is the conclusion that Shakespeare enforces, with all the more power that he does not shirk the problem. Duncan may die by foul treachery, and Lady Macbeth in her bed; Richard II. and Henry VI. by assassination, and Richard III. in valiant fight. Lear may suffer infinitely more than Regan and Goneril; Antony and Cleopatra may fare no worse than Romeo and Juliet. Yet, by indefinable touches, goodness is presented as a thing to be desired, and wickedness as hateful. The sufferings of the upright are allowed to appeal to our sympathy, their misfortunes seem to expiate their faults, and their fate may be construed as a discipline rather than as a visitation; whilst no poetic gloss is permitted for an instant to disguise the baseness of crime, or to beautify the moral degradation it presupposes and entails.

And it must be remembered, as Charles Lamb remarks, that the outward actions and issues of the plays are secondary to the spiritual history of the characters. Shakespeare may not punish crime with an adequate visible retribution, but he

dares to drop his plumb-line and measure, with almost supernatural knowledge, the exactitude of the awards in that unseen world where no enchantment of success can silence the importunity of conscience or cast a glamour over the hideousness of sin. The very souls of Richard III., of Macbeth, and of Lady Macbeth are shown to us, and, gazing at them, there is no room left for doubt as to whether Shakespeare believed that verily there is a God that judgeth the earth, however dark the enigma of the distribution of "Fortune's buffets and rewards."

Next to the voice of conscience in importance as a spiritual incentive, Shakespeare places the influence of women. Ruskin points out that the moral outcome of the play depends on the character of the women—they inspire the action. Perhaps at this point we approach as nearly as possible to irrefutable proof of Shakespeare's morality, and to the secret of the art by which, without ever moralizing, he recommends it. His women, with four exceptions, are embodiments of purity, constancy, nobility, high purpose, unselfishness, instinctive goodness, and in the light of their presence no falsity or hypocrisy can deceive, far less charm. "We can but love the highest when we see it," and having known an Imogen, a Cordelia, a Portia, it is not possible to miss the loveliness of true beauty, nor to find any attractiveness in evil. In such companionship girls can only "grow purer, men nobler," for they are guiding stars, pointing always to what is good and beautiful. They are sources of spiritual power, elevating, strengthening, purifying their lovers. When, as in Cleopatra, the power of an unholy passion is portrayed, its degrading elements are clearly perceived to be ignoble, false, and dangerous. Shakespeare draws the noblest of heroines, and therefore, since goodness is recognized as the type of feminine heroism, he necessarily represents goodness as attractive, and a high morality is assured.

Considering this prevalence of ideal womanly

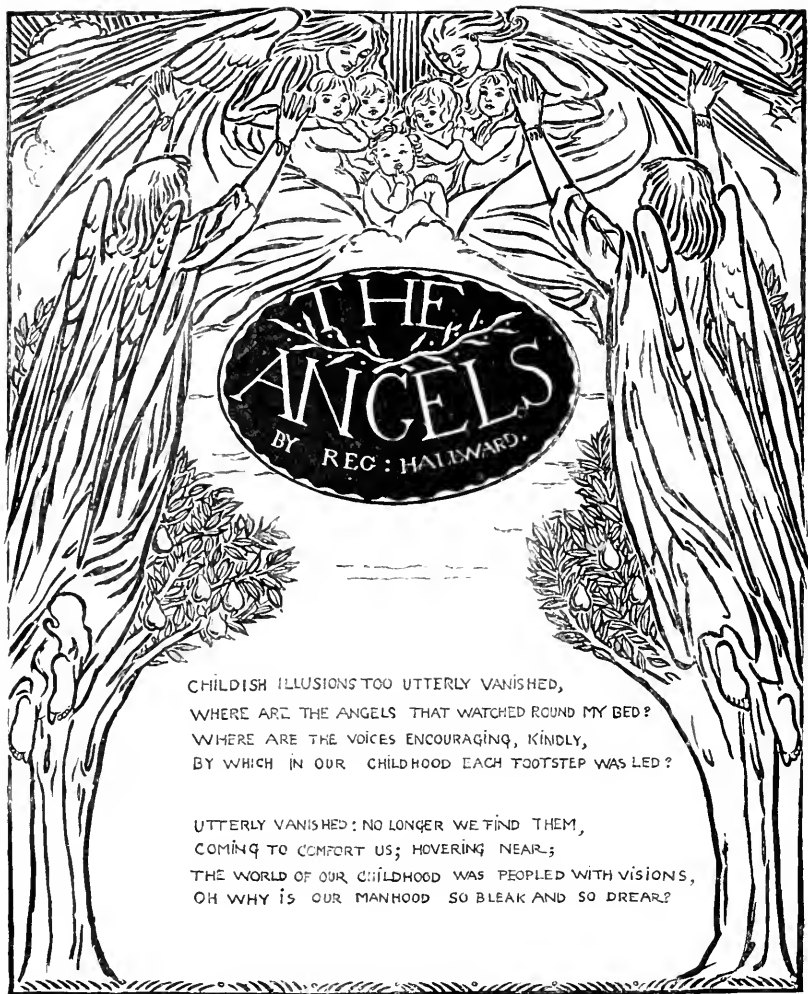
excellence, it is strange that Shakespeare is not always refined in his language, nor delicate in his situations. Allowance must be made for the dramatist of an age when it was fashionable to observe little reserve, and to jest and swear without limit. And even without such allowance, an impartial judge might, after all, find sufficient reason for considering Shakespeare on the whole purer and less really coarse than some representative nineteenth-century writers.

Taking a wider survey than that of Shakespeare's work as a whole—judging from the consideration of the nature, *per se*, of his art, we must conclude that so great a dramatist as Shakespeare was inevitably a moralist.

However it may perform the task, the function of instruction is of the very essence of the drama. It owes its existence to the desire of imparting information to those unable to read, and holding, "as 't were, the mirror up to nature," whether it reflect what is good or what is bad, those who look into it see more than they would ever see in the original. Truthfulness to nature is the one qualification necessary to make a play instructive. And Shakespeare, "the very sphere of humanity," could not fail to be true to life, and consequently could not avoid teaching *something*. But because he was not partially, but absolutely true to life, he was a teacher of morality. For only imperfect apprehension or unfaithful representation of life can make its moral meaning seem dubious or imperfect. To one who "sees quite through the shows of things," and such was Shakespeare, it is certain though obscure, and by illustrating faithfully both its certainty and its obscurity he took the best means of convincing men of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment.

On Shakespeare's "forehead climb the crowns o' the world," and amongst the most glorious and the best merited is the tribute of S. T. Coleridge: "Shakespeare is an author of all others most calculated to make his readers better as well as wiser."

SUSAN H. CUNLIFFE.



CHILDISH ILLUSIONS TOO UTTERLY VANISHED,
WHERE ARE THE ANGELS THAT WATCHED ROUND MY BED?
WHERE ARE THE VOICES ENCOURAGING, KINDLY,
BY WHICH IN OUR CHILDHOOD EACH FOOTSTEP WAS LED?

UTTERLY VANISHED: NO LONGER WE FIND THEM,
COMING TO COMFORT US; HOVERING NEAR;
THE WORLD OF OUR CHILDHOOD WAS PEOPLED WITH VISIONS,
OH WHY IS OUR MANHOOD SO BLEAK AND SO DREAR?

Have we done aught in our striving to silence
Voices that whispered ? our spirits which heard ?
Is wisdom at last come to mock and deride us,
The best of its gifts to make faith seem absurd ?

Ah ! if we listened, looked oftener skyward,
Humble in spirit, no longer in vain ;
Weary and troubled, our manhood would find us,
Seeking to be like the children again.

REX HALLWARD.



MAISIE DERRICK.

Katharine S. Macquoid

CHAPTER XIV.

DISILLUSION.

FOUR days had gone by and Mr. Stanmore had not come up to the Hall. At first Maisie felt glad that he stayed away; she was trying to convince herself that she had mistaken his feelings for her, and she was ashamed of the ideas she had cherished. It was comforting to know that she had kept her secret; Miss Savvay had probably guessed it, but then Miss Savvay was so sympathetic that she had also probably shared Maisie's error.

But the girl was too real to succeed in the effort to convince herself that she had mistaken Mr. Stanmore; she could not forget his looks and manner during that last meeting, and, as she allowed herself to dwell on them, her spirits rose, and she became conscious of injustice towards him; yes, she had been unjust and jealous also—it was only natural that he should admire so beautiful a creature as Drusilla.

Maisie's meeting with her grandfather was formal; she was more than ever timid with the strange, stern man as she saw the fascination which Drusilla exercised over him. The French girl teased him, laughed at him, clapped her hands gaily if he spoke crossly; it seemed to Maisie that her loveliness had a weird and uncanny influence, for Mr. Yardon always spoke more harshly to his granddaughter when he turned to her from her bewitching companion.

In some ways it was pleasant to have Drusilla to talk to, but Maisie knew that she preferred the old life to the keen mortifications which seemed to come to her through Miss Lescure. Maisie had always arranged the flowers for the table, and she did it tastefully, but the day after her return Mr. Yardon told her she had better give up this duty.

"Miss Lescure has a natural talent for such trifles," he said; "you had better leave them to her."

Maisie was obliged to own that, when Drusilla chose to exert it, she had the singular deftness which makes the best out of everything it touches; but then Drusilla rarely chose to do anything except to please herself. Maisie felt uneasy, she repeated that she was jealous and mean; she was fully sensible of the French girl's strange power of fascination, and her consciousness of this power made her at times dread the effect it might have had on Mr. Stanmore. And yet, with the wayward contradiction of love, the girl blamed herself for her doubts and her impatience. Oh, yes, he would come, and she should see the same love in his eyes that had been there when they parted.

On this fourth afternoon Drusilla had slipped out by herself; she was going to the Vicarage, and she did not want Maisie's company. She went leisurely down the lane, her fair, flower-like face in dazzling contrast with the dark folds of her gown and her black broad-leaved hat.

Stanmore was coming up from the village, and as he saw her he longed to have her picture as she moved out of the shade into the sunshine, and then again passed under the crossing branches that almost held their own against the golden light above their leafage.

Drusilla did not seem to see him. He pulled off his hat, and she gave him a lovely smile.

"Are you going to the Hall?" she said, saucily, as she darted a look at him.

"Yes, I was on my way there." His eyes were fixed on her; she smiled again and looked away.

"I am going to the Vicarage," she said, carelessly.

"You'll not be long?" He gave her a jealous look; he could not bear to lose a moment of the time he had counted on being with her.

Drusilla smiled slowly, till her whole face beamed with amusement.

"Oh! but you have forgotten something, Mr. Stanmore; you will not miss me to-day—you will have Maisie Derrick."

"I want you," he said, impatiently.

She gave her little silvery laugh and shook her head.

"What! Is not one enough? Well, you'll have to be good and patient, and perhaps I'll come. Oh, but"—she pursed up her lips as she looked into his eyes—"I have not told you; I have such a secret; my guardian told me this morning—you must not tell even your friend Maisie, it is to be a surprise for her: Mr. Yardon heard from Miss Savvay this morning; she says Captain Wentworth is coming to the Manor House in less than a week, and she is coming with him. I am so delighted!"

Mr. Stanmore did not look pleased. She saw he was frowning at her.

"Why should you be delighted?" he said. "You do not know either Miss Savvay or her nephew; they are nothing to you."

Drusilla clapped her hands.

"Fancy saying that to me! Nothing to me! I like change; new things are always much nicer than old ones; I have been simply dying for a little variety. Can't you imagine what it will be

to me to see a real English captain? I have made up my mind to adore Captain Wentworth, a soldier and a gentleman; why, what more can a man be?"

Stanmore looked so very angry that she stopped.

"Now you are angry; please forgive me"—she was penitent and ashamed, he thought. "I suppose I have talked nonsense; it was your fault, though; you provoked me by looking cross; it is so bad to look cross. I must go. Don't try to stop me. Good-bye."

She nodded and hurried by him like a flash of light.

light, her bright eyes and lovely mouth smiling as she passed.

Stanmore could hardly keep himself from following as he looked after her. He had resolved that morning to go up and see Maisie Derrick; he



"She nodded and hurried by him like a flash of light."

told himself he had never said a word to her beyond the limits of friendship, though he had fancied once that he cared for her; but she had a right to expect him to go and see her. A half-resolve had come as he left home to remain passive and to see the effect produced on him by this renewal of friendship; he was haunted by a dim suspicion that a glamour had been cast on him of late—an enchantment which might prove itself fleeting and unreal under the steadfast eyes in which, only a few weeks ago, he had read such sweetness and such trust.

As he climbed the hill this resolve had gained strength; and then he had met Drusilla Lescure, and she had again bewitched him; he had never thought her so charming; but, indeed, every time he saw her she revealed some new power of attraction. Drusilla's singular quickness, and her gift of acquisitiveness had made her profit largely by her intercourse with Mr. Yardon, and also with Maisie; and to-day Stanmore had found her irresistible. What she had told him about Captain Wentworth had turned the young man's thoughts in a new direction: the idea of seeing Maisie was now obscured by a dread of the captain's advent. Stanmore had plenty of self-reliance in regard to his profession, and in his readiness to grasp the opportunities of life, but he had little personal conceit: in his own eyes he considered he should have a poor chance with Drusilla beside this soldier. He went up the last bit of the hill moodily, with his eyes bent on the ground; he did not see that he had reached the gate of the Hall, and that Mr. Yardon stood there—he started at the sound of his voice.

"Hullo! What has been the matter, man? What have you been doing with yourself? You have made yourself so scarce that I thought you were away from the village."

"I have been meaning to come up to see Miss Derrick," Stanmore said, gravely; and then he hesitated and grew confused under the malicious expression in his companion's dark eyes.

"Ah!" Mr. Yardon seemed amused. "Did you meet my ward just now?"

"Yes, I met her." And then the young fellow added, "I hear you are going to have a neighbour at last at the Manor House."

"Yes," Mr. Yardon said, slowly; "and I fancy Captain Wentworth will find his way here. I

told Miss Lescure this morning that she will soon have him sighing for her. He won't shilly-shally, mind you. Soldiers lose no time in such matters."

"He!" said Stanmore, sharply; "why, I understand he is an invalid—a man with a broken constitution and a mortgaged estate. He cannot think of marrying!"

Mr. Yardon laughed, and opened the gate.

"Come in," he said; "remember the dog in the manger, Stanmore; and what's this proverb, 'He who will not when he may'—you know how it ends. Go your ways, young man; go your ways. Even to please you, I cannot shut my doors against Captain Wentworth."

They had reached the Hall door, and Mr. Yardon waved his hand towards it, but Stanmore drew back.

"I fancy I shall find Miss Derrick in the garden," he said; and without waiting he passed through an opening in the shrubbery on the right, to a winding path that led to the lawn: he had caught a glimpse of a white gown among the shrubs while he listened angrily to Mr. Yardon, and he was glad of this excuse for leaving him.

Stanmore found Maisie walking up and down the path below the drawing-room windows. She turned at the sound of footsteps, and a glad, happy look shined on her face when she saw him.

Stanmore held her hand an instant while he asked how she was, and how she had enjoyed her visit; but even in that brief time Maisie missed something she had been used to from his smile and from his eyes, and the next minute, as he dropped her hand, he looked grave. He wished he had not exposed himself to this trial. There was no change in Maisie, and yet he felt a sharp pain at his heart; he asked himself if this girl's eyes had always held that deep look of love when they met his; he thought that he could not have forgotten it if he had seen it there.

He walked beside her in a trouble that felt like remorse, for he could only pity her; she was as sweet, as steadfast as ever, but his pulses did not quicken as he looked at her; she was his dear friend, his sister, that was all. The trouble he felt was for her.

Maisie broke the silence by asking if the railway line was progressing to his satisfaction. She looked so calm as she spoke that Stanmore felt relieved. He thought he had perhaps mistaken the pleasant glow of friendship for a warmer feeling.

"I am a coxcomb after all," he thought; and it was a great relief to accept the conviction.

"I hope you left Miss Savvay well," he said. Maisie's face brightened.

"Yes, thank you; she thinks she may perhaps spend this autumn at the Manor House. Will not that be pleasant for me?" she said.

"I suppose so;" then, urged by something stronger than his own will, for he had determined to avoid this topic, he added, nervously, "but you are not so lonely as you used to be?"

Maisie's face changed as he spoke; he fancied she raised her head a little stiffly, as she looked directly into his eyes.

"You mean I have Miss Lescure for a companion; she is very bright, but Miss Savvay is such a dear old friend."

Stanmore winced, it seemed as if the words were meant purposely for him.

"I fancied," he said, indifferently, "that you would have preferred a companion of your own age."

Maisie gave him a quick, impatient glance.

He was not looking at her, but in the direction of the lane, though the shrubberies that bordered the lawn and the tall trees beyond them intercepted any direct view of it.

The girl's spirit rose: she had done nothing to cause his changed manner, and his evident indifference towards her made her rebellious against his implied advice.

"I have often told you I am old-fashioned," she said, coldly; "there are certainly a good many years between Miss Savvay and me, but I fancy we were brought up in the same ways and habits when we were children. Miss Lescure is a foreigner, and—and there can never be the same sympathy between us."

Stanmore knew very well the meaning of her words, and they irritated him the more because of the slight absence of refinement he had now and then observed in Drusilla.

He said very coldly:

"I should have fancied you would be superior to a mere national prejudice."

Maisie flushed with vexation; something warned her to be silent, or else to make a soothing answer, but she would not listen to the warning.

"I suppose we all like to choose our own friends," she said; "I cannot put aside an old friend just to set a new one in her place."

They had reached the edge of the sunk-fence at the far end of the lawn: a little summer-house stood at the corner, facing towards the park-like meadow beyond. They stood a moment, and then turned and came back in silence. Neither of them looked at the other.

Stanmore bent his head: Maisie's words had been too full of suggestion to be answered; he was more angry with himself than with his companion, but he was pained that she could stoop to reproach.

She felt as if she must hurry away and hide herself from him, and from every one: the words had scarcely been spoken before she saw the meaning her companion might find in them. She had been angry with him for insisting that she should make a friend of Drusilla, but he would understand that she meant to reproach him for his inconstancy. She could not speak, she was too much crushed even to find a pretext for leaving her companion: she walked on in dumb misery till they again reached the broad raised walk below the drawing-room window.

CHAPTER XV.

SNUBBED.

WARREN came round the angle of the house, which was masked by the shrubberies through which Stanmore had passed to join Maisie on the lawn.

The stolid-faced butler was watching what he was pleased to call "the game" with intense interest; he and the other servants greatly preferred Miss Derrick to Miss Lescure, but they also preferred their interests to their likings, and it was easy to see which of the two young ladies ruled Mr. Yardon.

Warren's bow was extra deferential.

"Mr. Yardon wishes to speak to you in the study, ma'am." He waited as if to follow Miss Derrick to the house.

"I will say good-bye for the present," Maisie said in a timid voice, and Stanmore held out his hand.

"Good-bye," but he said it unwillingly; he was already sorry for the vexation he knew he had caused; a few more words might have set it right,

and yet he could hardly bring himself to ask Maisie to come back again—"I will wait a little while."

As soon as Maisie had disappeared into the shrubbery, Warren came back to Mr. Stanmore.

"I was to say, sir," he said, pompously, "that if you are not in a particular hurry, Mr. Yardon will be glad if you'll wait here for him."

"Very well."

Stanmore frowned as the man left him; he was ashamed of his hope that by waiting he might again see Drusilla. This hope had been very present when he reached the gate; it now seemed a sort of insult to Maisie's vexation.

"They do not like one another, that is plain," he told himself. He remembered with satisfaction that Mr. Yardon's study was in the front of the house; if Drusilla joined him in the garden, there would be no one to watch their meeting.

Maisie had gone straight to the study, and she sat there still; she was feeling greatly puzzled. It was so incomprehensible that a practical man like her grandfather could send for her when she was engaged with a visitor, just to discuss a household matter of no present moment; and even when he had told her his wishes about getting a boy from the village to serve under the gardener, he kept her chatting about trifles. He was, however, singularly gracious, he even seemed to be enjoying his talk.

Maisie felt that her attention wavered; already she was sorry for the vexation she had shown in the garden, and she resolved, if possible, to see Mr. Stanmore again and try to efface the impression she feared he had received. But time was passing, it was possible that he had grown tired of waiting; Maisie had become feverish with impatience when, at last, there came a pause in Mr. Yardon's talk; he was looking very intently at her, but with a doubtful, curious expression.

"I will go now, grandfather." The girl rose as she spoke. "I was talking to Mr. Stanmore when you sent for me, and I want to go back; he said he would wait."

A smile passed across Mr. Yardon's face, but it left a bitterness behind it. Maisie shrank under his glance; she felt scared like a spring leaf by the breath of the east wind.

"Exactly so," Mr. Yardon said. "I knew perfectly well, Maisie, who was your companion

when I sent for you; but Mr. Stanmore does not come to see you, my girl; you did very well when there was no one else, but this is a different matter; he has found metal more attractive here of late. Sit you down again; if you go back now, you will, I think, find yourself one too many for the situation."

Maisie had reddened to the roots of her hair, and for the first time Mr. Yardon saw a flash of angry light in her eyes. This gratified him; he was pleased to find that she had a spirit; it gave his pugnacious nature something to fight with. He threw his head back and looked at her critically; on the whole he thought that she was a striking young woman with that bright colour on her cheeks and that glow of light in her eyes.

"I do not understand you." Maisie was no longer shy; she spoke with some heat. He was her grandfather, but she felt that he had no right to sit enjoying her confusion.

"I will explain, if you will have the goodness to sit down and listen." Maisie could not help shrinking from the sarcasm in his voice. "I should have fancied my meaning was clear enough to an unprejudiced listener, but seemingly we differ. During your absence, my young friend Stanmore has become attached to Miss Lescure; they see each other constantly; I fancy the liking is mutual. You are sitting with your back to the window, and therefore you did not see Drusilla come in just now; I did, and she has turned into the shrubbery walk. I ask you, Maisie, what claim have you to disturb a meeting between these two?"

"Do you mean me to understand that Mr. Stanmore is engaged to her?"—Maisie spoke in a dull, hard voice; she was thinking of the way in which she had just now spoken of Drusilla.

Mr. Yardon paused; he had kept his eyes fixed on her face, and he was surprised by its calmness; he began to respect his grand-daughter more than he could have thought possible. Maisie's shyness and constraint towards him had made him consider her nervous, and a nervous woman was, to Mr. Yardon, an excitable, hysterical creature, the slave of impulse and emotion. It did not occur to him that Maisie Derrick might be quite another person in a congenial and sympathetic atmosphere; it may be that his lack of imagination made him incapable of sympathy with needs of which he had no practical experience, and it may be also that part

of his dislike to his grandchild arose from the difficulty he had found in understanding her. She did not fit his theory of what a woman was sure to do, say, and think in such and such circumstances, therefore there was something wrong about her as a woman; the feeling of respect that she had now created was not yielded to the woman, but to that which he considered a masculine firmness in repressing the natural feelings of her sex. His heart did not warm towards her, but his judgment appreciated her behaviour.

"I have no reason to suppose that either Mr. Stanmore or my ward would take so decided a step without apprising me that they had done so," he said very formally; "but," he went on in a more genial voice, "I should say it might come to pass any day, and I for one am ready to give a hearty consent to such a well-assorted marriage."

Maisie did not grow pale; the strong constraint she was putting on herself kept the colour flaming on her cheeks, and Mr. Yardon's last words had in one way relieved her: her own nature was too noble to believe that her grandfather could continue to speak in this way if he really guessed the pain he was inflicting. A strange, resolute feeling was taking possession of the girl: she had felt that Mr. Stanmore was changed, but she had not thought he loved Drusilla. It was possible, nay, it was evident, that her grandfather wished for this marriage, and that he would do his best to bring it about; but that did not prove that it would make Stanmore and Drusilla happy. Maisie

saw in the man the ideal she loved, the ideal to whom she felt herself so inferior; she seemed to know by a sure instinct that when the first glamour was past Stanmore would be miserable with this French girl. The old fancy, the power of touch of the angelic spear, seems to live again in a pure and truthful nature—a nature that does not easily suspect, yet which, if it realises that its trust is deceived, sees at once through the flimsy veils of falsehood—they are no hindrance to its direct vision.

While Mr. Yardon spoke of this attachment, Maisie remembered the slighting terms in which Drusilla had spoken of Mr. Stanmore, and her assertion that she did not care for him. Maisie saw clearly there was falsehood somewhere, and it might not be too late to unmask it. She had no hope of regaining Stanmore's love, she doubted whether she had ever had it; but she loved him still, and she would try and save him from being deceived. She looked steadily at Mr. Yardon.

"If they are not engaged," she said, "I do not mind disturbing them for a moment; I said I would go back."

She went to the door, opened it and closed it behind her, before her grandfather had recovered from his surprise. When he did, he also went to the door and followed Maisie.

He went slowly, however; his grim sense of humour told him that there might be something amusing to witness if he gave the scene time for development.

(To be continued.)

TWO GRAVES.

(January 20, 1892.)

ONE Brotherhood, we stand to-day
 About our royal Brother's grave,
 To mourn a young life snatched away
 From this life's joy and promise brave;
 And life is sweet,
With all its care and strife,
A beautiful and wondrous thing is life!

In many a dark and noisome street,
 Folk hardly fed, and thinly clad,
 Have donned some shred of black to greet
 The day that makes the nation sad;
 And think, or say,
With all its care and strife,
A beautiful and wondrous thing is life.

To them it seems not strange that they
 Should be with Death acquainted well;
 They love him not, but, day by day,
 Familiarly of him they tell,
 As he draws nigh:
*Though 'mid the care and strife,
 Even they feel how sweet to them is life.*

But for the Prince, for him, they sigh,
 Life's mystery may claim a tear
 Young, happy, noble—yet to die—
 A prince and to his people dear!
 This life of ours,
*With all its care and strife,
 Is still a beautiful and wondrous life.*

Well may we heap the fragrant flow'rs
 Above our Brother's grave to-day!
 Death's principalities and pow'rs
 Shall never take our faith away:
 Yet may we mourn:
*With all its care and strife,
 A beautiful and wondrous thing is life.*

We think of hearts with anguish torn,
 Of loss that bows a father's head,
 Of that sweet mother left forlorn,
 And of his love, the bride unwed.
 Well may we weep:
*Amid the care and strife,
 The nation's grief will bless the nation's life.*

But while the radiant wreaths we heap,
 My heart remembers what long since
 One told me who had helped to reap
 God's field for peasant and for prince,
 And felt, amid
*The mystery and strife,
 How strange the pathos of our human life.*

He saw, being to a burial bid,
 A pauper burial, sordid, sad,
 How some one on the coffin-lid
 Had laid one snowdrop, all they had,
 God's flower of spring!
*With all its care and strife,
 A beautiful and wondrous thing is life.*

Alike to Commoner and King,
 Come Death and Love; that snowdrop white,
 A poor heart's utmost offering
 To the lone dead, was Love's delight,
 And Love had kept,
Amid the toil and strife,
One flower unsullied by the dust of life.

Some loving heart, it seems, had wept
 To see Death look so like despair,
 Where poverty unhonoured slept:—
 God's lovely snowdrop made it fair.
 Let a tear fall:
Amid the care and strife,
How beautiful, how wonderful, is life!

Long since in Pilate's judgment-hall,
 By suffering, Brotherhood was crowned;
 Have we no Brothers now in thrall,
 Where Love is daily scourged and bound?
 God! my heart aches:
Amid the sin and strife,
What right have we to all the joys of life?

And from my inmost soul there breaks
 Prayer for our human Brotherhood,
 For prince and pauper, whom Love makes,
 And Death makes, Brothers. By the rood
 Of Mary's Son,
Join hands amid the strife!
O Risen Love, through love uplift our life!

So shall we bless his day that's done,
 Our Prince's, and, amid her woes,
 The Queen, whose Mother-heart has won
 New love 'mid fortune's fiercest blows,
 Though hard bestead,
Will feel, amid the strife,
How loss may deepen hope and quicken life.

One race, we share one daily bread,
 And if one suffers all must grieve:—
 Love is the Home where dwell our dead—
 A home no parting can bereave.
 Love makes a heaven of many an earthly hell:
 By Death, His servant, strong to help and heal,
 To prince and pauper He has much to tell,
 Which in no other way He might reveal.
Life here is sweet, 'mid care and pain and strife,—
How royal there, O Love, the Crown of Life!

ANNIE MATHESON.



THE VICTORIAN ERA.

(FIRST HALF: 1837-65.)

JOHN KIRKPATRICK.

LECTURE VI.

RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS—O'CONNELL AND REPEAL—
CROFTEN AND BRIGHT EDUCATION—IRELAND
AGAIN—MINISTERIAL CRISIS—SIR ROBERT PEELE
RETURNS, REPEALS THE CORN LAWS, RESIGNS.

IN our last chapter we glanced at some of the great questions which confronted Sir Robert Peel on his accession to office in 1841, questions mainly relating to the emancipation of the people from dear food, bad education, and over-work in factories. This period is one of special interest, as it witnessed the dawn of a wider conception of that liberty for which heroes and martyrs had fought and died. For people now began to see that liberty is an empty name to those whose bodies and souls are kept by "grinding laws" at starvation point, that the hand and the mind of a man who cannot get good food or good education are quite as much fettered as if he were shut up in prison. And hence, at this period, all along the line, we can trace a distinct

advance towards the great goal of political aspirations, a maximum of true freedom—the "perfect law of liberty."

Tending in the same direction also were several deeply interesting religious movements, foremost among which was the memorable secession from the Church of Scotland in 1843. The more democratic Scots had long been in favour of the appointment of their ministers by the congregations instead of by lay patrons, and a large section of them resented the interference of the secular courts in spiritual matters. The General Assembly of the Church accordingly petitioned the Queen and the Ministry to give effect to these views, and when both the Ministry and Parliament declined to listen to them, no fewer than 474 ministers voluntarily seceded from the Established Church and formed the Free Church of Scotland. Truly a dramatic event, not often paralleled in Church history, that so many pious and earnest divines should renounce house, home, and livelihood for conscience' sake. In England, too, about the same time, a great ferment was caused in the religious world by the

Oxford or Tractarian movement. On the one hand, earnest and learned men, like Newman, holding authority and tradition to be supreme in religion, and doubting whether the Church of England was a branch of the true Church, ended with believing that the Church of Rome was the only true haven for Christians; on the other hand, the party led by Pusey held that the Church of England was catholic enough to include High as well as Low Churchmen within her pale; while a third party, rejecting all academic subtleties and obscure traditions, maintained that true Christianity consisted in striving faithfully to obey the simple precepts of its Founder. But while one party believed that true religion could dwell in the solemn twilight of cloisters and cathedrals alone, and while another denied any special sanctity to "temples made with hands" and preferred St. James's definition of "true religion and undefiled," both parties contributed powerfully to revive the languishing spiritual life of the nation.

In 1843 the Irish Arms Act was passed. A long tale hangs thereby, but we can only touch on that part of it which concerns our period. For about fifty years a series of such acts, forbidding the carrying of arms in Ireland without a license, had been in force. But outrages having increased rather than diminished, the Government deemed it necessary to propose a still more stringent measure. After vehement opposition by many English and Scottish, as well as by Irish members, the Act was passed by the Conservative majorities in both Houses. But Liberal as well as Conservative governments had long thought such acts necessary for the maintenance of order in Ireland, with the result that both parties were in a condition of chronic antagonism with the Irish members. What then, argued the Irish members, is the use of Ireland being "represented" in the Imperial Parliament if she is for ever to be out-voted by English and Scottish members? If she cannot make her voice heard constitutionally, she will resort to unconstitutional methods. If the Union implies that she is always to be governed by Englishmen and never by Irishmen, if the Union permits her to be governed by exceptional and coercive legislation which would never be tolerated in the sister-island, then, as Daniel O'Connell argued, "the Union is a living lie," and ought to be repealed. But while O'Connell had achieved

brilliant success as the chief author of Catholic Emancipation in 1829, his advocacy of Repeal proved a signal failure. He was arrested on a charge of using seditious language. He would take no step which might lead to civil war, he had repeatedly declared; but if the English should attempt to quell Irish agitation by force, he would resist them, he would defy them, he would dare them to attack the agitators. Pretty strong language this, not indeed unprovoked, but certainly not constitutional. For such language as this O'Connell and others of his party were arrested, tried by four Protestant judges and a packed Protestant jury, and condemned to a year's imprisonment and a heavy fine. The sentence was afterwards reversed by the House of Lords on account of several irregularities in the trial, but the Government had meanwhile succeeded in putting down the agitation. They had saved the Union, and, though they had not satisfied Ireland, they had taught her the hopelessness of gaining her ends by unconstitutional means. For a few years more, indeed, Smith O'Brien, the leader of the "Young Ireland" party advocated physical force, while O'Connell's party continued to advocate moral suasion; but the Irish house divided against itself could not possibly stand, and when O'Brien attempted to set up the standard of rebellion in the critical year 1848 he was doomed to ignominious failure.

To Richard Cobden and John Bright we owe a deep debt of gratitude. The Anti-Corn Law League had been founded in 1838, and now, in 1843, it began to hold monthly meetings in Covent Garden Theatre under the able presidency of the great apostle of free-trade, vigorously seconded by his younger lieutenant. To Cobden's lectures all over the country and his speeches in Parliament on his favourite subject was mainly due the repeal of the Corn Laws, as Sir Robert Peel afterwards frankly admitted; and though this "wildest and maddest scheme" was bitterly opposed by the landowners and the farmers, it was destined to emancipate millions of our countrymen from the tyranny of famine. But the end was not yet. It suffices for the present to picture to ourselves Peel's critical position—on one side surging, poverty-stricken masses clamouring for bread, on the other a powerful aristocracy insisting that the abandonment of privilege and protection would ruin the country; and between the two, the great

statesman, aghast at the impending storm, as yet irresolute.

In the annals of 1845, questions of education in Ireland occupy a foremost place. Seldom has any question aroused such hysterical and wide-spread indignation in this country as that of the Maynooth grant. For half a century the British Government had contributed about £9000 a year to the support of the Irish Roman Catholic College of Maynooth. But this grant was totally inadequate, the college being but a "miserable Do-the-Boys' Hall," as Macaulay declared. In justice to Ireland, therefore, the government proposed to improve and repair the buildings and to increase the grant to £26,000 a year. Within the walls of Parliament the proposal was largely supported, both by Conservatives and by Liberals, but the outside world seems to have been almost unanimous in frantic disapproval, for no less than 5585 petitions, with hundreds of thousands of signatures, were poured in against it. Pious preachers and popular orators vied with each other in virulent abuse of the measure. Shall Protestants, who enjoy a monopoly of truth, they argued, endow error and idolatry? Can Protestant money be lawfully devoted to the education of a Popish priesthood? Will not God infallibly pour the vials of his wrath on a wicked nation that bows the knee to Baal? But, unfortunately for these arguments, they were doubly lame and impotent; for "error, idolatry, and Popery" had been nurtured with public money at Maynooth for fifty years without a murmur; and, further, the grant was truly defrayed out of the taxation paid by the Roman Catholics of Ireland. So much for the *vox populi*. In certain cases it may be the *vox Dei*; but, when religion is in question, is it not rather apt to be the *vox diaboli*? We cannot, therefore, but rejoice that Peel on the one side, supported by Russell on the other, conscious of the justice of their policy, and undaunted by the storm, succeeded in passing the measure by large majorities. But while the tender consciences of pious Protestants scrupled to pay for the education of Romish priests, they had no scruples about making their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects pay for the support of Protestant churches and schools. Trinity College, Dublin, for example, readily received fees from Roman Catholics and granted them degrees, but would not allow them to hold prizes, scholarships, or

professorships. Peel saw the injustice of this and entrusted Sir James Graham, the Home Secretary, with the task of providing a remedy. The remedy proposed was to found three non-sectarian colleges in the north, west, and south of Ireland (at Belfast, Galway, and Cork) at the public cost, and to unite them into a new university for Ireland; and these Queen's Colleges, as they were afterwards called, were accordingly to abstain from all interference with the conscientious scruples of their students. The scheme was denounced by many opponents, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, as a scheme of "godless education." Who can safely study Greek without also studying a creed? Who can effectually learn mathematics without the help of Scripture history? But should not these good people, in order to be logical, have also denounced the writing-master and the music-mistress who presume to teach their subjects without at the same time teaching religion? Happily, however, common sense again prevailed in Parliament on both sides of politics, and Graham's bill was passed by large majorities (1845). And in this measure, which has been fraught with very beneficial results, we clearly discern another step towards that perfect equality before the law which is the essential condition of perfect liberty.

To the same year, 1845, belongs the report of the Devon Commission on the tenure of land in Ireland. This report of a commission of five Irish landlords, appointed by a Conservative government, is a memorable document; for it clearly pointed out, almost for the first time in history, the real sources of agrarian discontent in Ireland. One or two of the chief only need now be mentioned. Whereas in Ulster the tenant had a semi-proprietary right to his holding, and on leaving it might sell his interest to a new tenant for ten or more years' purchase, no such right was enjoyed by tenants in any other part of Ireland, the vast majority being mere yearly tenants at will, liable to be turned out on very short notice, and without right to a farthing of compensation. The report also revealed a striking difference between the position of an Irish and that of an English or a Scottish tenant. In Ireland the tenant usually builds his house, and fences and drains his land; in the sister-island all this is done by the landlord. The Irish tenant who has reclaimed the land may be evicted before he has derived

any benefit from his heavy expenditure of money and labour; the British tenant almost invariably holds a lease long enough to enable him to get a reasonable return for his outlay. Lord Stanley, Secretary for War, was authorised by the Government to bring in a bill giving effect to some of the recommendations of the Commission; but, though his bill was of the mildest possible remedial character, it met with such uncompromising hostility in the House of Lords that it had to be withdrawn. A great opportunity of doing justice to Ireland was thus lost, and nothing effectual was done until Mr. Gladstone passed his Irish Land Acts of 1870 and 1881. But a new and terrible disaster was in store for the "distressful country,"—the judgment of Heaven, said the bigots, upon those who had "bowed the knee to Baal" and instituted a system of "godless education," though they did not explain why the chief delinquents were not the sufferers. In the autumn of 1845 the potato-crop in Ireland, to the extent of at least one-half, was a failure. As the majority of the population lived almost entirely on potatoes, it was estimated that about three million persons would starve unless supported by public charity, while nearly as many more would be driven to terrible straits by the dearness of corn.

The Irish famine led to the ministerial crisis of December, 1845. Convinced at last by the lucid and persistent arguments of Cobden and Bright, as well as by the dire necessity of the situation, Peel now saw the impossibility of maintaining the Corn-Laws. The Protectionists had brought him into office. Imagine, therefore, their indignation when their chosen leader went over to the camp of the Free-Traders, whom one of his supporters had lately denounced as "the most cunning, unscrupulous, knavish, pestilent" fellows in existence! Peel accordingly proposed to his Cabinet to reduce the corn-duty annually, until after eight years it should be entirely repealed, and he obtained the support of a large majority of its members; but as he was strongly opposed by the Duke of Buccleugh and Lord Stanley, he thought it better to resign office than to attempt to carry out his views with a divided Cabinet. Had Peel been less honest and patriotic and more ambitious, he might still have clung to office, especially as he was aware that his policy would

be supported by Lord John Russell (who in his famous "Edinburgh Letter" to his constituents had declared himself in favour of free-trade) and by the whole Liberal party; but it is to Peel's lasting honour that he was willing to hand over the task of saving the country from a terrible calamity to the party which had discovered and proclaimed the true remedy.

On Peel's resignation the Queen called upon Russell, as leader of the Opposition, to form a Cabinet, but owing to a serious difference between Lord Palmerston and Earl Grey, two of his chief supporters, he failed in the attempt. The Protectionists, Buccleugh and Stanley (who were strongly supported by Lord George Bentinck, Disraeli, and others), were next applied to, but declined the task. The Queen had, therefore, no alternative but to recall Sir Robert Peel. In the reconstructed ministry Peel resumed the premiership, Buccleugh returned to it repentant, and Gladstone became colonial and war secretary. But at this critical and deeply interesting juncture the Conservative premier was bitterly opposed by most of the powerful land-owning Tory magnates. With what Disraeli called "sublime audacity," Peel now repudiated the Protection which he had hitherto steadily supported; and, as Disraeli himself has admitted, his party thirsted for vengeance. Within a few short months their opportunity came, but happily not until after the cause of Protection had been lost for ever. On resuming office Peel's avowed policy was the establishment of free-trade. As for the details of the virulent opposition he had to encounter from the Protectionists, are they not graphically written in the pages of Hansard? But the obstructive tactics of the Dukes and other Protectionist magnates were not confined within the walls of Parliament. Notwithstanding the Reform Act of 1832, there still survived many pocket-boroughs, the few electors in which were all the tenants and dependents of some great landowner; and whenever the members for such boroughs resigned, or were compelled to resign, the electors were instructed to return Protectionist members in their stead. On the other hand, not a few constituencies, when vacancies occurred, elected Liberal or Radical members in preference to either Peelites or Protectionists. Peel's position was, therefore, very precarious. In a House of 658 members, he could

only reckon on about 120 as staunch Peelites or free-trade Conservatives, while some 120 were Radicals and Irish members, and the remainder was pretty equally divided between the Liberal and the Protectionist creed. Seldom has the House of Commons witnessed so fierce a warfare as was waged by these opposing factions in the first few months of 1845, and perhaps never has it witnessed so glorious a victory as was won by Free Trade over Protection. Had the House of Lords followed the bent of their inclination they would have ignominiously thrown out the Corn Bill; but, thanks to the sagacity of their leader, the Iron Duke, wiser counsels fortunately prevailed, and the Lords passed the bill on 25th June, 1846. Although Peel passed his great measure "amid the reproaches and execrations" of the Protectionists, he has left behind him not only the reputation of an honest statesman, with a mind singularly open to conviction, but that of a great benefactor of his country. It is also due to his memory to say that, while he generously ascribed the success of his policy to Cobden and his associates, that policy might have been ruinously delayed but for his own courage and genius and the powerful support of his own section of the Conservative party.

The closing scene of Peel's memorable administration remains to be told in a few words. With impending famine in Ireland agrarian outrages had also increased. The Government, therefore, deemed it necessary to introduce into the House of Lords a Protection of Life Bill, which they expected would be supported by both sides of the House. The bill was passed by the Lords, and in the Commons its first reading was supported by Protectionists and Liberals alike; but on the second reading the former, who had in the interim been defeated on the free-trade question, fiercely turned against the bill, and the latter discovered in it so much need of amendment that they preferred the simpler course of voting against it. This alliance was irresistible, and on 25th June, 1846, the very day on which the House or Lords passed the Corn Bill, Peel's Life Bill was thrown out by the Commons. He might have dissolved Parliament and appealed to the country for a new lease of office; but he was aware that he and his comparatively small section of the Conservative party, deep as was the gratitude due to them by the nation, had no reasonable chance of success between the Scylla of the embittered Protectionists and the Charybdis of the coming democracy. So he resigned.

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

- I. Explain and discuss "religious movements," "the Maynooth Grant," and "godless education."
- II. Describe shortly the political condition of Ireland during Peel's administration.
- III. State the arguments for and against the Corn Laws. What were the chief results of their repeal?

Please answer one, or at most two, of these questions; and state the total number of words (which must not exceed 500) which your answer or answers contain. Answers to be addressed to the Superintendent, R.U., ATLANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., on or before 25th March.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

Name twelve of the best-known authors whose works are criticised in the poem, *A Fable for Critics*.

II.

What was the tune that Dolly Vanborough could "never hear without sickening dislike"? Mention three occasions on which it is referred to as being played while other events are taking place.

III.

What was the mysterious document that Catherine Morland found at midnight in the old-fashioned chest at the Abbey?

IV.

Where was the inscription written—"Children taken in to Bate"?

V.

1. Give author and work where the following may be found:

"For truth has such a face, and such a mien,
As to be loved needs only to be seen."

2. Quote two other lines, from another poem, very like the above, and which have evidently been suggested by them.

VI.

Give the name of the Royal prisoner to whom the following lines refer:

"O shame of Britons! in one sullen tower
She wet with royal tears her daily cell;
She found keen anguish every rose devour;
They sprang, they shone, they faded, and they fell."

Answers to be sent in by March 15th. They should be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R.U.,
ATLANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

VII.

What was the greeting referred to by the Poet, and where was the region?—

"I liked the greeting! 'twas a sound
Of something without place or bound;
And seemed to give me spiritual right
To travel through that region bright."

VIII.

Name the author and work where the following lines occur:

- "She moved to measure of music,
As a swan sails the stream;
Where her looks fell was summer,
When she smiled was a dream;
All faces bowing towards her
Sunflowers seem."
- "Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!
How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
Or a breath suspend the heart's best play,
And life be a proof of this!"
- "We cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled."

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (FEBRUARY).

I.

- Herman Merivale.
- David Gray.
- D. M. Moir.
- Sidney Dobell.
- Robert Buchanan.
- Arthur Hugh Clough.
- Austin Dobson.
- A. C. Swinburne.
- "Christopher North" (Prof. Wilson).
- Samuel Rogers.
- Hon. Mrs. Norton.
- Gerald Massey.

II.

- "Hermod," the first of all the gods for speed.
- Sleipner, the horse of Odin.
- Hela, Queen of the Dead, spoke to Hermod:—

"Show me through all the world the signs of grief:
Falls but one thing to grieve, here Balder stops!
Let all that lives and moves upon the earth
Weep him, and all that is without life weep;
Let gods, men, brutes, bewep him; plants and stones!
So shall I know the lost was dear indeed,
And bend my knee, and give him back to Heaven."

(Matthew Arnold. *Balder Dead*.)

III.

"Raphael made a century of sonnets."

"Dante once prepared to paint an angel."

(R. Browning. *One Word More*.)

IV.

"Like the whistling of birds, like the humming of bees,
Like the sigh of the south wind in the trees,
Like the singing of angels, the playing of shawms,
Like ocean itself with its storms and calms,—

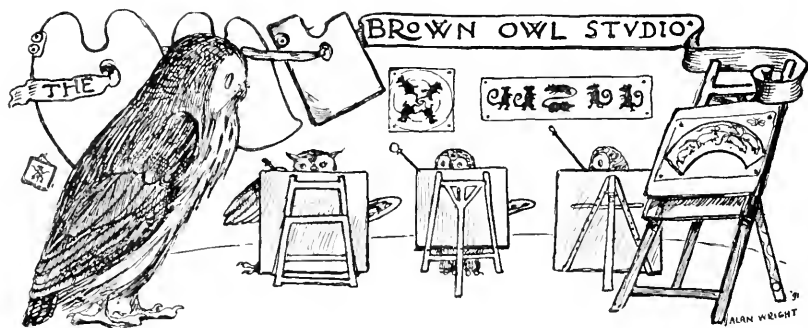
* * *

Like a thousand laverocks ringing in tune,
Like countless corn-crakes under the moon,
Like the smack of kisses, like sweet bells ringing,
Like a mermaid's harp, or a kelpie singing,"

(R. Buchanan. *The Wedding of Shon Maclean*.)

V.

- A. C. Swinburne. *The Garden of Proserpine*
- Thomas Ashe. *Aeolus*.
- Cosmo Monkhouse. *A Dead March*.



FANCY PAINTING.

PART II.

WE will now speak of painting upon velvet, glass, and pottery.

For some years it was the fashion to paint upon velvet with coloured powders, called metallic or bronze colours, which were mixed to the consistency necessary by means of a drying varnish or "medium," and applied to the velvet. A very rich effect was produced, and it was heightened by the softness of the grounding. Two things, however, have contributed to bring this sort of painting into disfavour. First, the want of colours to produce the delicate rose-shades so frequent in flowers, or the pure white of their petals; and second, the apparent impossibility to find a medium or fixing substance that should thoroughly incorporate the colour into the velvet. After having tried all the known mediums, both in France and England, we find that sold under the name of Flemish varnish, or siccatif, to be the best. It holds the colour without making the surface worked upon so hard as do the other mediums employed. But even when this one is used, care must be taken in dusting the object painted. It should be shaken, and never brushed, else the colouring particles are liable to be dislodged.

No such danger is incurred, however, if we take ordinary oil-colours, and the effect produced is so rich, and at the same time so durable, that we cannot too strongly recommend such decorative painting to the attention of our readers. Choose

a piece of English velveteen of good quality, and dark in colour—the darker it is the more effective will be the painting. Stretch it firmly upon a board by means of drawing-pins, and proceed to sketch in your subject. Here tracing with the ordinary oiled paper is impossible, as the pile of the velvet rejects the waxy line left by the tracing-paper on more even surfaces. If the would-be painter is unable to draw her subject, she will be reduced to pricking out the outline and rubbing it through with white chalk. This, however, is such a long process, that we think she will prefer to draw, however slightly, on the velvet itself. This is easily done with a piece of soft white chalk. The surface should be touched very lightly, and then, if a mistake is made, it is quickly brushed off.

The subject chosen for painting on velvet should be large and free in the drawing. Small details cannot be well given. Flowers, such as the large white poppy and the wild convolvulus, or a branch of oak leaves, produce a good effect. If a screen is to be decorated, the white arum or the hollyhock will be very suitable. We will suppose the red and white poppy to have been chosen; it is a flower easy to draw, and of which more than one good copy exists. Having sketched in your flowers with chalk, begin with the white ones. Take a moderate quantity of white paint in your brush—adding a very little turpentine if it does not work

easily—and lightly go over all the white parts of the flower. Add a little 'chrome yellow or raw sienna in the parts where the flower takes a yellowish tint, and let the shadow be given by the velveteen. You must not attempt to finish a flower at the first painting. The velvet absorbs the colour, and the first layer will sink in; but when this is dry, what you add afterwards will retain its brightness. When the white flowers and buds are done, turn to the red ones, and when these are laid in, do the same with the leaves. Always bear in mind that you are painting *light upon dark*, i.e. that the colour of the velvet represents shade all the time, and must be left for that purpose untouched, or carefully graduated. The green leaves will be flat if a line of dark is not reserved to mark the midrib and most important veins. A considerable quantity of white must be used with all the colours to prevent them from sinking in.

After the first painting the whole should be left to dry for two or three days, it can then be continued. In retouching be careful, as at first, to work from light to dark. Return to the white poppy and mark out, and with a broad touch, all the light parts of the petals, especially where they form the border. Strengthen the gradations of colour from white to yellow, and put in the stamens, if they are visible, with chrome yellow, dark or light, according to circumstances. For the red poppy, vermilion, rose-madder and lake will give the necessary tints. It will be well to mix a little drying varnish with the red colour of the light parts, as it is apt to grow dull in drying. The leaves retain their colour better, and can be painted in the same way as the white flowers, by strengthening their lights where they occur. When the painting is finished it must be left to dry for at least a week—the longer the better—because the harder it becomes the longer it will last. Velvet painted thus can be used for chair-backs, cushions, table-covers or curtain borders. When thoroughly dry it will bear brushing without danger of coming off. It can thus be employed for the covering of those tables with a lower shelf known as the *Henri Deux* pattern. The velvet or cloth is nailed on to the wood, and the border hidden by a fringe or by ornamental nails. On the lower shelf the subject of the upper one can be repeated, or isolated flowers may be thrown

here and there, and the initials or name of the person for whom it is intended added in one corner.

But of all materials that take colour well, none repay better than glass the trouble lavished upon them. A fire-screen of ground glass, tastefully decorated, makes an ornament worthy of a place in the most elegant drawing-room. The dull surface sets off the painting in a striking way. Oil colour is employed upon glass, and the artist must be very careful, in the case of ground glass, to take up each tint as dry as possible, and, for the first painting, to keep it well within the outline. The rough, unpolished surface has a tendency to make the colour spread a little; but when the first painting is dry, it can be worked upon without danger. Another warning must be given as to letting spots fall upon the glass itself. Once a mark made, it is almost impossible to remove it. The only way to remedy the evil is to rub over the place with spirits of wine; but as this does not always succeed, it is best to accustom oneself to work tidily, without making spots. Some people have an idea that untidiness is a necessary characteristic of an artist. We are not at all of this opinion.

Transparent glass is, perhaps, rather easier to begin upon than ground glass, as the oil does not show itself beyond the paint. Also, transparent glass has the advantage that you can place behind it the subject you mean to put thereon, and make a tracing of the drawing over it. Even with ground glass the form is seen through it faintly, and it can be marked in with a pencil; but as the tracing process always diminishes the proportions of everything, care must be taken to increase the drawing a very little in each part as the colours are laid on.

Folding screens are often made, having their upper half of glass, and the lower half covered with silk-brocade, cretonne, or any material the fancy directs. We have made one of these with three leaves. The flowers chosen were white lilies in the middle; poppies on one side, and wild roses on the other. The effect was very good. As, however, oil-paints are opaque, these screens must always be placed in a light that suits them. They do not look well in a cross light.

Pretty flower-vases are produced by painting bird, or flower, or insect, on the pale blue, green,

or orange-coloured glass, now so much in fashion. Such painting must always be done some time before it is wanted, as it dries slowly, even when drying varnish is employed in mixing the colours.

In painting a mirror there are other points to consider. If the glass is of a good quality, that is, tolerably thick, it will reflect what is painted upon it to such a degree that one seems to see beneath. This requires the artist to pay great attention to the first colours she lays on. The subject may be sketched in with Chinese white, or with the white used in oils, according as is preferred. Flowers being generally chosen for mirror painting, we will take a flower subject for our illustration; but in passing let it be observed that birds, if well done, give a beautiful and animated effect. A branch of apple-blossom, thrown across the top of the mirror, and enlivened by a few butterflies, will not be too difficult to begin with. Here you must know your flowers by heart, and not content yourself with the front view alone. The reflection of the glass requires that the calyx and seed-vessel be put in first of all, and then the stems and other details that pass *under* the flowers. When this first painting is dry—and it must generally be left for a day or two to become so lay in the light petals. Great attention must be paid to the evenness of the edge, as the glass reflects all defects in this point. The more white employed, the better, as it favours the drying. In painting the stamens it will be well to add a little drying varnish, if at hand, as yellow takes a long time to harden. Leave the flowers and continue the leaves. Here, as before, the under part of the leaf must be indicated before the outside tint is applied. The butterflies next claim our attention. If they are in full flight, the bodies are partly hidden under the wings, and must therefore be painted first, as also the under part of the wing. When these are dry the upper parts can be done. The under-side of a butterfly's wing differs so much from the upper, that it requires especial study if the artist wishes to be truthful as well as effective.

If the mirror you are decorating is to be used as such, you must so arrange the subject as to leave a sufficient space clear in the middle. If, on

the contrary, it is only for ornament, a few long grasses may be introduced rising up from below, or a branch coming across from one side, with a bird balancing upon it.

The red pottery so much in fashion just now does not take colour well unless a grounding of some kind is laid over it in the first instance. As, however, many persons prefer to keep the original red colour, they can do so by working upon it as upon the Spa Wood. Pottery absorbs the colour very much. If water-colour is to be employed upon it, the white must be laid on thickly, and renewed from time to time in retouching. If oil-colours are to be used, the colour must also be laid on thickly, but without adding oil, as it will otherwise spread beyond the paint and leave an ugly mark. If a vase is chosen, and destined to contain flowers, two or three coats of shell-lac, or of Aspal enamel paint, should be passed over the inside, otherwise the least moisture within, even if it be not more than that rising from damp moss, will penetrate the substance of the pottery and cause all the painting outside to peel off.

The remains of colour upon the oil-painter's palette often furnish very pretty groundings for pottery. Bluish tints may be laid upon the upper part of a vase or other object, and graduated with whatever darker colour lies on the palette towards the lower part. Accidental effects are thus sometimes produced which are very pleasing.

If the pottery is painted in water-colour, the painting may be touched over, when finished, with a little picture varnish, but the varnish must not be passed over the pottery itself, as it will bring out all kinds of stains and patches on the red ground. Also a dull red is much more favourable to the painting than a bright red.

We conclude these remarks upon fancy painting, as we began them, by endeavouring to impress upon our readers that, if they wish to succeed in this agreeable art, they must never neglect the *drawing* of whatever they undertake. A careful outline will redeem many a bad painting, but no amount of colour will ever make pleasing a carelessly executed design.

Elie Smith.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

MR. HAMISH MACCUNN is a musician and a Scotsman. His latest production, a Dramatic Cantata, called "Queen Hynde of Caledon," is to be given under the bâton of the Composer, at the Crystal Palace, in the early days of this month. Considerable interest attaches to this work. In the first place, it is written by a young and rising musician of whom the critical world of musical performers and preachers expect a great deal in a very near future indeed. In the second, as I have said, it is the work of a Scotsman. Now, although Scotland in past times was the land of the minstrel and the harper, it has not of late years produced any musician of note. Yet it is full of the echoes of its national music, which once had so much influence on the passions of the people in the troublous days gone by when Scottish history was but a tale of Scandinavian ravages. And perhaps this is one reason which may account for the enthusiastic reception accorded to "Queen Hynde" when she made her *début* the other day in Glasgow.

"Queen Hynde of Caledon" is founded on Hogg's poem. James MacCunn, the father of Hamish, is responsible for the libretto. The scene is laid at Beregon, the ancient capital of Scotland, but the story is too long for me to recapitulate here. Enough to say that it is a tale of chivalry, the quaint poetical chivalry of the sixth century in Scotland. The characters are: Queen Hynde, the queen of ancient Caledonia, soprano; Wene, one of the ladies of the Court, second soprano; Eric, King of the Norsemen, a hostile lover of Queen Hynde, tenor; and Uisnar, a minstrel, in reality Prince Aidan, afterwards King of Caledonia, baritone. Though entitled a Cantata, "Queen

Hynde" is essentially Operatic both in feeling and construction. Mr. MacCunn's whole attitude towards music is essentially that of the composer of Opera. His methods are dramatic; and the story of "Queen Hynde" gives him full scope for them. His work is fresh and melodious, suggestive and descriptive. He is rich in vivid orchestral effects. He plays, so to speak, on a picture; he touches musical chords in order to throw up its colours. There is sometimes a Wagnerian suggestion in this composition which promises well for the future.

Mr. Hamish MacCunn is young. He was born at Greenock in 1868. His first published work, "The Land of the Mountain and the Flood," which appeared in 1886, has been quickly followed by "Chior Mhor," an overture for strings; "Bonny Kilmeny"; "Lord Ullin's Daughter," for chorus and orchestra; "The Ship o' the Fiend"; "Dowie Dens o' Yarrow," a ballad overture; "Lay of the Last Minstrel"; "The Cameronian's Dream," a baritone solo with orchestra; and about a hundred songs. From which it will be seen that the composer of "Queen Hynde" is a writer of secular music, a patriot, and at heart a dramatist. As to the term Cantata, it is always rather illusive. Mr. MacCunn has called "Queen Hynde" a Dramatic Cantata, which simplifies matters a little. A Cantata, properly speaking, is, however, a song intermixed with recitative. But I suppose a Dramatic Cantata is practically the only way in which to describe a performance that is purely musical and not gesticulatory.

Dvorák's "Requiem" I have already mentioned in these pages. It is to be given at the Albert Hall this month.

V. CECIL COTES.

"HAMLET" AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

AT a time when the air is filled with the clamour of faction, and rival claimants would fain usurp even the throne of the Great Master, it is good to have an opportunity of judging for ourselves how infinitely beyond comparison is the work of the king of dramatists.

The matchless beauty of *Hamlet* needs no commendation here. Macready, after his last performance, laid aside the clothes of the Prince of Denmark with tears in his eyes, for grief that he should play "this dear *Hamlet*" no more. Countless as were the times when he had appeared

in the play, he said that he never took part in it without finding some fresh beauty, and loving it better. The manager who presents it worthily to the public gaze, the actor who devotes all the strength of his genius to interpreting lovingly the creation of the poet, confers a benefit upon the community at large. Its influence is nothing less than ennobling.

Opportunities have not been lacking in later years of seeing *Hamlet* on the stage, but the present revival at the Haymarket will not suffer on that account. Everyone who can will probably make a point of seeing it. Those already familiar with the play will go with keen interest to scrutinise this new Hamlet, and compare him with former favourites. Those who have not yet seen the play in acting guise will go (or it is to be hoped they will) to be plunged into a new world of wonder and admiration, for which the written text had but barely prepared them.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree brings to the part the natural advantages of a graceful figure and a well-trained flexible voice. His representation throughout gives token of deep study and elaborate polish.

It is impossible not to feel that he has worked out his task in a thoroughly earnest and scholarly manner. Every word is spoken with carefully considered emphasis; every gesture has its due significance. Hamlet is a complex character; it might be said of him, as of Cleopatra, "Age cannot wither, nor custom stale his infinite variety." It

is this "infinite variety" which constitutes at once the strength and danger of the character as far as a great actor is concerned. If he is possessed of power and originality he cannot fail to infuse life and interest into the part; on the other hand, however perfect and consistent the carrying-out of his own conception, he may not hope to escape adverse criticism, at least with regard to the points where he has chosen to differ from his predecessors.

The side of Hamlet's



"To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewell."—ACT III, SC. 1.

character which Mr. Beerbohm Tree emphasises perhaps at the expense of all others is his intense melancholy, and his brooding love for his father, which finds outlet now in the passionate desire for revenge, and now in bitter self-scorn at his own tardiness in action. This is thoroughly consistent with the text, but in

the play itself there are flashes of light amid the gloom which Mr. Tree seems almost deliberately to overlook. Hamlet's highly strung spirit has been rudely jarred, but by nature his sympathies are of the widest, and even in the midst of his dejection there

are moments when his old instincts flash forth. His interest in the Player is real, if brief; it might even be surmised that he took a wicked delight in the adoption of the "antic disposition" which allowed him to satirise old Polonius so freely. The characteristic scene where Hamlet playfully banter Osric in his own absurd phraseology is altogether omitted in the present revival. Where so much is excellent it seems ungracious to find fault. At the

same time anything that serves to show the "myriad-mindedness" of this master-creation is a distinct gain to the completeness of the picture as a whole.

A word of special praise may be given to all who take part in the present performance for their

distinctness and careful delivery of speech. It is a pleasure to hear poetry spoken as if it were poetry, and not badly arranged prose. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree as Ophelia shows to special advantage in the Mad-Scene. Her snatches of song are charmingly sung, and her vague waywardness of manner shows all too plainly the poor

distracted mind within. Mr. Fred

Terry makes a handsome and fiery

Laertes; Mr. Kemble's tedious

old Chamberlain is so life-like

as to be positively irritating;

Mr. George Barrett's First Grave-

digger is already

well known for the

richness of its

humour, which

bubbles forth with no

apparent effort, and

yet never overflows

due bounds. One of

the most perfect

scenes in the play

is that between

Hamlet and the

shrewd-

tongued 'Good-

man Delver.'

The picture of

the little

churchyard

with its mass

of rosy blos-

soms overhead

and the open

grave waiting

for its ill-fated

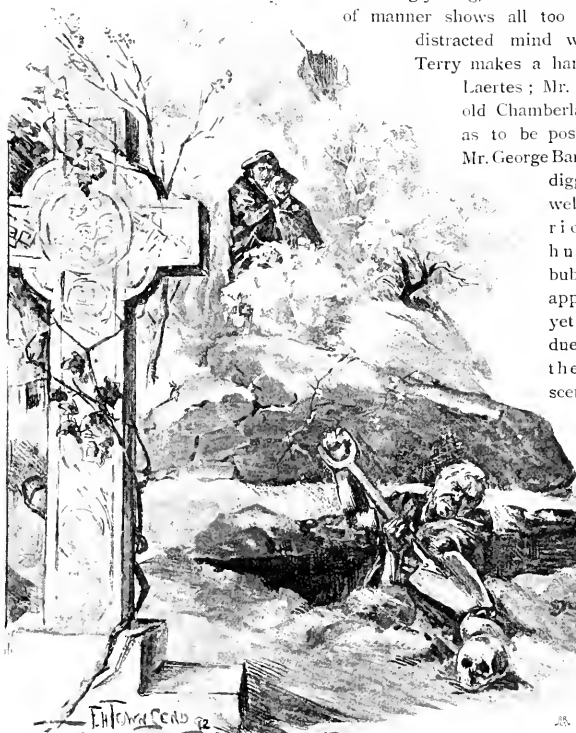
tenant, is

wonderfully

suggestive of a

peaceful melancholy quite in accordance with the spirit of the play. It is the momentary lull before the final storm that shall presently overwhelm in one general ruin guilty and guiltless,—hero, dupe, and villain.

M. M.



"Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?"

—ACT V. SC. 1.

MOST lovers of good literature have already probably read Mr. J. Barrie's *Little Minister*. (Cassell & Co.) The story has gone through a popular magazine, and, since its publication in volume form, has been widely read and much reviewed. It is now some years since this writer, with his freshness of style and keen preception of humour, came before the public. He wrote a few quiet volumes, which gradually and surely made their way to the front. He was absolutely unknown at the time, and at first his books were dipped into in a desultory fashion. By slow degrees appreciative eyes saw the beauty of his quaint pictures; the circle of his readers widened and widened, and he obtained that place among the foremost writers of the day, to which his talents entitle him.

There is nothing more capricious than public opinion; fashion permeates everything, and what is popular to-day is out of date to-morrow. The writers whose books sell in thousands one year, will find that the fickle public are pursuing a new favourite the next; but now and then a writer appears, in whose words there is so straight an appeal to the hearts of his readers that he rises above mere fashion and becomes, to a certain degree, a classic.

Mr. Barrie bids fair to occupy a place among the writers whose books live. There is a rugged life among the old Scottish hills, which he can describe with a touch whose pathos moves one profoundly. The very humour of these old folk is akin to tears. Mr. Barrie has a wonderful faculty of getting, as it were, *inside* his characters; he brings forward their strong points both for bad and good. They have a thousand little foibles and ten thousand good impulses; all are dissected and all revealed by this kindly analyst.

The Little Minister is the first absolute novel that this author has given us. As a mere novel the book is scarcely a success. The plot is feeble, and the heroine's character absolutely unreal. She fails to make an impression, and is a far less living being than poor old Nanny Webster, or than Margaret the Little Minister's mother. Had Mr. Barrie depended alone on the plot of his story and the character of his heroine for the making of his book, it would, in all probability, have been as great a failure as it is now a success. But the power of the man's genius lies in the fact that the

book which contains such serious blemishes can still be altogether delightful.

The Little Minister himself is as lovable as man can be. He and his "Auld Lichts" will live in the heart of every reader. They make the book, and a very fine book it is. As one reads the pages much laughter is excited, for the "Auld Lichts," with all their sterling qualities, are droll folk at the best. But such a scene as Nanny Webster's removal to the Poor-House excites emotions of a nobler sort; and in the chapter which is called "Margaret, the Precentor, and God Between," Mr. Barrie rises to heights which, with all his talent, he has never hitherto touched.

What Gavin, the Little Minister, says to his congregation when the floods surround him, and he is parted from them by a stone's throw of space and a mighty and impassable gulf of waters, also shows that power of imagination and that gift of sympathetic insight into character which this writer possesses to a rare degree.

* * *

MRS. WALFORD has seldom written a brighter, gayer, livelier story than *A Pinch of Experience*. (Methuen & Co.) The girl must be really dull who does not enjoy this account of another girl's life. The picture of a certain phase, perhaps a common one, of a section of London Society is sketched with that unerring touch which makes Mrs. Walford's stories so real. Rhoda excites sympathy from the moment she sets foot in her aunt's house. It is sad that such a bright and genuinely good little soul should be subjected to such a severe ordeal as she has to undergo in the worldly and vulgar household who prey upon her and treat her badly in every conceivable manner.

Another *Pinch of Experience* is also offered to this bright little heroine; but she has been taught wisdom by her first bitter dose, and discreetly sets it aside. The only fault in this book is its brevity.

* * *

ATALANTA girls will be interested to know that a book reviewed last month, called *A Primer on Browning*, is by Miss F. Mary Wilson, the winner of our first Ninety-pounds Scholarship.

L. T. Meade.

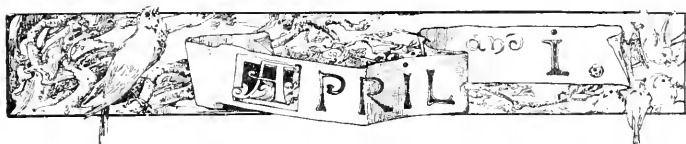


ATLANTA

VOL. V.

APRIL, 1892.

NO. 55.



BLACKBIRD, darling blackbird,
Flute your richest song!
Throstle, have you missed me?
Was it *very* long?

Gummy, brown-sheath'd elm-buds,
Groping for the sun,
Oh, my heart uncloses
With you every one.

Yes, I'm nodding, cowslip
But I cannot stay;
Violet, did they tell you
I should come to-day?

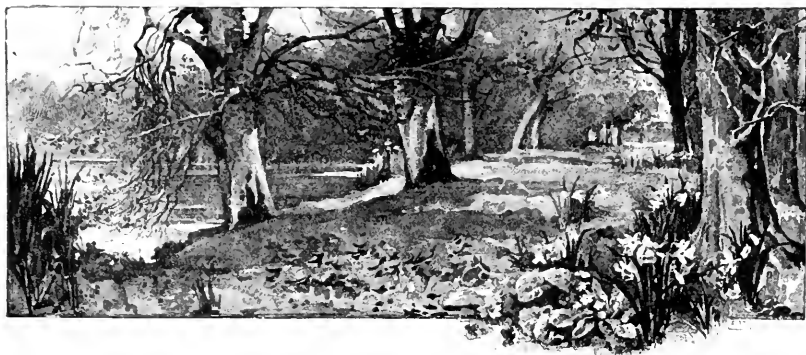


Earth, forget the hailstorm,
And the weary rain ;
Are we not together,
You and I, again ?

Oh, to tell you, primrose,
All I want to tell ;
Tears!—and I was laughing,
When they gushed and fell !

Do not be offended,
Soft and loving sky ;
April understands me—
She will tell you why.

FREDERICK LANGRIDGE.





MOON RISE IN SPRING

A BATTLE AND A BOY.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

CHAPTER XIII.

WITH an open book before him, Heinrich sat looking at the little fellows, considering them individually and wondering where some in whom he could mark change and improvement from month to month, almost from day to day, would end. After his own day's work was done, he spent three hours every evening with the Hort boys, and they had become more interesting to him than billiards or the club.

He had appeared on this new field indifferently, sceptically, and merely for a few weeks at the urgent prayer of his cousin, the Director, who could not find young men enough, or the right sort of men, to interest themselves in his scheme.

The younger teachers of the Gymnasium and all the better public schools were, as a class, busy men on small pay, who eked out their salaries by private lessons, and had little time and less desire, after teaching average boys all day, to devote themselves to worse than average boys in the Knabenhort. Socially there were curious difficulties. A duke may be careless of his worldly position, but a small German official of any description never, and the young stiff-necked pedagogues jealously claimed their prerogative to teach boys of the better class Greek and Latin. Men from the Folk's School, they asserted, should be summoned to struggle with the roughest and most unprofitable little rascals in town. But the Folk's School teachers had these boys all day, and trained them conscientiously on the old-fashioned principle of "Spare the rod and spoil the child," as well as that invective, hurled at the top of one's voice at a youngster, is the only known method of driving vulgar fractions into his head. How could they, then, thrash and scold six hours a day, and at four p.m. become calm and winning beings, actuated by sentiments wholly at variance with their own traditions and training?

With such problems the good old Director was greatly puzzled until the novel and bold thought occurred to him that men not professionally

occupied with boys all day, men whose nerves were not weary and irritable, and who had not learned to regard the species Small Boy as a natural enemy, would be best able to cope with the subtle difficulties of the Hort, the chief of which unquestionably was to make the boys like it; for if they did not like it they would not come, and that was the end of the matter. School was compulsory until they were fourteen; but the government did not interfere with their right to yell and hoot and fight, and run about the worst streets and alleys between daylight and dark, and hang about dram-shops, and inquisitively watch the goings on of their elders—the worst possible thing for their souls' health.

The Director presented his views to the gentlemen of the committee, who shook their heads and foresaw failure, as gentlemen of committees are apt to do when confronted with an innovation, forgetting that last year's innovation is this year's habit. They were convinced that only the veritable pedagogue could appreciate the earnestness of the undertaking and establish proper discipline. But they finally agreed to let the Director try his experiment—predestined, they declared, to failure—in one of the eight Hort.

He succeeded in impressing into the service his relative, young Heinrich, an architect just established, whose genius the world had not yet begun to recognise to an absorbing degree, and whose private income permitted him vagaries. His friend Theobald, less blessed in this world, and, at their solicitation, a few other young men employed in coaching boys for various examinations, came also when they could. Both had proved successful in their new sphere, and the Hort was conducted more and more according to their ideas, which were not always those of the committee or even of the Director. The entire council, for instance, discusses one whole evening with much fervour the question of ferule or no ferule, the majority being of the one opinion that it would be impossible to control youths without it, used to whacks from their cradles at home and at school. The young

men listened to the arguments *pro* and *con*. with much the same feelings as if the point under discussion were, in this nineteenth century, whether the sun revolved round the earth or not, and they gained from the debate, if nothing else, a stronger realization of the marvellous tenacity of prejudice, impeding the action of good heads and hearts. But after the wisdom of ages on the subject of the depravity of youth and the holy uses of chastisement had been exhausted, Arno rose and said, briefly, that he would not attempt to reply in detail to the Director and gentlemen of the committee, but would merely call their attention to the fact that he and his friends were not teachers, or men accustomed to beating small boys. They were willing to undertake the work at the Hort, provided they might be left free to exercise their own judgment as to the discipline required. They unanimously believed that these boys met with sufficient roughness elsewhere, and that the Hort, if successful, ought to be a surprise and contrast to their daily life; that, in short, he and his friends rejected the ferule. If it were insisted upon, they begged to withdraw.

The gentlemen of the committee shook their venerable heads again, differed among themselves, and took considerable time to make up their minds. They were honest and kind men who gave their services and money to the Hort, and each heartily desired its good; but if they had not systematically disapproved every modern idea, and stood firm on their moss-grown platform, they would not have been happy or felt that they were doing their duty. They had had a goodly amount of feruling themselves, they urged, and had thrived on it, and lived to be old and respectable.

"You had homes as a counteracting influence," Arno retorted. "These boys have not"

"What would you do if a big rowdy boy of fourteen should insult you?" asked the Director, whose kind heart desired peaceful ways, but whose traditions led him to base small hope on moral suasion with beings whose morals were imperceptible.

"I should probably put him out," replied Arno, "but I require no little polished stick for that purpose."

As candidates for work at the Hort were scarcely to be obtained for love or money, the

Directors accepted the young men upon their own terms. In four years no ferule had been used, and no rowdy boy ejected. Theobald's and Heinrich's youthful pessimism and *Ueltschmer*, which they had fondly believed was intellectual, received a powerful check in contact with the worst gamins of the city; for gradually the conviction took possession of the two students of boy-nature that, for the redemption of the world, the next best thing to casting the beam out of one's own eye is helping children cast the motes out of their eyes.

So-called charitable work with tough old sinners is apt to prove in the long run, even to the most perennially sanguine temperament, a weary and heart-sickening task. There are too many dragons to slay, and when, with the best intentions, one feeds and encourages and gives to the poor and needy, one frequently discovers with dismay that one is feeding and strengthening the dragons too.

But children are the future; children are hope and promise incarnate. Children, by the grace of God, have the right to receive gifts unquestioning. The professional beggar and the professional courtier cringe and lie for small favours; but the child, with wide-eyed indifference, deigns to accept love's gift of a flower or a kingdom, and, be he of high or low degree, has no gratitude in his soul. Why should he? Surely if he finds himself, by no fault of his own, on this planet, he may justly claim sustenance, clothing, education, and some pleasure too, until able to take care of himself. As to gratitude, that is a cultivated attribute, attainable by but a few choice spirits—generally, indeed, effervescent, and utterly foreign to childhood and the childish.

The boys of the Hort marched in then and took all that they could get, enjoyed themselves, and were sturdily and honestly thankless. If there was no gratitude, there was also no obsequiousness, and their unconsciousness of obligation had its own dignity. They were told the place was theirs; they took possession. Instead of learning their school-lessons as before, in cold, ill-lighted rooms, amid the cries of peevish, ailing babies, and the distractions of squalour, quarrelling, oaths, and blows, warmth, comfort, quiet, and cleanliness were now provided for them. They adapted themselves to the change with the ease with which you or I to-morrow would adapt ourselves to the balmy influences of an inherited million.

Food for their stomachs, and food for their eager half-starved minds, were given them freely. They partook of both simply and as their right. Sometimes the visiting clergyman told them they must be humble and grateful. It is to be feared they profited little from his exhortations. How could vigorous, thoughtless young animals, good-natured even when let alone, fierce when attacked, perceive the faintest shadow of the meaning of gratitude and humility?

They were, after all, quite as humble and grateful as Kurt von Normann and his like. That favoured youth was not apt to shed tears of joy over evidences of his parents' goodness, or to thank Providence for his dinner. Why, then, should one expect more delicacy from these little fellows? Why, was it not their right to be taken care of, and made happy, and trained into honest men? Why, indeed, was it not somebody's duty to atone as far as possible for the disease and vice and hunger and cold that had hovered over their cradles; for all their early years had failed to show them of cheerfulness, honesty, and kindly refining things? It would really seem that a well-dressed, well-fed, well-educated man of easy means, who presumes to stand before such children and instruct them that their first duty is to be humble and grateful, is totally destitute of both justice and humour. It would be more to the purpose if he should take upon his complacent self the burden of humility, and beg the children's pardon for his share of their merited wrongs and the world's gross neglect.

The young men learned much of the boys, grew to like and believe in them, hence gained new faith in human nature and courage for the work day by day. There was roughness enough to contend against, greed too, and astounding ignorance, but nothing wholly disheartening. If the boys cheated rather skilfully, they were no greater adepts in trickiness than other school-boys, and, like them, were by no means perfidious, hardened hypocrites, but responsive to kindness and reason administered in small doses and not in high-sounding phrases. The softening influence of the Hort, and the power of that subtle thing, *esprit de corps*, on all these waifs and strays, exceeded the most sanguine anticipations. Whoever expected the boys to appreciate the trouble they were giving, to be sentimental, or to kneel and kiss their benefactors' hands, were mightily mistaken. But

whoever reckoned upon their pride appealed to fairly, now for the first time, upon their gregariousness, upon the social instinct of imitation, upon the fact that if you accost the simple child of nature civilly the chances are he gives a decent answer, and that if you make yourself disagreeable he beats you at your own game, upon the intense satisfaction which children, rich and poor, feel in being treated with deference, upon their natural pleasure in being fed, warmed, clothed, and amused, and upon the affection and good-heartedness of the average young boy, if one knows how to approach him, was doomed to no disappointment.

Heinrich's respect for his boys increased with his knowledge of them. In retrospective and prophetic mood he looked around to-night on their bright busy faces, remembering how hopelessly coarse and bad many had seemed the first day he saw them. He knew from what dens and holes some had come. He recognised the incalculable force for good in rousing the self-respect of the most seemingly depraved child, and not curbing his sense of personal freedom even while suggesting the novel thought of the inviolability of his neighbour's rights. There was much which he and Arno longed to do which was not yet practicable. But they worked unwearyingly to impress upon these malleable souls that two and two make four, not only on their slates, but all through nature—a simple but vast fact frequently ignored by philanthropists who, in homilies to the poor, prefer to accentuate the virtue of submission and content and the comfort of religion.

To endeavour to convince the parents of the Hort boys that nothing happened without cause, in them any more than anywhere else, would have been in vain; for they, while for the most part without a breath of real religion or any conception of moral effort, were hopelessly imbued with cant, and ready enough with pious phrases to support their ignorance and superstition. Either the Lord was angry with them and punished them, not for anything they had done, but from what in a man would be called purely personal and arbitrary motives; or "the Lord would provide," whether they were lazy and profligate or not. Whatever their trouble, whatever their transgression, they shifted the responsibility upon the Lord's shoulders, and expected Him to step in and make good their fatuity and helplessness. That the exercise of

their intelligence and self-control would not be displeasing to the Almighty did not occur to them. If they left a child, just beginning to walk, locked in a room alone with a lighted kerosene lamp on a rickety chair, it was inscrutable Providence that tipped over the chair, broke the lamp, and burned the child. The father of one of the boys, while strongly under the influence of grog, had fallen from a scaffolding and been seriously injured, and Heinrich heard him say it was the Lord's will he should fall. Another man, convicted of three most aggravatedly brutal and cold-blooded murders, informed the court that "he would leave it all to the dear Lord."

It seemed worth while, then, with no discussion of creed or dogma, to try to give the children of such parents some sense of personal responsibility, and to teach them something of the law of cause and effect not only among the grasses, the flowers and trees, the animal kingdom, the tides and the stars, but in their own physical and spiritual lives. It seemed fair to suggest to them, that pain and disease did not indicate God's wrath, but only broken laws; and that He had breathed a spark of His divine spirit into each of them, that they should develop and not smother or stultify it.

As the boys were summoned to the music-room, Heinrich observed a little pantomime. Franzl, piloting Artur among the hurrying, coltish throng, pushed a boy of threatening size and proximity most summarily out of the way, who turned with an angry exclamation and uplifted arm, but seeing Artur, understood, and went quietly on.

"Ah," thought Heinrich, "if the world would stop fighting and begin to take care of the children, it would wake some morning—after ages, it may be—and find its prisons empty."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE Christmas-tree stood in the Normanns' drawing-room, and shone with enchanting effects of colour, and two hundred tapers already burned half down. The mingled odours of the pine and of choice roses floated in the warm air. The children had given the servants their presents first, prancing down the hall with delightfully mysterious packages to the group of men and women—including Leni—waiting in joyful expectation scarcely less than

Hildegard's. She had presented her papa with his slippers, tarnished with some hopeless tears and precious drops of her thumb's blood, and spoken the poem which she had learned for him; and if there were queer stitches in the one gift and queer slips in the other, Doris had come to the rescue in both instances, and the little girl was triumphant.

"Now, papa," she said, "every present is given, everybody is perfectly, terribly happy, and it's time for Franzl's three wishes. Kurt has promised not to tease and interrupt, if I'd give him my whole box of chocolate."

"How could you be such a pig, Kurt?" Doris exclaimed.

"Chocolate makes her stomach ache," he answered indistinctly, his mouth full.

"And your own?" inquired his father.

"Oh, mine aches anyhow, the day after Christmas." He retired to a corner with his fatalism, his goodies, and one of his new books.

"Why shouldn't the dear child have a little freedom Christmas eve?" urged Frau von Normann.

"Since the robber-knight is gorging himself, the moment seems propitious," remarked the Major. "Let Franzl tell me what he wants."

"Not tell you what he wants, papa," remonstrated Hildegard: "anybody can do that. You promised he should have three wishes. That's quite another thing; don't you know that?"

"Yes, yes, my dear, I'll try to appreciate the difference."

"Oh! I do hope he's got good ones. I always thought they were stupid in fairy-books. Do you know what I'd have said for my first wish? 'I wish that all my wishes would come true!'"

"But then there would have been no more fairy-tale," suggested Doris. "You would have stopped it short. No more wishes,—no more mistakes,—no more happiness,—no more story."

Hildegard looked puzzled.

"Oh! but, you see, I didn't think of that, and if I'd been in the story, I'd have wished it to keep on for ever; and, oh dear me, Doris, you've mixed me all up!"

"The philosophy of this discussion is too much for Hildegard and me. It doesn't make us happy. Leave us a few illusions, Doris. Bring on Franzl. Where is the boy?"

"Showing his presents to Leni."

Hildegard danced down the hall and led him back, books under one arm, warm woollen things under the other, a noisy little clock in his hand, rapture on his face, and a large prune in his mouth, its brown decorations visible about his lips.

"Now, Franzl, what can I do for you?" the major asked in an off-hand fashion.

"Oh, papa, that's not right," urged Hildegard, much distressed. "You must make a speech, and everybody must be still—even mamma."

"You see, Hildegard," said a muffled voice from the corner, "I'm not the only one that spoils your circus. You'll have to bribe them all; and you'd better hurry. The chocolates are more than half gone."

"I forgot, dear. I'll try to be more imposing," the Major assured his little daughter.

"Franzl," she whispered, "put down those things and wipe your face, won't you?"

With evident reluctance, he deposited his treasures on the floor near him, and rubbed his sleeve across his mouth.

Hildegard with her own handkerchief completed the ceremony, and pulled him to the spot on the carpet where it seemed to her he ought to stand, dancing about him and giving him little approving touches and pats.

Doris induced silence in the family group, and the servants drew nearer.

The Major rose and said as gravely as possible:

"I have the honour to officiate as fairy god-mother this evening, in response to the prayer of a little person for whom I entertain feelings of deepest affection, as well as profound respect for her gentle thought of others."

"That's it! That's the way!" whispered Hildegard, pulling his coat-tails encouragingly.

"And I wish that my son and heir, who is stuffing himself in the corner, were half as unselfish as she."

Kurt gave a malicious and chocolate gurgle: "Don't mind me, papa. You'll get off the track."

"No, don't mind him," whispered Hildegard anxiously.

The Major resumed: "It is, then, at the request of my daughter Hildegard that I have agreed to grant Franzl three wishes, provided they are reasonable and in my power. But, if the method is hers, I may well add that nothing could give me

more pleasure than to grant him the dearest wish of his heart. For he has given me and mine our dear boy's life, and our boy is unspeakably precious to us, and," catching Kurt's wicked satirical eye, "and—a great deal better fellow than he looks to-night at all events!"

"Hear, hear, hurrah!" called Kurt.

"Sh—h!" said Hildegard.

"I must express my appreciation not only of Franzl's courage and manliness, but also of his modesty, good sense, and," looking pointedly into the corner, "his complete absence of greed. Few boys could or would have waited three months, knowing I was ready any day to gladly do anything in my power for them."

"I know one that wouldn't," mumbled Kurt.

"Now, in order to make this ceremony long enough and impressive enough to satisfy Hildegard's severely classic and critical taste, permit me to inquire if your wishes are in good running order, Franzl? Have you prepared your part of the entertainment?"

"Not quite right, papa. It sounds almost as if you were making fun," expostulated the little voice at his elbow.

"I've got two of them ready," Franzl replied promptly.

"Two?"

"I don't think of anything else."

"You are an odd boy!"

"Oh, I say, will you trade the third one?" Kurt proposed. "I'll give you my sled for it—for half of it."

"I've got a sled," returned Franzl majestically.

"What kind of a one?" sneered Kurt. "An odd box. Mine's a double runner."

"Oh, papa, tell Kurt to be still. He promised. He doesn't belong in this at all."

"Kurt, you devote yourself to your own peculiar joys. You can have no mortgage on Franzl's wish, or play in Hildegard's theatre. You say that you are ready to tell me two wishes, then, Franzl. For form's sake merely, because Hildegard likes me to be dignified,—not because I doubt you an instant,—none has suggested either or any part of them to you, and you have mentioned them to none?"

"Nobody knows anything that I'm going to say," Franzl declared gleefully.

"Then, my dear boy, don't keep us any longer in suspense. What is your first wish?"

The Major was conscious of not a little curiosity. Hildegard, one flutter of excitement, would have been best pleased had Franzl asked for a horse with wings, or a cap to make him invisible. Frau von Normann, Doris, the guests, the servants in the background, all fixed amused, expectant eyes on the child, while Kurt, with a superior man-of-the-world smile, thought that, if he were in Franzl's shoes, he'd make their hair stand on end.

Franzl stood by the tree and faced the room in a state of rapturous and boundless excitement, not in the least on account of the wishes,—he knew very clearly what he had to say—but because of the joy of this wonderful Christmas, of the beautiful bright house and pictures and music—such as he was going to have when he was grown. He remembered his last Christmas and the tiny tree, and his mother smiling and asking him if it wasn't pretty, and if he wasn't pleased, and suddenly dropping her head on the table and sobbing as if her heart would break. The lump had come several times that evening; he found himself so often wishing that she could see his things. He wished little puckery bundles didn't take such an awful long time to grow into girls and sisters a fellow could speak to. Sometimes he wished Loisl was as big as Fräulein Doris, and sometimes he'd like her no bigger than Hildegard, and he wouldn't mind if she were like Leni either, but it was long to wait for her to grow into a sensible kind of family that a fellow could take comfort in. As he remembered her ten toes, he smiled with lingering fondness, his eyes raised toward the frescoed ceiling—like what he was going to have by-and-by—his whole presence beautiful, unconscious and free.

It was but an instant he paused to get his thoughts straightened out—which were tumbling over one another in the queerest way—thoughts of home, of the Hort, of the farm, of all the people he knew, the white procession, the brook at the child-market, and Paul's mother with the man's hat on her head.

"I wish," he began in a clear confident voice and looking squarely in the Major's eyes, "that you'd let Leni have Karl, because they want to be a family."

A suppressed, frightened exclamation and the hurried opening and closing of a door were heard from the servants' group.

The Major stared in astonishment at the boy, who, however, gave him no opportunity to respond, but went on with calm trustfulness, every word distinct and sweet:

"You'll have to get Karl some sort of a place you know, Herr Major. He's got to have some kind of home ready for her; a gardener's place she'd like best. But she doesn't care; she only wants to be a family. She doesn't want meadows, or orchards or barns or cattle; she'd rather have the smallest house, the smallest room with Karl."

"But, Franzl," stammered the amazed Major.

"There's nothing Karl can't do," continued the child with his air of illuminated reminiscence. "Her father can't find any fault with him, except he's poor. It was three years ago, he turned him out of the house that very night; it was about a year ago he made up his mind she should marry Andreas Klumpp. When she tells her father Jenny's giving less milk, they look in each other's eyes and see Andreas Klumpp. No matter how hard and long work is, it comes to an end sometime, and you can draw a long breath and say, 'That's done, thank Heaven!' but if it's inside of you, if it's two people pulling in different directions under one roof, and each as tough as the other, it's awful, it tires you out soul and body. First he said 'November,' and when she told him she'd rather run away, then he said 'February.' The women said, 'She'd better take Klumpp and done with it, and wear a decent face on her. What did she want more than the biggest farm for miles and miles? As for Karl, she might as well give him up first as last, for old Christian never changes his mind.'"

"The deuce he doesn't!" muttered the Major, laughing so hard that he had to wipe his eyes.

Franzl went on with the tenacity of the Ancient Mariner.

"Andreas Klumpp is sixty years old, had the palsy, a bald head, and one foot in the grave. It isn't very lively at his house. Of course Leni can't marry him when Karl is her real family, and young and pleasant-looking with merry eyes, and they are lovers. He came to work when he was a little boy. Her mother loved him like a son. If Leni can almost manage a whole farm year after year when her heart is heavy, it is reasonable to believe she could make a little room warm and cosy and bright, if she felt hopeful and

glad. It was quiet that night, so she could tell me things. Sometimes her mouth is sealed. Then she has none to speak to. If her mother had lived it would have been different."

"Dear little Franzl!" murmured Doris.

"Have you finished?" asked the Major. "Are you sure you've reeled off' all of it?"

Franzl observed that they were all laughing, but did not trouble himself about a trifle like that, being too much absorbed in what he had had on his mind weeks and weeks.

"Yes, I think that's all, except perhaps you'll let Karl be your gardener, or something, because he's only working in his cousin's vineyard now, and perhaps you'd give them a little room. Leni is tired of the fight, and Andreas Klumpp is like a black shadow over everything, and Lutz is hard as a rock, and she's worked as she's never worked before, and, when she knew how hard her father felt toward her, she worked still better, hoping to please him. Wherever a sharp eye, a willing hand, and quick feet could help, they have helped her father, and he knows it. The women may say she's proud and stiff—they do all the time, I hear them—but they can't say she doesn't work—nobody can. He sees how she tries day and night. But it's no use. He's got it into his head, his farm and Andreas Klumpp's farm must marry. It makes Leni tired and awful old. She isn't any older than Fräulein Doris, though she looks miles older; Fräulein Doris is so white and soft. It's work that ages women. She's only young with Karl. She wants to be young and happy a little while with him. It isn't any kind of family, if you marry a man with his foot in the grave and the palsy. It's hard for an honest girl to disobey her father; but if he turns her out she'll go. She and Karl belong to each other. That's the long and short of it. She and I have been friends since the first day, and if she's had any comfort since I came it's through me, and that's the truth. She wanted me. She felt kind to me; she thought a good deal about me. She believed I'd bring her good luck, but perhaps that was only a notion. She remembered how pleasant it was when her mother was alive, and Karl was a little boy and took care of the cows. Grown people want their mothers too. A room would do, but I think she'd like a house better." He smiled prophetically at the carving and frescoes. "Quite a small house would

do for them. That's my first wish," he continued confidently, stooping to take up his cloak.

"All of it?" gasped the Major.

"O Franzl, you are splendid! You're a daisy boy!" cried Hildegard. "Such a beauty wish! Now, papa, it's your turn."

"I don't know that I've ever in my life been so amused," said the Major.

Franzl regarded him with solemn wonder.

"We laugh because it's a surprise, dear," Doris explained.

"Yes, a great surprise," her father agreed emphatically. "I did not anticipate this plunge into a village idyll."

"But you promised, papa, and it is his wish."

"I promised anything reasonable and in my power, my dear. This is an unexpected turn of affairs. I must consider. Upon my word, I'm interested, I'm touched. It's astonishing what an unmitigated brute that sort of man can be. He's what they call an honest man too, a moral man, a thrifty man. And now he's going to sacrifice the happiness of a good faithful daughter, and all for an idea—a selfish, soulless, mercenary, stubborn whim! He's a hard man, a very hard man. It is inconceivable!"

With a fine crescendo effect he worked himself up to a high pitch of virtuous indignation.

"It's not my matter. It's not a thing for children to settle, obviously; still——"

"But we like it, you know," cried Hildegard; "we like it terrible much, it is so grown-up."

"Are you going to let Karl be your gardener?" demanded Franzl.

The Major reflected.

"The more I think of it, the less I see any reason why I should not give him a situation, provided he's a good man. I'm free to engage anybody that suits me, am I not? I always need extra help towards spring, don't I? I can take Christian Lutz's son-in-law as well as anybody else, can I not? Of course I do not assume any responsibility in respect of people's feelings and matrimonial intentions; but that Lutz is an uncommonly disobliging, mulish fellow. He intends to annoy me and oppose me, and, it seems, to annoy and oppose everybody else. It will be a healthy thing for him to find out others can oppose too. Upon my word, I sympathise with the young people. I'll do what I can. Unmannerly fellow,

that Lutz! I wish you'd heard him talk to me, or rather not talk to me, perhaps I ought to say. At all events, when he talked, and when he didn't, he was most obnoxious. Why shouldn't that nice, modest, pretty girl, Leni, have the man she wants? Here, Franzl, here's my hand on it. You've got me into curious business, but I'll try Karl as under-gardener."

"And the house?"

"It goes with the place."

"All right," said Franzl, with a satisfied smile. "Of course I knew you would," he added approvingly.

"Thank you, returned the Major.

"Now please, papa, make them be still again for the second wish. Please *shoo* at Aunt Helene."

"Isn't one enough?" asked Doris with vague uneasiness; "so good a one too! "Shan't we let Franzl keep the other till next time?"

"Why, Doris!" exclaimed Hildegard in consternation.

"Aren't you tired of it?" Doris threw her arm round her father's neck.

"Not at all, not at all; I'm just getting into the spirit of the thing. I like Hildegard's variety-show. That boy is priceless. My appetite is fairly wetted for his next preposterously droll idea."

"It is only—I thought—perhaps——"

"What is it? Why, Doris, you are pale, aren't you?"

"It's nothing, papa; nothing that I really know." She glanced hastily round the room. There was no stranger there; only tolerably harmless aunts and cousins. She had motioned the servants to go out when Franzl began his harangue about Karl and Leni. She stooped and kissed her father's forehead."

"But, Doris, if you please, wouldn't interrupt!" Hildegard pleaded. "You can kiss papa any time. Just when Kurt, for once in his life, is quiet too!"

"Now, Franzl, my boy," said the Major, genially, graciously, putting one knee comfortably over the other, "what's the second one?"

"I wish," the boy began in the simplest, most tranquil way, "that you'd please let Fräulein Doris and Herr Arno be a family too, because she likes him, she's always known him; he's awful good to me and the other boys, and he's worth six of Count Rosen, who is at the officers' riding-school in Hanover, and head over heels in debt—

mean debts too—and there's going to be trouble for Fräulein Doris when he comes back in the spring. Down in Wymburg you are doing exactly what they are doing up in Waldheim. It's a kind of trade everywhere, and it's a sin to marry lands and titles together instead of hearts; but if you are poor, you haven't much chance. So I thought if you would get Herr Arno a place—some sort of a booky place, I suppose—it would be a great deal pleasanter; and then Fräulein Doris and he needn't be wishing for something they can't get, quite like Karl and Leni. It must be uncomfortable to be always wishing and wishing," he concluded easily.

The Major had given a start and risen with the child's opening words, but Franzl was not lightly turned from subjects which he had revolved months in his busy mind. When he had come to say, he said; and as to people's looks, there was a great deal in this respect which he found queer but unimportant: if they laughed or glared at him, it didn't seem to make much difference, since he didn't know why, and they always stopped sooner or later.

"Doris!" the Major said with sternness.

"It's quite true," the girl replied bravely.

"You did not——"

"Know? Oh, papa, could I do such a thing? I suddenly felt—feared what he would say."

"My family affairs," he muttered, staring with haughty incredulity at everybody except the culprit.

"Dear papa, come with me; come into your study, and mamma too. The dear little boy meant no harm. Don't be vexed with him. It won't be worse when we've spoken of it. Perhaps it will be better. Come!" she murmured caressingly, slipping her arm in his, her voice somewhat tremulous, her face sweet and resolute, and turning on the threshold to smile at Franzl.

Left to themselves, the children held high carnival.

"Oh, you do it splendidly!" Hildegard assured orator and actor, pirouetting wildly about him. "It has gone off even better than I expected. Because the wish ought always to make adventures, you know; and when Beauty said she wanted only a rose, she got everybody into trouble; and you've made Doris cry, and mamma purse up her lips, and papa terribly angry; and they are in there having secrets, and it's splendid fun; and of course Arno's millions are nicer than Count Rosen, and oh, Franzl, you are such a terrible nice little boy!

While Kurt produced his entire repertoire of grimaces to do justice to the moment, and laughs uncontrollably at what he called Franzl's 'trap to catch a sunbeam,' and rolled on the carpet and kicked his baronial legs as a relief to his feelings.

"Why, Franzl, you have told him to his face he was like old Lutz trading his daughter; and the joke of it is, I don't see how he's going to get out of it. You beat me even at impudence. But I'm with you as far as Arno is concerned."

"I don't think you act very sensibly," Franzl calmly observed, trying to take his clock to pieces.

"I don't want to act sensibly. Anybody'd be a fool who was sensible, after hearing you and papa. 'And what is it now, Franzl, my boy?' says papa, smirking as bland as you please, and off goes your bomb!"

"Well, if I had to wish, why shouldn't I wish what I did wish?" Franzl demanded hotly. "What are you grinning about, anyhow?"

"At papa—papa!" Kurt called frantically. "I'm laughing at him, and I can't stop if I die for it. And I'm not afraid of you, Franzl, you know; but it's no use quarrelling with me to-night, when I've laughed till I'm weak as a rag, and you can batter me and drown me, and make an end of me in no time, easier than ever."

"And you are full of my chocolate up to the throat, too," remarked Hildegard, with some asperity.

"I don't care when grown people laugh," Franzl said, watching him suspiciously—"they are always laughing when nobody knows why; but you make me mad."

"Kurt is a terrible tease, you know, but he isn't laughing at your wishes really. He thinks they are splendid: he never could have thought of them himself."

"No, I couldn't!" roared Kurt, breaking out with a fresh paroxysm. "Nobody could! Oh, it's daisy—it's daisy!"

"It will all end right, you'll see," Hildegard said joyfully: "and we've made the story, and there are two pairs of them."

"I'm acquainted with lovers," Franzl returned loftily. "I used to see them in the Venter Thal."

It was long before the family council adjourned.

The tapers had burned low; the children sat on the floor chatting in drowsy intermittent fashion when the door opened and they sprang up expectant.

Doris was pale, wet-eyed, but radiant.

The Major came straight to Franzl, and stood a few moments looking down with curiously conflicting emotions before speaking.

"My friend, you small but formidable man, I have concluded to grant your second wish. My daughter, with considerable effort, has succeeded in convincing me that it is reasonable and in my power. You seem to be strangely involved in the fate of my family. I shall never forget—I trust not one of us will ever forget—that your fate, so far as human power can shape it, concerns us vitally, our honour and our faithfulness."

He paused, smiling rather sadly on them all.

"I don't know whether you have made me win or lose to-night, children. I hope it is all for the best."

"Why, of course," piped up Hildegard, reassuringly. "This is exactly the way it ought to be."

"It is very sudden," remarked Frau von Normann plaintively.

Doris stooped quickly and kissed her hand whispering with a mischievous smile:

"Cheer up, papa," said that young gentleman. "It's an awfully good joke, you know, but you are marching out of it with flying colours. I'm proud of you, and I vote for Arno every time."

"Let us say I have surrendered, after some pretty hot skirmishing—surrendered to youth. I have proved too strong for me. And, Franzl, I feel grateful that you have been generous and not exerted your power to its utmost limit—that you have tempered justice with mercy. I don't think I could bear another of your clever surprises to-night. I'll put that third wish down to your credit. I shall be relieved if we postpone it to an indefinite future."

"I don't mind," returned Franzl, sleepy but dignified, and stretching himself to his extreme dimensions, always his instinct when he stood near the tall Major. "I don't want anything more now; when I do, I will tell you—if I can't get myself."

(To be continued.)

THE BABY'S NAME

BABY, what shall mother name you?
Lying at your little feet

Such a big world waits to claim you!

What then shall she call her sweet?

Shall she find some name to shadow

Forth for you a gentle fate?

Little lamb within the meadow,

Little pilgrim at the gate,

Mother has sweet mothers' fancies,

Shall she, where the west winds blow

Through her garden, quaint with pansies,

Choose the fairest flow'rs that grow?

Shall she fold your wee white fingers

Round each tender dewy stem,

And, while still their fragrance lingers,

Call you "Lilian," after them?

Shall she, glancing down the page,

Written by the hand of Time,

Choose a name that, through all ages,

Shines with dignity sublime?

With a tender homage laden,

Radiant with a wondrous glow,

"Mary," name of old world maiden,

Gathered from the long ago,

Shall she, mother wonders oftly,

Choose some minstrel darling's name?

One whose syllables fall softly,

Musical with poet fame?

Mother, should she choose among them,

Swift could find her fancy's queen.

Purest poet lips have sung them

Sweet and clear, "Evangeline."

For to-morrow is your christening!

Mother fancies, at the same,

All the Angels will be listening,

Listening for the baby's name.

Darling, mother thinks that, maybe,

In *their* home you sometime trod;

And your name shall be, my Baby,

"Theodora—Gift of God."

ROMA WHITE.



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ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

(From the Portrait painted by herself in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence)

THE AUTOGRAPH PORTRAITS GALLERY IN FLORENCE.

John Timmerman

"OH! had some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us,"
sings Burns; but when he so wrote he cannot have thought of the actual visible presentments of ourselves as they are brought before us by the portrait-painters. For what results, varied and diverse, do not these artists turn out? To see ourselves limned by some five or six different

painters is to find ourselves perplexed and in doubt as to what really are the features and aspects we present to the world; for every man seems to see not only something different in his fellows, but characters so divergent, so often almost discordant, that we ask in despair which is the real image of the man, and what does he look like indeed. Truly, this art of portrait painting is Protean and individual exceedingly, every

picture bearing on it the *imprimatur* of the special interest taken in humanity by the artist, be this interest purely one of texture, of feature, or of soul, character, or expression. But if the portraits of artists are an interesting study when they deal with sitters pure and simple, how infinitely interesting do they not become when the model is the painter himself; when they show

the man not only displaying all his distinctive characteristics of style, but revealing what manner of person he thinks himself to be, showing us how he appears in his own eyes.

In Florence, in the Uffizi Gallery, there exists a collection unique in the world, an inexhaustible mine of study and investigation, namely, a gallery of autograph painters' portraits. This collection

was first begun in the 15th century by Cardinal Leopoldo de' Medici, its nucleus being a large number of painters' portraits which existed in the academy of St. Luke at Rome, purchased by this art-lover, who added to them all such autograph portraits as he could obtain, whether of his own or of a previous epoch. Peter Leopold of Lorraine, afterwards Emperor of Austria, augmented the collection in the 18th century by the



PETER PAUL RUBENS.

purchase of a number of works belonging to the Abbé Pazzi, and the collection has been since greatly enriched by gifts of portraits from painters of all countries. In order to prevent swamping the gallery, for the collection already numbers over six hundred examples, the Directors of the Uffizi have of late reserved to themselves the right of requesting the portraits of those painters of



PORTRAIT OF JACOPO BASSANO AND HIS FAMILY

J. Bassano pinx.

Art. Reproduction.

the day whom they hold worthy of the high honour of being included in these ranks, and hence for an artist to be asked to give his portrait to the Uffizi Gallery is always a compliment, and an acknowledgment that his fame is international.

Needless, perhaps, to say that the rooms devoted

to this exhibition contain an immense number of paintings of extremely varied merit, some being master-pieces, others melancholy monuments of imbecile conceit. As far as possible, chronological order has been preserved in their arrangement. Thus, the older portraits are in the first room one enters. Further, in hanging the pictures, the territorial rule has, to a certain degree, been followed.

On coming into the large room we find on the right-hand wall and on one-half of that opposite to the portraits of the painters of southern Italy, while those of upper Italy are found on the two corresponding sides.

Concerning the older portraits it has not been possible to establish with certainty their

authenticity. Thus our latter-day searching criticism seems to have established beyond question that Michael Angelo's portrait is not autograph, but the work of one of his contemporaries and friends, and the strange, large-eyed boy, a clever fresco sketch called "Masaccio," the learned

assign to Filippino Lippi. On the other hand, Raphael's beautiful eyes were painted by himself, of that there can be no doubt; indeed, it is on record that this canvas was executed in 1506 on the occasion of a flying visit to Urbino in order to leave to his relatives a memorial of himself. That Andrea del Sarto, "the faultless painter," the man who loved his wife more wisely than well, to his own moral



ANDREA DEL SARTO.

hunt, was as addicted to painting his own portrait as he loved to paint hers, we all know from the galleries of England and the Continent. In this Pantheon of painters' portraits hangs the last picture he portrayed of himself. The unfathomably sad eyes are there still, looking, perchance, sadder than ever as they gaze out of

a face that has grown fat and flaccid and has lost its nobility. Florence boasts several

thin a painter, and indeed he did, they say, take a turn with the brigands now and then.



LEONARDO DA VINCI.

portraits of Andrea more agreeable in expression, younger and handsomer, but few, perhaps, are better painted than this fresco study hastily thrown down on a rough brick. A glorious self-presentment, one of the finest of the collection, is that of Leonardo da Vinci, with its abundant blond beard and hair, and its perfect features. Unfortunately, it is not easy to see it in every light, as, to protect it, it has been covered by a glass. Cardì, called Cigoli from his native village, the painter of San Francesco d'Assisi, hangs close by. His is a characteristic portrait; he wears a fur cap, and there is something about the whole style of the picture suggestive of the Eclectic school to which he belongs. Salvator Rosa glowers from his canvas, looking more like a brigand

On the wall opposite what a wonderful assemblage of great painters do we behold gazing down at us with their century-old faces! In the centre hangs the magnificent picture of Titian, adorned with the gold chain given to him by his patron, Charles the Fifth, clad in a fine velvet mantle, which he clasps with his beautiful hand, while above rises his strong, dogmatic, clearly modelled face. This portrait dates from the artist's sixty-second year. Here, too, we see the aristocratic profile of Paolo Caliari, of Verona, known in art as Paolo Veronese, whose sumptuous sympathies are quite explained by his own features, that reveal one to whom all that is gorgeous, grand, vast, and beautiful must have had great attraction and innate affinity. How different in character is



CARLO DOLCE.

the powerfully rendered small head of Giovanni Bellini, painted with the severe precision which recalls the influence of his brother-in-law, Mantegna. All the richness of the glorious Venetian colouring resides in this masterly self-study of a fine, determined face, that reveals a character of dogged energy and persistent perseverance. Not far off we behold the red face of Dosso Dossi, the

son of a painter, who educated him with great care, sending him to Venice to study with Bonifazio Veneziano. He especially excelled in animals and in all accessories, such as copper vessels, flowers, table furniture. Four of his sons were brought up to follow their father's career, two of them remaining in Bassano, while two others, those whose portraits are in Florence, settled in



PAUL VERONESE.

Ferrarese, whose pictures so awaken the wrath of Mr. Ruskin, because he holds that the influence of this less refined Paolo Veronese is of a sensuous character.

Very interesting are the portraits of the three Bassanos, Jacopo da Ponte and his two sons, Francesco and Leandro, called Bassano from their native town. Jacopo the father was himself the

Venice. Francesco was of a simple and ingenuous temperament, with no notion of the value of money; whatever he received he brought to his wife, who, happily for him, managed it extremely well. Unfortunately Francesco was subject to melancholy, consequent on over-work. He was haunted by the idea that he was pursued by the police, and once, hearing a knock at his house-door, he flung himself



Art. Reprod. 1

ELIZABETH LE BRUN.

Elle a peint pour Louis XIV. le Génie, Flore

from the window, causing injuries of which he died in the prime of his life. Leandro, the other brother, was more fortunate. He was offered a position at the Court of Vienna which he refused, preferring to settle in Venice, where he lived in great splendour and ultimately died. The school of Bassano was greatly admired out of Italy, especially in the Netherlands, and Teniers was called Bassano

hand, would rather deserve the epithet of naturalistic.

A fine head is that of the aged Jacopo Robusti surnamed Il Tintoretto because his father was dyer, the artist who was as admirable as a portrait-painter as he was as an imaginative artist. His expressed endeavour to unite the colouring of Titian with the drawing of Michael Angelo makes



TINTORRETTI

as a nickname. Even Paul Veronese sent his own son Carletto to learn painting in this school for artists, which continued to exist for many years both at Bassano and Venice.

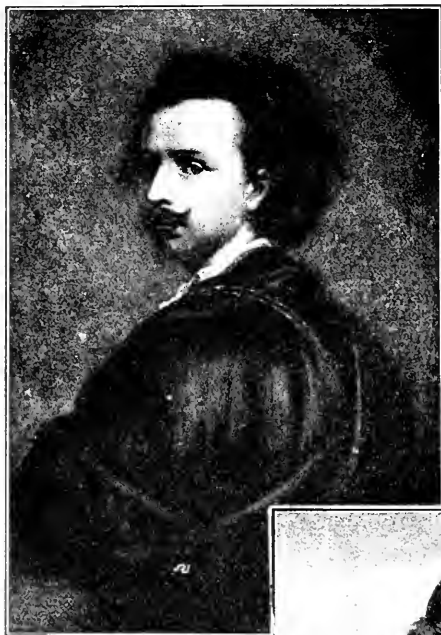
Carlo Dolce's portrait is rather a surprise, being entirely different from any of his other works, which are generally sentimental in the highest degree. His own portrait, on the other

itself felt in this autograph portrait full of dignity and charm. High up on the same wall hangs the portrait of his gifted daughter, Marietta, who died while still young. That Moroni, called Morone, that prince of portrait-painters, should produce a fine image of himself was to be anticipated. He is seen here with his palette in hand, giving a scrutinizing upward glance as though at some

model before him. The colouring is rather Venetian in character, but he was a Veronese

features do not bespeak the artist or idealist. And indeed they were not idealists, and many modern critics would almost dispute their claims to be called artists, at least in the highest sense of that word. Magnificent in modelling and painting is the head called Pietro Perugino, though modern all-disintegrating critics will not allow that it is an autograph, but a portrait of the Florentine, Francesco delle Opere, painted in 1494, at Venice, by the great master of Raphael. Fortunately these same critics are willing to admit that the Alessandro Allori is genuine, that life-like face surmounted by the blue cap, which seems almost to start out of the canvas, it is so living and real.

In the same hall where hang these Italian masters, are also many portraits of foreigners. One of the most notable is that of Albrecht Durer, a carefully painted picture, executed, as the inscription tells us, when the artist was twenty-six years of



ANTONIO VAN DYCK.

from Brescia. A very handsome portrait is that of Mazzola, known as Parmigianino. It is also signed, and therefore authentic beyond question; indeed, connoisseurs regard this as one of the best, if not the best, autograph portrait of the whole collection. A calm, pale, refined face is that which looks down from the wall and bears the name of Guido Reni, such as one might expect from the painter who refined his pictures too rigidly at times, until they often lost strength and character in the process. Near to him are seen his Bolognese fellow-townsmen, the Caracci, coarse, ordinary men whose



GIOVANNI BELLINI.

age. It is held to be a replica of his famous self-portrait at Madrid. Very strongly painted, full of virile character, is the portrait-head of Quentin Matsys, the Flemish blacksmith, who for love's sake became an artist, the father of the girl he wished to marry thinking that a more honourable pro-

A rough, ugly, amazingly realistic head, solidly painted, stands for Hans Holbein the younger. Of Rubens there are two splendid portraits; one wearing the well-known broad hat that has become identified with his name. An irresistibly handsome Vandyke, looking round over his shoulder in



HANS HOLBEIN.

fession than his own. By an ingenious contrivance this portrait is made to open, and behind it we see, also painted by the artist's own hand, the good, honest, homely face of the sweet wife for whom he renounced his trade. There is a touching inscription, too, telling the whole romantic tale.

a seductive fashion, is held by hypercritics to be no original, but is so accepted by the Directors of the gallery, and was held as such at the time it was acquired. It certainly presents all Vandyke's salient characteristics of grace and refinement. Excellent and grand are the two portraits of the



Art. Reproduction

PIETRO PERUGINO

From the Last alt. picture by him, in the Uffizi, Florence.

great Spaniard, Velasquez, one with a steel collar, one with a large white one.

Amazing and thoroughly *rococo* in style are the Frenchmen, Mignard and Rigaud, with their wigs and their conceited expressions. An admirable portrait in pastels is that of Liotard, once a rival in fashion to our own Sir Joshua Reynolds, the painter of the famous "Chocolate Girl" in the Dresden Gallery, familiar from cocoa advertisements. He wears a turban, and writes in the corner of his picture that he was called "*Le peintre turc*." Rembrandt, so addicted to self-portraiture, is here with two excellent pictures of himself. A strong portrait is that of Rubens' great pupil, Jordaens, who painted such realistic groups of revellers. Indeed, the Dutch, as is well known, excel in portraiture, and many excellent portraits of Dutch painters are here to be seen, some of them small and exceedingly elaborate in execution after the approved Dutch style. Beautiful and attractive, the incessant mark for copyists, is the

portrait of the charming Madame Le Brun, with the sketch of her unfortunate royal patroness, Marie Antoinette, on the easel before her. Near by hangs the portrait of a sister-painter, the ill-fated Angelica Kauffmann, the heroine of Miss Thackeray's "Miss Angel," a well-painted work,

a little cold in colour, but a strong and life-like portrait all the same. Not far off hangs her admirer and constant friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, a pathetic portrait painted in middle age, when deafness had already shut him off from the enjoyment of social intercourse. Sir Godfrey Kneller, his predecessor in fashionable fame, is here also, defiant in social well-being, and clad in a meretric bag-wig.

Besides those named, there are several interesting portraits of women in this



QUENTIN MATSYS.

collection; for example, Lavinia Fontana, who figures in Mr. Trollope's "Decade of Italian Women," the successful portrait-painter, of whom Lanza says that she was applied to by the Roman ladies because she displayed their ornaments more perfectly than was possible to any male artist in

the world. She attained to such softness and sweetness in her art that some of her portraits have been attributed to Guido Reni. Artemisia Gentileschi, like Marietta and Lavinia, was the daughter of a painter, whom she accompanied to England. A picture by her, "Judith and Holofernes," more energetic than agreeable, hangs in the Uffizi Gallery. Like Lavinia Fontana, she was most successful in portraiture. There is also an interesting picture of Giovanna Fratellini in pastels, painting the portrait of her son. The later female portraits, it must be owned, are not of high merit; they are generally over-carefully painted, and apt to lack the first requisite of a good portrait, namely, life.

Of the moderns I have left my self little space to speak, though these too are deeply

interesting. Indeed, there is scarcely a part of the Uffizi Gallery in which more instructive hours can be passed than in this portion devoted to autograph portraits, studying how the artists developed, progressed, retrograded, and changed in character at different epochs, and under the influence of different styles and diverse nationalities. As an

instance let me name one of the latest additions, that of the Scandinavian Zorn, whose impressionist pictures, with their curious broad flesh-handling, have annually of late excited such interest at the Paris Salon. It is quite startling to come on this impressionist work among the more solidly painted pictures of the older masters, so entirely modern

is it in treatment. Indeed, it requires to be seen at a great distance in order to bring out its power, but so seen it is impossible not to accord to it a meed of great praise. Near by is the portrait of yet another Scandinavian, Eilig Petersen of Christiania, a powerfully painted likeness of a strong, large man, a picture belonging in art to the same school to which Ibsen belongs in literature. The heads of the great French painters, Bonnat and Henner, look out from



OF GUIDO RENI.

the walls with telling effect, especially the small head of the latter which carries in a wonderful way. The Englishmen, of whom, however, there are few, look well and do honour to their country. Three, Leighton, Millais, and Watts, hang in a row, and are all exceedingly characteristic of their painters: Leighton smooth and slightly theatrical, Millais

sturdy and frankly British, Watts dim and introspective. The latest English contribution is Hook, the marine painter, with all the azure of the ocean in his eyes. The Frenchmen are more abundantly represented, for it would seem that the English do not always respond to the

invitations when sent, not comprehending, with insular narrowness, the full meaning of the compliment implied in the request. But neither of the Frenchmen, the Russians (also well to the fore), nor of the later Italians have I room left to speak.

A VIOLIN-MAKER IN THE NORTH.

LADY LINDSAY.

OUT from the noisome pit, from black caverns below the ground,
 Blinded, and grimed with the coal, and worn with their weary round,
 When gloaming lies on our land, and the peaceful sky is grey,
 The miners homeward wend, for done is the task of the day.
 High on the brow of the hill, where fields gleam yellow with corn,
 A dozen red roofs are scattered round one tall shaft forlorn;
 And there the poor folk dwell, and there the women must work,
 Whilst the men go down to the pit from earliest dawn till mirk,
 And children play in the road, or wander barefoot and free,
 And gather the scarlet poppies, or count the ships on the sea.

There, a few years gone, a collier dwelt and toiled,
 Like the rest, weary and poor, with cinders and earth besoiled;
 But, though his hands were hard, his fingers were deft of touch,
 And the coal that begrimed his brow had not darkened his thoughts o'ermuch.
 Every eve—as soon as the welcome bell of release
 Heralded rest and air, and some blessed hours of peace—
 He to his home would hie, as an arrow travels straight,
 And seek his accustomed place by the narrow garden-gate.
 The northern twilight lingered and lasted that he might sit
 And whittle a piece of wood, and curiously fashion it,
 Till night, in gentle reproach, cast her veil across the land:
 "Thou hast laboured, friend, all day! Come, stay the work of thy hand!"
 But he laughed as he trimmed his lamp, and cried: "What is day to me?
 The blue sky is not for miners—this shall my noontide be.
 Victory lies before me, for they who work must win,
 And I'll find the secret at last of the voice of the violin!"

Within a cupboard of oak, where none too close might spy,
 Was the copy he sought to copy—a gem he prized o'er high.
 Oft did he pause in work, to touch the treasure awhile,
 To hold it lovingly close, and gaze on its form, and smile,
 Till the shining pine grew alive, and the head and neck stretched out,
 And answered with quivering gleam his almost jubilant shout:
 "Ay, thou'rt kin to a Strad, thou art moulded in self-same line,
 The colour, the body, the purfling, the height and the breadth, are thine;

Thou has lain by the mighty dead ; some luminous glance from him
 Has flashed on thy golden varnish with flame that shall ne'er grow dim.
 And to me—thy silence and beauty—thy speechless glory seems
 Like the face of that mystic master who visits me oft in dreams
 Whether I wake or sleep, whether I'm lying here
 In my bothic upon the hill, where there's neither friend nor cheer,
 Or when, in the womb of the earth, dark-prisoned, down underneath,
 I stay the beat of my hammer to hear mine own gasping breath,
 And he comes and bides awhile, and with patience he teaches me,
 For his brow and his eyes tell much, though never a word says he."

The miner's work went forth ; in distant cities sold
 The thing that his thought had fashioned—it was prized and bartered for gold.
 Men gazed thereon and said : "It is well and bravely made ;"
 So strangers drew forth the music which he in a shrine had laid.
 And I mind me one summer eve when a fiddle he brought to show
 To her who pens these lines, and to whom he murmured low :
 "'Tis the best that I have achieved—see, I have brought it you ;
 Now I can sleep at peace 'tis the best I shall ever do.
 Nay, it has ne'er yet uttered—in my hand it lies dumb and still ;
 Yet who shall say that it sings not ? I gaze and I gaze my fill,
 Whilst out of this heart I have wrought, through the quiet strings, arise
 Great waves of rhythmic measure—an ocean of melodies ;
 For the moan of the sea is there—I caged it with mine own hand—
 And the bitter cry of the sighing wind that sweeps o'er the stricken land,
 Or, methinks, the laugh of a child, or a girl's last-uttered sigh,
 As she lays her hand in her sweetheart's and turns on her bed to die.
 Forgive my foolish words—some things can I ne'er speak right,
 But down in the mines they are clear, all clear though in darkest night ;
 For deep in the pathless seams, on those cramping blackened floors,
 We seem nearer to God and music than in this sunshine of yours."

THE ENDING OF THE WAY.

R. L. BARTH.

A WOMAN lay dying in a small cottage. Two men stood at her bedside, the doctor and his friend ; and two little boys, half-naked and quite happy, rolled over one another on the floor.

The woman was speaking to the doctor's friend. "There are my boys, sir : I wish you could take both. God knows it's good enough of you to take one and make a gentleman of him. Take Tim ; Bob's eyes are bad."

The doctor went to the children and they stopped playing. One looked up brightly at him, but the

other seemed dazed. "This is Tim," he said. "You can take him with certainty of success. He will grow up strong and hearty ; but," he whispered, "the other will be blind."

"And what will you do for Bob ?" the rich man asked.

"A neighbour has asked for him and for the kitten," said the woman. "I'm very tired, gentlemen. I will pray for my boys and for you, and will go to sleep."

"Tim will be looked after in every way," said the rich man, kindly. "I will send a nurse for

him. You need not think about him." But the woman did not hear him. She was asleep.

"Do not talk to her," said the doctor. "Let her pray for any one she likes to pray for." Perhaps he thought that children left without a mother would not be hurt by a prayer.

The woman slept on and they watched her, and the twins played on the floor as before, and a kitten came in with her tail in the air and joined the game. An hour after, the doctor called a neighbour in and told her that the woman was dead.

"I wonder," said the rich man, "what that woman thinks—or, for the matter of that, what any one thinks—about a prayer? It goes from her lips somewhere to someone, who will, for one of us, change the mighty laws of the world and make things bright and happy for a boy, for you, or for me. Does she think that?"

"You cannot tell what they think," said the doctor. "Let men and women pray."

"No prayer," answered the rich man, "can by any rational system of thought change the futures of these two children. One will always be poor and blind, dark in daylight, doubly dark at night; a burden to himself and to those round him; an incubus upon the happy earth. The other will, if he lives, be rich and good, a blessing to his neighbours, a light in his home, doing sound work in a long life. God has done with the children, and law and circumstance have laid their hold on them. They are parted from to-day."

"You speak," said the doctor, "like the last new book."

In the cottage above the woman's head, so small that none could see them, so thin that none could feel their presence, hovered the prayers—the prayer for the rich man, the prayer for Tim, and the prayer for the boy that would be blind. They turned to one another.

"I must away," said the first; "there is work for me to do."

"And may we not come with you?" said the others.

"Your work is not ready yet," returned the first.

"I go from her straight to the place to which and from which ten million rays and more shoot out over the earth of sorrow. And there I lay my burden down, and it may be to-morrow, it may be ten years hence, twenty years, or never, I take my burden up and fly along a path of thought

down one of the ten million rays and reach the rich man's life. The thought of the woman reaches the centre; the centre stays it or shoots it forth on its way over the earth. This is the life of a prayer."

"But," said the others, "law may stop you, circumstance may stop you; we heard them say so, even now."

"They may stop me," said the prayer; "my duty is the same. The man's will may stop me; my duty is the same. Law and circumstance and will are my friends and my enemies. I do my work."

"Then why may we not go?" said they.

"If you went and if you shot back again upon two of the ten million rays that stretch from the centre of all things, would the children understand you? Wait in the Hall of Waiting Prayers till your time is come."

So twenty years went by, and Tim grew up well trained and well taught in the rich man's house, and was the rich man's son and went to school and college, and was bright and strong and hearty, a blessing to himself and others, as the rich man had said, a light in his home, a flower upon the road, an English boy.

And the other one, born to be blind, grew up in the home of the woman's neighbour who had asked for him and for the kitten, and was bright and strong even as his brother, and, as the rich man had said, he was poor and blind, dark in the daylight, doubly dark at night; but, as the rich man had not said, he was no burden to himself or to those around him; nor was he any "incubus" upon the happy earth. For in place of eyesight he had the gift of song, and sitting at a broken piano, or taking in his hand a fiddle, he lifted up into the listening air his simple words. And the poor among whom he lived shouted or wept or were deathly still round the cottage-door on summer evenings; and he was one of them, and wrote and sang their songs, and lived their lives in himself, his own life and that of scores of others.

But where the prayers were I know not, or how long they tarried in the Hall of Waiting.

Now one day the rich man's son had come to a "People's Evening" in a great town, for he longed to help the poor and to see their lives and ways. And he watched with ill-concealed disgust the surging

crowd and heard their coarse sayings, as one fine gentleman after another tried to amuse them with story or with song. But all at once, as the evening closed, a voice far back in the crowded hall cried out, "Blind Bob! Blind Bob!" And the place was in an uproar, and the uproar rose and rose until upon the platform stood a tall strong youth, who turned his blind eyes upon the crowd and smiled. And the noise fell and kept falling till the slightest tinkle of his fiddle could be heard. "What shall I sing?" he said. And a rough girl at the side of the hall, with her hair in her eyes and her shawl over her head, shouted, "The Ending of the Way;" and all at once the crowd was one voice, "The Ending of the Way." And the noise ceased again as the boy turned to them and began to play and sing.

"This is the sort of thing they like," said a friend to the rich man's son; "some horrible revolutionary ballad. Come away."

"No," said the other, "we will hear a verse."

The blind boy sang the song that he had made for them and sung to them so often. No lord or lady's ballad was ever heard so quietly; no lord or lady's ballad ever had so roaring a chorus as that in which they sang each verse after the blind singer. They scarcely knew the meaning, but the singer knew; they only felt the swing of the tune, but the singer seemed to feel more. He was their epitome, and they listened to themselves in him.

At the closing of the day, the gold is turning grey,
And the workman is a-waiting for the bell;
He has done the best he may; let him put the tools away,
There are others that will handle them as well.

Yet stay,
Hear the greeting for the ending of the way.

We are nothings, so you say, and you throw our lives away,

From the nothings you the somethings still have made;
We have battled in the fray; in the heat the wounded lay
Sun-struck, and you were tended in the shade;

Yet stay,
We shall meet you at the ending of the way.

"Rank revolution," said one to the other. And they left the hall and heard no more.

Between the mountains, where the road narrows, there sat near the Gates an old, old man in poor

raiment with a fiddle by his side. And as he turned his head this way and that, another man dressed in gay garments came up and stayed.

"Sir," said the poor man, "are you going through the Gates?"

"I am," said the other.

"Then lead me, please, when you are rested; for I am blind."

"Where have you come from?" said the second.

"From far away, from the other gates," said the blind man. "And I have passed my time in poor company, and they have mostly gone before me and are by this time through the Gates."

"I have been round and over the mountains," said the other, "and have seen the world and all its beauties. I have everything I wished for; but I found, after trying it all, that I was not sorry to come into the narrow road and make for the Gates."

"The same with me," said the blind man. "But I have friends there waiting." And he took his fiddle up, and softly played a simple strain.

The other listened. "I have heard that somewhere," said he.

"I think not," the blind man answered. "It is my own."

The other knitted his brow in thought. "I heard a man play it to a mob," he said—"oh! how many years ago. Is it not called 'The Ending of the Way'?"

"They called it that," said the blind man; "I called it 'The Appeal.'"

"I remember," said the first. "And the people shouted it again, and they called him 'Blind Bob.'"

"Quite true," said the blind man, "and they will shout it to-day, I expect, on the other side of the Gates. Shall we go on?"

So they went on together, and the blind man sang the verses and played. And beyond the Gates there gathered a rude company who poured down the hill-side and pressed against the Gates, calling to one another, "Blind Bob has come."

"Stand back," said the keeper of the Gates. "He will come through to you."

And, the rich man guiding him, the fiddler passed with a proud step into the crowd of friends, and as they two marched by, the crowd on each side fell into order and joined in the singing of the song:

At the closing of the day, the gold has turned to grey,
And the workman is a-waiting for the bell;
He has done the best he may; let him put the tools
away,
There are others that will handle them as well.
Yet stay,
Hear our greeting for the ending of the way.

We are nothings, so you say, and you throw our lives
away,
From the nothings you the somethings still have made:
We have battled in the fray; in the heat the
wounded lay
Sunstruck, and you were tended in the shade.
Yet stay,
We shall meet you at the ending of the way.

But surely we are one in the march that has begun,
Though some of us and you have gone astray.
King and beggar, one and all, they must answer to
the call,
And they travel to the twilight of the day;
Then stay,
And help us ere the ending of the way.

Now before the bell is rung, and while yet the words
are sung,
O listen to the worker's simple lay;
You can gild the sordid strife, bring pleasure into life,
You can point us to the beauty of the day;
God shall say
That you helped us to the ending of the way.

So they passed on, the rich man with bowed head
and the blind man looking up in pride, and the
voices kept dying. When the echoes were getting
thinner, another man rose up from the grass and
approached the keeper of the Gates.

"You cannot go through," said the keeper.
"You must wait for your time."

"I care not to go through," said he. "But tell me,
who were they who went by, arm in arm? A rich
man and a blind beggar; who ever saw the like?"

"They had come from far," said the keeper,
"and they met yesterday. They might well go
through arm in arm. They were brothers, but
they did not know it."

SPRING SONG.

*"O dass sie ewig grüne bleibe
Die schöne Zeit der jungen Liebe!"* — SCHILLER.

WHEN all the world goes sweethearting—

When all the world is young
In cowslip-time, in blackbird-time,
The waking fields among,
Give me thy hand, my dearest love,
And come abroad to see;
The land is full of love and hope—
And so is life to me!

The starling's love, in long, shy calls,
Comes from the leafing trees;
And thrush and chaffinch swell the tale
Adown the moist, warm breeze.
See, primrose and anemone
From the soft ground have sprung;
And the green earth is all in bud—
For all the world is young!

Come, let us "smell the dew and rain,"
Now it is overpast;
For every breath is incense-fraught,
The Spring is here at last!
And gone is Winter's long, dark night,
And fair has dawned Love's day.
Sweetheart, we never can grow old—
It must be always May!

MARCIA TYNDALF.

THE ANGEL OF THE MIST



ONCE upon a time there lived a beautiful Princess. She was so beautiful that everyone who looked upon her was dazzled; her eyes were bluer than the waters of the Mediterranean, when the sun shines hot at noonday, and her hair was yellower than the amber butterflies flitting over the Campagna in the summer-time, and more curly than the soft young vine-tendrils in the vineyards. Her finger-nails were like dainty rose-coloured shells; and her foot-steps fell so lightly that the blades of grass in her garden bent scarcely bent beneath their tread. She was more beautiful than the day; but when she opened her lips to speak, behold! her voice was

harsh and loud, so that those who heard it longed for her to be silent, nor break the charm of her presence by the discord

of her speech. That is, all except the Prince, her lover. He thought even her voice beautiful; for love blinded his senses, so that all she did or said seemed to him perfect. He loved her so passionately that he had left his own kingdom far away across the purple mountains in order to live at the gates of her palace; yet so tenderly that he never pressed his suit upon her, but waited in patience for a little notice and a little love.

Now the Princess did not understand him; she thought, because he was full of reverence for her, and because he did not clamour for her hand as did all her other suitors, that he could not love so very much after all, and she smiled scornfully and said to her handmaidens, "He is not half a man! Why does he not claim me and carry me away? For the rest, let him live in his little cottage by my gates; a lowly place is well fitted to such an one as he;" and she swept down the marble stairs of her palace and past the Prince with never so much as a glance at him.

But he waited patiently. "Some day she will understand my love and my devotion," he thought; and meantime he spent every hour of his life in her service.

Now the Princess had passed all the days of her life in the sunshine. Her palace was of gold and silver; the floors were inlaid with ivory, and the ceilings gleamed with precious stones. Never a breath of outside wind came there to chill her; never a sultry air that was not freshened by the sparkling fountains.

For miles around the palace stretched beautiful gardens, glowing with exquisite flowers, and filled with fruits, amber and crimson, soft juicy green, and russet brown; and all the year round the birds sang as if they would go mad for joy. Cold never entered there, nor frost, nor chill, nor winter.

Outside the garden walls, it is true, people often shivered, and sometimes even had not quite enough to eat; but the Princess never thought of that, so of course it could not matter at all to her.

Now one day, as she sat in her beautiful rooms, and listened to the music of the falling water and the warbling of the birds, the Prince brought her a great bouquet of exquisite flowers. He had been up all night, so that he might pick the fairest blooms, and he was very tired; because the day before, and for many preceding days, he had been nursing a poor man who lived in a little hut next to his cottage without the gates.

But the poor man was dead, and the Prince could do no more for him. The Princess took the flowers carelessly, and threw them down beside her. "Yes, they are very nice," she said; "but I am sick of garden blossoms, I like the wild ones much better. And why have you not been to see me for so long?"

Then he told her about the poor sick man, and

she smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "Dear me, what a fuss about nothing! How odd you are!" she said. "Do go away and come back a little brighter: you make me quite nervous with such a sad face;" and she turned her eyes away from him and waved her great fan of white feathers so that the diamonds flashed on her fingers like a living flame.

"I hoped to change my thoughts by looking at you. May I not stay a little while?" said the Prince. But she made no answer, and he went sorrowfully away.

Now the next day he brought a bunch of fresh field-flowers and slender waving grasses, with the dew still wet upon them. He had plucked them himself, and had walked many miles to get them for her.

He came in smiling, and bent low before the Princess.

"See, dear Heart," he said, "here is the posy you fancied: it is not half so fresh and fair as your dear self, but it is the best that I could find."

Then the Princess looked at him from under her lazy down-dropped lids.

"The flowers are all very well," she said in her harsh voice, "but not the thing to offer to a Princess;" and she did not even take them from his hand.

The Prince sighed, for he was disappointed. "You have everything you want," he said, "but you wished for wild flowers; and I am sorry you are not pleased."

"Everything I want!" cried the Princess, "indeed I have not. I want to be happy, and I can't!"

"Not happy?" he said; "then, let me make you so. Listen!—only love me a little, but half as much as I love you, and you shall be as happy as the day is long: I swear it! Let us go together over the mountains, and there in my own kingdom you shall reign as Queen of Love and Beauty. I have waited long and patiently, but now I may wait no longer. Tell me that you love me;" and he knelt at her feet and kissed her hand.

But the Princess pushed him pettishly away. "Please do not," she said, "you worry me;" and then she yawned and looked out of the window.

And the Prince answered never a word, but he rose and went silently away.

"Oh! dear me," said the Princess, "he's a good fellow; but he bores me very much. Indeed, everybody and everything bores me very much."

I wish—I do *wish* I could be happy, but I seem to grow more discontented every day;" and she yawned again, and then she sighed.

And suddenly the light around her grew dim, and there was a sound in her ears as of distant music, very faint and sweet. And she saw before her the vision of a form, but indistinct, and wrapped in filmy mists as in a garment, and a great awe fell upon the Princess.

"Who are you?" she asked, trembling, for she was very much afraid.

"One whom mortals fear," answered the Vision, and its voice was soft and low; "one whom mortals fear, and yet I am their friend. Thou criest for happiness, Princess. Behold, I can give it to thee; but I warn thee it must be dearly bought, and thou mayest deem I play thee false, for not within thine easy grasp is that thou seekest. Nevertheless, I can give it to thee, so thou but learn to make a friend of me." Then the Princess looked into the clear eyes which gazed into her own—eyes tender and sad as those of a mother who broods over her first-born and dreams of the days when he shall become a man.

"I do believe thee," she replied. "Say on; I will obey thee."

"Whatever comes, thou wilt not rebel? Think well and weigh thine answer, for thou wilt have no further choice;" and the wonderful eyes flooded her with a strange light, shining behind the mists like sunshine through the clouds.

"I am weary of this dull life," said the Princess; "everything is stale and unprofitable. Give me but happiness, and I care not what I suffer to gain it."

Then the Vision stretched out its hand and touched her on her waving hair, and she sank upon her knees shivering from head to foot. But when she looked up once more she was alone.

Now a little later the Princess sent a messenger to the gates to bid the Prince come to her quickly. For she was minded to tell him of what had happened.

But the messenger returned, and told her that he was not there. Then a sudden fear fell upon her, for she remembered how he had often assured her that he could not stay for ever, but must return to his own kingdom. And she sent out swift runners to scour the country and bring him back again to her side. But it was too late, and a

great sorrow filled her soul; for she knew that he would never recross those gloomy mountains, and that he was lost to her for ever.

And that night she wept sore, so that the wild flowers, his last gift to her, shone and glittered with the tears she dropped upon their withering leaves.

But the Prince was gone, and she was very lonely.

Now it came to pass that there fell a great sickness upon the land, so that all suffered alike, rich and poor, and the Princess herself was stricken down. And as she lay ill and weary with weakness, there was none left to tend her; and the fountains in her palace court ran dry, and the flowers and grasses died in the great gardens, and no one came to answer to her call, or to give her even so much as a draught of water.

Many days she lay there helpless; and when she rose and went abroad her golden hair was powdered white as with snow, and in the sad-faced woman who left the palace gates and wandered forth into the town none might know the beautiful haughty Princess.

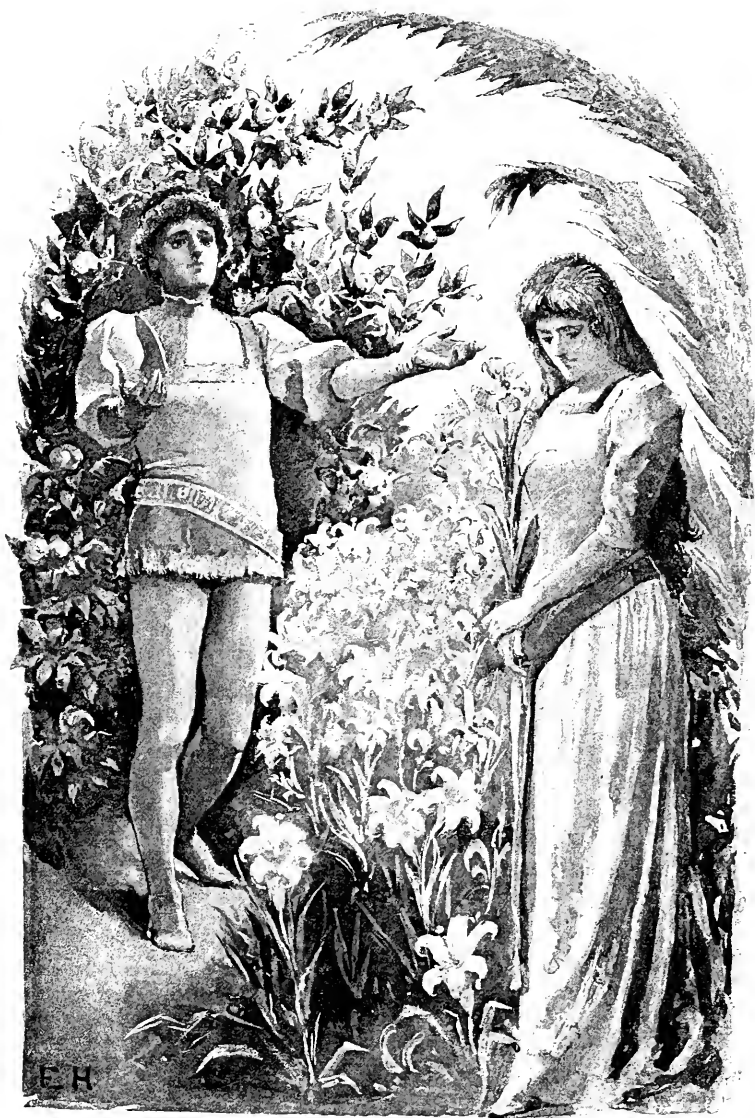
But she went out into the land and nursed the sick among her subjects, until, whenever her face was seen, the people blessed and loved her.

"She is an angel," they said, "and she has an angel's voice, so soft and low. It soothes us even to listen to it."

Which was a truth, for she had learned to speak tenderly to those who were sad and helpless, and to sing soft lullabies to the babies fretting for their dead mothers, and now her tones were sweeter than a nightingale's, and musical as the sound of running waters in a parched land.

But every night she wept for the Prince, and marvelled that, instead of the happiness promised to her, so much sorrow had fallen to her share; and yet more in that, when he was beside her, she had not loved and appreciated him better. For now on all sides she heard of his goodness to her people, and they, as she, mourned for him as for one dead. But the Princess knew he would return no more.

And when many days had passed, and the sickness was healed throughout the land, when once again the Palace Gardens blossomed into beauty, and the birds sang there as of old, the Princess determined to travel to the great mountains and seek her lover; for now, at last, she knew he was



*"There, in the light of day, coming towards her through the lands of everlasting peace,
she beheld the Prince, her lover."*

her love indeed, and that with him lay her whole heart. But when she wished to go the people wept, they had learnt to love her, and they could not do without her. So she gave up her own will, with many secret tears, and dwelt in her palace, though the rooms seemed empty now, and the laughter of the courtiers was wearisome to her ears—strained always for the sound of a footfall which came there never again.

So she grew old and her form was bent with age, and nothing was left to her, save only her tender voice which became ever more gentle and more sweet.

Now, when she was a very aged woman, and nigh unto death, one night, as she lay upon her bed, she saw again the Vision of the Mist, and its eyes gazed upon her as before, but this time they looked more loving and less sad.

"My daughter, thou hast done well," said the Gracious Presence. "Tell me, have I failed thee? Hast thou been more content?"

And the Princess answered, "Yes."

"What! though thou hast lost thy lover, thy beauty, and thy youth; though thou hast spent thy years in working amidst sorrow and suffering; though thou hast now few to care for thee, save thy people outside the gates! Listen!" The Vision raised its hand, and the Princess heard without the cry of a great lamentation; for the news that she was dying had spread throughout the length and breadth of the land, and many mourned for her who had so loved them.

"Now, answer," said the Spirit, "hast thou been truly happier?"

And the Princess answered again, "Yes."

Then the mists floated away from the face of the Vision, and she saw a glorious Angel, beautiful beyond her wildest dreams of beauty, and he took her hand in his and raised her up.

"Come," he said, "come with me. My name is 'Sorrow.' Men dread me and flee from me because my face is hidden in the mists of their own tears. They know not, how should they? that I am God's servant and hold in my hand the key to a higher heaven than their poor spirits dream of. Sometimes when I am sent to them, they bitterly rebel and turn away from me; but thou hast learnt to know me better, and now thou shalt see and understand many things hitherto a mystery, for I have been sent to bring thee hence."

"By whom?" asked the Princess, trembling with joy and wonder.

And the Angel bowed his head reverently. "By the Master whom I serve," he answered, "and who also is well pleased with thee. Come."

"But my people?" said the Princess.

"Thy work here is done. Have faith for the future," answered the Angel of Sorrow, who now indeed with his gleaming wings looked more like unto the Angel of Joy.

So he floated with her through the air, and over the great mountain-tops she had so often longed to cross, and there, in the light of day such as she had never seen before, coming towards her through the lands of everlasting Peace, she beheld the Prince, her lover, only far, far more beautiful than she remembered him. And she turned to the Angel of Sorrow with a question in her eyes.

"He knew me well before," answered the Spirit, with a tender smile, and vanishing, he left them there alone together.

But the Princess lay dead; and next day the people came in hundreds to gaze upon her peaceful smiling face, and to lay fresh flowers upon her bier.

MABEL HICKSON.

MISS CLOUGH.

PRINCIPAL OF NEWNHAM COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

AMONG the many unselfish and noble lives which have been lived in our century, none has been nobler or more unselfish than the life which ended peacefully at Newnham College, Cambridge, on the morning of Saturday, February 27th. Miss Clough had been for the last year or

two less vigorous than of yore, and towards the close of 1891 she had had rather a serious illness, caused by weakness of the heart, her physician, Dr. Latham, said. Yet I do not believe any one of us watching, last January, her keen interest in the affairs of the College, as well as in the affairs of the

world outside—seeing her presiding over various College meetings, summoning each day her students to her room to talk with them or advise them—no one of us, I say, foresaw or realised that the years of her life were spent—that her day's work was ended. But on February 5th she was taken ill and went to her room, and in the weeks which followed she was too weak to say much or do much, while she saw very few people except her niece, Miss Athena Clough, and one of the resident lecturers of the College, Miss Edith Sharpley, by whom she was nursed with infinite affection and tenderness. On February 27th, in the early morning, with the sunlight shining in upon her room, her spirit passed away.

Anne, *Jemima Clough* was born on January 20th, 1820. She was the third eldest of the four children of James Clough, of *Plas Clough* in Denbighshire, who belonged to an old Welsh family. Her mother's name was *Anne Perfect*; she was the daughter of *John Perfect*, a banker of *Pontefract* in Yorkshire. Her brother, *Arthur Hugh Clough*, the poet, was one year older than Anne, having been born in 1819. Her birthplace was Liverpool; but while she was quite a little child, her father, who was engaged in business as a cotton-merchant, removed from Liverpool and went to America, where he made his home for several years in *Charleston* in *South Carolina*.

Even when she was a child, *Miss Clough* began to feel an interest in the lives and doings of other people; "we had not very many personal friends in *Charleston*," she once said to me, "but when we went to church on Sundays I used to watch the people sitting around, and I found out their names, and who they were, and, so far as I could, all about them!" She continued to be always very fond of America and Americans; she seemed to feel especially warmly towards the American girls who every year cross the Atlantic to study at *Newnham College*; she never forgot the early friends she had had in the United States, nor her early associations. I remember her saying to some of us once, "I shall never forget the day we left *Charleston*; I can still hear the sound of the door shutting to behind us, when we left our old home for ever—the large red brick house near the sea."

In 1836 Mr. and Mrs. Clough and their daughter returned to England and settled in Liverpool, when

Anne was sixteen years old. She soon began to show her singular and uncommon enthusiasm for educating girls, and helping them to live better and more useful lives. Thus it was she resolved to open a small girls' school in Liverpool, and here she worked with energy and patience for several years. I have been told how much her heart was set on forming a school library; and how her brother Arthur, now a Fellow of *Oriel College*, Oxford, used to send her £6 every year to buy books for her girls. But great as was *Miss Clough's* desire to teach and train young girls, I am inclined to believe that it was a larger interest and enthusiasm which led her to make their education the chief aim of her life: she cared for all men and women, for all human beings, and she thought that the way in which she herself could best help and work for them was by training the minds and even more the characters of girls and of women.

When *Miss Clough* was a little over thirty, and when her father was no longer living, the mother and daughter moved from Lancashire to Westmoreland and came to dwell in *Ambleside*. Here they found many interesting and sympathetic friends; for *Miss Martineau's* home was not far off, and living near were several of the *Arnold* family, and yet another friend with whom she maintained through life an affectionate intimacy, the Rev. *Robert Perceval Graves*, whose name is known by some refined literary work, and also by the very complete and interesting biography of the mathematician, *Sir William Rowan Hamilton*. At *Ambleside*, again, *Miss Clough* started a school, which was to be for both boys and girls, and for the poor as well as the rich. Here used to come the squire's children to sit side by side with the children from the village, to repeat their lessons to *Miss Clough*, and to learn from her influence lessons perhaps more important than they could learn from any books. One of her pupils is still living in *Ambleside*—*Herbert Bell*, the photographer. Last autumn, when *Miss Clough* visited Westmoreland again, along with her niece *Athena*, she invited Mr. Bell and his wife to tea with her; and as they talked together the forty-year interval seemed to vanish away, and she to become once more the ardent young teacher, and he the attentive and admiring little scholar. Another of her pupils was a little grand-daughter of Dr. *Arnold*,

now Mrs. Humphry Ward. In after-days Miss Clough used to tell, with her peculiarly humorous smile, that the little girl had a very high spirit, and that she had found it hard to control and restrain the future authoress of *Robert Elsmere* and *David Grieve*.

In 1860 Miss Clough's mother died, and in the following year, in Florence, her brother Arthur. She travelled to Italy hurriedly, when she heard of his illness, but she reached Florence too late to see him again—one of the regrets of her life, I think. After this, it was thought wisest for her not to live alone in the North, so she came and lived with Mrs. Arthur Clough and her brother's children at Combe Hurst, among the fields and woods and hills of Surrey, not far from Kingston-on-Thames and from Richmond. Through the eight years which followed, her interest in, and zeal for girls' education grew and expanded. It was largely through her efforts that lectures were started for ladies in Manchester and Liverpool; and out of these arose the North of England Council, which first put the matter of women's education on a sound footing, and organised, with the help of a number of University men, courses of lectures for women in many towns. These succeeded so well as to show that the demand for a better organised education, whether for young women intending to be teachers or for those who wished to devote time to study for its own sake, was real and strong. And so, in 1869, Cambridge University started its higher local examinations for women; and in 1871 Mr. Henry Sidgwick and others invited Miss Clough to come to Cambridge and manage a house for five girl-students who wished to attend University and College lectures. Out of this small house in Regent-street, and from these five students, have gradually grown up our College of 140 students and our three Halls—Clough Hall, Sidgwick Hall, and Old Hall, so called because it was the first of the three.

No one of us will ever forget the day of her first arrival at Newnham College. Miss Clough would meet us and welcome us in the hall, or in her delightful sitting-room with its blue Morris paper, its old-fashioned brass grate, and its sort of alcove window looking towards the west, over the College gardens. She loved a west view, and loved to watch a Cambridge sunset. Then she would take us into the dining-hall to tea, and

make us acquainted with some second-year or even third-year students, and, if she had time, take us upstairs herself to our own future room. She would explain so pleasantly what she had perhaps explained a dozen times before on that day, that the College gave all necessary furniture; but "perhaps you will like to add a table, or another chair, or a curtain, or some pictures; and you will perhaps like to have some cups and saucers of your own, and a kettle for tea-parties or coffee-parties," and so on. The day after our arrival, we used each to have an interview with Miss Clough (the Principal, as she was always called at Newnham), when she would question us most carefully and patiently as to what our studies had been in the past, and advise us as to our subjects of study for the future, and as to what examinations we should begin to prepare for; and, finally, she would send us on to the lecturer at the head of the department of study which we had chosen, adding, "And you must tell me, later on, what you have decided; and I hope you will always come to me, if there is any matter I can advise you about or help you in."

A day at Newnham College begins with prayers at eight o'clock, followed immediately by breakfast. Miss Clough was always down to read prayers, and then used to preside at the "high" table and pour out tea, and shake hands and say good-morning to each girl as she came in, and invite a few to come and sit at her table near her; and she would stay on until nine o'clock, talking kindly, often too in a most amusing fashion to us all. After breakfast she would retire to her office, and spend the morning seeing any students who wished to speak with her, or it might be one of the Vice-Principals (the heads of the other Halls) or one of the resident Lecturers, or she would attend to her very large correspondence. After luncheon in hall with the students, she would often take one of them for a walk; and sometimes she would drive out to make calls on friends outside Cambridge, and take with her two or three students, or in summer-time she would perhaps go to one of the many Cambridge garden-parties, and always accompanied by one or two girls. Writing in an American magazine, *The Forum*, last November, of how their afternoons are spent by Newnham students, Miss Clough adds: "They can hardly go anywhere in the town without passing objects of interest—the backs of the colleges shaded with



MISS CLOUGH.

From the Portrait by J. J. SHANNON.

trees, the picturesque bridges crossing the Cam, and leading through avenues of trees to the stately colleges, which rise up amidst green meadows or gardens guarded by ancient ivy-covered walls and flanked by the slowly moving stream. Such are the haunts of our students—haunts which are endeared and made honourable by the memories of the departed founders and benefactors, as well as of those learned men who have studied and advanced knowledge and true religion, and of some

who are still with us. Surely our students must feel at some time in their lives that it has been good for them to have been here."

At dinner the Principal was again surrounded by her girls, in part those of the Hall in which she herself resided, but in part also specially invited students from the two other Newnham Halls; for all the students of each Hall used to be asked in turn to dine with Miss Clough. After dinner she used to invite some six or eight to tea

in her room, when sometimes there would be reading aloud (I remember listening to "Northanger Abbey" read in Miss Clough's room), but more often she would talk to us. I shall never forget one very entertaining evening when we were invited to a wedding-cake party, a former student of the College having been married shortly before. On this occasion Miss Clough discussed with us whether, on the whole, married life or unmarried life were the happier: we all had to give our opinion;—but I will not reveal what the conclusion arrived at was. On one evening in the week there is dancing at Newnham, and once or twice in each term there is a "debate." On these occasions Miss Clough was always present, and she sometimes took part in our debates. I can very clearly recall her speech on the question, "Are we better than our grandmothers?" and again when we discussed the moral qualities of George Eliot's novels. In the College games Miss Clough took almost as keen an interest as the players themselves; lawn tennis and fives courts we had had for years past, but it was she who some two years ago introduced hockey at Newnham; she said "it was a very good game for winter, when the weather was cold or uncertain;" and her delight was evident if Newnham won a tennis-cup from Girton, or if the students of her own special Hall bore off from one of the two other Halls a cup as a trophy to decorate their dining-room.

Miss Clough was one of the most impartial people I have ever known, and hence, though there must have been a few of the students whom she was especially fond of, she never let this appear. I think she was greatly attached to the older students—to women who had been teachers either in schools or in families before they came to Newnham. "It is a pleasant change for them," she used to say, "to be studying on their own account, and for their own satisfaction, instead of teaching others. And they are very useful among the younger students, and, being joined with them in their work, they can the more easily help them. For many of our students want developing; they come from quiet homes and large families, where they have been left to themselves in great measure, and have not always found congenial occupations or companions." And again Miss Clough was fond of foreigners, or of girls who came from distant lands: the students

from Norway or Germany or Russia—the students who had come from Africa or New Zealand or Australia, to study at Newnham—appealed in a special manner to the Principal's sympathy. Of her feelings towards her American students I have already spoken; and amongst those are to be counted the two Miss Longicellows, the poet's daughters, who came to Cambridge to study and attend lectures during the year 1884-85.

Gratitude to the University of Cambridge for what had been done in the interests of women's education was a very strongly rooted sentiment with her: she often warned us not to forget what we owed to the University collectively, and to members of it individually—to Professor Sidgwick, to Dr. Bateson of St. John's College, to Professor Cayley, to Professor Adams, to Dr. Peile of Christ's, to Mr. Coutts Trotter of Trinity, to Dr. Ferrers of Caius, and to many others.

I believe what she valued and prized above all things was our connection with the University. She would have liked the ties to be still closer; she would have been glad if the University during her lifetime had sanctioned the granting of degrees to women, in addition to granting permission to take the examinations which technically entitle candidates to receive degrees. But she was satisfied to wait for this; and a few years since, when a petition was presented to the University asking for this further concession to be made, Miss Clough refused to sign. "I should like them to open to us of their free and good will," she said; "I do not like to bang at the door."

Having said so much of what Miss Clough did, it is time to say something of what she was. She looked older than her years; for when first I knew her, she was only sixty-one years old, and I should have called her even then an old lady.

Her face was a very beautiful one, with its clear olive colouring, the snow-white hair, the wonderful dark eyes. She was rather tall, and, as long as I have known her, somewhat bent. We possess two pictures of our Principal—the one taken in 1882 by Mr. Richmond, the other in 1890 by Mr. Shannon. They offer a curious contrast to each other—Mr. Shannon's picture representing Miss Clough as we all remember her face, with its strong lines graven by wisdom and experience, its expression of great benevolence and gentleness, its somewhat tired though peaceful look; the

other, although a fine picture, representing her as none of us ever remember to have seen the Principal, sitting erect and rigid, and looking down at us sternly and austere out of her dark eyes. She laughed when she first saw Mr. Richmond's picture hung in our library. "I must try and live up to my portrait," she said.

In thinking of her character, the qualities which perhaps stand out most prominently are her large-mindedness, her sound judgment, her silent devotion to duty, her entire self-forgetfulness; but, alongside of these, memories of other qualities throng forward — of her patience, her hopefulness, her freedom from scorn or contempt of any, and, perhaps not least, her delightful sense of humour. She was most just and impartial in her views of things as well as people: for example, in the great American struggle of 1863 and 1864 Miss Clough saw the wrongs and the rights of both North and South with equal clearness, and took neither side; she felt for the planters of the South, among whom she had passed her childhood, and yet understood the feelings and the reasons of the people of the Northern States, who resented and resisted the aspirations of the South after disconnection and independence. She was not at all a sentimental person, although she had strong and vivid sentiments about many things; but she disliked silliness of any kind; she had far too much humour not to do so. Even in the last week, when she knew that she was going to die, she shrank from being sentimental or emotional on the subject of her death, but spoke of it with a smile and quite cheerily; and in some written instructions which she left behind, she expressed a wish that her funeral service might not be long, "for it would be a grievous thing if any people made themselves ill at my funeral." Miss Clough read all sorts of literature, and new books as well as old, and she took a vivid interest in the characters of any novel she had read. She used to talk of how they "managed" their lives, whether well or ill. After she had read Mrs. Woods's new book, *Esther Vanhonrigh*, which she liked a great deal, she said, "I think if Esther had been at Newnham College, she would not have thought about Swift."

The interest which Miss Clough took in her girls, present and past, was limitless; if they were unwell, she would climb the many stairs of

the Old Hall to visit them the first thing after breakfast, and again in the evening she would come to say "Good night," and to cheer them up by telling some anecdote or piece of news. If they were far away from England, teaching in some remote part of the world, she would write to them regularly; and when letters came from them, she would take some opportunity of reading these aloud to the students. And it was not a professional interest that she took in her students; she really cared for them; she had a sort of mental vision of each one — of her character, of her friends, of the life she was living.

Outside of Newnham, also, there was much work going on, which she thought about, and cared about, and helped: the University Association for Women Teachers, of which she was the president; the Cambridge Training College for Teachers; the Teachers' Guild. It was a source of pleasure to her, when the students who attended University Extension Lectures in various towns of England came to visit Cambridge during the Long Vacations of 1890 and 1891, and when the women-students were received into one of the Halls of Newnham College; and, again, every two years she used to arrange that a certain number of Board School teachers should come and see Cambridge, and stay for two or three weeks at Newnham, and hear lectures on all sorts of subjects. One other favourite project of hers should not be forgotten, namely, that of sending Newnham students as teachers to different parts of the world, so that modern thought and modern ideas — the best as she thought that England could give — might be shared with other countries and other peoples. We used to say the way to win Miss Clough's heart would be to promise to go to America, after you had finished your Newnham course, or, better still, to India or Australia. One of the last acts of her life was to arrange that a former student of hers, Miss Blanche Smith, should go next autumn to Siam, to be the head of a large State school for girls. With such varied interests and objects, it is not surprising that Miss Clough was never bored with or tired of life; she was, indeed, a little impatient with the people who were so; but not often or for long, for she used to say that there must be some explanation of their finding life dull or irksome — "perhaps they had tiresome husbands or tiresome wives!"

And now this life of noble purpose and great unselfishness is ended. On Saturday, March 5th, after a solemn and beautiful service in King's College chapel, to which came the Vice-Chancellor, many heads of colleges, many professors, all the students of her own college, and representatives from all the other girls' colleges of England, we

laid our Principal to rest, not far distant from Newnham, under the sycamores and yews in the churchyard of Grantchester.

JANE LEE,
*Vice-Principal of Old Hall,
Newnham College.*

MAISIE DERRICK.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.



CHAPTER XVI.

"I DID NOT SAY 'YES.'"

THOSE minutes which had seemed to Maisie so long and wearisome had been passing at double-winged speed to the young pair in the garden.

When Maisie left him, Mr. Stanmore had longed to recall her; he seemed to think of so much he

wanted to say, and he also wished to speak more kindly—to undo, if that were possible, some of the vexation which he was conscious of having caused.

He was sure that Maisie had not meant to give him pain; she did not know his feelings for Drusilla, and she had spoken as to an old friend of a new acquaintance. As Mr. Stanmore reflected, a smile spread over his face; he very much doubted whether Drusilla had spoken of his frequent visits to her or of her meetings with him on the common.

He turned at the end of the walk and saw Drusilla's tall, graceful figure and the large drooping black hat coming from the shrubbery. She smiled as she came forward a few steps, then she stood still and he joined her; she looked even lovelier than before, for she had a tinge of colour and her eyes were full of expression.

"You look," he said, as he hurried up to her, "as if you had had some pleasant adventure or had heard some pleasant news; may I not hear what it is?"

Her eyes were mischievous as she fixed them on him. "You seem to take it for granted that what is pleasant to me will please you also; I, on the contrary, am not so sure about it—you will perhaps be crosser than you were in the lane."

"But you will tell me, for all that," he said impulsively; "I claim a right to share your joys, and griefs too—if you ever had any," he added in a more doubtful tone.

They had turned the angle of the lawn near the house, and, going up the flower-bordered path beside it, had nearly reached the summer-house at its further corner.

"You English make so much fuss about everything," Drusilla had apparently forgotten her companion; she was looking at the flower-border, gay with the spring darlings of the year. "They make a fuss about those little flowers, and yet long before I came here we had them, and finer ones too, growing in the valleys near us without any care or trouble."

Stanmore thought she was adorable, so fresh and innocent.

"I agree with you," he said, "that we English people cumber our lives with much unnecessary fuss about trifles; but I fancy we are obliged to shelter some of these plants to make up for the snow-covering they get abroad in the winter."

Drusilla raised her eyebrows: for the first time she found Mr. Stanmore dull — she thought his interview with Maisie had changed him.

"I will tell you my news, if I can sit down," she said; "I am so tired — that hill is so steep."

They had reached the summer-house, and Stanmore could hardly believe he heard rightly. He had tried more than once to get a talk in this summer-house with his lovely companion,

and she had always managed to avoid it; to-day, however, Miss Lescure was so sensible of the change in his manner, that she determined to try her power. It was absurd to suppose that he could prefer Maisie to her — and yet he had changed.

Drusilla considered that he belonged to her; he was her first lover, and she would not yield him to any one. She had scarcely thought about her own feelings towards Mr. Stanmore; but then it must be confessed that Drusilla always preferred receiving to giving, and she resolved again that she

would not, as she expressed it, "go halves" in Mr. Stanmore with Maisie Derrick. She gave him a charming glance as she bent her graceful head to avoid the straying rose-spray that had spread from the larch poles of the summer-house to the thatch above.

She waited till Stanmore had placed himself beside her.

"Are you ready to listen?" There was a mischievous light in her eyes, though her tone was quiet.

"I am all attention," said Stanmore.

"Well, then, do you remember the news told you in the lane?"

The eager flash in his eyes answered her, and she went on, "I said that was good news, but I think this is better."

She stopped abruptly; Mr. Stanmore was frowning till he looked very angry.

"What is it?" he said, with impatience.

Drusilla shrugged her shoulders and moved a little away from him.

"You see I was right I am afraid you are — what is this word that you have said about my guardian? — I know," she went on with a smile, "it is a misanthrope; you dislike other people. No, you will never understand that I am pleased

because of Captain Wentworth!"

"You have already told me about him." Stanmore was looking across the meadow, and he spoke sulkily; he almost hated Drusilla for trifling with him.

"Yes," she said slowly, for she enjoyed his jealousy, though she was half afraid lest he should abruptly leave her if she provoked him beyond tearing, "I told you Captain Wentworth and his aunt were to come next week. Well, I saw the Vicar just now and he told me that Captain



"Drusilla sat thinking"

Wentworth is expected to-day—now do you understand how glad I am?"

Her eyes were full of sunny laughter; the look of pain in his face did not check her.

"Have you no feelings?" he said angrily—so very angrily that a bright tinge of colour flew across Drusilla's cheeks as though she had received a sudden blow. She quickly rallied, however, but her eyelashes twinkled as if to keep back tears.

"I feel when people are unjust," she said.

Her voice sounded so pathetic that Stanmore was at once penitent; he felt he had been brutal to this lovely, fragile creature—brutal, too, just when he wanted her to cling to him as a safeguard against the worldly spendthrift who was coming to disturb their peace.

He took her hand and tenderly kissed it.

"You darling," he whispered; "but you will forgive me, I love you so, dear girl, that I can't bear to hear you even speak to any one else."

Drusilla blushed, and her eyes fell under his; she was a little startled by Stanmore's suddenness, but it was very nice to be sure that he loved her. She had not time to think; the young man went on speaking, he poured out his love in rapid, impetuous words that fairly carried her away and made her feel as if she were out of breath while she listened.

Stanmore's arm had come round her, and she let him draw her close against his breast; but Drusilla was not completely absorbed by his love-story, for even while he kissed her she heard another sound outside the summer-house.

There were foot-steps, and then Maisie's voice said, "Drusilla, are you there?"

Drusilla pushed Stanmore away and rose up from the bench.

"It is Maisie." She looked curiously at her lover, and then she went out of the summer-house.

Stanmore was too happy to feel disturbed, but he did not at once follow Drusilla.

When he did come out Maisie was some way up the walk, and Mr. Yardon stood beside Drusilla, clasping the girl's hand in his.

"What is this about, my young friend?" he said, and he looked from one face to the other as if he were completely puzzled. Stanmore had dreaded this moment; Mr. Yardon had encouraged his attentions to Drusilla as much as he had formerly discouraged them to Maisie, and yet the

young fellow knew that his host was capricious and contradictory; he might even wish to leave the girl free till she had seen Captain Wentworth, but he answered the question frankly:

"It means that I want you to give me your ward; she consents, so you have no choice," he said gaily, as he saw a smile curving the old man's lips.

"Is that so?" Mr. Yardon put his long brown fingers under the girl's chin and looked at her.

Drusilla pouted.

"I did not say 'Yes,'" she said, shyly; "he takes my consent for granted."

"You should have said 'No,'" Mr. Yardon said, laughing; "it's an old saying that silence gives consent."

He put out his hand and shook Stanmore's heartily. "I am glad it is settled," he said, "on all accounts. Kiss me, Drusilla, and then go and get my glasses; I've left them on my desk."

She darted off like a fawn, glad that Maisie had already disappeared within the house. Drusilla dreaded lest she should meet Warren; she was ashamed of her own agitation; she thought it must show on her face, and she was vexed with herself for feeling it. She had been wishing that Mr. Stanmore would propose to her, because that seemed to be the only way of keeping him to herself, but she had rehearsed the proposal and it had ended quite differently: she had planned that her lover should be more humble, and she had not meant him to feel sure of her acceptance.

It was Mr. Yardon's fault for breaking in upon them, and she was conscious that the sound of Maisie's voice had made her unwilling to vex her lover.

She went up to her room and seated herself to think.

"It is not yet decided," she said, pouting her full under-lip. "I do not see that I belong to Mr. Stanmore because he has taken me by surprise; it must be wrong to take the first man who asks—there is no choosing in that, it is the act of a simpleton."

Drusilla sat thinking, but she did not look thoughtful: her forehead remained smooth and her delicately marked eyebrows did not draw together; her mother had taught the girl from a very early age that her face was her most precious possession, and that a lined forehead

and a wrinkled mouth were signs of careless bringing up.

But, serene and lovely as she looked, Drusilla was thinking deeply; her thoughts at last took the form of a decision.

She would permit Stanmore to think himself engaged to her on two conditions. The attachment between them was to be kept a secret from everyone but Mr. Yardon, and she was to be left free to do as she pleased, as free as she had been when she reached Yardon Hall. For an instant she wondered about Maisie, and then she remembered that the girl had been too far off to hear the talk between her grandfather and Luke Stanmore.

"It will be much more comfortable if she does not know; it will spare her feelings—and—and—it will leave me so much freer."

Drusilla gave a sigh of relief as she got up from her sofa and looked out of her window—it was at the side of the house, but the lawn could be seen from it. There was Mr. Yardon alone, pacing up and down, his head drooping forward and his hands clasped behind him.

Drusilla took up her hat from the sofa, put it on before the glass, and then went softly downstairs and into the garden by a side door near the offices.

She came so softly across the grass that she had slipped her hand under Mr. Yardon's arm before he knew she was near him. She pinched his arm as he started, and looked up at him affectionately.

"You startled me, you mischievous puss," he said. "Well, you seem to have made a rapid business of it."

"Hush!" she said, quietly, "I am going to tell you," and she led him down to the border of the sunk fence at the farther corner from the summer-house.

Then she let go his arm and drew herself up till the old man smiled at her pretty, dignified manner.

"You see," she said, ingenuously, "we were interrupted before I had time to answer, and—and he took my consent for granted."

Mr. Yardon frowned; he looked red and angry too.

"Stop," he said, "you can't say 'Yes' and 'No' in the same breath, girl. A fellow like Stanmore wouldn't have made a mistake unless he had good reason."

Drusilla shook her head and pretended to wring her long slim fingers.

"You English people are so literal," she said, "even the best of you. Dear me, I only want you to listen." There was an imploring tone in her voice, for Mr. Yardon was looking, as she had not seen him look, hard and inaccessible.

She waited, but he did not soften. Drusilla gave a little sigh; she had to forego some of her scheme in that momentary waiting.

"I do not know what you are making a fuss about," she said, with some scorn, "I have not said that I want to alter things; dear me, no. I will tell you what I want; in France, you know, a man does not propose his own feelings; he—" she turned her head away till the flap of her hat screened her face from him, "he—speaks to someone else. I have been too much surprised, and—and I want you to go after Mr. Stanmore and say to him that for the present—I wish him not to speak of this; do you understand, guardian?"

"I hear what you say," Mr. Yardon still looked stern; "but I cannot enter into this till you give me a reason. You are in England, I have told you that your father was English born, and Mr. Stanmore is English; I don't want any foreign methods here, the English way seems to me the best. You must give me a reason," he said, after a pause. His voice had softened and she looked once more serene.

"Isn't it reason enough," she said demurely, still keeping her face hidden, for she could not keep from smiling, "if you say I am shy, and that I don't want the servants, and the village people, and Miss Auricula to stare at me, and—and surely Maisie needn't know just yet—I do not want to be fussed about there."

Mr. Yardon's face relaxed into a smile, but he was not satisfied.

"Suppose Stanmore does not agree?" he said.

"I care far more that you should," she suddenly turned to him with a beaming smile. "You cannot think how you frightened me just now; ah! my heart is still beating quite fast. I do not like it. If you are willing, then, of course, he will be; he cannot go against us two, can he?"

Mr. Yardon thought that if she looked at Mr. Stanmore as she was looking at him there would not be much chance that he would refuse any request she made him. He felt an unusual

compunction at having frightened the sweet winning child, as he called her to himself; he patted her on the shoulder by way of making up, and Drusilla looked pleased and dutiful, and took care not to show the amusement his awkward petting afforded her.

"Well," he said, "you two had better settle it between you; it is not my business."

He turned away, but she held his arm fast between her slender palms.

"Oh, please listen, you are my guardian, so it must be your business to help me: I want you to see," she went on quickly, "that there is no time to be lost, and you are the only person who has a right to speak to Mr. Stanmore. Please go to him now, directly. Oh yes, please do, and ask him to keep this a secret; he must, or——"

Her eyes sparkled with impatience, and a pretty flush had spread over her face.

"Gently, gently," interrupted Mr. Yardon, "do not threaten—a woman shouldn't let herself do anything so ugly."

Drusilla stared at him, and her arms fell to her sides.

"That is what mother used to say," she said, "when I was in a temper."

She was startled by the sudden change in his face; he gave her a suspicious glance of scrutiny, then he shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"Your mother was probably only repeating what had been said to her." He spoke in his most cynical tone. "There, be at peace, child—you shall have your way; but be careful not to tease me with questions."

He left her standing on the lawn, but she went softly after him when he was out of sight, and she smiled as she heard the click of the outer gates; he was going down to the village, and she felt sure that Mr. Stanmore would have to consent to keep her secret for the present.

Drusilla danced with delight on the shrubbery path; she knew that no one could see her.

"The afterwards must take care of itself," her lovely eyes were shining with glee. "I wish I was not engaged to him; but then, perhaps, if I had said 'No' he might have gone back to Maisie."

As she went into the house, Miss Lescure decided that she had been hasty; she was much too young to marry; her life was only just beginning, and it seemed to be full of delightful possibilities.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. YARDON'S VISIT.

DRUSILLA was a close observer of words and changes of expression, but she rarely troubled herself about the feelings of others, and although she had the idea that there had been some kind of attachment between Luke Stanmore and Maisie, it did not occur to her that what had passed in the summer-house would prove a shock to the girl when it came to her knowledge.

Drusilla had been absorbed by the double excitement of urging her guardian to secure Mr. Stanmore's consent to a temporary silence, and also in persuading him to pay an early visit to the Manor House. She did not notice Maisie's manner, and she went to bed more delighted with her own success with Mr. Yardon than by the thought of her engagement.

Next morning at breakfast Maisie was the gayest of the party; she laughed so merrily that Mr. Yardon looked up from his paper—he wondered whether the girl was trying to cover her feelings of defeat, for he fancied she must have understood his meaning about Stanmore and Drusilla. He had not meant to be cruel to his grand-daughter, the certainty that there was no longer any chance of her marrying Stanmore had softened his own feelings towards her; but as he now wished Maisie to remain at the Hall some time longer, he considered that it was only fair to tell her the truth instead of leaving her to discover it.

He wondered whether Drusilla had told Maisie her news; but as soon as his grand-daughter left the room Drusilla attacked him.

"You will go to the Manor House this morning, guardian, and then you will tell Maisie and me the news at lunch. I am dying to hear what the Captain is like."

Mr. Yardon looked up at her as she stood on the other side of the table, facing him, the only object worth looking at in the long, gloomy room. The rare sunshine that visited that side of the house came in at breakfast time, and it had concentrated itself on her golden hair, finding out here and there a ruddy thread or two which seemed to burn with golden light among the rest. For the first time her guardian surveyed the fair creature critically, and he fancied that Drusilla's

splendid wealth of hair would be yet more splendid if it were simply arranged; something about the fuzzy coronet irritated him.

"If Stanmore's half the fellow I take him for he'll have that altered." On his way to the Manor House, Mr. Yardon's thoughts were still filled with Drusilla; it seemed to him, as he reflected, that her waist looked too small for reality; this fact had not struck him during Maisie's absence, but it now suggested itself as another tendency to artificial habits. He sighed, shrugged his shoulders, and then let his head droop forward with the action of a man who resigns himself to the inevitable. He took a path across the fields beyond the lawn, a path which formed a short cut to the Manor House.

The man was completely genuine, and yet he had not the love for outside nature which so often exists with truth of character. A lark high above was pouring out soul-stirring melody enough to hold a listener still and rapt with enjoyment, but Mr. Yardon passed on unheeding it. The almond fragrance of the hawthorn blossoms and the tufts of forget-me-nots below the hedge, turquoise-like in a green setting, were as little noted by him as was the exquisite leafage of some birch trees in a copse at the end of the field; but Mr. Yardon was even blinder than usual; he had not been across this way for two months, and he might have seen that the red mist-like effect of interlacing branches was now replaced by tenderest green, though branches and twigs were in a manner effaced by feathery leafage which quivered in the sunshine; his thoughts were wholly filled with disquietude for which he could not find a reason, unless it was that shrinking from change which sometimes besets a man as he grows older.

Mr. Yardon went quickly down the slope the field made into the copse from which a plank bridge divided it.

An hour later he again came in sight, but the expression on his face was no longer doubtful; he looked red and angry, and as he crossed the single plank, he trod so heavily that it seemed possible he might dislodge it and send it crashing down the red sides of the ditch, soft with a coating of last year's leaves, in which the gem-like forget-me-nots seemed glad to nestle.

Miss Lescure had concluded that her guardian would lunch at the Manor House, and she and

Maisie were already seated when he came into the dining-room. Drusilla waited until the end of the meal before she asked him a question, but when he rose from the table without having uttered a word about his visit she stopped him.

"Please sit down again," she said; "you seem to forget that you have not told us what the Captain is like—did you see him?"

Maisie felt surprised, she had not heard of the Captain's arrival; she fancied that her grandfather looked vexed. There crept once more over the girl the bewildered feeling that she was living in a world of her own, with her eyes closed to what was happening in the real world around her.

"Yes, I saw Captain Wentworth," Mr. Yardon said, roughly, "but I cannot see why *you* should care to hear about him, Drusilla. Maisie, now, who might be expected to take some interest, does not ask a question."

He looked at his grand-daughter, and she understood him to allude to Miss Savvay's connection with the owner of the Manor House as the reason of her interest in Captain Wentworth.

"Has Captain Wentworth arrived," she said, "and is Miss Savvay with him?"

The joy sparkling in her face annoyed Mr. Yardon.

"No, Miss Savvay comes later," he said, drily; and he went towards the door.

But Drusilla reached it before he did, and she set her back against it while she looked sweetly at her guardian.

"I am not threatening; on the contrary, I know I look sweet as sugar, considering that I feel very curious. Do please answer my questions. Is the Squire tall or short—fat or thin—fair or dark—ugly or handsome? I want to know exactly what he is like."

Mr. Yardon tried to frown, but he ended by smiling. He shook his head at the lovely, pleading face.

"You are a little simpleton," he said, "a regular baby. There is nothing about Captain Wentworth to distinguish him from a score of captains fresh from India. He is not tall, he is spare, he would be perhaps fair if he were less sun-bronzed, and he is certainly not handsome."

Drusilla made a grimace and looked at Maisie.

"He will adore us both, then," she said softly. "Little men always like tall women."

"You are talking sad nonsense."

Mr. Yardon looked so ungracious that Drusilla moved aside and allowed him to pass out. She turned to Maisie with eyes full of mischief.

"My goodness!" she said it very prettily. "What is the meaning of it? Can you explain, my dear Maisie, why the name—the very name—of Captain Wentworth makes other men cross? I spoke of him to your friend, Mr. Stanmore, and he became at once irritable and contradictory, and now you see how cross my guardian is at a mere question—what does it mean?"

"I thought my grandfather looked worried when he came in," Maisie said, gravely; she felt disturbed by Drusilla's flippancy.

"You are prudish, Maisie; you looked severe when you heard that Miss Savvay had not come with her nephew. Now, look here, we are both going to the Manor House. Why should not two girls do just as well as one girl and a chaperon? It must be just the same, you dear old frump—we don't want Miss Savvay to take care of us."

Maisie laughed.

"Is that a French idea? I fancied French girls had less freedom than English girls had—in the country, at any rate—we are still old-fashioned; but why are you interested about Captain Wentworth? His photograph is not interesting."

"Your photo is not interesting, it makes you look like a nigger—the only nice thing in it is your hair." She looked critically at the rich, careless brown waves as she spoke. "Perhaps the Captain's photo will not be a bit truer to nature than yours is."

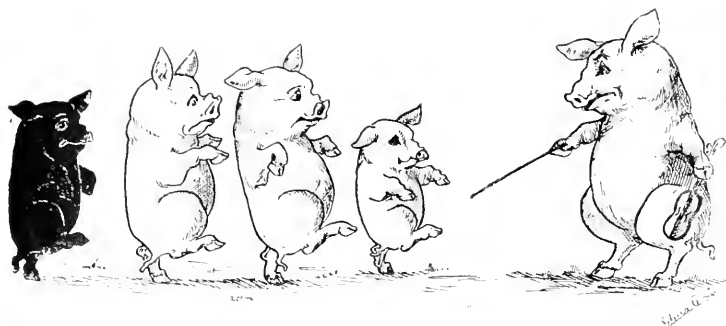
Maisie felt jarred and out of sympathy with her companion; she was conscious of a wish to get away from Drusilla.

Miss Savvay's last words to her had been—

"Whenever my nephew settles down at the Manor House I shall only be a few days in following him."

It was such entire relief to feel that she should soon have her friend near her—perhaps for weeks to come.

(To be continued.)





THE VICTORIAN ERA.

(FIRST HALF: 1837-65.)

JOHN KIRKPATRICK.

LECTURE VII.

RUSSELL'S ADMINISTRATION: HOME AFFAIRS—FAMINE
AND REBELLION IN IRELAND—TRADE AND
FINANCE—THE CHARTISTS AGAIN—GREAT EXHIBITION
—ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES—MINISTERS
DEFEATED.

WHEN your solid, scientific historian goes forth on his travels, he is bound to examine and describe everything that comes within his reach; he must dig deep, he must leave no stone unturned; and whether he finds a pearl of great price or the tiniest grain of mustard-seed, he faithfully contributes it to the great storehouse of historical facts. With Carlyle, we may sometimes laugh at his ponderosity and circumstantiality; yet we are as deeply indebted to him for his work as we are to the composer for his symphony, or to the architect for his cathedral. We, on the other hand, are mere holiday tourists in quest of the

finest views and the most interesting spots in a land already explored. The interest of to-day's excursion is mainly of a tragic nature, but towards the end of our journey the landscape becomes more smiling. Our subject is Lord John Russell's administration, from July, 1846, to February, 1852, which divides itself conveniently into two chapters, the first treating of Russell at home, the second of Russell, or rather Palmerston, abroad. Our last chapter closed with Peel's resignation in June, 1846; and we saw that the House of Commons was then composed of a curious medley of political ingredients: in round numbers, about 230 Whigs and Radicals, 200 Protectionists, 120 Peelites, and 105 Irish members. Thus, when Lord John Russell came into office in July, 1846, his combined Whig and Radical supporters were far outnumbered by the other parties; but he was emboldened to undertake his difficult task by the probability that most of the free-trading Peelites, with their admirably honest and patriotic chief,

and also of the Irish members would make common cause with him against the Tory Protectionists. Without stopping to scrutinise the composition of Russell's cabinet, we may note, in passing, that among many eminent men it included Palmerston as Foreign Secretary and Macaulay as Paymaster, that it was mainly Whig and aristocratic, and that, while it had adopted the free-trade policy, it excluded such men as Cobden and Bright, the chief founders of that policy.

"Ireland blocks the way," a phrase, alas! of almost perennial application, was never truer than in the fateful years 1846-49. For this block her ignorant or tyrannical English masters had hitherto been chiefly to blame; and now, poor stricken soul, she was doomed by Providence itself to walk through the very valley of the shadow of death. The potato-crop of 1845 had been a failure to the extent of about one-half; in 1846 it proved a failure to the extent of three-fourths, besides which one-third of the oat-crop failed the same year, entailing on Ireland a loss of food valued at nearly sixteen millions sterling. The mere facts that this loss fell on a poor population of eight million souls, and that it deprived about half of them of nearly their whole food-supply for the ensuing winter, will serve to convey some idea of the appalling nature of the calamity; but the calamity was terribly aggravated by wholesale evictions, and by the disease and the crime indirectly caused by them. Within the three years, 1847-49, it was computed that 250,000 persons died in Ireland from starvation and from fever and other maladies caused by exposure. During the same period 160,000 persons were rendered homeless by eviction, many of them being ruthlessly turned out to perish on the road-side in the depth of winter, while agrarian outrages had reached the alarming total of nearly 20,000, including several hundred murders. To such utter destitution were the poor Irish reduced that Count Strelecki, an eye-witness, who had travelled all over the world, declared that he had nowhere seen human beings suffering from such aggravated misery as in the west of Ireland. And his evidence is fully borne out by that of Captain Kennedy, a Poor-law official, who tells us that a thousand cabins had been levelled in a single union within a few months, that about 15,000 persons were thus rendered houseless, and that he had never

witnessed such appalling destitution and suffering. Add to the horrors of famine, pestilence, and agrarian crime the imminent danger of rebellion; imagine thousands of ruined cottages and cabins in a wilderness of decayed potatoes, poisoning the air with their sickening odour; picture starving families, burrowing in the earth for shelter, and Rachel weeping for her children throughout the length and breadth of the island; and you obtain some idea of the state of poor Ireland at this period.

Now let us see what was done to alleviate all this misery, and let us try to find out whether it was due to "the act of God" alone. Sir Robert Peel had imported a large quantity of Indian corn, which was sold in Ireland at a low price, and he had established relief-works. The first of these remedies was good; the second proved bad, because, though it saved the persons employed on the public works from starvation, it checked trade and private enterprise. It proved injurious even to farmers in England and Scotland; for in August, 1846, nearly 100,000 persons were engaged in road-making and other relief-works, instead of crossing the Channel as usual to assist in the harvest. And, among other evils, the people so employed were often spoiling old roads, or making new ones that led nowhere, or, from want of supervision, were doing very little for their money, liking, as Lord John Russell neatly put it, "an unfair day's wages for an unfair day's work." And so popular had a day's work on this glorious Hibernian principle become, that in March, 1847, no fewer than 734,000 persons were employed on these relief-works. But this kind of thing could not last, especially as it was costing the British taxpayer nearly a million a month; so government gradually abandoned the relief-works, and in their stead established relief-committees for the distribution of food to keep the starving millions alive till harvest-time. Russell also wisely got Parliament to suspend the Corn Laws (which were not yet quite extinct) and the Navigation Laws, in order to attract food-stuffs to England at the lowest possible price. And so by the autumn of 1847, thanks to the energy of government, splendidly seconded by private charity, the worst part of the crisis had been tided over. By whose charity? will naturally be asked. Chiefly by that of England, particularly that of noble-minded, hard-working committees of Englishwomen, partly by that of the middle and even lower

classes in Ireland, but least of all by the Irish landlords. Is it not therefore clear that Irish landlords are afflicted with "a double dose of original sin"? By no means. They doubtless were and are men and (a Hibernianism here is surely pardonable) women of like fashion with ourselves; but half-a-century ago, more than now, they laboured under the two disadvantages of being almost all poor and of holding their land under a vicious system (already alluded to) which tempted, nay sometimes compelled them in self-defence, to deal harshly with their tenants. Now would have been the time for striking at the root of the evil by passing a law giving tenants some degree of fixity of tenure; but as yet few politicians dreamed of even suggesting so drastic a proceeding as that of interfering between landlord and tenant. As yet the old doctrine reigned supreme, that "a man can do what he likes with his own;" as yet, in strict law (which was thought vastly superior to mere morality or humanity), a landlord was entitled to evict every tenant whose rent was unpaid, or whose lease had expired, and to hunt him off his estate like a wild beast. That "necessity is the tyrant's plea" is often true, but is it not almost as often true that "necessity knows no law" either of humanity or morality? You may kill a man in self-defence, you may tell a tremendous fib to a burglar in order to save your life, you may even be justified in stealing a loaf to keep you from dying of hunger. Herein, then, lies the principle on which the conduct of the Irish landlords, however deplorable, was in a good many cases defensible. So long, indeed, as a wretchedly poor tenant only does his landlord the negative wrong of not paying his rent, and so long as the landlord cannot find a solvent new tenant, it would clearly be inhuman on his part to turn out the old tenant. But the situation assumed a totally different aspect when the new Poor Law was passed in 1847; for now the landlord, besides being deprived of his rent, might be compelled by law to support his poverty-stricken tenants. If he was poor, or if his estate was heavily encumbered, so that the greater part of his rental was swallowed up by the interest due to the mortgagees, he entered upon a death-struggle with his poor tenantry: either they must go, or he must go; either they must be ruined, or he must be ruined. Nor would his departure mend matters for the tenants; for if he did not evict, his successor

would. So he did evict, having practically no alternative. Prior to the Poor Law of 1847 the landlord was liable equally with the tenant to support the aged, the sick, and the young in poor-houses; but he was now liable to contribute to the out-door relief of the able-bodied. Under the old law his poor-rates had never exceeded $7\frac{1}{2}$ d. per pound of his rental; under the new, they might amount to seven and a half shillings, and might easily sweep away the little surplus of rental he had rescued from the clutches of the mortgagees. It is thus clear that the poor Irish landlords were scarcely less to be pitied than the poor Irish tenants, and we can hardly wonder that they resorted to wholesale ejectments in order to avert absolute ruin. It was to remedy this evil that the Encumbered Estates Act was passed in 1849, whereby overburdened landowners were assisted to sell their estates to a wealthier class of purchasers; but in not a few cases the evil was aggravated by the fact that the new landlords, having bought the land as a speculation, treated the tenants with even greater harshness in order that they might get a good return for their money. And the moral of the sad tale, which was not clearly understood till 1881, was simply this, that no amount of tinkering could mend an unjust and rotten system. One word more before we leave the truly "distressful country." The late government had been defeated on its Irish Coercion Bill; the present government found it necessary to bring in a similar measure in 1847, and Peel, with that generosity and consistency which statesmen too often lack, helped to pass it. In 1848 was passed the "Treason-felony" Act, for the suppression of the seditious writings and speeches of the "Young Ireland Patriots," and the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended in Ireland. And lastly, the same year, Smith O'Brien's rebellion proved a ludicrous failure. All along the line, therefore, the government might fairly claim to have been successful in its Irish policy, in crushing rebellion, and in alleviating the direst distress that Ireland had ever experienced.

But we must hasten back to London to ask the news about trade and finance, dearest of British interests to a large part of the community. We learn, in the first place, that the English are very fond of sugar; for, even at the high price of 8d. or 9d. per pound, the consumption half-a-century ago amounted to 20 lbs. per head. Lord John

Russell found the demand increasing and the price increasing, which meant that sugar was an almost impossible luxury for the poor. In 1845 Peel had fixed the duty on sugar from British colonies at 14s. per cwt., on foreign sugar at 23s. 4d., and on slave-grown sugar at 63s., the last-named high figure being intended as a discouragement to slavery. But on Russell's accession to office in 1846 he resolved to abolish these artificial and vexatious distinctions which deprived millions of a most important article of diet. The Protectionists were of course against him ("Shall we admit foreigners freely to our markets and leave the poor British subject unprotected?"), and the Abolitionists were against him ("We want to abolish that accursed slave-trade, and you propose to encourage it by lowering the sugar-duty!"); and the Peelites would have been against him, and he and his Sugar Bill would have been defeated, had not Peel himself generously come to the rescue. This important Act abolished the "discriminating" duties, lowering the duty to a uniform rate of fourteen shillings per cwt., with the result that the price at once fell, and that the importation and consumption were largely increased. Russell was, therefore, the founder of cheap sugar, and since his time its consumption has increased threefold.

A new Parliament, in which the balance of parties was but little changed, met in November, 1847, in the midst of an alarming crisis occasioned by the Irish famine, undue speculation in corn, and the sudden fall in the price of wheat caused by an abundant harvest. Thanks to the intervention of government, the crisis soon passed over, though not without the ruin of many banks, private firms, and individuals. After such disasters, therefore, the country was of course strongly opposed to Russell's proposal, in 1848, to raise the income-tax from 7d. to 1s., and the government was obliged to take the humiliating step of withdrawing its Budget for reconsideration. That it did take such a step with impunity, and that it tided over its financial and many other difficulties with a fair measure of success, while the fate of Europe was trembling in the balance, are the best practical proofs of the stability of our institutions. And so successful had Russell's free-trade policy turned out, that in 1849 he took the further step of repealing the Navigation Laws. We have already had a glimpse at these laws, which, by compelling

the colonies to use British ships only, and compelling British shipowners to employ a majority of British seamen, were supposed to "protect" British interests, but were really unjust and oppressive in every direction. Take a single instance. A colony wishes to send its produce to England. As it must employ British ships, these ships have a monopoly, and their freights are high. Abolish the monopoly, and freights at once fall, immensely to the benefit of both seller and buyer, producer and consumer; and even the shipowner benefits by the removal of irksome restraints. By the repeal of the Navigation Laws, the Protectionists were driven out of their last great stronghold. The country, in their opinion, was irretrievably ruined. Trade might flourish, the revenue might increase, men might freely go down to the sea in ships and do much business in strange waters, millions of people might thrive on cheap bread and cheap sugar, instead of starving as they had lately done; but, alas! the great god, Protection, was for ever overthrown, and lay prostrate in the dust.

Our old friends, the Chartists, not altogether a bad set of people, are now about to make their exit. As we have already seen, their "six points" (universal suffrage, vote by ballot, annual parliaments, payment of members, abolition of the property qualification, equal electoral districts) were neither revolutionary nor unreasonable. The first has since been almost attained; the second has become law; the third is at least defensible; the fourth is now approved by probably half the community; the fifth has been carried; the sixth has to a large extent been adopted. But the advocates of the "People's Charter" were unfortunate in their leader, Feargus O'Connor, a gifted man, but erratic, eccentric, and ultimately insane. Their petition of 1839 had been rejected by Parliament, in 1848 they resolved to present another. The petition was accordingly drawn up, the trumpet was sounded, and the 10th of April was fixed for the presentation of the Charter to Parliament. A monster procession was to be organised, and the demonstration was expected to attract at least half-a-million sympathizers. In the alarming state of Continental affairs London might well be uneasy. The protection of the city was entrusted to the Duke of Wellington, 170,000 special constables were sworn in, and the meeting

was declared illegal. The dreaded 10th April arrived. London would soon be in the hands of a revolutionary mob, the Queen dethroned, a republic established; probably anarchy and ruin would ensue. But never was a popular panic so speedily allayed; never was black thunder-cloud so instantly dispelled by laughing sunshine. For the whole affair proved a ridiculous fiasco. Not a tenth of the expected multitudes appeared; O'Connor quietly submitted to the orders of the police; no speeches were made, no procession held; and the great petition was ignominiously carried to the House of Commons in a cab. Even more humiliating was the subsequent fate of the petition. O'Connor had boasted that it bore five million signatures; it turned out that there were not two millions. Worse still, it proved to be signed by the same person many times—by the Queen, Wellington, and Peel, by Pug-Nose, Flat-Nose, and other pseudonymic personages; and it need hardly be said that, in spite of perhaps a million or more genuine signatures, the practical jokers had effectually doomed the document to ridicule and contempt.

Had Gallio, "who cared for none of these things," lived in the middle of the present century, he would have been surprised to find that many people in this country care much about religion, and even more about other people's. Among such worthy people two ecclesiastical events of 1850 caused a profound sensation. Mr Gorham's views on baptism had been pronounced heretical by the Bishop of Exeter and the august Court of Arches. Who but such high spiritual authorities could possibly understand so sacred a subject? Yet four temporal Courts of Appeal in succession actually presumed to reverse the judgment. "Flat sacrilege," protested indignant ecclesiastics; "common sense," retorted the worldly and profane. The fact is that both parties were right from their respective points of view. On the one hand, it is an anachronism, a relic of mediæval intolerance, that courts of law should pry into the religious doctrines of any church or sect or individual; yet, on the other, so long as a church is supported by the State, its tenets must necessarily be subject to the supervision of the State. The other sensational event of the year 1850 was the promulgation of a papal bull re-establishing

"in the kingdom of England a hierarchy of bishops deriving titles from their own sees." We may figure the indignation caused by this edict of Pío Nono when we find the prime minister himself calling it "insolent and invidious"; and we can understand why the Ecclesiastical Titles Act was passed, in 1851, to prevent the Romish bishops from using territorial titles; yet we may rejoice that calmer and more tolerant counsels soon prevailed, and that the Act was repealed in 1871.

In pleasing contrast to ecclesiastical strife at home and scarce dispelled thunder-clouds on the European horizon, a vast peace demonstration was soon to take place in London. Exhibitions of various kinds had originated in France, and had culminated in the "Exposition" of 1844, but had been almost exclusively national. In London the idea soon began to gain ground that an exhibition of products and manufactures from every part of the world would at once foster art and industry and promote international peace and goodwill. The idea was warmly and ably adopted by good Prince Albert; the first great Crystal Palace was suggested and planned by Joseph Paxton, the Duke of Devonshire's head-gardener; and on 1st May, 1851, the first great International Exhibition was opened by her gracious Majesty in person. Never, perhaps, in the world's history was pageant more impressive; never certainly did sovereign more humbly and fervently give the praise "to the great God who seemed to pervade all and to bless all;" never was huge enterprise crowned with more glorious success. But, meanwhile, the horizon of the Russell administration was becoming overcast. In February, 1851, ministers had been defeated on Locke King's motion for assimilating the county with the borough franchise, had resigned, but had resumed office on Lord Stanley's inability to form a cabinet. In December, Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* led to the incident which ended with the dismissal of Lord Palmerston, the ablest member of the cabinet; and in February, 1852, Palmerston gave the death-blow to his late colleagues by carrying an amendment to Russell's Militia Bill. And thus ends our chapter on the domestic side of the Russell Administration.

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

- I. Who was Lord John Russell? What were the chief characteristics of his policy?
- II. Describe and discuss the measures taken by Government for the relief of Ireland during the famine.
- III. State your views on any two of the following topics of the period:—(a) Free-trade; (b) Chartistism; (c) Ecclesiastical questions; (d) Great Exhibition.

Please answer one, or at most two, of these questions, and state the total number of words (which must not exceed 500) that your answer or answers contain. Answers to be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT R.U., ATALANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., on or before 25th April.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

Who are the two authors referred to in the lines by Matthew Arnold?

"Where under Loughrigg, the stream
Of Rotha sparkles through fields
Vested for ever with green. . . .
I saw the meeting of two
Gifted women. The one
Brilliant with recent renown,
Young, unpractised, had told
With a master's accent her feign'd
Story of passionate life;
The other, maturer in fame,
Earning, she too, her praise
First in fiction, had since
Widen'd her sweep, and surveyed
History, politics, mind."

II.

Of whom was it said:—

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

III.

Give references to the following phrases:—1. "Mobled Queen." 2. "Church-going bell." 3. "Dappled dawn." 4. "Winsome marrow." 5. "Incense-breathing morn." 6. "Sentinel stars." 7. "Black bat, Night."

The above questions are the first of a new series. All readers of ATALANTA may send in Answers. Reply-Papers should be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R.U., ATALANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, and must be sent in before April 15.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (MARCH).

I.

Emerson, Alcott, N. P. Willis, Bryant, Whittier, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Fenimore Cooper, E. A. Poe, Washington Irving, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lowell, Dana. (*A Fable for Critics*, J. R. LOWELL).

II.

"Partant pour la Savie, le jeune et beau Dunois." Dolly hears it first when she is in Lady Henlev's house, after Robert has gone; secondly, at Mrs. Fane's, when she sees the announcement of George's death. It is also spoken of as being played in the distance while George is being buried.

MISS THACKERAY'S *Old Kensington*.

III.

A bundle of old bills.

JANE AUSTEN'S *Northanger Abbey*.

IV.

On the door of "that clay cabin hight the Colle of Killeen."

TOM HOOD'S *Irish Schoolmaster*.

IV.

What authors wrote the adventures of these people?—

1. The Fudge Family. 2. Miss Kilmansegg. 3. Mr. Knott. 4. The Kicklebury Family. 5. The Tuggs at Ramsgate.

V.

Mention a poem by Keats that contains an allusion to the story of Ruth.

VI.

Quote the complete verse in which the following words end each line:—

1. Power—gave—hour—grave.
2. Rebuff—rough—go!—pain—strain—throe!
3. Night—flight—hoar—delight—more!
4. Link—ran—think—Man.

VII.

Give the author and work where these quotations occur:—

1. "O, that it were possible,
After long grief and pain,
To feel the arms of my true love
Round me once again!"
2. "The Child is father to the Man."
3. "Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all."
4. "And he wandered away, and away,
With Nature, the dear old Nurse,
And she sang to him, night and day,
The rhymes of the universe."

V.

1. Dryden, *The Hind and the Panther*.
2. "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen."

POPE'S *Essay on Man*, ii. 217.

VI.

Eleanor of Bretagne; lawful heiress of the English crown after Arthur's death, in the reign of King John; was imprisoned forty years (till the time of her death) in Bristol Castle.

See *Elegy*, by SHENSTONE.

VII.

"What, you are stepping westward?" Said to Wordsworth by the side of Loch Katrine, in his tour through the Highlands.

VIII.

1. Mrs. Hamilton King, *Ballad of the Midnight Sun*.
2. Robert Browning, *By the Fireside*.
3. Matthew Arnold, *Morality*.



ON COOKING.

PART III.

IN my last letter I promised a lesson on sauces, gravies, and savouries, and I trust what I am now writing will be found useful and clear to ATALANTA'S readers. There are very few cooks who really take the trouble to make sauces properly, they hurry over them, and end often in sending up to table either a sort of paperhanger's paste or a thin buttery mixture. To make a sauce properly takes a little time, but not a very long one; and as on sauces and gravies depends the perfection of entrées, even for a simple hash and mince, it is most necessary to cook them properly.

In the first place, cooks often roll butter and flour together in any haphazard manner, fry it very quickly in a half sort of way, and then put in the other ingredients and boil till thick, and never think of straining the same through a sieve. It takes them about five minutes, and they think *it will do*. Now I am well aware many cookery-books and good cooks advise the rolling of flour and butter together and then frying, and no doubt it can be done so and well; but as cooks, as a rule, hurry over their cooking, I will describe my way of making them, and which I have taught all my cooks to do, and the result is the sauce is invariably smooth. All sauces derive from two kinds—brown sauce and white sauce, and the difference in the flavourings makes the numerous sauces which both these kinds are the bases of.

The first thing in making a white sauce is to take a tablespoonful of flour (this will make a good tureen full) and mix it in a basin till it is a smooth paste. Whilst doing this, have a small stewpan on the fire, with a piece of butter the size of a plum (not more) in it; when the butter is melted and very hot, add in the smooth paste, give it a stir round and then add a little salt, more milk, and whatever flavourings are required; stir over the fire till it thickens, and the mixture leaves the sides of the stewpan and coats the spoon. If it becomes *too* thick, add a gill of cold water and boil up again, and then pass through a fine sieve or strainer into the tureen or dish it is to be served in. If cooked some time before it is wanted, keep the saucepan in a larger one of boiling water and let it stand on the stove till required, but never let it boil up again. The "gourmet boilers" are capital things for keeping things warm and simmering; they are made in earthenware, and put inside a stewpan of boiling water; and they may be left in them *for hours* and they will never *boil*. I use them myself immensely, and for those who do not possess a bain marie they are a *sine quâ non*. All ironmongers keep them, and they are very inexpensive.

Brown sauces are made exactly in the same way as white. The only difference is, the flour is mixed first with cold stock or gravy, instead of

milk, and added to the boiling butter in the same way. Of course, where oysters and button mushrooms, shrimps, lobster, etc., are used in sauces, the same must be strained before these are put in, having been cooked separately first. Cooks will say, "What a trouble to cook this way!" But it is no trouble, and only takes two or three minutes longer than their usual rough fashion, and certainly the sauce repays the trouble, and unless one takes trouble and pains success will not be found. I will give some recipes for different sauces, both brown and white, the foundations being made as I have just directed; as well as some other kinds, which I can recommend most confidently.

BECHAMEL SAUCE.—Make the sauce as I have described for white sauce, flavouring well with bay-leaf or celery, and, after straining it, stir into it half a pint of cream and the strained juice of half a lemon, and let it boil from three to five minutes, then pour into a basin and stir while it cools.

ALRO-DOLCE SAUCE (sweet-sharp sauce).—Fill half of a wine-glass with castor sugar and pour over it two-thirds of vinegar. Place in a saucepan one pound of pine-kernels (if pine-kernels are not obtainable, split sweet almonds and use them instead), and the same quantity of small currants and half a cup of ground chocolate; add the vinegar and sugar. Mix well together with a wooden spoon, and place on the fire till it boils.

SAUCE VERTE.—Wash well about a dozen large sprigs of parsley, three of chervil, and three of tarragon, and a shallot peeled and chopped; put these into a stewpan in some cold water, just enough to cover them, add also a piece of soda no bigger than a pea. Let the water boil, and then let these herbs cook for two minutes, strain them, and then squeeze them dry. Next put them into a mortar with three anchovies well freed from oil, two hard-boiled yolks of eggs, a few slices of chopped cucumber, a dessertspoonful of capers, and a good tablespoonful of salad oil and a little of Breton's green colouring. Pound all these to a smooth paste, then pass them through a hair sieve. Add to this about half a pint of mayonnaise sauce and stir well together. This is a capital sauce in making savoury tartlets, fish-cutlets, &c.

ICED CHAMPAGNE SAUCE.—Break into a stewpan an egg, a tablespoonful of cream, a little sugar and a tumbler of champagne; place round the stewpan

broken ice and freezing-salt. Whip up all the ingredients as quickly as possible, and serve with Russian ice. This sauce can be used warm with hot sweets; but the stewpan then should be placed on the stove and whipped whilst it heats.

GENEVA SAUCE.—Make a mixture with butter, flour and fish stock, as I have before described. Stir over fire till brown; then add a tumblerful of claret and another tumblerful of the liquor the fish has been boiled in; also three sliced onions, a bouquet of mixed herbs, salt, pepper and a few chopped mushrooms; remain for half an hour and add, just before serving, a teaspoonful of marsala. Pass through sieve and serve.

SAUCE ESPAGNOLE.—Make a brown sauce as before directed; the stock should be flavoured by cutting up some slices of ham, a little veal trimmings and giblets of fowls. Stir all together over the fire till it is a good brown colour; add a tumblerful of vin de Grave or the strained juice of a lemon. Then let all simmer by the side of the fire for three or four hours; pass through a tammy. Skim off all grease; and if not thick enough, add a little bovril or meat glaze.

ITALIAN SAUCE.—Simmer a lump of butter, the size of two eggs, in a saucepan, with a couple of tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one ditto of minced shallots, and the same quantity of chopped mushrooms. Add a tumblerful of white wine. Reduce the same, and then add half a pint of veloute sauce and half a pint of stock. Boil over a quick fire, skim off all grease, and when the sauce is at the proper consistency take it off the fire and serve.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S SAUCE.—Make some brown sauce in the usual way, enough to make half a pint, and add one tablespoonful of mushroom catsup, one of Clarence's cayenne sauce, one of Worcester sauce, one of Gordon and Dilworth's tomato catsup, and a gill of either port wine or claret. Give a boil up; run through the sieve, and stand in a bain marie or gourmet boiler till required.

MUSHROOM SAUCE.—Trim and wash the mushrooms, make a white sauce, add the piece of a lemon, put in pepper and salt to taste, and then cook the mushrooms. If brown mushroom sauce is required, add a tablespoonful of mushroom catsup to it, a teaspoonful of bovril, and four drops of Parisian essence.

I think, for the present, I have given sufficient

recipes for sauces, and will give some savouries, which will be found easy to make, and more appetising to the taste.

GRENADA TOASTS.—Cut some fat and lean bacon into dice shapes, toss them over the fire, with parsley, strips of onion, pepper, salt, and the yolks of two eggs. Stir it frequently, till it forms a mince. Spread it over slices of bread cut of an equal thickness, and fry them.

TOMATO CANAPES.—Cut some slices of bread two-and-a-half inches in diameter and of an inch thick, fry them a pale colour, and spread them with butter and grated Parmesan cheese well pounded together. Dip small tomatoes into hot water, skin them, and put one on each piece of bread, arranging some finely minced parsley round and grated Parmesan on the top of each.

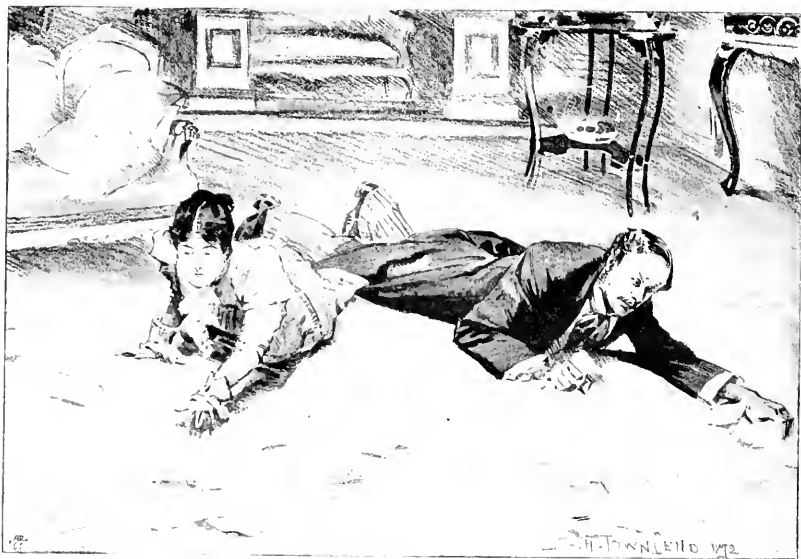
ICED SALAD A LA FASCINATION (original recipe).—Take two or three large heads of white celery and chop up *very* finely, also parboil a small Spanish onion and a small shallot. Pound them *all* together thoroughly and mix well together, and pass them through a sieve. Take some beetroot, and chop into very thin slices, also some watercress (choose *very* green leaves), mince them small, pound and pass through a sieve; if not a very bright colour add a little green colouring. Make a Mayonnaise sauce with a dessertspoonful of Swiss milk, the yolks of two eggs, and beat them up together; then add a mustardspoonful of made mustard and three drops of essence of anchovies; pour in some salad oil drop by drop, then a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, then more salad oil, then a tablespoonful of cream, and add half a pint of whipped aspic jelly, and whip up all together. Oil a fancy mould, and place at the top a little clear aspic jelly which place on ice to set. Mix some of the Mayonnaise sauce *well* into the onion and celery mixture; also let the slices of beetroot soak in same also, and colour some green and mix with the pulped watercress. When the aspic jelly in the mould is set, place a layer of the watercress mixture an inch and a half thick; when that is set, add a similar layer of the celery and onion mixture; when this is set, place in a layer of the slices of beetroot; and when that is set, fill in with the onion and celery mixture; leave on ice till fit to turn out; garnish with mounds of aspic decorated with chervil leaves alternately with small tomatoes.

NEAPOLITAN SAVOURY.—Make some good Mayonnaise salad dressing, mix with half a pint of aspic jelly; divide it in four portions, leaving one as it is. Colour and flavour, one with tomato purée, one with mushroom purée coloured with mushroom catsup, and one part colour green. Have ready some little Neapolitan ice paper-cases, fill these with layers of the different salad dressings (of course, each layer must be set before the other is put in). Chop some aspic and sprinkle over the tops, and serve with it some vegetable or fish sandwiches cut into oblong shapes.

VERMICELLI A LA VENISE.—Boil one pint of milk; when boiled, put in three tablespoonsfuls of vermicelli; let it simmer for five minutes, then add three eggs; beat up all together with a gill of cream, salt, white pepper, and a small shallot. Butter a mould, and stick it all over with small narrow strips of ham and tongue; pour in the mixture, then bake it, and serve it when turned out with savoury gravy or tomato sauce.

ARTICHOKE BOTTOMS A LA KAISER.—Cook some artichoke bottoms, season them with a little grated Parmesan; choose some plain, round, glossy tomatoes, and place one on each artichoke; lay some mushroom purée on the top of each, taking care to smooth it well; place each artichoke on a fried crouton, masked with the tomato purée, and put them in a deep tin dish and bake them in the oven (which must not be a fierce one) for about ten minutes. Just before serving, sprinkle a little finely chopped parsley over, and curl an anchovy on the top of each, round a spray of parsley that has been heated in the oven.

CUCUMBER A LA ROMA.—Take some fresh cucumbers, hollow them out partly, by taking out the middle where the seeds are; make a mince of chicken or veal mixed with a little forcemeat of tomatoes and butter (it should be a soft mince), fill up the cucumber with this, and cork up the ends with pellets of dough; stew them gently in a brown gravy, to which add the insides of the cucumbers; the pellets of dough must be taken out before serving. Dish them up on long fingers of fried bread, with the sauce poured over them; the sauce should be thickened.



"My Speech!"

MR. EDWARD TERRY AND MISS LANNY BROUGH AS MR. AND MRS. EGERTON-BOMPAS. Act II.

"THE TIMES" AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

MR. PINERO calls his play a "comedy;" but if it is supposed to be in any respect a transcript of actual life, much of it is indeed but "tragical mirth." Its motive may be best described in the Author's own words. He speaks of it as "in design a comic play," one "which essays to touch with a hand not too heavy some of the surface faults and follies of the day. If any question be raised, it is only the old, often-asked question—Can the depths be sounded of ignorance, of vulgarity of mind, of vanity, and of self-seeking?"

These, then, are the lines on which the play runs.

Mr. Percy Egerton-Bompas is a retired draper, who, having made a large fortune by trade, would fain wriggle his way upwards into the charmed sphere known as Society. As a step in the desired direction he enters Parliament—of course on the Conservative side. He has a loving and devoted wife, who is as proud of her "old man," now in the time of their splendour, as she was in

the old happy days at Haverstock Hill. Under the sheltering wing of the Hon. Montague Trimble, they manage to edge their way into the outer fringe of the enchanted circle, and the crowning drop is poured into their cup of joy when their daughter Beryl becomes engaged to the young Viscount Lurgashall, son of the rigidly aristocratic Countess of Ripstow.

But in the very hour of their triumph a crushing and humiliating blow is dealt to the happy parents. They have another child besides the bright and high-spirited Beryl, and it is through this despicable youth, who fondly imagines himself a representative young English gentleman, that the circumstances arise which eventually lead to the downfall of the Egerton-Bompases.

While on a reading party at a remote little Welsh village, Howard Bompas secretly marries a wild Irish girl, the daughter of his landlady, Mrs. Hooley. At the very moment when Mr. Egerton-Bompas, puffed up with pride, is arranging

the details of a little "family dinner" ("four Egerton-Bompases, two Ripstows," &c.), he is called to welcome an addition to the family that he had never reckoned upon. Howard, his young wife Honoria, and his Irish mother-in-law arrive. Fate has dealt her unkindest blow as far as the feelings of the aspiring ex-draper are concerned. This degrading connection will drag the whole family down from the insecure niche in society to which they have climbed with such toil.

But the Egerton-Bompases have yet heavier trials in store before they learn wisdom. Instigated by their society-sponsor, the Hon. Montague Trimble, they resolve to hush up all the ignominious details of the case. Mrs. Hooley and her daughter are transformed into Mrs. Mounttrafford and the wealthy Miss Corisande Shafto Honoria Mounttrafford. They are introduced to friends of the house as ladies who have just returned from "many years' missionary labours among the American aborigines," and the whole family launches desperately forth into a perfect sea of sham and deception.

It will be readily seen that Mr. Pinero has here the ingredients for a most amusing play. The complications that ensue would be ludicrous in the extreme if they were not handled

with such a keenly satiric and relentless grip, that at times they appeal almost more to one's pity than to one's ridicule. The spectacle of the harassed, humiliated Percy Egerton-Bompas portrayed in such a life-like manner by Mr. Edward Terry is more forcible than any amount of moralising over the pernicious results of Sham and Humbug. Miss

Fanny Brough is consistently delightful as the faithful wife, too loyal to her husband to question the wisdom of his proceedings, and plunging herself into difficulties which her truer instinct condemns. Representative types of modern life are supposed to be found in the aristocratic Countess of Ripstow (as snobbish in her own way as Bompas in his), the very objectionable lady-journalist, Kate

Cazelet, the rather farcical Girtton girl, whom I suspect all her Cambridge sisters would disclaim kinship with, the odious little cad, Howard, who would probably have been kicked out of Oxford, the ancient society beau, the Hon. Montague Trimble, and the blustering, bullying Home Ruler, Timothy McShane, an Irish M.P. All these characters, in addition to Mrs. Hooley and Honoria, are played with sympathetic humour and *verve* by their respective impersonators. Beryl (Miss Annie Hill) and Viscount Lurgashall (Mr. W. T. Lovell) make an acceptable heroine and hero, their earnestness and sincerity of purpose standing out in strong relief amid the foolish vulgarity and self-seeking of the rest of the characters.

The situation represented at the head of this paper is one of the most amusing in the play. It is the dream of Mr. Bompas's life to be allowed to speak in Parlia-

ment. At last the opportunity arrives. With intense labour, he has constructed the notes of his speech. In a moment of passion, thinking they are a bundle of bills handed to him by his son Howard, he tears them to pieces. As the curtain falls, husband and wife fling themselves on the floor to gather up the precious fragments. *M. M.*



"I'm a young English gentleman."

MR. HENRY V. ESMOND AS HOWARD EGERTON-BOMPAS.

THE Talking Horse (F. Anstey. Smith, Elder and Co.). This is a collection of stories which have appeared before. It goes without saying that, as they are by the author of *Vice-Versa*, they are amusing. Mr. Anstey is one of our most humorous writers. He possesses the keenest possible sense of the ridiculous, but, like most writers of this class, he also has the power of touching the minor key. The volume in question contains evidence of both these qualities. Few more laughable stories have appeared for a long time than the one which is called *Taken by Surprise*, and few reach a finer point of pathos than the little sketch called *Marjory* which ends the volume.

The first is an account of a particularly vain and disagreeable book-critic, who has all his vanity, and we may trust a good deal of his disagreeableness, taken out of him by a local photographer. It would be unfair to reveal the extremely ingenious manner in which the photographer contrived to punish the critic. It would also be wrong to state the photographer's reason for his novel administration of justice. But I think it is safe to add that only Mr. Anstey could have conceived the situation.

Marjory is one of the children who have appeared from time to time in this author's pages. She, too, must not have her story told in advance. It would be difficult for the most hardened to read it without tears. Few as the words are, and tersely as the brief narrative is described, Marjory stands out as one of the little heroines who linger long in one's memory. Her brief and tragic story might be read as a lesson of warning by many school-boys.

The Talking Horse, the story after which the volume takes its name, is a clever and entertaining sketch, but is almost too farcical even for Mr. Anstey's pen.

The readers of *ATLANTIA* are already acquainted with that delightful little sketch, *Don : the Story of a Greedy Dog*, and the story called *A Matter of Taste*.

The volume is worth adding to the shelf where we keep our hundred choice books.

IT is now some months since a book was published by Messrs. Osgood, Melville & Co., called *Seven Dreamers*. The author is Annie Trumbull Slosson. The book is a collection of

stories, seven in all, each relating to the feelings and experiences of a dreamer. These folk had queer dreams, which, according to the author, "fetched them right along through everything." The dreams were with them both day and night, and the non-understanding folk were fond of calling them crazy.

It is not too high praise to speak of this volume as beautiful. There is a subdued sunshine all over it. It relates many marvels in matter-of-fact words, and there is that about the stories which will cause them to sink down into thousands of hearts.

The author has a good deal of the quaint charm of manner and style which characterises Mary E. Wilkins, but it is no disparagement to Miss Wilkins to say that this book goes deeper. It treads indeed, for the most part, on the border-land between earth and heaven. There is literally not a worldly touch in it, and yet we all have met the kind of folk who figure in these pages. Miss Glosson sees them with a certain fine spiritual sense. She sees and understands, and so she has written a book which is absolutely unique, and is a gem worth possessing.

All the stories in the volume are good, and each reader will select the one which best fits his own idiosyncrasy. I think I like *Butterneggs* and *A Speakin' Ghost* the best.

I can fully corroborate also the author's remark when she says that she is glad that these Dreamers "never waked up this side o' heaven."

"You'll think," she says, in the concluding words of her preface, "that I'm a Dreamer myself when I tell you that sometimes as I sit here thinkin', I can most hear 'em, one after another, speakin' from way up there somewheres, and sayin' in the words o' scripiter, 'I awaked and beheld, and my sleep was sweet unto me.'"

* * *

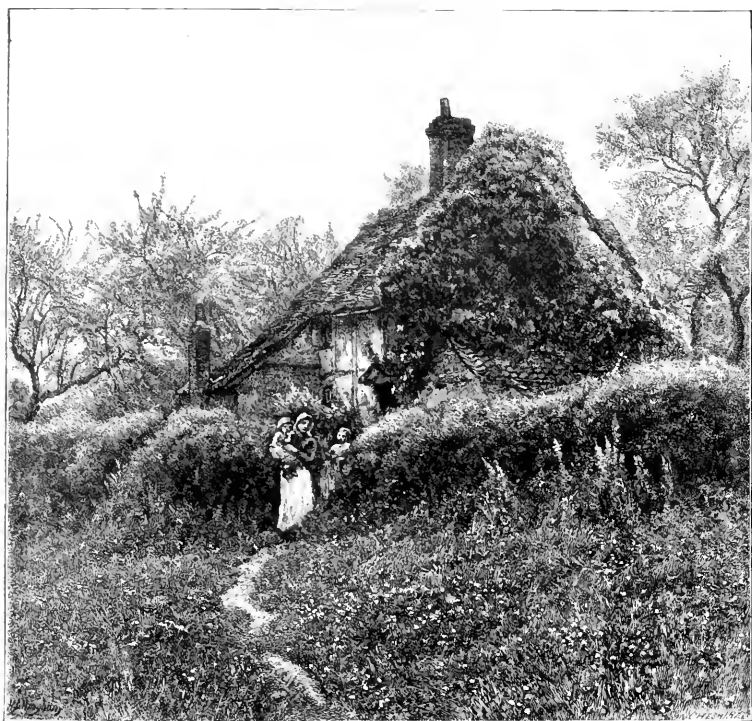
I HAVE received the following amusing paradox from Professor Kirkpatrick:—

CAN'T BE BEAT!

FROM sugar that's beet I advise you abstain;
And tis rightly so called, because beat by
the cane.

But if you want sugar deliciously sweet,
Remember cane-sugar can never be beat!

L. T. Meade.



Engraved by CHESHIRE.]

A COTTAGE HOME IN ENGLAND.

After the Picture by MRS. ALLINGHAM.

"The daisy and the buttercup,
For which the little children stoop
A hundred times throughout the day
In their rude, romping summer play,
So thickly now the pasture crowd
In gold and silver sheeted cloud,
As if the drops of April showers
Had woo'd the sun, and changed to flowers."

CLARE.

ATLANTA

VOL. V.

MAY, 1892.

NO. 56.

MAY.

SWALLOWS

BRIVE



A BATTLE AND A BOY.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

CHAPTER XV.

ONE hundred and twenty boys, with their cleanest faces, their straightest backs, and their hair brushed till it stood on end, with amazement sat in long rows in the music-room of the St. John Hort. Now and then an inconsequent grin flickered along the line of preternaturally solemn countenances. The shuffling of legs—inevitable in assemblies of boys, whether of blue or some other coloured blood, and doubtless inherent in the nature of the animal—was a prominent feature of this occasion; but, if the bases of the little human columns were frisky, the shafts and capitals held themselves with imposing rigidity. It was rare that a giggle of the smallest dimensions broke loose, and any such impropriety was frowned down and suppressed by common consent. A child who was seized with a nervous tickling in his throat, and for his life could not help coughing occasionally, was promptly signalled what would happen to him upon leaving the building. Altogether, distinguished sentiments prevailed in the Hort that evening; a punctilious observance of the amenities of good society, so far, at least, as such mysteries had been penetrated; and an uncompromising determination to show to the world that the Hort, as a body, had nothing to learn in respect of conduct appropriate to a Christmas festival.

The solid integrity of the Hort's demeanour was all the more praiseworthy because subjoined to constant temptation. Kurt von Normann, who sat among the patrons and spectators, shuffled his feet with as much animation as any rag-picker's son, devoted himself assiduously to the task of undermining the virtuous gravity of the juvenile assembly, and even made faces behind the broad backs of Church dignitaries. While Hildegard with her long fair hair, white hat, ostrich plumes, and white fur coat, was a distracting vision, and set no better example of repose of manner than a humming-bird.

Two tall pines, with lighted tapers and glittering gewgaws, stood on a platform at the end of the hall, and upon long tables were 120 books, 120 little mounds of cake and fruit, and 120 brown packages, each containing a box of writing and drawing materials and three coarse printed pocket-handkerchiefs. As handkerchiefs do not grow in gutters, and few boys of the Hort had ever owned a story-book, and the value of all mundane things depends upon the point of view, the princely munificence of these gifts was destined to make many hearts beat high. Speaking with historical accuracy, there were but 119 boys present. The 120th was grumbling at home with a broken arm and some bruises, the result of over-ambitious and forbidden efforts on the high trapeze in the absence of the teacher.

There were also handsome presents for the Hort as a community, additions to the library, to the games and tools, and a few good engravings. In the background sat such parents as could be prevailed upon to come: Artur's mother quite sober and respectable, the most of them pleased and proud of the children.

The ceremonies were a compromise between old and new methods. The young men agreed to defer to the conservative taste of the committee in the opening exercises, provided they might be free to say what they pleased later. The programme then was conventional and edifying, beginning with a few introductory remarks by the director, who stated the province and scope of the Hort, its gratifying success, the services and merits of the gentlemen of the committee, all of whom looked bland and complacent at the tribute to their benevolence. Some of them responded by compliments to the director, and there was considerable mutual felicitation interchanged by the grown boys before they deigned to consider the little boys sitting there in an inward fever of impatience, yet heroically straining after good behaviour.

During a very long extempore prayer the restiveness of the 238 legs increased to an alarming degree. It was as if they were on the point of taking to their heels, despite the stolidity of the faces above them. The legs evidently longed to skip about the streets in the freedom of the crisp December night. But mixed sentiments—faint new-born glimmerings of respectability and pride, as well as pleasing visions resulting from a sly cock of one eye at the brown packages, during prayer-time, were not without influence, and heads won. Ornate remarks by different gentlemen followed the prayer, and a great deal of well-meant advice to the boys. The visiting clergyman informed the weary, impatient little fellows, whose young lives knew blows and profanity, and hunger and cold better than food, kindness, and decency, that discipline was necessary to moral growth, and that even their kind Heavenly Father, like their earthly parents, chastised them for their good. As a living example, he mentioned their absent comrade, whom he declared God had specially punished for disobedience, breaking his arm and depriving him of the Christmas-feast because he had disobediently ventured upon the high-trapeze five minutes before the arrival of the teacher. The clergyman furthermore recommended them to fear God, honour the king, and be contented in the station in which they found themselves.

His words were rather long, his phrases complex, his voice smooth and monotonous, so that the majority of the boys, already fatigued by the preliminaries, did not listen with closest attention. They had heard it all very often too. The one idea which they clearly received was that God was very angry with Max. It must be true, for a clergyman with a long coat said so. It did not seem in any respect surprising, for in their experience somebody was always angry whatever boys did and—except at the Hort—authority and power were addicted to the administration of corporal punishment, and things were frequently broken; sometimes the stick, sometimes a part of the boy, it did not matter much which. Still, Max was a good fellow, and the best gymnast among them, and there was not a healthy Hort boy who, provided he got the chance, was not ready on the instant to attempt what Max had attempted. As to punishment, whether human or divine, they had always been hit and hurt

physically, but it would never occur to them on this account to abandon their circus-tricks.

After the committee and patrons had enjoyed their own fluency for some time, and told one another how wise, philanthropic, progressive, large-hearted, public-spirited, etc., they all were—the boy with the dressing-gown, like old Grimes' coat, all buttoned down before, stalked superbly into the foreground, and spoke his piece in unimpeachable sing-song. The boys revived and felt that their turn had finally come. Artur limped up to the platform, stood by the piano, turned toward the guests his pale wizened face, and the luminous intensity of eyes that looked as if they already saw into the Spirit Land and, unmoved by the presence of strangers, his strong, sweet soprano led his comrades. And how the dregs and slums sang! Like glad angels, like pure joyous beings ignorant of sin or pain, yet with that most touching quality which haunts the fresh voices of young boys.

More recitations followed, stirring tales of knights and kings, of brave deeds and high thoughts, told by golden-tongued poets to the world, and interpreted by these little men according to the individual receptivity. One after another, awkward and ashamed, in their queer clothes—baggy or pinched as the case might be but usually made for some other boy's angles—they marched up to the platform and spoke; some with a dull hang-dog mumble, others with a certain dash and freedom in the wrong place, few with any trace of comprehension and sympathy, yet the memory of Goethe and Schiller was not desecrated by their stumbling efforts.

Franzl came up last. He had learned Schiller's "Hostage." It was long, but his omnivorous memory devoured the twenty stanzas of seven lines with little effort. He did not know that it was hackneyed, and he could tell its tale of heroic friendship with great swing and warmth, as if he had discovered it. He had made his newly-acquired bow, and was on the point of beginning, when Arno motioned him to wait, and Major von Normann came forward, to the ecstasy of the Hort. Every eye gleamed, and it must be confessed the rascals paid keener attention to every button and stripe of his uniform than to all the advice and admonitions thus far showered upon them.

"On the part of His Majesty the King, I have the honour to present to my young friend, Franzl Reiner, a medal rarely bestowed upon a child, nobly merited in this instance by Franzl Reiner for risking his life to save the life of a boy who was not even his friend."

At a gesture from his father, Kurt came forward and attached the shining silver medal to Franzl's jacket, and Kurt's worst enemy must have admitted that he officiated in this ceremony with evident heartiness, and a most gentlemanlike bearing, while on his face was an expression of thoughtfulness and affection, much more becoming than his habitual contortions. His virtuous intervals never were of long duration, however, and having distinguished himself, for three minutes, he gave Franzl a slap on the back, and whispered:

"Now spout, old fellow!"

But Franzl could not, for the boys were cheering, and everybody was coming to shake hands with him and crowd about him, and he never felt so bewildered in his life.

"What is it all about?" he asked Arno.

"Nothing, except you are decorated for bravery."

Franzl was prodigiously excited. There was the medal, and the King had sent it, and the King's head was on it, but he knew he could not help diving for Kurt when he didn't come up again. The ladies and gentlemen, all talking at once, confused him. He did not feel happy or clear in his mind about anything. He wanted to rush out of sight, but there was his piece. He was proud of saying the longest one, and knew he said it well.

Presently there was silence. He found himself alone on the platform. The ushers had re-seated the guests. The boys' tumult had subsided. Arno nodded to him to begin.

But where was the poem? He stared at the ceiling, at the floor, at the familiar faces. He could not think of one word.

A friendly voice gave him the title and first line. Useless. It was gone, quite gone! His memory, the pride of the Hort as much as Max's muscle and Artur's voice, had deserted him.

He saw the rows of boys. They did not laugh. It was terribly still. Hildegard gave an audible sob. He caught Kurt's eye. It was indeed an awful moment if Kurt von Normann's mocking face could wear that look of consternation.

Franzl's knees shook under him. He heard his heart beating in his ears. It seemed to him all was lost. He longed to run away where nobody would ever find him, but his feet were glued to the floor. Surely he had stood there years. Heinrich spoke, but Franzl could not understand. His throat felt parched. He moved his hand toward it mechanically, and touched the medal. His stage-fright suddenly turned into hot wrath. If they hadn't given him that old medal he wouldn't have forgotten his piece. Something in the very heart of the boy rose up with dogged determination not to be beaten. He threw back his head and looked at them all, yet at none.

"Give me five minutes," he cried, with desperate-passionate energy, "only five minutes—and I'll say it—every word!"

With a stag-like bound he was out of the room, followed by frantic cheers of the Hort boys, and a great stir of sympathy among the visitors. Arno and Heinrich were instantly with him. He did not reply to them, gave one swift glance at the open book held towards him, saw no words, only the familiar look of the lines and white spaces, drew a deep breath, smiled rapturously, sprang back to his old place, and began his poem, his voice clear and confident, as he went on losing himself more and more in the brave tale.

When he had finished, and the boys yelled without rebuke, and the people crowded round him again, and shook hands with him, and some of the ladies laughed in a queer kind way, he thought it was because he had said his piece so well, and was vastly elated, and resolved to learn one twice as long for next time.

Arno ought properly to have spoken, but he thought the children had been held unconsciously long in leash, and he chose to let them loose upon their goodies and brown packages, instead of haranguing them. A full hour passed in which they ate and gloated over their presents and were happy and unconstrained and certainly very harmless, while now and then somebody played or sang without interrupting the joyous hum. Many of the visitors had gone when some of the older boys cried: "Herr Arno promised us a speech."

"Your fun is better than my speech."

"No, no," the Hort protested. "We like your kind of talk."

The smallest boys were summarily seated, and

chattering boys effectually silenced by a self-appointed police-force. In a few moments the room was still, every boy in his place, every eye raised toward Arno.

CHAPTER XVI.

Boys,—Perhaps you think when we hear music that we all hear it alike. We do not. We all hear the sound, but there is a music within the music which some hear better than others, while a deaf man does not know what he misses when the birds sing, and the wind sweeps through the pines as we used to hear it on our tramps in the woods last autumn. Perhaps you think that when we look at that picture of Sir Walter Scott and his dogs, our eyes see it alike. They do not. We all see the frame, the glass, the figures, but there is a meaning in the lines, revealed to some more than to others, while a blind man can never know how the purple dawn chases away the night, and how tender and beautiful the sunset makes our valley and our hills. A man destitute of the sense of smell would care less than we for our violets and mignonette and lilies-of-the-valley that we love and tend under our windows every spring, and that send their sweet breath through our open casements until the whole *Hort* is full of fragrance.

When great men, like Goethe and Shakespeare, speak to us, again we do not hear alike. We all hear the words, but there is something we do not seize. Their inner thought, their spirit does not reach us all. If it did it would make us happy as a Beethoven symphony does some of us, as that copy of the "Sistine Madonna" does others. And if we could comprehend all that these great souls mean, then, in one sense, we should be as great as Shakespeare, and Goethe, and Beethoven, and Raphael. According as we understand and feel them, are we near and like them, for this we need the eyes behind the eyes and the ears within our ears.

When a man is blind or deaf it is sad to think how much of this beautiful world he loses. It is sadder still if his inner eyes are blind, his inner ears deaf; if with no physical defect he is unmoved by the music we love, by the noble lines of "The Dying Gaul," which I showed you in the Art Gallery, or by the great Titian we saw together, or by the lofty columns and vaults of the cathedral, or by deep thoughts such as you have

repeated in your poems to-day. He is the most wretched of men, and he does not know what he misses in our wonderful world.

Boys, we cannot all sing like Artur, and some of us would never be musicians if we should study music all our lives; but most of us can learn each day to care more for and understand better what he sings and the sweetness of his voice. We cannot all draw as well as Paul, but we can become more appreciative of his work. We cannot all carve as cleverly as Robert, but we can learn to estimate more highly his diligence and skill. We cannot all lead in the gymnasium like Max, but we can admire his courage, strength, and suppleness, and the patience he shows each day in his regular exercise. We cannot all memorise as fast and easy as Franz, but we can take pleasure in his ability, and learn as he will learn, to love more strongly, and comprehend better the beautiful things he repeats to us. We all have not Otto's knowledge of insects and birds and plants, and his loving way of understanding their habits and needs, but the closer we sympathise with his intimate acquaintance with the humblest weed and moss and twig, the better for us. Few of us are so gentle and harmless as our little Hans here, but if we grow less rough and imperious and jealous, we imitate him in the quality in which he surpasses most of us—a forgiving spirit. So, day by day, as we go on doing our own work and rejoicing in our comrades', we shall find that our inner eyes and inner ears, which perceive beautiful sights and sounds, are developing all the time, until we discover happiness on every side that is hidden from us now.

Boys, once we lived in caves and jungles. By "we" I mean the human race—our ancestors in far, far-off times. We were like brutes, but there was something divine in us, something that made us wish, something that was not content to live like the beasts of the field. We wished to defend ourselves against the wild animals; we tore down branches of trees for clubs, and seized sharp stones for weapons. We were cold, and struck fire by rubbing sticks together. We wanted to sail on a river; we hollowed out a tree and made the first boat. When we began to use these things for our needs that was the beginning of science and art. If we had not wished and worked and struggled, we should be living in caves to-day, provided we

were living at all, but if we had not used what intelligence we had, the beasts would have devoured us, because they were the stronger. Out of the wishing of those savage cave-dwellers, and the wishing and striving of the men that followed through the long ages, came the *Thought* of Shakspeare, and Goethe, and Michael Angelo, and Beethoven, and Newton, that ennobles the world to-day. In the depths of the poor cave-dweller's soul was hidden something akin to these mighty men. In the souls of the mightiest and best, of all grand thinkers and teachers—inventors, singers, poets, painters, heroes, saints, and martyrs, still lingers something of the cave-dweller. And you and I, boys, this night, have something of both in us, something always ready to pull us down, and make us like the brutes, something always ready to help us to rise toward heights where the great and good stand. God meant it to be so. He meant us to wish, to work, and to rise.

Wishing, then, is not wrong. But if we know a man's secret wish we should know the man. I have overheard some of your Christmas wishes. I heard one of you wish for a sugar-candy palace. I think this was a very natural wish. The sugar palace doubtless looked pretty and tempting in the shop window. But by the wish we know that it was a very little boy who thought this the most desirable thing that the Christkind could bring him. I heard another of you say that he wished he had a horse and two big dogs. I think this a most excellent wish. Even if I did not know him, I should know he was an active, manly fellow who loved animals. I hope he may have them some day. I have no doubt that he will if he wants them enough to work well for them.

There have been legions of poor boys in this world whose hearts were great to wish and hold their wish against mighty odds.

Of whom must we first think when we remember poor boys this day?—of Christ, the poorest boy of all, so poor that he did not know where to lay his head. You all know the story of his life. Born in a manger: a humble child, wandering, when a man, homeless, suffering from hunger and thirst and weariness, the companion of outcasts, of wretched men and women whom he with infinite compassion sought to help and comfort, himself an outcast; hated and scorned by the rich and strong, because his teachings disturbed

their comfort,—persecuted, acquainted with grief,—this was the Christ who has moved the world. The world—society as we say to-day—spoke ill of him, because he denounced its errors, its falseness and hypocrisy. Not only in his last supreme hours, but all his life, his soul was torn with an agony of longing to open men's eyes and hearts to truth. Centuries have passed. Kingdoms have come and gone. Creeds have lived and flourished and died. Religions, each claiming to be Christ's own, have hated and fiercely fought with one another. To-day scores of sects proclaim Christ under different forms, and with reason, for in all the churches his pure spirit lives: not in their bishop's robes, their endowments, their rites, their prejudice or exclusiveness,—not in their phylacteries, as Christ said—but in their charity. The voice of the poor boy of Nazareth has gone out over all the earth, teaching us to be tolerant, to be pitiful, and to seek truth fearlessly. This, boys, is the lesson of Christmas Day—of Christ's Day—peace, goodwill to men, love, forgiveness and truth.

Martin Luther's father was, as you have read, a poor miner. Martin used to sing in the streets for bread. He was often cold, often hungry. I have told you his story. You know that he is famous all over the world for his bravery, his zeal, and his good life; and that his undaunted spirit influenced princes, powers, nations, all Europe.

Haydn, one of the greatest composers, was a poor boy. His father was a wheelwright, his mother a cook. Rossini, another great musician, was the child of street-singers. Hans Andersen, who wrote the lovely fairy-tales I have read to you—tales that have been translated into all the languages of Europe and even into Chinese, Japanese, and Hindostanee—was a poor shoe-maker's son, so ugly and awkward that he was laughed at. His early life was very hard. But he worked and wrote on. Before he died he was greatly loved and honoured, and the world remembers him kindly, because he has made so many little children happy. I could never tell you all the authors who have been poor. Robert Burns, the Scotch poet, was a very poor peasant. Schiller was poor, Shakspeare, it is said, was poor; so was Moliere, the Frenchman who wrote the wonderful plays. You have been told something of them all.

Christopher Columbus, who discovered the New

World, was a humble boy, the son of a woolcomber. He was born near Genoa, an Italian sea-port. As a boy he used to love to hang about the wharves and have long talks with old sailors and pore over maps and charts. When he wanted to sail westward, to reach India, as he supposed, nobody would listen to him. They thought him a dreamer. He went through great hardships and discouragements—but he kept his hope in his heart fifteen long years. At last he got help and sailed. On the unknown seas his men were frightened, begged to go back, wept, threatened and cursed him; but he stood firm, and after seventy days saw land, one of the Bahama Islands. Columbus' life was hard and cruel. He met with great ingratitude and died poor. But to-day we revere his divine patience and know that his inner eyes beheld land unseen by his fellows.

So it is with the great inventors. Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, was a poor little English boy, the son of a colliery labourer. He was so ignorant that his wife taught him to read after they were married. When he was but fourteen he became fireman in the colliery. He delighted in machinery, and was always working and contriving something new. Finally, he made his engine. It went only thirty miles an hour. We do not realise to-day how astonished the country people must have been to see it snorting through the fields, but the youngest of you can understand, more or less, how much his invention has benefited the world. His early life was full of privation and struggle. Afterwards he built many engines, owned coal mines, and wealth and honours poured upon him; but he never changed his simple mode of life, and worked diligently always.

Richard Arkwright, inventor of the cotton-spinning machine, was also a poor little English boy without education. He worked as barber until he was nearly thirty years old. When he was thirty-six he made a cotton-spinning frame, by which, for the first time, cotton thread could be made by machinery fine and strong enough for the warp or long threads of cloth, which, before his time, were of linen—only the weft or cross-threads being of cotton. The workmen and manufacturers tried to ruin him, because they feared his machine would cut off work, for one man with his frame could do as much work as

130 men could before; but he succeeded in spite of everything.

Edison, the American, who invented the wonderful phonograph I took you to see, and a telephone, and improvements in electric light, and many marvellous things, was a poor boy with little education, who sold newspapers on a railway-train. He loved chemistry, made a little laboratory, and was always trying experiments; so the people laughed at him and called him lunatic, or "Looney." One day he almost set fire to the train, and the conductor threw his treasures away. He then got some old type and printed a little newspaper which he sold to railway travellers. Now he is honoured and admired all over the world. He is always wishing and working, and studying the great laws of Nature, and seeing with his inner eyes what the world does not yet see.

Kepler, the famous astronomer, born, as you know, not far from us, had much trouble all his life, and was very poor. It did not prevent his love for science, and he found out the laws that rule the motion of the planets, by which we are enabled to tell the place of any one of them in its orbit at any time past or present. From these laws sprang the great discoveries of Newton, of which I have often told you older boys. Gutenberg, though not born poor, was a poor working man. Sir Humphrey Davy, the great English chemist, was a very poor boy. He did important scientific work, became honoured and distinguished for his learning, and invented a safety-lamp which has saved thousands of miners' lives. For this he would not take out a patent, because his object was not to make money but to help his fellow-men. Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat and first steam warship ever made, was a poor boy. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, was poor. So was Elias Howe, whose improvements on the sewing-machine have caused one of the greatest, if peaceful, revolutions the world has known. Benjamin Franklin, one of the most important Americans, was a poor boy, whose father was a tallow-chandler. Franklin became a learned and distinguished man, of service to his country and the world. He made many experiments with electricity, and found out how to protect houses with the lightning-rod. Giotti, the famous Italian painter, architect, and sculptor, was a poor little shepherd boy. The story is told that the painter

Cimabue found him sketching a sheep on a piece of smooth slate as he was watching his flock on the hillside. Cimabue, struck with his talent, took him home as a pupil. So many of the greatest painters and sculptors were poor, humble, ignorant boys. I cannot begin to tell their names in this short time. Thorwaldsen, whose Christ we have here, was very poor; so was Kaulbach, so was the famous French peasant painter Millet. So were many rulers, generals, statesmen—men who have occupied positions of eminence in every field and influenced the thought of their epoch. Not a few of the Presidents of the United States were poor boys, who grew to be strong men. Of these, Abraham Lincoln is the one whose story we in Germany know the best, and whose memory we most revere. For he was not only a great ruler, but a wise and lofty spirit, full of tolerance, of compassion and comprehension. Everywhere we look we find poor boys who have become great and helpful to humanity. Moses, and scores of Bible heroes; Socrates and Aristotle, of whom I have told you, and who were among the greatest men who ever lived, and many other Greek philosophers. The travellers and explorers, too. Stanley, whose "Dark Continent" is in our library, was a poorhouse child. Monarchs are glad to do him honour to-day, because he has opened a new world to us, and has exhibited marvellous fortitude, force of will, brain-power and manliness.

Some of these names you know. Some you do not—which does not matter. You will know them the sooner for hearing them. It is a pity to mention them so briefly, for some of these men's struggles have been so vast, so pathetic and heroic, they would touch your hearts and make you love and honour the human race, because it has produced so brave souls. But we shall have time to speak of them later.

They are but a few taken at random from the vast army of poor boys who have advanced the progress of the world. How did they do it? They wished, and they worked with the strong unconquerable will that gave them courage and patience to contend with all obstacles. When rich men have been great—and rich men also have been great and good—they too have worked. No great soul ever lived a life of ease and indolence. Cæsar, Titian, and Bismarck were not poor men,

but they worked more than most poor men ever dreamed of working. Holbein and Durer, and ages ago the great Phidias and Praxiteles, were not poor, but they also wished and willed and worked patiently to fix their thoughts on canvas and in marble. For, remember, great artists and great thinkers, not alone men with spades and trowels, are workers.

Looking back, then, at the wishers, you will see that it is worth while to wish. Our wishes change. Perhaps by next Christmas, Fritzchen will not want the sugar palace most. It is good that we can begin each day fresh, and if our wish is small make it larger. Wish for knowledge and you will get it. Wish for wealth and you may get it. Neither the one nor the other are in themselves valuable, but only as a means towards an end; that is only as you are in right relations to your fellow-men, only as you are large towards them and just and helpful. We hear a great deal of talk now-a-days—you boys do, I am sure—about labour and capital, and some very wild talk about capitalists. There are a great many capitalists who do a vast amount of good, who have worked hard for their money, and who have earned it honestly; and it is as much theirs as a mark belongs to one of you, if somebody gives it to him for running on an errand. It would then be your capital. You would not thank anybody for taking it away from you, because he had earned nothing. Before we hate people for being what we unjustly call more lucky than we, let us consider candidly what immeasurable good such men as the Rothschilds and Sir Moses Montefiore have done in the world; for they have fed the hungry and clothed the poor, and educated, and comforted, and sustained, in private as well as public charities; and, while giving poise to kingdoms, have often not let their right hand know what their left hand doeth in loving, helpful, secret deeds. And, therefore, boys, although there are higher and happier goals than wealth alone, better set your ambition on becoming capitalists rather than bootblacks; for, believe me, as much abused as capitalists are at the moment, they can do more good in the world.

When ten boys run a race, not all can win. One will run fastest. We know that beforehand. If the ten could run alike, there would be no race. But, if the one who is beaten worst can forgive

the victor—can keep his temper, and feel no hate or jealousy, although he really wanted to win—he has done something better than all the fast running in the world. He has climbed far from the caves. So it is in all your play, so it is in your lessons, and so will it be when you are men.

Looking upon all your familiar faces, I see among you boys from families professing the Protestant, Catholic, and Hebrew faiths. For any boy who wishes can come here without distinction of creed; and we of the Hort believe that in all religions, in all nations, at all times, there have been and are great and good men. In opening our doors to all, we feel that we follow the teachings of Christ, and of all true lovers of mankind.

What are the mottoes on our walls?

Coarse rice for food, water to drink, the bended arm for a pillow—happiness may be enjoyed even with these: but, without virtue, both riches and honour seem to me like the passing cloud.

Who said this? Confucius, the great Chinese teacher, who lived a noble and beautiful life more than 500 years before Christ.

Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things, he said too, and also that excellent motto for us workers:

If I am building a house and stop before the last basketful of earth is placed on the summit, I have failed of my work. But if I have placed but one basketful on the plain, and go on, I am really building a mountain.

If it is not right, do not do it; if it is not true, do not say it, said the Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius; and that is so simple that the very youngest of you can remember and understand it.

What said Zoroaster, the Persian, who lived, some scholars believe, many thousand years before Christ?

Think purely, speak purely, act purely.

Is not that as good for the Hort to-day as it was for the Persians thousands of years ago?

Out of the ancient religions of India we have taken from the Brahmins:

The Soul itself is its own witness, the Soul itself is its own refuge. Offend not thy conscious Soul—the supreme internal witness of men.

And from the Buddhists:

I take my refuge in thy Law of Good.

I take my refuge in thy Order.

There, on the south wall, we have an Egyptian motto written four thousand years ago or more:

Man's heart rules the man. The bad man's heart is what the wise know to be death. He who made us is present with us, though we are alone.

Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life, says the Old Testament, and again:

Whither shall I go from Thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I climb up into heaven Thou art there; if I go down into the abyss Thou art there also; if I take the wings of the morning and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me and Thy right hand shall cover me.

While Christ, whose birth we commemorate in our festival this evening, gives us many divinely helpful words:

Suffer the little children to come unto Me.

Do good to them that hate you.

Blessed are the pure in heart.

Blessed are the peacemakers.

Love one another.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

In all our rooms we have such words, and why?

To show us that men, thousands of years ago, and in far-off lands, were like us to-day, in spite of error, looking upward, seeking truth, and that the human race is one.

Now boys, I want to call your attention to an important fact. The same power that placed in us the striving, the desire for good, the seeking after God, the great hunger of the heart, has also surrounded us with laws of which our savage ancestors knew nothing, and we know to-day little enough; but the more we study the meaning of those laws the more the world grows. One thing is sure, whatever creed a man cherishes, he cannot break those laws without taking the consequences. Whether Protestant or Catholic, if he puts his hand in the fire he burns it. If Confucius, or Zoroaster, or Marcus Aurelius, or St. Paul had disregarded the law of gravitation and walked off a precipice he would have fallen on the rocks below and broken his bones or been killed. If a Baptist takes deadly poison he will die as surely as a Methodist. Bad drainage and filth may

cause fever and death, whether the people inhabiting the house are Jesuits or Lutherans. None can cheat the great inexorable laws of the universe. Once our race was afraid of what it did not understand—of sun and winds and storms, lightning and thunder. We have learned to recognise the sun as our life-giving principle, to watch the marvellous motions of the planets, to use winds and heat and steam, to call down the lightning to serve us, and we know that the powers of nature are our friends, not our enemies, provided we find out their laws. All about us, in the whole universe, in our world, our own bodies, minds and hearts and souls, such laws, if kept, lead to health and truth and right; if broken, to disease and wrong and misery and ruin. Galileo, Bruno, Newton and La Place, Columbus and Magellan, Lavoisier, Volta, Galvani, and Darwin, were all studying them. To-day many scholars in many fields are seeking them, in the stars, in electricity and chemistry and botany and geology. Let us humbly and reverently study them too, for they are all manifestations of the Infinite. But the laws are there whether we refuse to know them or not. The earth and the other planets revolved round the sun before Copernicus found it out and told the world. The law of gravitation existed before Newton saw the apple fall. The laws would be true, even if the whole world denied them still.

When people first saw an engine steaming along the railway they thought it was the devil. I know some old ladies who declare that the phonograph is wicked, and that it is the devil's voice speaking in it. They are very excellent and pious old ladies, and they are positive that all scientific men are doomed to eternal punishment. Within fifty years when ether was first used, many good people grew much excited about it, and asserted that it was a sinful thing to try to deaden the pain that God sent. People thought Galileo a terrible sinner when he said the earth moved round the sun, and they persecuted him for it. In those days they used to torture and burn men who had strange mathematical and astronomical instruments, and the ones who tried to prevent scholars from studying God's ways were religious people, who really believed it their duty to put men in prison when they discovered anything new about the world we live in. If Mr. Edison had lived a few centuries

ago, and the Inquisition had examined his workshops, it would probably have condemned him for witchcraft, and boiled him in oil. Yet his researches are reverent. He believes that the existence of a Supreme God is proved by chemistry alone. Like great poets the inventors also are prophets and seers. There is always opposition, until people have time to accustom themselves to the new thought—that is, to the old truth which is new to them. Nevertheless, patient men work on, and day by day learn more of the great laws which God does not reveal to us all at once, but only in response to our search and striving.

Remember, too, they are for us to study in ourselves in the smallest as in the greatest things, and that what each of us does, what he thinks and feels, is important to the whole world. When Hans does his sums right the world's arithmetic is the better by exactly those sums. When we conquer the low word, the mean impulse, are cleanly and decent, when we resist the temptation to lie, and speak the truth bravely, the morals of the whole world are higher, and we help not only our brothers who live now, but our brothers who will live when we are dead.

If you learn to be beaten in any race without hating, learn to let people differ with you without thinking them bad; learn, as Voltaire said, to "forgive the virtues of your enemies"; learn that men working in totally different directions may all be working right, because for the progress of the human race: that a Caesar, a Kant, a Bach, a Pascal, a Buddha, and that glorious, sweet-souled martyr, Father Damien, who went to take care of the poor lepers, all have helped the world; that millions of men and women of whom we shall never hear, near us and in nations far from us, with religious views flatly opposed to ours, are helping the growth of the world to-day. Learn all this, and you will indeed have left the caves far, far behind.

You can learn these things. I know you every one. I believe in you. But you must *think*. Without thought you cannot grow into just and large-hearted men. If you think, if you ask yourselves, What is the cause of this? what will be the effect of that? how by this shall I harm myself, and therefore my brother and the whole world? then your inner eyes and ears—that is, your soul, your spirit—will develop. Take this home in your

hearts, boys ; there is nothing without a cause, and every cause has an effect. God's truth is strong enough to bear investigation, whether among the planets, in the tides, or in our own hearts. Our probing can never hurt it or make it less holy. Mysteries there will always be. Not only are we confronted by mystery when we look up in the sky and consider that our earth is one of many planets circling round the sun, and that there are innumerable suns each with companies of planets revolving round them, and probably innumerable inhabited worlds in illimitable space—not only is it a mystery when death comes or a child is born, but the tiniest flower is as great a mystery, and when we look in our brother's eyes. Yet the more we search for truth the better we comprehend that, precisely because the Supreme Ruler is all-just, He does not, cannot change His laws to suit our unjust and ignorant desires. Since our forefathers believed that the earth was flat and the sky a canopy over it like a huge blue umbrella, not very far off, and the stars mere stationary points of light twinkling prettily for the sole purpose of pleasing mankind, we have learned something of God's laws it is true. But never forget that what we know of them, in comparison with the vast unknown things surrounding us on every side and reaching out beyond the most remote star we see, is but the humblest, tiniest, most insignificant beginning of what men who come after us will know, of what we ourselves may know in some other life. It is because the laws are there that we can find comfort when cruel sorrow comes to us. In our bitterest grief we know that infinite justice, not caprice, rules all nature. Because of these very laws which govern our spirits as well as our bodies, we dare hope for other lives, other worlds—wherever, whatever they may be. Because of God's laws, feebly as we now discern them, we cannot doubt that Divine Love is the Soul of the universe.

Go on then. Think, wish, and work. Whatever you may gain—whether wealth or knowledge or power—remember nothing is precious in itself, but only as it helps your fellow-men ; and no religious belief is precious in itself, but only as it makes you just and loving to your fellows. Christ said:—*If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there remember that thy brother hath aught against thee, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.* Which, I take it, means no

ceremonies are worth anything if you are not right with your brother.

Go on. Fear nothing. Make men of yourselves, men to be trusted whatever your work in life, trusted when alone—at midnight—when none will ever know your thought or your deed. On then, Hort-boys, away from the caves, on towards the heights !

I thank you for your attention and courtesy.

Good night. God bless you.

* * * * *

The boys poured out pell-mell. Arno heard their comments as they passed down the hall.

"I'll box all your ears," said one—"those that show and those that don't."

"I'm going to find a cave and live in it," another announced, "and have a good big knotty club made out of a whole tree, and I'll lie in wait for people who go to walk in the woods. But I suppose, as soon as I begin to have some fun, there'll be a darned old policeman after me."

Arno smiled without surprise or discouragement. He had often listened to society's infantile babble after lectures on great poets, art, astronomy, electricity, or after a powerful tragedy, and the children's talk struck him as no more hopeless, helpless, and flippant than the complacent chatter of grown people about things they do not grasp. He knew, too, the bravado of his boys, and that the very ones who had spoken might be the first to come to him with thoughtful questions. Something would remain of his appeal to the humanity of the neglected souls. If his words were sometimes above them, what then ? Should babies always hear baby-talk, they would never learn the language of mature men.

"A topsy-turvy speech, a revolutionary speech !" said the major, but he did not look very stern.

The Normanns waited at the door for Franzl, who did not come.

Arno went back for him.

The janitor was putting out the lights.

Franzl stood alone in the dim room, his package under his arm. He had forgotten to follow his friends, for his thoughts were leading him in zig-zag lightening journeys, from land to land, from age to age, and he was trying to decide whether he would be a Galileo, a Michael Angelo, a Titian, a Newton, a Goethe, a Shakespeare, a Lincoln, a Bismarck, or a Cæsar.

THE END.



Art. 10, p. 10, No. 1, 1891.

THE HARVEST MOON.

From the Picture by MRS. ALLIN HAM

WOMEN IN CONTEMPORARY ART.

MRS. ALLINGHAM.

L. Toulmin Smith



FROM "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."

(By kind permission of MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER, & CO.)

IN the ranks of the exponents of "the Art of England"—to use Mr. Ruskin's justly descriptive phrase—the position that women occupy is perhaps as high as that taken by their sex in the art of any country. I am not going to attempt to define the exact relation which the work of women artists bears to that of men; it is enough that the gracious gifts of love of beauty, insight into nature, and poetic thoughts, are in their case, also, not denied the power of expression. The character and the powers of the individual artist, whether man or woman, must determine the nature of his work. Rivalry is not in the question; both aim at the highest standard, both labour with self-renunciation and devotion, with an exaltation of spirit that hopeth all things. But the weight of the intellectual force, the power of creative imagination of the classic man and the classic woman—the loftiest of their kind—differ in the art of painting as in other arts, music for example, or the drama; their range and their capacity differ, but each is alike admirable.

This train of thought is not infrequently called up by the excellence of women's work in modern times. Especially was it so upon a visit to the galleries of the Fine Art Society when, as happened three or four years ago, representative pictures of two artists of strikingly divergent character, but of the most earnest aim, were exhibited in contiguous rooms. The excellent plan of that society, the Burlington Fine Arts Club, and, perhaps, others, in displaying the works of one artist alone, free from other distractions, has an educative effect; it brings you face to face with their author, and, according to the intelligence of the open mind, you may enter into his thought, his allegory, or at least his endeavour after some human or spiritual truth. To judge a real artist by one picture is like taking gauge of an eloquent preacher by the one sermon you may have chanced to hear; it may cast a ray of light on your soul, but you cannot be in receptive sympathy with him without further knowledge. Where several pictures are collected, the opportunity of studying the growth of ideas is given; the many-sided presentation of a special thought, whether in colour or form, can be studied; in short, only by the comparison of one with another, by the gathering together of separate points of feeling and skill, is full touch with the spirit of the painter to be gained.

To return to the Fine Art Society's rooms. Here, a year or two ago, the public were invited to feast in one room upon Mr. Holman Hunt, in that adjoining upon Mrs. Allingham. Whether this juxtaposition was advisedly chosen or not, there could not have been a greater contrast. How was it that, after studying the work of Mr. Hunt—a great master, one who has done much, and faithfully, to forward the onward development of the modern English school,—

how was it that, after conning, marking, and inwardly digesting (or trying to do so) his remarkable canvases, "The Scape-Goat" and other old friends among them, one turned into the next

the painter's art was perfection of its kind. It is because the master, for all his delicate sentiment, fine colour, and vivid truth, keeps us at a high intellectual level, both of subject and style; he



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

(From "MISS ANGEL," by kind permission of MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER, & CO.)

room, where hung the spring blossoms and Surrey cottages of Mrs. Allingham, with a sob of relief and a cry of joy? Here, also, all that touched

appeals to ideals more than to every day sympathies; we feel ourselves in the presence of a strenuous and solemn teacher, and the strain is



NICK SPENCE.

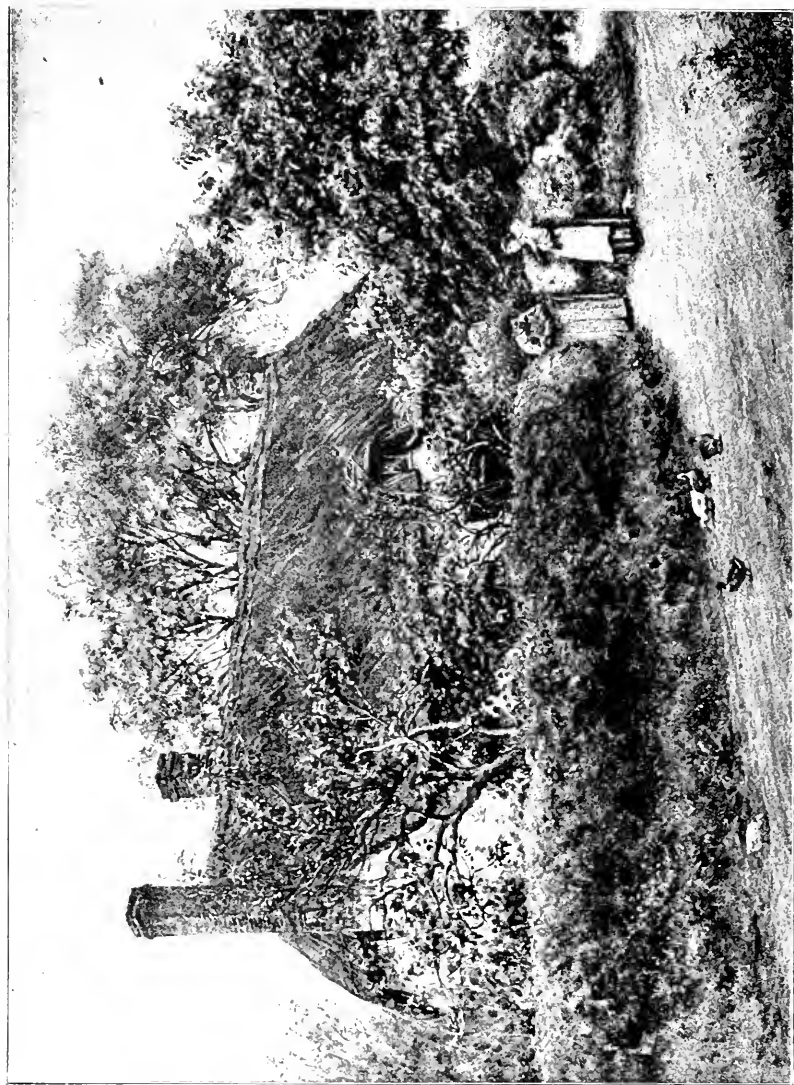
From "*Rhymes for Young Folks.*"

great accordingly. But we enter the sandy lanes with the lady, and feel the warm sunshine all about us; we rejoice in the blossom on the may-trees, and hear the birds singing on the boughs; the maiden leaning over the garden wall greets us cheerily; we would fain kiss the rosy-cheeked child who runs to gather his fill in the flowery hedge-row. All these immediately touch our human feeling, our happiest and purest associations; we enjoy them simply and fully, we know not why. It is the greatest test of the artist's power, to my thinking, that we do so unthinkingly surrender ourselves to this enjoyment that a sense of unbidden refreshment steals over us. Unbidden, did I say? The fact is a testimony not only to the artist's genius, but to more that lies behind—the art which conceals art, the imagination which foresees.

Mrs. Allingham comes of a thoroughly English family, several members of which on the mother's side were possessed of some talent in drawing and appreciation of art. Her father, a medical man, in practice near Manchester, died when she was about thirteen, and her mother, removing to Birmingham, Miss Paterson attended the School of Art there—then called the School of Design—from 1862 to 1867, an assiduous student, laying the foundation of a good knowledge of drawing. Already as a child she had shown a decided bent,

always with a pencil in her hand scribbling and trying to copy or sketch whatever took her fancy. She still carried on this habit in her leisure hours, as her knowledge grew instinctively choosing the best prints or illustrations that came in her way. Drawing was a part of her being; she had chosen it as a profession, and she knew that Art is an exacting mistress, leading on her devotees by no royal road but that of unremitting application. Memory brings up a picture of the eager girl in that quiet home sitting down after the early evening meal, the last number of the *Cornhill Magazine* spread before her, with deft pencil studying the illustrations by Du Maurier, whose vigorous style at once attracted her. The *Cornhill*, then not many years started, was at that time at the head of all illustrated periodicals in merit, and it became the summit of her ambition—an aim a young artist, modest yet confident, might well place before herself—"Could I one day be worthily admitted on the staff of the *Cornhill*!" The day was to come, faithful work was to be rewarded even thus in time.

Summer holidays and afternoons were utilised for out-door sketching, and many pretty spots in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, such as Moseley, Kenilworth, &c., helped to train the eye and hand in that sure feeling for rustic life which afterwards distinguished Miss Paterson. A little



As published in 1874.

COTTAGE IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT
from the Picture by Mrs. AINSWORTH.

water-colour sketch at Moseley, made in these early days and given to one of her young companions, is interesting; with all its crudeness it shows even then the special bent of her brush in the blue of the distance, and above all in the manipulation of the foliage of a great oak-tree in the foreground. Happy in her work, full of healthy life, the natural pleasures of youth offered many an opportunity of study from nature; while now and for long after the "note-book" came diligently into requisition. Did she go a railway excursion, in the carriage corner behind a fold of her tippet the outline of an opposite neighbour's head, or the turn of the hat and shoulders seen over the next compartment, the poor woman's bundle or the workman's tool-basket, would be rapidly pencilled in for future use. A third-class carriage was especially good for the note-book. The bricks of a chimney, the corner eave of a roof, the knots on a tree-trunk, nothing was too common or unpoetical to be worthy of study; a store of truthful impressions was thus laid by of the utmost value to the conscientious artist. Indeed, some years later, Mrs. Allingham was met one day in a prosaic London square noting down the windows at the top of a house hard by, and how they appeared under the roof-shadow. The "study" was needed for some work on which she was then engaged. The result of this industrious observation shows itself in the fidelity and detail of composition—nothing is neglected or slurred over. And as observation, like other faculties, grows with that it feeds upon, the artist's vision increased and kept pace with the facility of hand that filled portfolios and sketch books with scenes, incidents, and memoranda taken warm from life, useful for reference, no doubt, but still more so as steps to knowledge and habitual learning. The dainty vignettes signed H. A. in the *Cornhill* (vols. 29, 30, 31) owe much of their grace and sense of proportion to the assimilation of such facts and a retentive memory; Gabriel Oak looks out over a fence-gate that will fully bear his sturdy form. In another, an old man seated eating bread and cheese off a bare wood table, shows the same care of consistent detail in the old chair, the heavy boots and long wool stockings of the man. And so on.

In 1866 Miss Paterson experienced her first public encouragement, a small water-colour,



THOMAS CARLYLE.

"Ruined Window in Kenilworth Castle," being exhibited by the Birmingham Society of Artists. Early in the following year she came to London to pursue her studies under the guidance of her aunt, Miss Laura Herford, a lady of artistic taste and skill. Several years before this, Miss Herford had succeeded by her pluck, perseverance, and acuteness in throwing open the doors of the Royal Academy Schools to women, thus well earning the gratitude of English art-students. The story is worth repeating here. Up to that time none but men had the benefit of the free instruction given by the Academy, which was however simply an understood thing, no limit of sex having been originally imposed in words. Miss Herford, then a student at Heatherley's school, having along with others sent in a drawing, signed L. Herford, received a letter of admission on its merits. On presenting herself, however, surprise and objection depicted themselves on the official mind, "What! admit a woman to these schools! Such a thing cannot be—was never heard of." With the support, however, of Sir Charles Eastlake (then President of the Royal Academy), and the aid of Lord Lyndhurst's opinion, the discussion ended in her candidature being accepted; and the principle for which she contended—viz., that the benefits of free education in art ought to be open to all, irrespective of sex—becoming accepted, she entered the



"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."

(By kind permission of MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER, & Co.)

desired doors, the first woman student. She did not long remain alone, the following year two or three ladies presented themselves, in succeeding years the numbers quickly increased, and women students of the Academy Schools soon became a matter of course.

In London Miss Paterson worked at the Female School of Art for a time, and then, entering the

Academy Schools, continued as a student there for several years, working at first in oils, afterwards changing to water-colour. In the spring of 1868 she accompanied some friends to Italy for a couple of months; but this short visit, full of delight and well-used opportunity as it was, did not appreciably influence the taste or style of this purely English artist. For, as we shall see, Mrs.

Allingham, though of varied method and of liberal ideas, knows the line of her own powers, and is too conscientious to travel far beyond the limitations they impose. Her life, her work have been among English people, and much of them among English rustic scenes: and to the last she has so devoted her genius, that she is deservedly recognised as a typical painter of English domestic scenery and figures. A glance at the illustrations here given will demonstrate this.

In London a wide field for her energies opened itself by degrees. While still a student at the Royal Academy she obtained work in black and white, drawing illustrations for Cassell's books for children, "Once a Week," several serials running through "Aunt Judy's Magazine"—one being Mrs. Ewing's famous "Flat Iron for a Farthing"—and other small things. Now came into play the knowledge of line drawing and of light and shade, fortifying the imagination enriched by previous training. We may describe these outward indications, the subtle spirit at the back of all eludes the pen. In those days the *Illustrated London News* bore sway as the only good pictorial paper; but in 1870 a new venture was started, the *Graphic*, a weekly of which it was intended that the art side should be more strongly developed, and in which, therefore, the best artists available should be employed. Miss Paterson, whose drawings had attracted notice, was, from the first, one of those chosen for the *Graphic*, staff, on which she continued till her marriage in 1874. The signature

H. Paterson, afterwards so familiar, was seen for the first time in the number for April 16, 1870, attached to a fox-hunting scene, in which the best figure is the country fellow in a smock, leaning on a stile. The designs to illustrate Mrs. Oliphant's story, "Innocent," which ran through the *Graphic*, were hers; while she was associated with Mr. Luke Fildes and Mr. Henry Wood, A.R.A., in producing those for Victor Hugo's romance of "Ninety-Three," which also ran through its pages.

The cheerful nature of the artist shone through her vigorous work. In 1874 she had the pleasure—for pleasure it all was, though it might entail increased effort—of being engaged by the editor of the *Cornhill* to illustrate Mr. Thomas Hardy's story, "Far from the Madding Crowd," and in the following year Mrs. Ritchie's "Miss Angel."

By the courtesy of the proprietors, a few of these, into which she put some of her best work of the kind, are here reproduced. These were nearly the last efforts in black and white, for her marriage in 1874 to Mr. Allingham rendered her free to follow out the fuller development of her art in her chosen medium, water-colour. Yet later she took up the pencil once again for the sake of her husband's little book, "Rhymes for the Young Folk," published in 1887, for which, among others,

she drew some charming portraits of her own children. The unconscious pose of the little boy and his sister, listening to the elder brother seated be-



ILLUSTRATION FROM "RHYMES FOR YOUNG FOLKS."

tween them on the garden bench, as he reads them a favourite book; the eager attention of the little one, as his father, lounging on the turf, points out to him the fairy of his story, are characteristic of her happy treatment of children; and a pretty sketch is the last cut in the book, here reproduced, where the same little curly-headed fellow looks into a big looking-glass for the first time, and, kitten-like, cannot understand who he sees. The farm-yard vignette, "Nick Spence," is a true bit of drawing, the master angrily scolding the idle man on the ground, a (fellow) pig, with snout over the palings, looking on at the fun; while geese, running ducks, and scratching hens under the rick complete a picture comparable in the original to the outline-drawings of Caldicott.

The beautiful drawing, entitled "The Harvest Moon," which the artist kindly allows to be published here for the first time, was also designed in black and white, to accompany a poem of Mr. Allingham's, but his work was never finished. The sombre hues of the evening are rendered effective, and the outlines of the reaper vivid, in the brilliant moon

which tones the whole. The artist's original intent in this picture was afterwards carried out more completely in colour.

Beside all this varied occupation, the brush had never been neglected, and studies in water-colour were continually contributed to various yearly exhibitions, the Dudley Gallery, and others; the first appearance at the Royal Academy being in 1874, with "The Milkmaid," and "Wait for

Me." In 1875 Mrs. Allingham exhibited the "Young Customers" in the gallery of the Old Water Colour Society, the fine engraving of which is well known; as a wood-cut this forms the frontispiece to Mrs. Ewing's tale, before mentioned, published in 1873. Of this delightful picture, full of humour and childlike feeling, Mr. Ruskin spoke at Oxford,



THE READING LESSON.
From the Picture by MRS. ALLINGHAM.

several years later, as "the drawing which some years ago riveted, and ever since has retained, the public admiration. The two deliberate housewives in their village toy-shop, bent on domestic utilities and economies, and proud in the acquisition of two flat-irons for a farthing, has become, and rightly, a classic picture, which



THE LADY OF THE MANOR.
From the Picture by MRS. ALLINGHAM.

will have its place among the memorable things in the art of our time, when many of its loudly-trumpeted magnificences are remembered no more." On the strength of the "Young Customers," Mrs. Allingham was made an Associate of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, where she has since found her natural home, a year or two ago receiving the diploma of full membership, an honour never before accorded to a woman by the "Old" Society, which dates its existence from 1806. To a period about ten years later than the "Young Customers" belong "The Reading Lesson," for which her two youngest children served as models, and the well-known "Children's Tea."

Devoting herself henceforward to the "world of colour" the artist made rapid strides in cottage and country scenery—again, to quote Mr. Ruskin, "doing what the Lord made her for," in representing the gesture, character, and humour of charming children in country landscapes."

Nothing can better describe much of her work, but there is more than this. From the children and the maidens and mothers her love has grown to the old cottages they inhabit, covered with the rich red Surrey tiles or the brown thatch, mantled o'er with ivy and creepers, planted in flowery gardens among rich hedges. Or her brush has revelled in the spring blossoming apple-tree against an old grey thatched roof, the pale green of the budding trees behind caught with marvellous delicacy against the sky, while out of the gate which breaks the line of hedge in front, comes a toddling child to pluck the flowers outside. The "Cottage in the Isle of Wight" here reproduced is a good example of the style in which Mrs. Allingham now attained such a success, only the print fails to show the charm of the melting greens and browns, the delicate touches of pure colour, or the skill of manipulation which go to produce this exquisite picture. In method Mrs. Allingham is honestly a water-colour painter, she never uses

body-colour, gaining her effects by the brush only. She experiments with various combinations, working up her drawing, especially the trees and foliage, until she satisfies her sense of colour with an innate gift. In the "Sick Duckling," the cottage front up to the eaves, gay with summer roses, forms a setting for the girl on the door-step and two children standing near on the stone-paved path, all absorbed in feeding the bird. In a "Sandy lane at Witley" with its gleams of afternoon sun, and "Sandhills at Witley," there was much enjoyment in the deep gold hues of the iron-stained sand set off by the luxuriant herbage and foliage around. A flowery garden, a primrose-covered nook, are perfect delights to this lover of simple nature. Tall foxgloves grow in her grassy banks, a hawthorn bush covered with its snowy blossoms is a glory to her. Nor does she confine herself to spring beauties, the splendour of the glowing cornfield, the depths of green summer woods, not seldom inspiring her brush. The engraving of an "Old Cottage at Pinner," which forms the frontispiece to this number, is taken (greatly reduced in size) from one of Mrs. Allingham's recent works, perhaps as fine as anything she has done, for the tone of the old wall and roof, and for the peculiarly rich depth and truthfulness of the great mass of sturdy ivy at the side.

Such works as these, and others more or less like them, have been poured out for several years

by this talented and hard-working artist. Since 1885 the Fine Art Society has given the public four opportunities of becoming acquainted with her gentle teachings—teachings which prove how great an appeal the modest beauties of nature so transferred by art may have to the hearts of men. In the branch of the English school which is essentially English in origin, the art of water-colour, Mrs. Allingham ranks high, and there is reason to hope for much more beautiful work from her hand. If with Mr. George Wallis (at Nottingham, 1882) we may be assured that "in the eyes of foreigners, British water-colour painting is a manifestation of art power, refinement, and taste, standing alone, self-sustained, a glory to England, and an example to all modern schools," then, indeed, she has reason to be proud of her modest ambition.

Mrs. Allingham does not profess to be a portrait painter, but her husband's friendship with Lord Tennyson and with Carlyle give to some of her sketches a double interest. Such are her finished paintings of the poet's residence, Farringford, in the Isle of Wight, one of which was exhibited last year. Of Carlyle, whose neighbours at Chelsea the Allinghams were until the old man's death, she has made several different sketches, one of which has been engraved, another preserves the aspect of his study. The one here given differs from either of these, and depicts the sage at his book with loving veneration.

I 'VE learnt a new song
From the linnet, the linnet :
Sweet, will you listen
A minute, a minute?

Sunshine and showers
Are in it, are in it,
And dewdrops and flowers.—
Begin it, begin it.

THE BOY JONES.

J. LAURENCE HORNIBROOK.

IN a certain department of a certain Government office in Ireland, three men were engaged in a desperate struggle with the tyrant Time.

They strove hard to slay the monster. They had all sorts of curious and destructive instruments of warfare—comic papers, sausage rolls, a novel or two, and even a plate of oysters. But the most effective weapon was an old Fenian pike, bequeathed to the State by a bygone Government. With this implement they tilted by turns at a certain mark on the wall, under the firm conviction, no doubt, that their enemy lurked behind this particular spot.

They kept up the fight bravely. Notwithstanding the fact that they were tried and skillful hands at this sort of work, they soon began to show visible signs of languishing. It almost seemed as if they were on the eve of defeat. But at this critical moment a reinforcement appeared upon the scene.

He was an elderly official, this new-comer: a man of sleek and complacent aspect. His had been a lifelong struggle with the hoary-headed monster. Behind his spectacles his eyes twinkled right merrily, as if he knew a trick or two with which he never failed to worst his daily adversary.

He carried a file of papers in his hand.

"Now, then, if any of you fellows are burning for distinction, here's your chance!" and he held out the bundle of documents as if they were so perfectly self-explanatory that no words of his could put the matter in a clearer light.

The present proprietor of the pike grounded his weapon, wedged an eye-glass into his eye, and gravely inspected the papers from the other end of the room.

"Can't make it out, Sammy," he said, with a burlesque shake of the head. "Must call upon you to explain."

"Why," returned the other, "here are reports coming up day after day from Rathcomer, about the boycotting of the Austin family. Shocking state of affairs, I assure you! Just listen," he continued, turning over paper after paper. "Father and daughter

shut up in a country house. Regular siege going on. Servants and labourers fled. Threatening letters arriving in shoals. Policemen guarding the place. Not a loaf of bread or joint of meat to be had for love or money," and he read on with the air of a schoolmaster droning out a musty chapter of history to three listless pupils. There was just about as much interest displayed in the whole business as if the speaker had been recounting the troubles of Mary Queen of Scots!

Suddenly something like a feeble ray of animation showed itself in the face of the official with the eyeglass.

"By all that's marvellous," he said, "but this must be the lovely Austin girl we hear so much of! Rogers, you remember her; she was at the last levee, you know."

Rogers had fallen upon the oysters, and was just now crunching a crust of bread. At the last remark his jaws ceased to ply, and for a moment he, too, actually appeared interested.

"What, Carrie Austin?" he mumbled. "Something slim and tallish—eh? Fine figure, though!"

"That's the very damsel!"

"What, remember her? Should think I do. Splendid creature!"

"Then," put in their visitor, "why not go down and rescue her from this awkward plight? It is a rare chance. You would have the running all to yourself. The old father is wealthy, too, and is certain to be grateful. Why, if all went well, you might chuck up your berth here, and eventually blossom into a landed proprietor. Think of that!"

"Rathcomer? Never heard of such a place," remarked Rogers, as he resumed his feast.

"It is in the far-off wilds of Donegal. To get there," continued the speaker, looking over his spectacles at a sickly fountain in the courtyard, as if it was the source of his information, "you have first to take the train to the north. After a long and somewhat tiresome journey you reach Lifford; change there, and go off by a branch line to Dunboyne. Here you procure a car, and a drive of thirteen miles or so brings you to Rathcomer.

If you arrive safely at this village, you are within three miles of Woodville, the Austins' residence."

Rogers pulled a long face, and the other two showed plainly that they had heard quite enough. But their companion seemed to take a grim delight in laying before them the difficulties of the journey.

"Mind you, I say *'if,'*" he went on, bringing his gaze once more into the room, "for it is quite possible that certain exigencies might arise, which would tend to make the last stage somewhat hazardous. For instance, your Jehu might be seized with a sudden fancy for knocking you on the head, on the mere chance of your being a police spy in disguise; or it might rain bullets from behind a hedge; or, if landlords were scarce in those parts, some fellow might take a snap shot at you, just to keep his hand in, you know; or—"

But here a storm of execrations broke upon him, so that he was fain to desist.

"What!—you deliberately throw away such a chance? Now, if the truth was known, I'm sure you're all impatience to be off, Rogers—eh?"

"Not jolly likely, my boy!" promptly returned No. I.; and he laughed.

"Grainger?"

"Thanks; but I'd *rather* be excused!" said No. II.; and he laughed.

"Johnston?"

"I'd see you to Jericho first!" blurted out No. III.; and he also laughed, chiefly at his apt retort.

Then they all laughed in chorus. And there it ended.

Still, and for all, it was anything but a laughing matter. Though the case might present itself to the capacious minds of Government officials in a somewhat humorous light, down here at Woodville it wore a very different aspect.

Imagine, only last week this house had boasted a dozen servants, all told. But when the decree went out that the Austin family should be boycotted, before night had closed in not a single menial of any sort remained. The props of the household had given way, and left the whole weight resting upon the shoulders of one young girl.

Some, indeed, took their departure with tears, professing undying affection for their mistress. But life was dear to them, and disobedience to

such a mandate as this was too often punished by death.

Then, all supplies from outside were rigorously cut off. Not a soul would venture within a hundred yards of the place. Had a virulent pestilence raged in the house it could not have been more sedulously shunned. Two policemen prowled about the grounds all day long, and were relieved at evening by two others, who kept watch during the night.

Worst of all, the irascible old squire, fretting and fuming under these adversities, was suddenly taken ill. He now lay writhing upon a bed of anguish. How the girl bore up beneath this fresh calamity God only knows! And yet a heavier blow was still in store for her.

There was nothing for it but to call in one of the policemen, and send him off at once to Rath-comer for the doctor. The man returned with a disappointed look; he was the bearer of sad tidings. The doctor refused to attend.

It was the last drop in her cup of bitterness. Deserted, persecuted, menaced with death, and shunned by all, she drifted helplessly and hopelessly upon a sea of trouble.

How she got through the weary hours of that night must remain a mystery. To simply say she never stirred from her father's bedside, saw him toss and turn, heard him cry out in torture of mind and body, would convey but a poor idea of the anguish of soul she endured. At daybreak she was wandering through the deserted rooms, her face white and worn, her eyes heavy and blood-shot. Whither should she seek for aid in this sore distress?

They had neighbours, of course; but some were wholly indifferent, some were too taken up in their own affairs, and some were wilfully blind. Others stood afar off, and pitied, but would not so much as stretch forth a finger to help, lest a similar evil should befall themselves. It must also be confessed that a few—a very few—were not altogether displeased at this state of things; the Woodville family had held their heads high, and these kind friends were not sorry to see the Austin pride lowered a peg or two.

And so, as the girl's mental vision wandered from one family to another, she found none upon whom she could rely for prompt assistance. Despair was quickly fighting its way to her heart.

Not a soul to help? Yes, there was *one*: the boy Jones.

Here he comes up the long avenue, with his sprightly step, twirling his stick, and whistling as merrily as a lark carolling in mid-air. The Glengarry cap is pushed rakishly to one side, and the tails flutter gaily in the breeze. A boy, in every sense of the word! There goes a nature fresh as the morning dew; a heart believing all things, hoping all things, ready to endure all things—and fearing nothing!

And lo! he had scarcely set foot in the house, when half the gloom of the place seemed to vanish. One look into that earnest young face was enough to bring back a genial glow to her chilled and crushed heart. For a minute or two she stood and gazed at him, her weary soul drinking in the flood of sympathy that gushed from this boyish nature.

"Miss Austin, can I do anything to help you?"

The tones were so hearty, and even eager, she felt that to refuse his services would actually cause him a disappointment. Still, she hesitated. It was scarcely fair to run the lad into danger of any kind.

"If you wouldn't mind taking a note into Rathcomer——," she said, doubtfully.

"To be sure I will!—I'll do anything you please."

"But the roads are watched."

"I don't care! Let me take a horse from the stables, and the ruffians will have something to do to lay hands on me."

He was so impatient to be off, she hesitated no longer. She sat down and wrote a piteous appeal to the doctor, begging him, for God's sake, to come to them at once, as her father was at death's door.

Meanwhile the boy had gone to the stables, picked out Miss Austin's own mare, and was round again at the door before the letter was finished. No sooner had he got the note, than he was off at a gallop, and never drew rein until he was safe in Rathcomer.

The doctor was out, they told him. But the messenger was not so easily repulsed. He scoured the village in search of the man, hunted him from place to place, and finally ran him to ground in his own house.

The letter was handed in, perused, and an answer returned. Without troubling himself as to the contents of this epistle, Jones galloped back to Woodville, and handed the note to Miss Austin with an air of triumph.

He watched her trembling fingers tear open the envelope. The next second his countenance fell; he saw the look of bitter disappointment in the girl's face, and the burning tears in her eyes. She handed him the letter; and, as he glanced through it, an angry flush spread over his features.

It was a cold, carefully-worded communication. The doctor was very sorry, but he found it utterly impossible to comply with Miss Austin's request. If he was seen at Woodville, his life would not be worth an hour's purchase. Still, did it depend upon himself alone, he would not hesitate; he had a wife and seven children to consider. And if anything happened to him, they would be thrown penniless upon the world, &c., &c.

For fully five minutes, neither spoke. The boy sat near the window, looking moody and thoughtful, his hands twirling the Glengarry cap. Then, all at once, he seemed to brighten up, as if he had got hold of an idea.

"Miss Austin!"

"Well?"

"I'll ride into Dunboyne for Dr. Hamilton."

"No, no, no!" she cried; but the words were as much addressed to herself as to him, for a gleam of joy and hope had shot into her heart at the proposal. "I couldn't hear of it!"

"But, Miss Austin, I *will*!" He was a determined youngster when he took a thing into his head.

"Think of the danger! The police say the Dunboyne road is strictly guarded. You would have to run the gauntlet the whole way."

The answer to this was rather indistinct; but it sounded very like an impatient "Pish!"

"No, no," she said again. "They would be certain to stop you; but, oh, I fear they might do worse than *that*!"

"Let them try."

"It is no use; you mustn't think of such a thing; I never could give my consent."

"Then I must go without it; that's all!"

"You have quite made up your mind?"

"Yes, Miss Austin, I have."

She had to give in. Inclination had been

urging her to yield all along, but justice to the lad kept her from assenting too readily, until she saw that his determination was fixed. She tried to thank him, but could not get the words out. Something seemed to flutter up and down in her throat, and choke her utterance. Then, with a sudden impulse, she went forward, bent over him, and the next moment her lips had touched his forehead.

It seemed to drive every drop of blood from his face, only to bring it surging back again in a ruddy glow. Miss Austin was fairly sobbing now, and, poor boy, he felt half inclined to cry, too, for company's sake. But he wouldn't, for all the world, be caught blubbing by a woman! So he choked down the emotion, and stole softly from the room, with almost a guilty look, as if he had committed an unpardonable offence in making her cry.

Miss Austin sank into a seat, and covered her face with her hands. Trembling, doubting, praying, she heard the clatter of hoofs die away in the distance. And he was gone.

Once outside, the lad quickly regained his usual vivacity. His spirits went up by leaps and bounds as he rode forward on this errand of mercy. Caution alone restrained him from giving vent to his feelings in a whoop of defiance against the whole host of boycotters.

He was jogging briskly along, when, just as he rounded a corner, the mare's ears suddenly shot up. The next second her forelegs were stuck out, and became rigid as two stakes. Jones very nearly went flying over her head.

The way was blocked by three men. One glance at the uncouth figures was enough to show who and what they were; it needed not the crape which half concealed their features, to make known their errand.

Look at the boy now! Not a change of colour, not a twitch of the face, not one backward glance can be detected. He simply takes a tighter grip of the reins, settles himself well into the saddle, and his right hand glides quietly under his jacket. Then he waits.

Not for long, though. An angry, threatening growl broke from the men as they advanced upon him. The foremost fellow laid hold of the bridle, and jerked back the mare's head. But, in an instant, out came the lad's hand from beneath his

coat, and a pistol—a great ungainly thing, with a barrel a foot long—was thrust into the ruffian's face. The man quickly dropped the reins, and sprang back a yard or two.

At that very moment Jones clapped his heels to the mare's sides. With a bound and a dash she was off at full speed, the boy bending low in the saddle to avoid a bullet. One of the miscreants did take a snap shot at him, but went wide of the mark. He turned, and laughed at them.

The inmates of the few straggling cottages on the Dunboyne road say they well remember on that day being startled by the furious galloping of a horse. On running to the door they just caught sight of the boy's flushed, excited face, as he swept past like a flash. More than one also declare they saw armed men hurrying across the fields in a vain attempt to intercept the fearless rider.

And on he tore till the mare's sides reeked, and the foam from her mouth fell in large white flakes upon her broad chest. His blood was up; he entered heart and soul into the spirit of this hazardous enterprise. It would have taken long odds to stop him now; in fact, he almost went so far as to nourish a secret hope that the journey would not end without affording another brush with the enemy. Though grim death itself lurked behind the very next bush—and a death, too, which might not be seen and faced, but such as is dealt by the cowardly hand of an assassin—he displayed a reckless contempt for a danger before which many a full-grown man would have quailed.

We hear much of famous rides nowadays. We read of journeys on horseback from one European capital to another—a feat which, after all, requires no higher powers than ordinary physical endurance. But here was one—a lad of fifteen years—who had carried his life in his hand during that ride from Rathcomer to Dunboyne. Nor was it to win glory or fame for himself, but with the purely generous and disinterested motive of bringing succour to an afflicted family. And, though this noble feat was never blazoned forth in the columns of a newspaper, it well deserves, I think, a foremost place in the roll of notable equestrian achievements.

The town of Dunboyne possesses an old, rambling cavalry barracks, which, for close on twenty years, had been allowed to remain untenanted. The plaster falling from the walls, the

shattered glass of the windows, and the grass growing thick upon the barrack square testified to long neglect. But, of late, owing to the unsettled state of the district, the buildings were hastily put into some sort of repair, and a troop of hussars, moved up from a more important town, took possession of the place.

Jones was passing the barracks at full gallop, when an idea suddenly occurred to him, and he instantly pulled up his horse. He need go no further in search of a doctor! There was an army surgeon here, upon whom he might safely count. It was barely possible that Dr. Hamilton would be from home, or, perchance, might share the scruples of his professional brother at Rathcomer.

Captain Leighton, too, who commanded the troop, had been frequently at Woodville, and was just the sort of man to render prompt assistance in a case like this. Jones determined to seek him out at once, and place the matter unreservedly in his hands. As a friend of the Austins, Captain Leighton would be sure to take speedy and effective measures for their relief.

The boy, therefore, wheeled into the barrack square, gave his horse to an orderly, and was promptly led into the captain's presence. Without a moment's pause, he plunged headlong into his story. The officer—a fine specimen of a cavalryman: tall, erect, and broad-shouldered—listened with grave attention to the hurried, eager words of his youthful visitor. But as the lad went on to give a hasty account of the ride from Rathcomer, and his encounter with the three ruffians who tried to stop him, the soldier's eyes began to kindle. He looked down upon the earnest young face with a kindly and approving smile.

"Egad, it was well you had a weapon of some sort!" he said.

"Oh, you should have seen the fellow's face when I shoved the pistol under his nose!" returned the boy, as he proudly displayed the antiquated firearm.

The captain took it, and proceeded to examine it, with a half-comical smile.

"Pon my word," he said, "if you had fired off this thing it might have done more injury to yourself than anyone else! I must make off a better weapon for you presently; it's a pity that such a good soldier should be so poorly armed. But

we must lose no more time in hunting up Dr. Frewen."

So saying, he hurried out, and despatched one of his men in search of the doctor. Then he entered an apartment adjoining that in which Jones sat, opened a press, and took out a fine six-chambered revolver. As he did so he nodded his head towards the next room, and muttered, "Plucky little beggar that, by Jove!"

The boy's eyes sparkled with delight as Captain Leighton presented him with this splendid weapon. He looked upon the gift as a mark of the captain's approbation; and no youthful warrior of old experienced a keener thrill of joy at having won his golden spurs, than the lad did on receiving that small token of approval from the hands of this big cavalry officer.

"Now, have a glass of wine and a biscuit while we're waiting," said Captain Leighton.

Jones readily assented, with all a boy's love for assuming the semblance of a man. A tall, stiff soldier brought in the refreshments, and the two new friends settled themselves for a pleasant chat over the wine.

They got on famously together. Each seemed to recognise in the other that fighting principle which made the soldier ride fearlessly against the Arab spears, and which had enabled the boy to confront death without flinching, upon the Dunboyne road. It was a union of hearts—of hearts open, sincere, and knowing fear only in name.

"I can't think what delays Frewen," said Captain Leighton, when half an hour had passed. "Wait a minute; I'll go and hunt him up myself."

Although Jones had been thoroughly enjoying himself, still, at times, an uneasy feeling about Miss Austin crept into his mind. He could not bear to think of her being left so long in suspense. Again and again he pictured her alone in that gloomy house with her sick father, harassed, no doubt, by fears on his account, and already giving way to despair. He longed to get back and assure her of the success of his mission.

These thoughts troubled him. When left alone, he grew more and more restless and fidgety. It may be that these reflections drove him to the fatal course he adopted, or the wine may have fired his blood and turned his daring courage into reckless folly. However this may

be, the exact cause is not known—and never will be known !

No sooner was Captain Leighton's back turned, than Jones slipped from the room, took his horse from the orderly, and mounted in haste. He told the man to say that he was riding on ahead. By this time, it was well on into the afternoon, and a thin, drizzling rain was falling. The boy shook the reins, dashed through the archway from the barrack square, and disappeared into the mist.

On returning to the room, Captain Leighton was surprised to find it empty, and was not a little alarmed when he learned that the lad had started off alone. He felt more uneasy about the young fellow than he cared to admit even to himself.

"I say, Frewen, we must look sharp," he said, poking his head into the room where the doctor was busy in making preparations for the journey. "The boy has gone on ; we must try and overtake him or I'm afraid he'll be getting himself into mischief."

A dog-cart was waiting outside. Leighton, impatient to be off, got up quickly into the front seat, and took charge of the reins. The doctor was soon at his side, two sturdy hussars, well armed, clambered up behind, and a minute later they were on the road to Rathcomer.

For the first few miles, Leighton kept looking anxiously ahead. But there was no sign of Jones. By degrees, he began to take a more hopeful view of the matter. After all, there was less danger in the return journey, for it was hardly likely that the miscreants who had meditated an attack on the boy, would still linger in the vicinity. Being once foiled in the attempt, he felt sure they would speedily decamp.

"Tell you what, Leighton, this youngster must be a deuced plucky little chap!" observed Dr. Frewen, as he gazed along the desolate road, and on the bleak, hilly country which lay on either side. "At the best of times, one would scarcely feel comfortable riding along here, the place is so confoundingly dreary. Have you ever seen the lad before?"

"I remember seeing him once or twice at Woodville. He is, I believe, the son of a country parson—a hard-working, deserving man, but poor as a church mouse, and, of course, hampered with

a big family. But, 'pon my word, Frewen, it does one good to meet with a boy like that ! It makes you feel that the old spirit of chivalry has not quite died out ; and it is refreshing to find even a spark of it in this hard, matter-of-fact world."

They were getting on towards Rathcomer, when, involuntarily, an exclamation broke from Captain Leighton. The cigar he was smoking dropped from his lips, and lay unheeded in his lap. His eyes were fixed upon some object ahead, and there was a startled, apprehensive look in his face.

Dr. Frewen gazed in surprise, first at his companion, and then on in front, but could see no cause for alarm. There was, it is true, a horse quietly browsing by the roadside, and, as it was growing dusk, he did not at once perceive that the animal was bridled and saddled. *But the saddle was empty.*

As they approached, the horse tossed back its head, greeted them with a startled, questioning neigh, and trotted on towards Rathcomer. As if by common impulse, the eyes of the two men met, and each read in his companion's face a dread which both were loath to express. Not a word was spoken, but their gaze was bent anxiously on the road ahead. Then, as they swept round a curve, Leighton pulled up with a jerk. A few yards in front, stretched at full-length upon the ground, lay the boy Jones.

Another minute, and Leighton was down on his knees upon the muddy road, tenderly raising the lad's head. Dr. Frewen was tearing open the clothes to get at the wound. Too late!—that loyal young heart was still for ever ; the spirit—the noble, generous, fearless spirit—had returned to the God who gave it !

And there he lay, his features composed and tranquil, as if the dauntless soul, which death itself could not vanquish, had left its impress upon the pale face. Poor lad, he had died hard ! His lifeless hand still clutched the revolver, three chambers of which were discharged, and, from signs near the spot, he must have left a mark on one, at least, of his cowardly assailants.

Captain Leighton rose slowly from the ground. His face was set and pale, his eyes full of manly sorrow. It was a strange sight to see this tried soldier, who had looked upon death in many forms, so moved by the scene before him. But

as he gazed down on the lifeless body, the fury of his rage could no longer be restrained. In husky tones he cried aloud—

“Great heavens! what wouldn’t I give for five—three—ay, even *one* minute with the ruffians who shot him.”

But rage and regrets were alike unavailing. The murderers, having finished their bloody work, had vanished. Save the four men grouped around the body, not a soul was in sight. And so, with heavy hearts, they placed the corpse in the trap, and walked slowly on towards Rathcomer.

At the Woodville gates Leighton left the trap in charge of the hussars, while he and Dr. Frewen hurried on to the house. In the excitement caused by their arrival, Miss Austin scarcely noticed their gloomy looks. But one of her first questions was about the boy. They did not dare to return a direct answer; they said he had gone home. And so he had. But it was to a Home

“Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light.”

Later on, while Dr. Frewen was engaged with his patient, Leighton slipped from the house and returned to the gates. He had set himself the sad task of breaking the news to the bereaved father. And in less than an hour all that remained of the brave lad, who but this very morning had left his home full of life and hope, was borne back into that house of woe.

Years have come and gone since that eventful day; not very many, it is true, but quite enough to work vast and important changes. Woodville has passed, for a time, into other hands. Old

Squire Austin has been laid to rest, but not before he had bestowed his blessing upon his daughter, when she became the bride of Captain Leighton.

And in those few short years the story of the boy Jones has been well-nigh forgotten. It is rarely mentioned, save by his own immediate relatives, and seems to possess little or no interest for the great majority of the Rathcomer people. But there is one heart in which the remembrance of the boy and his noble deed lives, and ever will live, through all the changes and chances of time. Even the gay scenes of Indian life, among which Mrs. Leighton’s lot is now cast, cannot dull that cherished memory.

And often as she sits at the open window in the calm eventide, and gazes out over the splendour of the City of Palaces, where, far as the eye can reach, the mighty achievements of art glisten and gleam in the setting sun, the tears gather thick in her pensive eyes. And those tears, a silent tribute to the brave dead, seem to blot out the brilliant picture before her. In its place arises a totally different scene, where Nature still holds undisputed sway—a bleak and desolate district, in a far-off corner of her native land, with a lonely road winding between the rugged slopes. It is the spot where young Jones met an untimely and cruel death.

Then, as she looks down fondly at the infant in her lap—her first-born son—the one earnest desire of her life forms itself into the hope that this boy may grow up as frank, as loyal, and as brave as the lad who perished on the Dunboyne Road.

THE END.

THE SONG OF THE STRENGTH OF OUR SELVES.

WITHIN us, in the Holy of Holies, the quickened Soul dwells. There we greet it:

We open the door of our beings, and the threshold is clean;

The first sin that neared us, we knew not as sin; but now knowing, we meet it;

The door is wide open to all things, but our Selves stand between.

Oh! let our Selves, strong in their vantage of knowledge, possess it for trial,

Give unto sin its refusal, the threshold keep clean;

And within us the Soul shall be white and divine with the long self-denial.

God’s birds there shall sing, and the leaves of the olive be green.

KATE CARTER.



MAY

Queen of fresh flowers,
Whom uernal stars obey,
Bring thy warm showers,
Bring thy genial ray -
In Natures greenest
liuery drest,
Descend on earths ex-
pectant breast,
To earth & heauen a
welcome guest,
Thou merry month
of May ~

R. Hebers

MAISIE DERRICK.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CAPTAIN'S FRIEND.

Two men came in by the gates of Yardon Hall. One of them could easily be identified as the absentee Squire by the sun-bronzed skin Mr. Yardon had specified. Captain Wentworth was slightly made, neither tall nor short, with a thin face that had the placid expression of a plump one.

Now, as he smiled at his companion, there was a momentary glisten in his narrow, green-blue eyes, and his pale moustaches seemed to quiver with passing amusement, but these tokens of feeling subsided before his words ended, and once more a pleasant vapidty resumed its place. Captain Wentworth looked delicate for all his sun-bronzing, he also looked refined; but the strongest impressions he produced was that of a man who would not covet anything which would cost him trouble to possess, and who would shrink from being bored more than he would shrink from hunger or thirst. His thin voice had the sharpness one sometimes hears in the tone of a woman.

"You will have to be careful, Boyd, I fancy; our friend here," he looked at the Hall as they proceeded up the drive, "is said to be strict."

His companion gave a loud, hearty laugh. He was tall enough and broad enough to make two Captain Wentworths, and his face showed not only hearty enjoyment of life, but a determined will to take all the chances to be found in it. His walk across the meadows had given a slight tone of brick-red to his square face, his ruddy hair seemed to curl more crisply, and his red-brown eyes glowed as he slowly shook his head.

"You are prepared to see a beauty here, are you, just because your aunt has bestowed that title on a girl whom she has never seen. No, my boy, so far as my experience goes—some years longer than yours—beauty never appears where we expect to see it; you'll find a really beautiful woman in the very last place you would think to find her in. And there aren't many about, let me tell you; I've only seen a few."

"Is it worth while to take the trouble to find

one?" the sharp, thin voice sounded languid; "it a first prize is so difficult to discover, a second surely does as well."

"Ah, you don't mean to marry; I couldn't put up with second-best anything; wait till you have seen Beanlands, my good fellow, then you'll understand that Beanlands wouldn't match with a second-rate Mrs. Boyd."

Captain Wentworth winced very slightly, but Warren had opened the door in answer to their knock, and the friends, giving their names as Captain Wentworth and Mr. Boyd, were shown into the drawing-room.

Maisie came in from the library, and received them with an ease that surprised and pleased Captain Wentworth. His aunt had spoken of Miss Derrick's shyness, but Maisie was rarely shy with strangers whose opinion she did not value. As yet she had not formed a high opinion of Captain Wentworth; only Miss Vernon had praised him, and it must be said that Maisie rarely agreed with Miss Auricula's opinions.

Captain Wentworth introduced Mr. Boyd, and then he began to talk of Miss Savvay and of her plan of joining them. He had not finished when Mr. Yardon came in. He was cordial in his greeting, but he soon turned his back on Mr. Boyd, and left Maisie to entertain him.

This was not difficult, for Mr. Boyd seemed to be able to talk on every subject. He asked if Miss Derrick had travelled, and she had to confess to a limited experience of journeys in Switzerland, and a couple of visits to Paris.

Her companion, however, seemed to have been round the world; he had visited North and South America, the Japanese Empire, and the East. He had seen Iceland, also the Islands of the Mediterranean; he was in the midst of a description of Majorca when Mr. Yardon abruptly broke in—

"Maisie, do you know whether Drusilla is in the garden?"

Captain Wentworth's inquiry for Miss Lescure had forced her guardian into this question.

"She is out walking," Maisie said.

Mr. Yardon was greatly relieved; he did not wish Mr. Boyd to see his ward. The impression

of to-day had confirmed the opinion he had formed at the Manor House, that though Captain Wentworth was a gentleman, Mr. Boyd was only a wealthy snob. On his way home her guardian had testily decided that Drusilla should be kept out of sight of this vulgar-looking millionaire.

He scarcely knew why he felt so contradictory on the subject: he had long ago seen that Drusilla was fond of admiration, but then Mr. Yardon would have said, had he been questioned on this point, that love of admiration was only natural in so beautiful a creature.

Just at this moment Drusilla came slowly across the grass towards the drawing-room window, which opened on to the terrace.

"Ah," said Captain Wentworth, languidly, "here is, I fancy, the lady you are asking about."

The Captain looked hard at the advancing figure. Drusilla's face was as yet shadowed by her broad-leaved hat. Mr. Boyd did not hear his friend's remark; he went on talking to Maisie, too much absorbed by the details of his last yachting voyage to be stopped by interruption.

Drusilla came in at the window next the library.

The slender, golden-haired creature held herself far more stiffly than she did when she was introduced to Luke Stanmore: her eyelids did not droop under the Captain's gaze; indeed, she returned it with a sort of curious but friendly interest.

She went on smiling, but she was disappointed; she liked a man to look strong and capable—the Captain was, she fancied, as weak as a woman. He had a pleasant face, and the courtesy of his tone delighted her, as he said he hoped he should have the pleasure of seeing her at the Manor House when Miss Savvy came into residence.

Drusilla placed herself on the sofa by the window, and the Captain sat beside her. Mr. Yardon thus found himself shut out of the talk, and he smiled at the girl's self-assertion. She took her place as mistress of the house as Maisie had never done.

"When do you expect your aunt?" he heard her say, and he saw the Captain's pleased smile at the dainty foreign accent that clung to her words.

"She will be here for Sunday, you will see her at church." He hesitated and looked at the fair

colourless face into which, as yet, he had drawn no special expression. "Perhaps you don't go to our village church; you are French, are you not?"

Drusilla smiled.

"Oh, yes, I go to church; but I have not any opinions; opinions seem to be tiresome." She gave him such a pretty questioning look that he felt roused from his habitual indolence.

Captain Wentworth heard a movement at the other end of the room; he knew that his friend would not hesitate to disturb his enjoyment when he once caught sight of Miss Lescure. At present Mr. Boyd could only see the outline of her figure as she sat turned towards the door that led into the library.

"Have you suffered much from dulness; you seem to speak of dull things feelingly?"

The Captain saw a sort of challenge in her eyes at his question, and he smiled; if he meant to learn the history of Miss Lescure's life it would not be from herself, that was evident.

"Are you dull in India?" she said, passing by his question as if she had not heard it.

"Are we dull in India? That depends—dulness generally does depend, does it not?—on our surroundings; but then does dulness exhibit itself in the same way to every one?"

Drusilla did not quite understand. She had a consciousness that her guardian was listening to every word, and she felt uncomfortable.

"Shall you not be dull in this quiet place?" She drew down the corners of her mouth as if to say, "I am."

Mr. Yardon gave a grim smile—he was thinking of the lonely cottage beyond Sentis.

Captain Wentworth's answer pleased her.

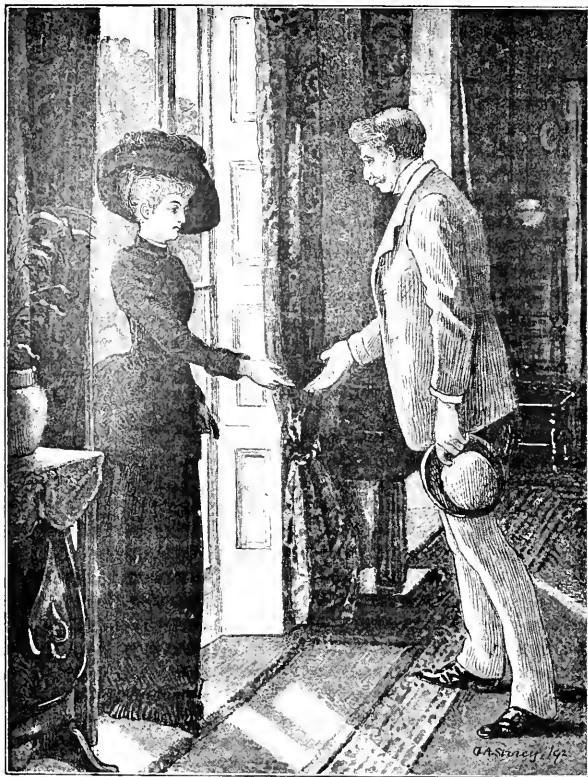
"That depends," he said. "At present I am not afraid of being dull."

Drusilla gave him a lovely smile, but her attention was claimed by Mr. Boyd, who came up at the moment to speak to Mr. Yardon.

"You promised to show us your dogs, Mr. Yardon," he said. Then, as if he had suddenly become aware of the presence of the figure in black, who was looking steadily at him, he went on, "Is this another grand-daughter, may I ask?"

Drusilla held her head stiffly at this interruption; she did not want Mr. Boyd just then—she was enjoying her talk with Captain Wentworth.

She was resolved to show this big man, who had



"Drusilla came in at the window next the library."

intruded where he was not wanted, that she was not a mere country girl who felt honoured by his notice.

She felt a certain admiration for him. He looked well dressed; his masterful manner was that of a man who was accustomed to be much thought of, and therefore, Drusilla argued, a rich man; she fancied, too, that somewhere or other she had already seen him.

But the effect of her appearance on Mr. Boyd had been electrical.

He stood looking down at Drusilla with delight. He could hardly believe in the good fortune which, in an out-of-way place like this, had shown him so rare a creature. He wanted, however, to see her smile before he left her.

"Shall we go to the kennels?" Mr. Vardon spoke roughly; the little scene had annoyed him, and he meant to end it.

"Ah yes, why not?" but Mr. Boyd did not move; he kept his eyes fixed on the fair face and the mass of sunny hair above the blue-veined temples. "Are you fond of dogs?" he said to Drusilla.

"I?" she opened her eyes widely, as if she were surprised to be spoken to. "Oh no, I dislike dogs," and she looked at Captain Wentworth as she spoke.

"You will not stay long at the Manor House, I expect." She turned her back on Mr. Boyd as she spoke.

The Captain shrugged his shoulders.

"I must not be in London during the season," he said. "I am supposed to be here for health's sake—unless you all send me to

Coventry. I mean to spend part of my summer here."

"Miss Derrick will be so glad," Drusilla said, softly, "she is so very fond of your aunt."

"Yes?" the Captain spoke languidly, Maisie's affection for Miss Savvay did not interest him. "By-the-bye, will not you and Miss Derrick honour the Manor House with a visit on Saturday afternoon; my aunt will be with us early?"

He saw a sudden sparkle in Drusilla's eyes, and he was puzzled; it seemed impossible that so beautiful a creature could take an interest in seeing a dull, old place like the Manor House.

"We will certainly come," she said, "but your being sent to Coventry must depend on yourself."

"You must not expect much," he returned her

saucy smile, "there are no pictures worth looking at, only some family portraits; my grandmother appears to have sold a great deal of old tapestry which was really interesting; it had a pedigree."

Drusilla shook her head.

"I'm glad she sold it, I daresay it was ugly and faded," she made a grimace, "old things usually are," she added in a low tone.

"Are you coming, Captain?" Mr. Yardon said, and at this the Captain said, "Good-bye" to Drusilla and to Maisie, to whom he repeated his invitation for Saturday.

CHAPTER XIX.

A QUARREL.

It was said in Figgsmarsh, as it had formerly been said in the north-country town in which Mr. Yardon had been chief banker, that he was a mystery. Miss Auricula had more than once given it as her opinion that he was a mystery to himself: she said he never thought about others or about anything. Even Miss Savvay, a woman seldom either shallow or harsh in judgment, considered that he thought too little about others to have much regard for their feelings.

To-day, when he had said good-bye to his unwelcome guests, for, apart from a special antipathy to Mr. Boyd, he had a sort of fatherly dislike to male visitors, always excepting the young engineer, Mr. Yardon came up the drive with his hands behind him, and his head bent forward.

He was doubly discontented.

Drusilla's manner had vexed him and he was conscious of a certain responsibility with regard to Luke Stanmore; the young fellow's opposition to Drusilla's wish for secrecy had irritated him: he now saw how justly founded it had been, and he despised himself for his own blindness.

"Little jade," he said. "she has handicapped us both, so that she may flirt as she pleases."

He was hardly angry with Drusilla. It seemed to him natural that a merry, light-hearted girl, to whom all social intercourse was a novelty, should wish for liberty to enjoy herself to the full; but he winced when he contrasted her behaviour during the visit with the quiet dignity he had remarked in Maisie.

Miss Vernon and Miss Savvay would have wondered if they had seen the pain in Mr. Yardon's face as he thought of his grand-

daughter and Luke Stanmore; he knew that he had separated them by his own act, that he had purposely put this lovely, bewitching creature in the young fellow's way because he wished him to forget Maisie. Mr. Yardon wanted to have a lively young couple to keep house for him at the Hall when he began to fail, but he did not want Maisie there—she was too quiet, too good; he saw what the parson thought of her, and that was enough for him. But although he disliked as much as ever any idea which connected Maisie with Luke Stanmore, he had to-day a feeling of remorse in regard to her. He had given her to understand that Stanmore cared for Drusilla; but that was not enough, he felt sure that Maisie was unconscious of what had passed in the summer-house: she must be told; it was cowardly to keep her in the dark any longer.

As he passed the end of the shrubbery walk leading to the lawn, he heard voices raised in dispute. Luke Stanmore was speaking angrily, and Drusilla was laughing in a way that sounded mocking to her guardian. He turned at once into the narrow path—Stanmore's back was turned towards him, but Drusilla faced him, and there was a light in her eyes and a bright red flush on her cheeks that looked like anger.

"You have your choice," she said. "It is better to find out now than later on that I do not suit you—you want to keep me in a cage like some poor moped bird, and I—I—Ah! here is Mr. Yardon: perhaps you will listen to him."

She tried to hurry away up the walk, but as she passed him Mr. Yardon took her hand and drew it under his arm.

"Quarrelling already," he said with a sneer; "why, you are as bad as the birds—Stanmore, my good fellow, you must give women their heads at first or they'll kick over the traces—what's it all about, eh?"

Drusilla had pulled out her handkerchief, and she put it to her eyes.

"He's so false," she said in a choked voice; "he wants to break his promise not to tell." Mr. Yardon walked on in silence till they all stood by the sunk fence. He noticed that Stanmore looked pale, and that the veins on his temples showed unusually.

He looked now fully at Mr. Yardon with a dumb agony in his eyes.

"I was a fool to consent yesterday: you over-ruled me, but then I did not know these other fellows were at the Manor House. I can't see that it is fair either to them or to me that she is to be considered free."

"I am at least free to go away, am I not? It isn't kind to discuss me to my face."

Drusilla gave Mr. Yardon an imploring look as she ended, but he kept his eyes on Luke Stanmore, while his hold on the hand he had drawn under his arm tightened.

"I am quite of your opinion," he said, as if Drusilla had not spoken, "but you surely don't need to call me in; if you cannot convince her now, how will it be later on?"

He glanced at Drusilla, and he was startled at the scowl he saw on her fair face. Her eyes were aflame with anger; she was in one of the tempers that used to visit her at Sentsis, and which her mother had exorcised by shutting her up by herself.

"I don't want to be managed," she broke out. "I didn't want to be engaged at all, but you would not listen, I—I will not be tormented and blamed." She was crying, her face was red with anger, and the two men looked uncomfortable and foolish.

Mr. Yardon loosed Drusilla's hand.

"Go into my study," he said roughly, "and wait till I come."

The girl was quickly out of sight; she was already heartily ashamed of her outbreak.

Yardon looked angrily at the younger man.

"You don't know how to treat a woman. I tell you they are kittle cattle, more especially the light-haired ones."

"But ——" Stanmore began impetuously.

"Why don't you listen, man; did I not say I was of your opinion? Your matter is right enough, it's your way of putting it that's faulty. You must humour the child, instead of scolding her. Bless you, these things leak out; before Miss Savvay has been two days at the Manor House your engagement will be known all over Figgmarsh."

Luke Stanmore looked extremely discontented.

"It must be set straight," he said doggedly; then he felt that this was not the most likely way to influence his companion, and he looked appealingly at him. "You can help me if you will. I can't have fellows looking at her and

talking to her just as they please; she—she is not like an ordinary girl."

"Well, no"—there was sarcasm in the old man's voice—"she's not, and I fancy the sooner she is married the better in all ways. I suppose you don't want a long engagement, eh?"

"No, I do not."

Stanmore felt that he and Drusilla must settle this for themselves. He had received a shock just now—for an instant it seemed as though a mask fell from the lovely face he worshipped, and then, when he saw her tears, he could have knelt to her for forgiveness. He felt he had deserved Mr. Yardon's rebuke, though he had not, as the elder man said, scolded Drusilla. He had asked her, in justice to others as well as to him, to make their engagement known; but he had asked this very urgently and she had refused, at first playfully, and then, when he pressed his request, and held both her hands tenderly clasped, she angrily freed herself and persisted in her refusal.

No, he did not wish for a long engagement, but he felt that he and this lovely, wayward child ought to understand one another a little better before they joined their lives.

"If you are wise," Yardon said, "you'll leave her alone a day or two, you will find her all right when you come again."

He laughed as he shook hands, but Stanmore felt discomfited and discontented, as he went down the lane; he told himself that he ought to have insisted on his own right to make his engagement public; he resolved to announce it himself to Miss Savvay, but he would write and tell Drusilla his intention as gently and tenderly as he could.

Mr. Yardon had gone direct to his study; he found Drusilla pacing up and down the room. There was still a red spot on each cheek, but she had controlled her anger. She smiled at her guardian as he came in.

He looked gravely at her.

"Please sit down, Miss Lescure," he said. "you make me feel as if I was out in the wind while you move about."

"Gracious!"—this was one of the girl's words that annoyed her guardian—"you are fidgety to-day."

But she sat down close by him, and put her slim hand on the arm of his chair.

He looked curiously at her. It puzzled him that a creature to all appearance so refined and dainty could talk sometimes more like a shop-girl than like a lady. He thought Drusilla's archness was one of her greatest charms, but now and then her flippancy jarred him; it had a strange effect on the fastidious man; and he had now become aware of a new blemish, it had seemed to him in the garden, that this exquisite creature, who promised to be the joy of his declining years, was transformed into a fury. It was a real relief to see the smile, that always soothed him, on her lovely face.

"You must be reasonable," he said gravely, "you are not a child, and when you have given one man to understand that you mean to be his wife, you must not flirt with others. You are going to marry Luke Stanmore; you care for him, I have seen it, and he loves you well enough to satisfy any woman. Now you are my ward, and I'm not going to let you play fast and loose with any man; we'll let bygones be bygones, but I shall tell Miss Savvay of your engagement as soon as she comes to the Manor House. I'm not going to have the Captain here again till he knows you are engaged; he's not in a position to marry, I can tell you that. He'll not be able to free himself in his lifetime—he'll be a poor man to the end of his days." Mr. Yardon checked himself. "But I don't know what interest that can have for you, seeing that you belong to Luke Stanmore."

Drusilla rose; she was struggling against herself; a new strange restraint was warning her not to irritate Mr. Yardon; she strove angrily not to yield to the awe with which this stern man inspired her.

"You talk of me as if I were a sheep or a dog," she pouted out her red lips; "I told you I had been hurried into this—I like Mr. Stanmore—but——"

"Listen, child"—he spoke sternly, and caught hold of her wrist, as though he feared she would not stay to listen—"I am not a tyrant, Drusilla; if you want to break altogether with Luke Stanmore do it at once, only there shall be no playing fast and loose in this house; give me a plain answer whether you wish your engagement ended—Yes or No."

Drusilla moved her head wearily; all this fuss seemed to her so unnecessary, and then she began to consider the pros and cons.

"Why should you think I want to break with Mr. Stanmore?" she said. "I like him; you know I like him." She moved to the door, and Mr. Yardon let her go; he had warned her, and yet he felt that he did not trust her.

Mr. Yardon's dissatisfaction with his ward had softened his feelings with regard to Maisie. He had a certain pride in feeling that his granddaughter would not be capable of flirting. It was probable that in the beginning Maisie had, as he expressed it, made up to Luke Stanmore; but her grandfather was just enough to own that even if she had done this it must have been from liking, not mere flirting; his own observation having shown him how quiet her manner was both with Mr. Vernon and with Mr. Boyd, or with any other stray visitor at the Hall.

If she still liked Stanmore the sooner ought she to know of Drusilla's engagement. There was a shrewd twinkle in the old man's eyes as he went to the library.

"Set a thief to catch a thief! I say set a girl to watch another girl when they both care for the same man; Maisie will be the best of watch dogs."

But for all that he felt nervous at approaching the subject with his grand-daughter.

He found her in the library, writing.

Mr. Yardon was one of the fortunate mortals who have a readiness in seizing opportunities.

"Are you writing to Miss Savvay, Maisie?"

It was so new for her grandfather to take an interest in her doings that the girl felt a sudden warmth at her heart, and this showed in her dark eyes gratefully.

"Yes," she said. "I'm so glad she is coming to stay."

The last words annoyed Yardon.

"Very well"—he spoke stiffly; he had meant to say it gently—"you can tell her, then, that Drusilla is engaged; I wish Miss Savvay to know it, and Captain Wentworth also. You'll make it clear to her that it is not a secret, Maisie."

He had kept looking at the books opposite him, but now he turned and bent down, as if he were choosing a volume from one of the shelves behind him.

"She is engaged to Mr. Stanmore, I suppose." Maisie was better prepared than he had expected. Less than an hour ago she had seen from her

window the meeting of Luke Stanmore and Drusilla, although it was not very lover-like, yet something in Mr. Stanmore's manner had at once warned her of the truth. Since then she had been trying not to think ; she had only resolved that no one should know the pain she suffered ; she was stupefied with the sudden certainty of her loss, so stupefied that she could not realise the trial that lay before her.

"Yes." Her calm tone had surprised Mr. Yardon. He turned round and looked at her, but Maisie went on writing as if she were undisturbed.

The old man felt an involuntary admiration for his grand-daughter. He fumbled with the books a few minutes longer ; then he said huskily, "Make my kind regards to Miss Savvay." And he went away.

(*To be continued.*)

LOVE AND FAME.

I LOOKED for Fame,
And Love came flitting by,
But paused a while,
With bated wings, to sigh ;
But still I looked for Fame,
And Love fled by.

Fame came at last,
When hope was almost sped ;
Fame came at last,
When youth and joy had fled ;
And then I looked for Love,
But Love was dead.

M. T. Marshall.



"But Winter lingering chills the lap of May."

GEMINI—THE TWINS.

In May, the Sun enters this sign of the Zodiac.



BUTLER, in "Hudibras," describes Holland as—

A land that rides at anchor and is moor'd,
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

Foreign writers have for centuries vied with one another in inventing strange, and, for the most part, inaccurate, descriptions of the country in which the usual order of nature is reversed and the very existence of which is owing to human industry. One writer describes it as a kind of transition between sea and land; another, as an immense lump of soil floating on the water; and a third, as the end of the earth and the commencement of the ocean. To Philip II. it was "the country nearest hell." Napoleon saw in it (and geologically he was right) nothing but the product of French rivers, and with this excuse annexed it to the French Empire. Anybody who wishes to test the accuracy of these definitions, or to add to their number, may go to Holland with only a little more trouble than he goes to a fashionable watering-place at home. Holland is, indeed, so accessible that until recently it was treated with strange neglect, though in the old days it formed an essential part of the Grand

Tour without which no gentleman's education was complete. "I am told, sir," wrote Lord Chesterfield to his son, "that you are preparing to travel, and that you begin by Holland." At that time Holland was the gate of Europe, and through it passed Boswell, who was seen off at Harwich by Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, bound for Leyden, Sir Joshua, a painter pilgrim to a land of painters, and Gibbon, who enthusiastically calls Holland a "monument of freedom and industry." In the days of Scott, however, it was neglected, for he tells us that the "Netherlands have been of late quite out of our minds." Recently, a reaction has set in, and once more Holland is on the tourist list. And yet, even now, the vast majority of those who cross the North Sea visit only the three principal Dutch cities, leaving out the smaller places in the queer by-ways of which the spirit of the past still lingers on, and missing altogether the peculiar characteristic features which have disappeared from the large towns where foreigners chiefly congregate.

If you have imagined for yourself Holland before visiting it, and your imaginings have been based on books or pictures, you will find, contrary

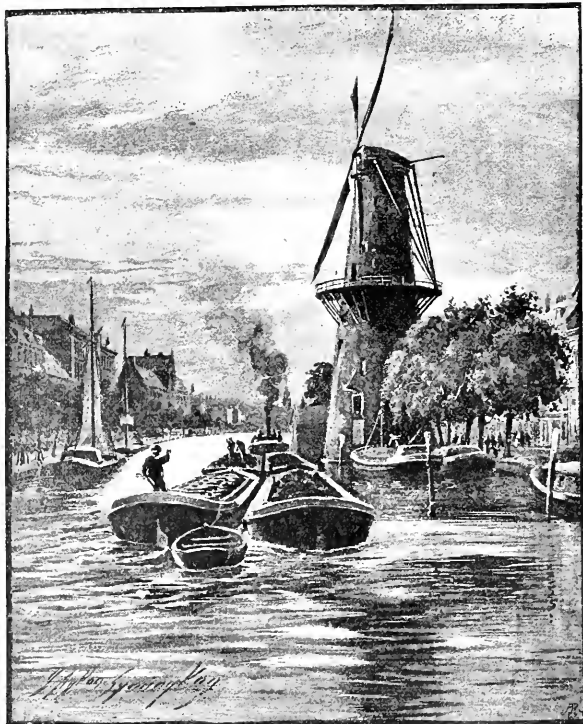
to the usual rule, as you steam up the river on your way to Rotterdam, that your expectations are being realised with amazing accuracy. If, indeed, you have already studied Hobbema's picture of the Avenue at Middleharnis in the National Gallery, you have already seen Holland, and, perhaps, seen it better than the man who travels as a parcel travels from Rotterdam to the Hague, and from there to Amsterdam, and from Amsterdam home or on to the Rhine. As you look for the first time on these Dutch fields, you have at once all the characteristics of the national landscape. Everything is marvellously neat. The trees are not allowed to have their own way, but are cropped into unimpeachable straight lines. The sky is grey — a French traveller calls it the veiled sky — the distance is a

hazy mauve, and everything else vivid green, speckled with patches of glowing colour. Waving lines of reed fringe the flat banks of the stream and pollard willows are seen at intervals. The square tower of the church at Brielle is the only building on the river bank which excites any curiosity. Brielle is among the dead cities of the world. It was,

however, once a great naval station, and produced people of no small importance in their day, amongst them Van Tromp and De Witt, and it was the scene of the first victory of William the Silent. Passing up the stream you see the chimneys of the distilleries of Schiedam and the little port of Delfshaven from which the founders of New England started for America. Further on

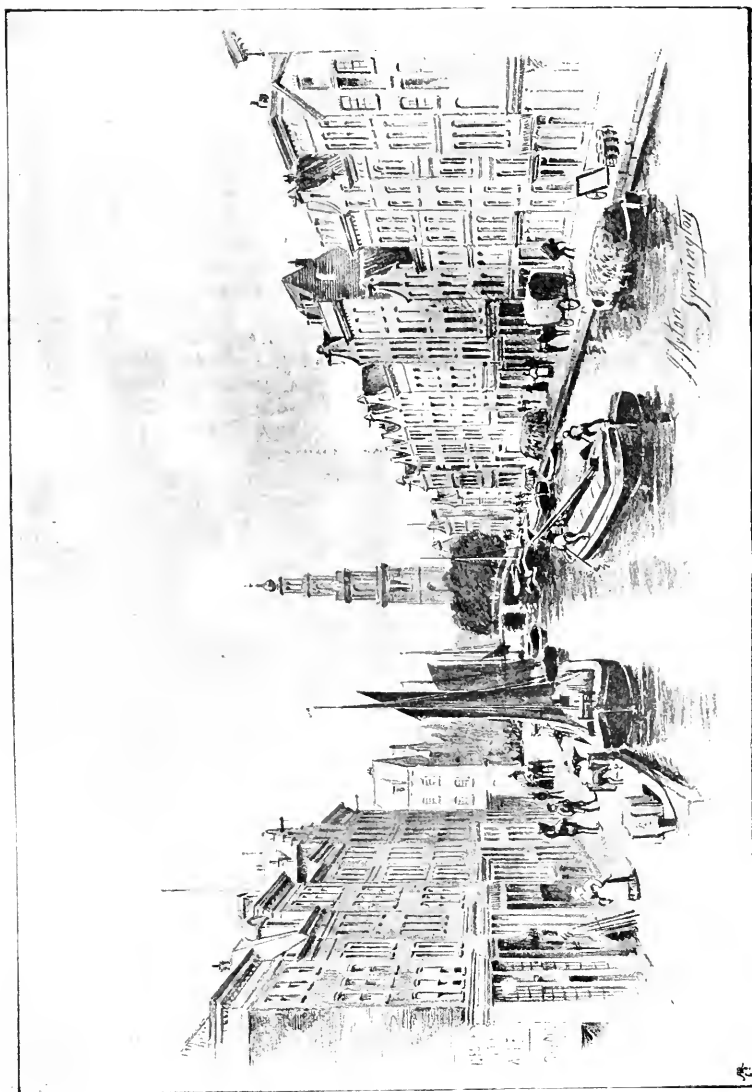
a confused mass of towers, masts, and windmills are seen against the sky, and a few minutes later you land at Rotterdam.

Rotterdam has no sights except its canals and streets and bridges, its old houses, its windmills, and its ships. It is not like anywhere else in Europe, not even Amsterdam, and it is not in the least like Venice; and in the fact that there is nowhere with which it can be compared lies its greatest charm. As



ROTTERDAM.

you walk about the streets you will see several things with which you are unfamiliar. The dogs draw small milk carts. Whole families live in the barges on the canals, and have none other than this floating home. The coachmen wear black, and look as it they and their horses were perpetually condemned to wear the trappings and the suits of woe. Erasmus is the presiding genius



THE CANAL, AMSTERDAM.

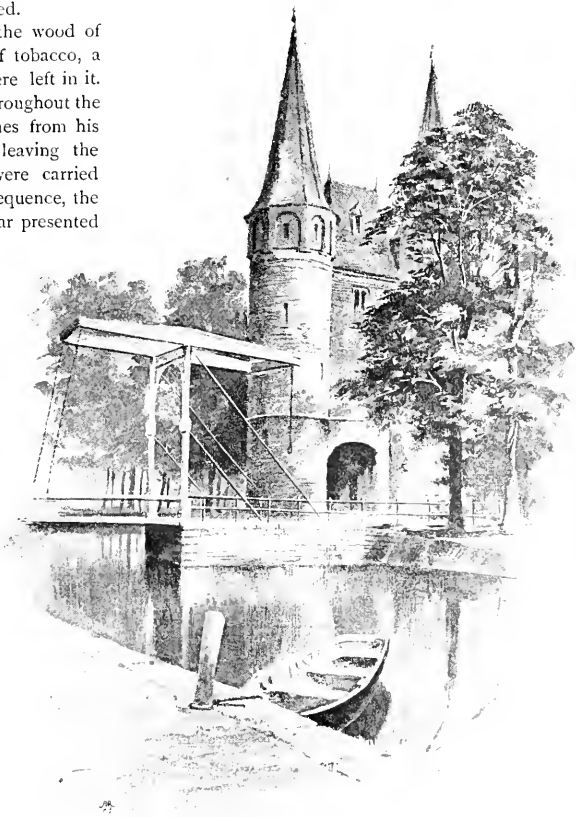
of the place, and in the market square the counterfeit of his singularly spiritual face may be seen in enduring bronze. But one Van Klass is almost as well known in Rotterdam as Erasmus himself. He was simply a smoker, but as such he was a phenomenon. It is calculated that between the ages of eighteen and ninety-eight he smoked 154,000 ounces of tobacco or thereabouts. In accordance with the terms of his will, every smoker in Holland was invited to his funeral, and each one who attended was presented with ten pounds of tobacco and two pipes, upon which were engraved the name and date of the death of the deceased.

The coffin was lined with the wood of cigar-boxes; and two packets of tobacco, a pipe, and a box of matches were left in it. Every mourner was to smoke throughout the ceremony, and to throw the ashes from his pipe on to the coffin before leaving the cemetery. These regulations were carried out scrupulously, and, in consequence, the poor of the district are every year presented with an immense quantity of tobacco under this extraordinary Dutchman's will.

The quaintest compromise between a barge and a steamer takes one along quiet canals from Rotterdam to Delft. A line of huge wind-mills, at once picturesque and grotesque, is passed, and at length the little boat stops in the old town of Delft. Delft is sleepy—so sleepy that it becomes depressing. You may go to the scene of the murder of William the Silent, who fell, exclaiming, "Oh, my God! have mercy upon my soul! Oh, my God! have mercy on this poor people!" The patriot sleeps beneath a superb monument in the new church of the town, and not far away from him rests the statesman and scholar Hugo Grotius; while in another of

the Delft churches are the remains of Van Tromp, with a monument of which Pepys writes: "There is a sea-fight inimitable, with the smoke the best expressed I ever saw in my life." It was Van Tromp who, after a victory over the English in the Downs, hoisted a broom at his masthead to signify that his enemy was swept from the seas. A little later, when fortune favoured them, the English, remembering the broom, hoisted a whip in retaliation.

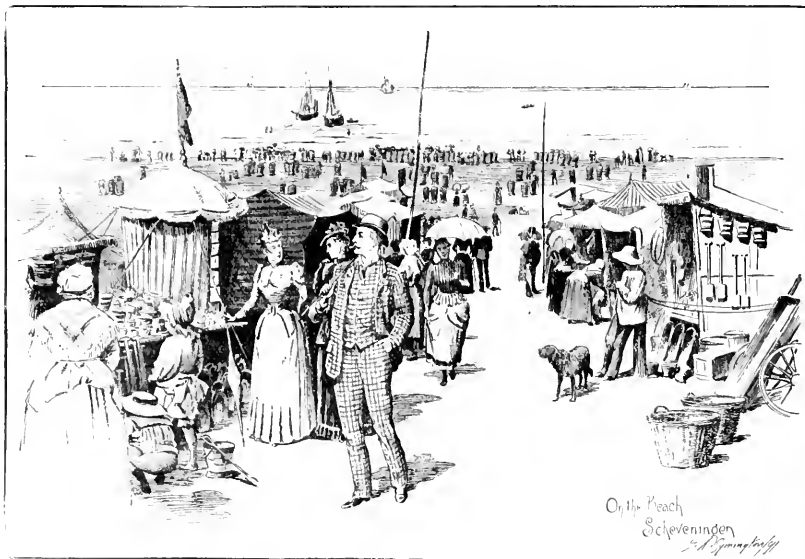
It was Thackeray who described the Hague as "the prettiest little brick city; the pleasantest



THE EAST GATE, DELFT.

little park to ride in; the neatest, most comfortable people walking about; the canals not unsweet, and busy and picturesque with old-world life. Rows upon rows of houses built with the neatest little bricks, with windows fresh-painted, and tall doors polished and carved to a nicety." The Hague is the residence of the Queen, Queen Regent, and nobility of Holland. It is the seat of Government, and is as exclusive as even the haughtiest patrician could wish. Its picture gallery contains some of the greatest pictures of the Dutch school and two of the most famous masterpieces in the world—Rembrandt's "School

price. It is said that England was willing to purchase it for £40,000, and that Holland would not have taken twice the money. Quite a literature has gathered round the work. Its merits have been asserted and disputed endlessly, and, perhaps, the most successful critic is the one who says, "In his 'Bull' Paul Potter wrote the Idyl of Holland." Quite near to the Hague is Scheveningen, the gayest and brightest of fashionable watering-places, and, it may be added, decidedly one of the most expensive. Its golden sands and silvery grey sea have furnished subjects for some of the most beautiful landscapes which



of Anatomy" and Paul Potter's "Bull." Standing before the great Rembrandt one instinctively feels that one is in the presence of the great masterpiece. There is a grim fascination about death, a fascination so keen that in its presence it is hard to give living men a thought. Yet never for an instant does the body being dissected in the "School of Anatomy" hold the attention at the expense of the professor and his disciples. Rembrandt has faced a great difficulty and has overcome it. As for the "Bull," surely never before or since was a bull valued at so fabulous a

the modern Dutch painters have produced. It is in the evening that Scheveningen is seen to the greatest advantage, when the visitors go to the immense Kurhaus to finish up the day with dancing and music.

Between Leiden and the Hague is the green plain, dotted with red-roofed houses, windmills and groups of trees and cattle, which make up the only scenery that Holland possesses. From the fashionable gaiety of Scheveningen to the academic dignity of Leiden is a very wide step. The famous university was founded as a reward

for the heroic resistance made by the inhabitants, when their city sustained its famous siege at the hands of the Spaniards. The good people of Leiden had the choice of fewer taxes or more knowledge, and they chose the nobler thing.

Among those who attended the University classes were three of the great novelists of England, Fielding, Richardson and Goldsmith, and one famous in another way, Evelyn, who came to study tree-culture. But it is neither its professors nor its scholars which are Leiden's greatest glory, but the group of painters who were born within its walls. Pre-eminent was the sombre Rembrandt of the Mill, to whose place among the greatest of the great masters two centuries have given consent. There was Jan Steen, the

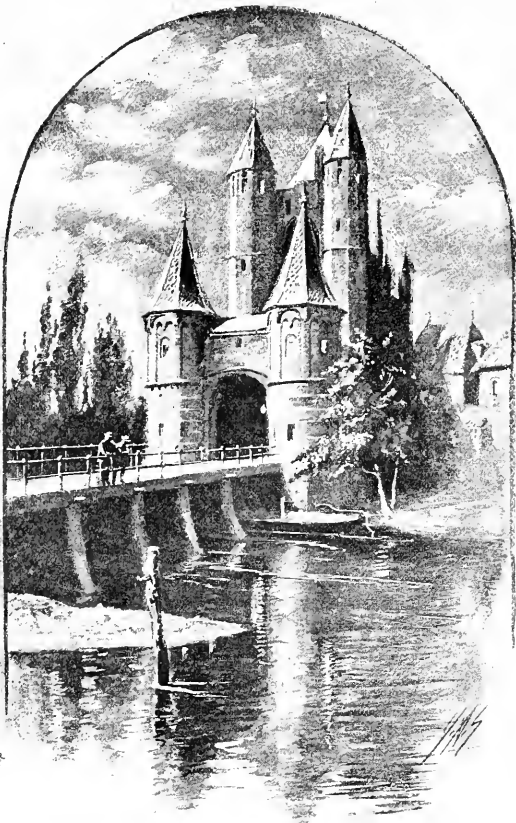
roystering merry-maker, who, living a mad life himself, yet appreciated that

It is better being good than bad,
It is wiser being sane than mad.

There was Gerard Dow, whose laboriousness cost him his sight; and Gabriel Metzú, who was a man of fine taste in a school where fine taste was so rare, that Louis XIV., looking at its works, cried, "away with these monsters." Every

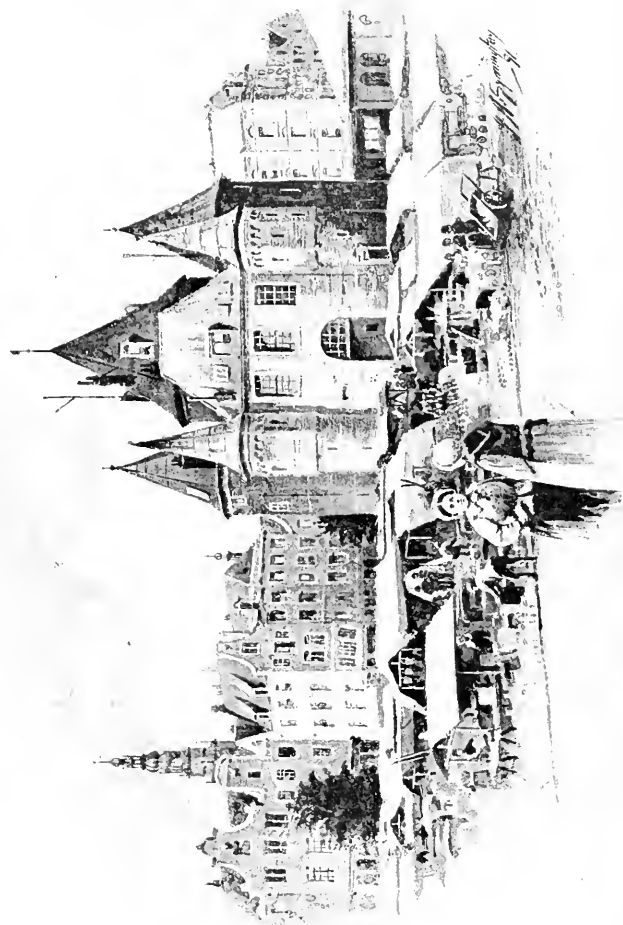
bibliomaniac, as well as every scholar and painter, will be interested in Leiden, for was it not the home of the Elzevirs?

If you travel from Leiden to Haarlem by steam-tram instead of by train, you will go through one of the most characteristic and interesting districts in Holland. The way at first passes under long avenues, between the trees of which are seen endless stretches of green grass with groups of cattle, which might have been arranged by Paul Potter, indeed, almost every field, realises a picture by



THE AMSTERDAM GATE, HAARLEM.

one of the great Dutch masters. Only when one has travelled in their country can one perfectly appreciate the works of these intensely national artists. The landscape

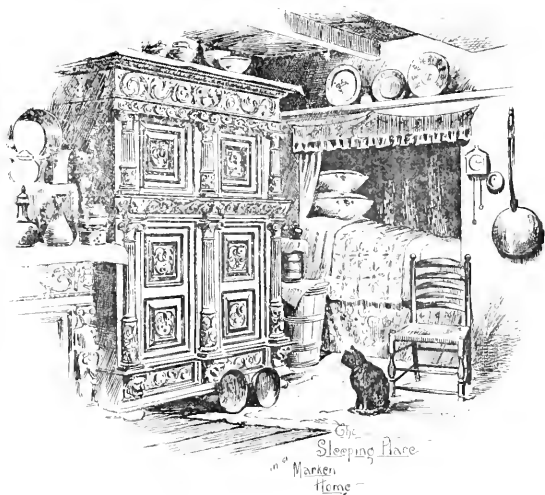


THE MARKET-PLACE, AMSTERDAM.

between Leiden and Haarlem is a harmony in green, bright, glowing, and vivid, and soft silvery grey which hangs like a curtain at the horizon joining the pastures to the heavens, the face of which is covered by a great veil of cloud, which, slipped aside in places, exposes pools of clear blue. There are acres and acres of land kept in as good order as a palace garden, and devoted to the growing of vegetables. The large beds are separated from each other by close cropped hedges, and the fields themselves are bounded by narrow watercourses larger than ditches and smaller than canals. The villages are full of pretty red-tiled houses, and the chief road through

them is generally shaded by lines of trees and paved with bricks. Now and again a country house is passed standing in the midst of a garden with bright patches of crimson begonias. Children lie about on the grass, and there are girls in cool pink and white who rival the freshness of the roses. On the front of these country houses are inscriptions descriptive of the sentiments of their fortunate owner. On one, for instance, we read *Vriendschap en Gezelschap* (friendship and sociability), and on another *Biuten' Zorg* (without care). Happy man, indeed, this! As Haarlem is approached beds of bulbs begin to appear, and at the season when there are neither tulips nor crocuses, there are fragrant masses of white lilies and gorgeous lines of red gladiolas. The tram-line ends in a shady old wood of beeches, and a few minutes after we are among the picturesque buildings of Haarlem.

Of all the smaller towns of Holland, Haarlem is the brightest and the least suggestive of decay. If you happen to arrive there during the *Kermesse* you will find it lively, perhaps a trifle too lively, for the evenings of the fair week are anything but still. Pictures, bulbs, and an organ with a grand *Vox Humana* stop are the things for which Haarlem is famous. The old Town Hall and the Hofje van Beresteyn contain the masterpieces of Franz Hals,



a painter whose portraits are fit to be compared with those of Velasquez and Holbein. The amazing vivacity of his group of Arequebussiers and Civic Guards makes us realise the brave old days more graphically than we do when reading the most graphic and picturesque of historians. The Haarlem tulip trade is not what it was in the days of tulipomania, when less than a grain (in weight) of the bulb of a variety named *Admiral Liefkin* cost 4,400 florins, and half a grain of *Semper Augustus* 2,000 florins. There were at one time only two bulbs of the latter variety in existence, and for one of them one would-be purchaser offered 4,600 florins, a new carriage, two grey horses, and a complete set of harness, and another no less than twelve acres of good land. But the gaudy tulip as the subject of a mania has had its day, and its place is now taken, to some extent, by the queer and lovely orchid.

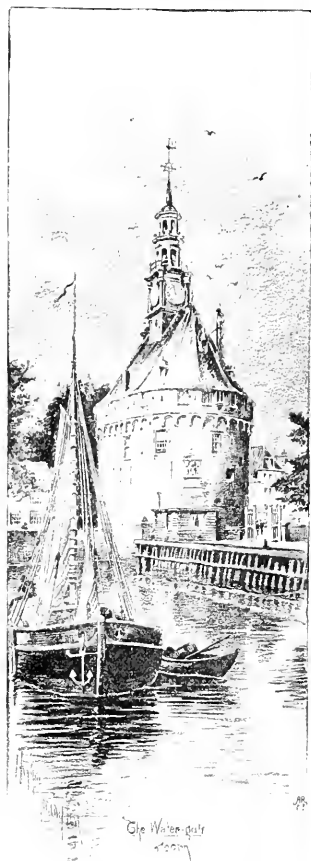
Authors without number have written descriptions of the Dutch capital, and perhaps the most satisfactory is that by Thackeray in the "Roundabout Papers." Thackeray compares it to Venice, and goes so far as to prefer it to the Queen of the Adriatic. Amsterdam is queer, original, imposing, but it is not lovely. It has none of the subtle charms of colour of the city which lies among the still lagoons, nor has it any

of the glorious buildings which are the subjects of the "Stones of Venice." If, however, one has no unreasonable expectations Amsterdam with its variety of life and its physical peculiarities will not be disappointing. The treasures of its superb Rijks Museum justify one in spending several days there, and its Jews' quarter is as vivid and painful a realistic picture of human wretchedness as Europe can show. The churches of the city are not themselves of high interest, but it is strange to see a congregation half with their hats on and half with them off. The metropolitan charities are on a magnificent scale and there are connected with them some extraordinary rules and costumes. The orphans of the Almosoniers Orphan House, for instance, are dressed in black and wear the colours of the town—black, red, and white—round their arms in order to prevent their being allowed to enter public-houses, places of amusement, or railway trains; a penalty being inflicted on responsible persons who admit children in this costume. For primitive costumes and houses, however, a journey to the little island of Marken should be taken. It will be a revelation.

A little steamer passing Zaandam, with its countless wind-mills and the famous hut inhabited by Peter the Great when the illustrious Duke of Marlborough saw him working as a common shipwright, affords a pleasant way of reaching Alkmaar from Amsterdam. Alkmaar carries on an immense trade in Dutch cheeses which, by-the-bye, are a great deal better to look at than to eat. On Fridays they are piled up in golden and crimson heaps in the market place and weighed in the gigantic scales which have done the work for centuries in the old weighing house whose red façade is covered with all manner of outlandish sculpture. Not less than 9,000,000 lb. of cheese are weighed annually in the public scales. From Alkmaar, which is dull even for a country town in Holland, the traveller may go to Hoorn by diligence, and if the weather is fine the three hours' drive is agreeable enough.

Surely the Zuyder Zee, "the South Sea," is the strangest of all the seas of this world, and perhaps the cruellest. Below its grey waters fair cities lie submerged. When they disappeared the industrious Dutch built new towns to take their places, and now these, though happily they still remain above water, have become in their turn "dead cities." Of the dead cities of the South Sea, Hoorn is the most interesting and picturesque. It is a pleasant enough place, with its old-world streets, its public buildings, its green trees, and grey waters. In 1616, William Schonten, mariner, of Hoorn, first doubled the point known to us as Cape Horn, and gave to it the name of his native town. Another inhabitant, Tasman, discovered

Van Dieman's Land and New Zealand, and the great fleet of Van Tromp was built here, so this still city has played a speaking part in the drama of the sea. But now its trade and enterprise have departed, and it belongs to the same category as the objects on the shelf of a curiosity-shop, except when the *Kermesse* stirs it into life again for a day or two. From Enkhuizen, the birthplace of Paul Potter, a neighbouring town more decayed than Hoorn itself, a steamer crosses the Zuyder Zee to Stavoren. Between Stavoren and Leeuwarden the costumes and houses of the Frisians can be studied



unaltered by modern innovations. If the Frisians' caps are not pretty, the faces under them leave nothing to be desired, and somehow, ugly though it is, one would not willingly dispense with the traditional head-dress. About the beauty of the old furniture, old silver, and old china in the houses of Hindelopen and of the other little towns of the district there can be no two opinions, but, alas! all this is finding its way to London and New York, and less and less of it will be seen as years roll on. From Hindelopen the train goes to Leeuwarden, the capital of Friesland, with pretty gardens and the huge tower of an ancient church, and from there to Harlingen, a little seaport from which there are steamers to Hull and other English ports.

From the great dykes of Harlingen you may take your last look at Holland, recalling the lines of Andrew Marvel:—

How did they rivet with gigantic piles
Through the centre their new and catched miles,
And to the stake a struggling country bind,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground.

The grey Zuyder Zee lies before you with dim, shadowy outlines of distant islands on the



Head-dress
of Hindelopen

horizon. Behind is the little red-roofed town, and beyond the great level expanse of green pasture land with its groups of trees, its tiny farmhouses and ungainly windmills. With all this before your eyes, you may, perhaps, pass in review Holland and the Dutch, deciding for yourself whether or not the country is beautiful and its people attractive. At one thing, however, you can hardly fail to arrive — that though a small and not now a powerful country, Holland yet deserves the name of a great nation. For it is its history which makes

a nation great, its power of enduring and accomplishing. The power of Holland to endure and accomplish has been vindicated a hundred times. It has always believed, to use the motto of its city of Nymegen, *mellius est bellicosa*

Libetas quam pacifica servitas, and it has acted indomitably and magnificently on this belief. But its sieges and battles, after all, concern chiefly itself. Its triumphs in the peaceful arts, on the other hand, concern the whole world, and these it is that form its most enduring claim to respect. At least, remembering this claim, you will hardly take leave of Holland in the bitter words of Voltaire, "Adieu! Canaux, Canards, Canaille!"

CHARLES T. J. HIATT.



THE VICTORIAN ERA.

(FIRST HALF: 1837-95.)

JOHN KIRKPATRICK.

LECTURE VIII.

RUSSELL'S ADMINISTRATION: FOREIGN AFFAIRS—
SPAIN—CRACOW—PORTUGAL—SWITZERLAND—
FRENCH REVOLUTION—AUSTRIA, ITALY, AND
HUNGARY—GREECE—MR. FINLAY AND DON
PACIFICO—PALMERSTON TRIUMPHANT—INDIA
AND THE COLONIES—PALMERSTON REBUKED
AND DISMISSED—EXIT RUSSELL.

TO those who love nature and art a trip to the Continent is always delightful. If we travel with observant eye and kindly heart, there is no end to the pleasure and profit we may derive from our journey; and, above all, on our return home—"England, with all thy faults," we learn to love thee better! In the course of our erratic tour, as sketched above, we shall obtain glimpses at many a strange scene, many an exciting drama in which men's noblest and most sordid aims struggle for the mastery, and many a dark story of crime and bloodshed, relieved by the golden dawn of a happier era in the history of humanity; but the main object of our journey

will be to inquire how far Great Britain was concerned in these stirring events.

At the outset we are confronted with a curious question. When we speak of the foreign policy of Great Britain during the memorable years 1846-52, do we really mean the policy of the nation? Can we speak of our national policy when we know that Palmerston, its nominal exponent, never consulted the nation, and often ignored, sometimes even defied, both Queen and Cabinet? Yes, on the whole, Palmerston was a faithful representative of that policy. True genius and man of action, however strongly we must often disapprove of his methods and language, he instantly divined and swiftly gave effect to the unexpressed, scarcely formed wishes of the nation with regard to each new emergency. And that his policy on the whole was truly national is proved, partly by the personality of the man, partly by his avowed principles, and partly by the verdict of the House of Commons in his favour on 28th June, 1850. For the nation was "proud of him," to use the generous phrase of his political opponent, Sir Robert Peel, as being a typical Englishman, able,

strong, and resolute, oftener acting *fortiter in re* than *suaviter in modo*, yet a man of warm and kindly impulses, and thoroughly imbued with a love of constitutional liberty. At the same time his avowed policy of at once maintaining peace, upholding British prestige, and promoting reform among foreign nations, was sure to commend itself to the British public. In his mode of carrying out that policy Palmerston has been denounced as a bully; in the light of some of its far-reaching results he may be regarded as a public benefactor.

For several years prior to the opening of our chapter, Spanish international politics had mainly hinged on the matrimonial prospects of the child-Queen Isabella, and her sister Fernanda. Christina, the Queen-mother, wished one of her daughters, at least, to marry one of Louis Philippe's sons, but the French king declined, fearing to excite the jealousy of Britain. At the same time, in order to prevent the unstable throne of Spain from falling into the hands of some rival prince, he proposed that the husband of the young queen should be chosen either from her own house, or from one of the descendants of the Bourbon Philip V. Next to a son of Louis Philippe, however, the queen-mother would have preferred Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, a brother of the King of Portugal, and cousin of Prince Albert. The child herself was, of course, never consulted. At last, after a prodigious amount of negotiation, the queen-mother, Guizot, and Lord Aberdeen agreed that the young queen Isabella should marry her cousin Francesco, Duke of Cadiz, and that her younger sister should marry the Duc de Montpensier, son of Louis Philippe, but not until after the young queen was married and had an heir or heiress. The object of this arrangement was, of course, to secure that the heir or heiress to the Crown should be a scion of the royal house of Spain, and not of the reigning French family. But before this plan could be carried out Aberdeen went out of office. Palmerston took his place, and on 19th July, 1846, wrote a hasty despatch to the British Ambassador at Madrid, mentioning Leopold as one of the possible candidates for the young queen's hand, and thus unsettling, if not upsetting, the previous arrangement. At the same time he took the opportunity of denouncing the arbitrary character of the Spanish Government. Christina, alarmed by this menacing language, and Louis

Philippe, irritated by what he deemed a breach of contract, now considered themselves released from the former arrangement, and within a few weeks hastened to marry the young queen to Cadiz and her sister to Montpensier on the same day. Louis had thus triumphed in marrying the Spanish princesses to two Bourbon princes: but Palmerston was deeply mortified by his failure to prevent these marriages; and the poor young queen was united to a weakling whom she hated. And the coolness thus caused between Britain and France probably helped to seal the fate of Cracow.

By the Congress of Vienna, Cracow, the ancient and picturesque capital of Poland, with a small adjoining territory, was erected into a republic, an oasis of democracy in the very midst of autocratic Russia, Prussia, and Austria, and therefore an eyesore to her mighty neighbours. Early in 1846 the citizens showed sympathy with an insurrection of the Poles in Silesia, and as the authorities feared an outbreak of violence they appealed to Austria for help. When the lamb appeals to the wolf for protection, the wolf always obligingly responds. Austria accordingly sent a strong body of troops to overawe the disaffected citizens, but after an occupation of four days they were expelled. Russia next comes on the scene, quells the insurrection, and leaves the Austrians in sole possession. For several months it remained uncertain whether the three autocratic powers would respect the Congress of Vienna; but at length, on 6th November, a few weeks after the Spanish marriages, Metternich, the Austrian Foreign Minister, announced that these powers could no longer tolerate in their midst "a geographical atom" which had become a den of political agitators. Cracow was therefore annexed to Austria, the lamb was devoured, and Britain and France protested. Palmerston expressed "deep regret and much surprise," and Guizot protested even more strongly; but what cared the three Northern wolves for this idle barking of the Western watch-hounds, whose united bite could hardly have averted the catastrophe? Nor was the victim altogether an innocent beast. Cracow was undoubtedly a turbulent city, a hot-bed of Polish patriotism, and a standing menace to the Polish dominions of the three Northern Powers. We cannot, therefore, be much surprised at her fate, but we may at least

rejoice that Britain ranged herself on the side of liberty and the sacredness of treaties.

A journey of some 1,600 miles towards the south-west brings us to Portugal, a land flowing with port-wine and olive-oil, rich in minerals, and picturesque in scenery, but with a very chequered political history. At this time the throne was occupied by Queen Maria, who was married to Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg. The Queen was unpopular on account of her duplicity, the Prince-Consort on account of his nationality; democrats, absolutists, and monks were contending for the mastery; finance was in confusion. An insurrection having broken out in the north, in May, 1846, and the Ministry being unable to quell it, Saldanha was proclaimed a kind of military dictator in October. The unhappy country was now divided into two hostile camps—that of Saldanha and the Conservatives at Lisbon, with the Queen on their side, and that of the Junta, or Liberal Opposition, at Oporto, headed by Das Antas. After a vain remonstrance sent by Palmerston to Das Antas, the situation was further complicated by the union of the Migueletes, or Absolutists, with the Junta, the former desiring to depose the Queen in favour of Dom Miguel, her uncle, the latter threatening to dethrone and execute her! Saldanha, unable to make head against this formidable coalition, now sought aid from Spain, France, and Britain. Britain professes never to intervene with physical force in the internal affairs of other nations; and so Palmerston promised Saldanha moral aid. But when he saw that France and Spain were likely to send military aid, he persuaded the cabinet in April, 1847, that Britain, "on general principles of policy," might now depart from her usual rule. Palmerston accordingly sent a despatch to Portugal offering armed intervention on various conditions, in particular that a neutral administration should be formed; and France and Spain agreed to co-operate. Although these terms were distasteful both to Saldanha and the Junta, they had no alternative but to submit; and when British men-of-war captured the fleet of the Junta and Das Antas himself, the civil war necessarily came to an end. But this departure from Britain's traditional policy of neutrality aroused great indignation at home. Radicals and Protectionists combined to denounce it, and

the ministry seemed likely to sustain defeat in both Houses of Parliament. The incongruous coalition, however, proved a failure, and when Peel and his party declared themselves in favour of the Ministry, the assailants beat a hasty and ignominious retreat. There still remains, however, for solution the interesting and important question whether armed intervention by one country in the internal affairs of another is right or wrong. Is neutrality or is intervention our primary duty? "Those who in quarrels interpose must often wipe a bloody nose," truly says the poet Gay; but ought we, therefore, with craven hearts, to allow a deadly civil war to take place before our eyes without lifting a finger to prevent it? Surely it must often be our duty, in the interests of humanity, of justice, and of peace, to intervene in such cases, if there be a reasonable prospect of success. And should not the same principle guide our foreign policy when we see a small state unjustly threatened or attacked by a great one? While we cannot lay down any absolute rule on the subject, we may at least confidently assert that the fear of a "bloody nose" is a contemptible rule of conduct compared with an earnest desire to promote peace and goodwill among men.

Our tour next carries us to beautiful Switzerland, paradise of tourists and model of republics, but not quite politically faultless. Her story is a long and interesting one, but we cannot go further back than 1845. In that year the quarrels between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics had reached a climax. Ten cantons and a half had decreed the expulsion of the Jesuits, whereupon the nine and a half indignant Roman Catholic cantons formed a "Sonderbund," or separate league. In 1846 the Diet declared this league unlawful, and appointed General Dufour to suppress it. Europe was greatly alarmed by the civil war which ensued. Metternich declared that the Swiss Confederation was thus practically dissolved, and proposed European intervention, perhaps with a view to partitioning the little republic. Gaizot proposed that the religious dispute should be referred to the Pope, that the Powers should mediate on civil questions, and that, unless these terms were accepted, the Confederation should be declared at an end. A moment's reflection reveals something

sinister in both of these proposals. Palmerston refused to be a party to either, he denied that the Confederation was dissolved, and he objected to armed intervention; but he proposed mediation, on the footing that the Jesuits should be expelled, the Sonderbund dissolved, and the civil war terminated. In other words, while both Austria and France seemed to threaten the dismemberment of the republic, and France further proposed to give undue power to the Pope, Palmerston desired to maintain the integrity and independence of the republic, and to favour the cause of Protestantism. Britain was thus alienated from these two powers, and the consequences might have been serious, had not the Diet, by the close of 1847, fortunately succeeded in defeating and dissolving the Roman Catholic league.

Let us now cross the Alps to that delightful country, "the garden of the earth, whose very weeds are beautiful." Deeply interesting as is the history of literature and art in Italy, the history of politics is no less attractive, as it brings us into contact with many of Italy's greatest patriots and philosophers, and acquaints us with her fervent aspirations for civil and religious liberty. In 1846 a new era in Italian history opens with the election of Mastai Ferretti to the Pontifical Chair as Pius IX. A prelate of the highest character, he was also a statesman of liberal and reforming views, and patriots therefore now began to dream of the emancipation of their beloved country from the crushing yoke of her oppressors. A glance at the map reminds us that at this period the southern half of Italy, together with Sicily, formed the "kingdom of the two Sicilies," governed despotically by the Bourbon Ferdinand II; a large slice in the centre of the peninsula formed the States of the Church, hitherto governed quite as despotically by the Pope; Tuscany, Modena, and Parma, in the north-west, were governed by minor despots under the protection of Austria; Lombardy, on the north, was in the hands of Austria; and Piedmont, to the west of Lombardy, together with the island of Sardinia, formed the kingdom of Sardinia, governed by Charles Albert. But the reforms introduced by the new Pope alarmed Austria and her petty *protégés*. Metternich complained that the revolutionary movements in Italy threatened the safety of the Austrian dominions, and endangered the peace of Europe: would not the

Great Powers assist Austria in defending her rights? And now Palmerston's foreign policy takes grander and nobler shape. No, he does not agree with Austria; he knows the Italians have good grounds for discontent; and he hopes that Austria will encourage all necessary reforms. And if Metternich contemplates aggression on Roman territory, it will "lead to consequences of great gravity and importance!" Nor did Palmerston rest content with this spirited declaration; for, in the autumn of 1847 he sent Lord Minto on a special mission to Italy, instructing him to express sympathy with the cause of reform both in Rome and the kingdom of Sardinia. Encouraged by this sympathy, the party of progress was enabled to gain valuable concessions in Piedmont, in Tuscany, and in Sicily, and though the iron heel of Austria crushed the aspirations of the Lombards and the Venetians, the cause of autocracy was everywhere on the wane.

And not over Italy only, but over the greater part of Europe at the close of 1847, were looming the ominous thunder-clouds of revolution. Though least expected in France, it was fitting that the first outbreak of the storm should occur in that home of revolution. Guizot was an excellent and upright minister, and Louis Philippe, offspring of the revolution of 1830, had ruled, on the whole, with wisdom. But the party of progress in France had long wished to extend the franchise and to exclude placemen from the representative Chamber; and early in 1848 they resolved to advertise their programme by means of a huge banquet and procession. Greatly alarmed, the Ministry prohibited the banquet, with the result that next day, 22nd February, all Paris was ablaze. An excited mob paraded the streets, sang the Marseillaise, and forced open the doors of the Chamber; the troops were called out, and barricades were erected. The king hastily dismissed Guizot, entrusted the defence of the city to Marshal Bugeaud, and formed a Liberal Ministry, headed by Thiers and Odilon Barrot. But although an *émeute*, accompanied with bloodshed, had taken place on the 23rd, the king was so reluctant to use force that the Marshal resigned in disgust; and, as the National Guard sided with the populace, the king found himself deserted and helpless. On the 24th he abdicated in favour of his grandson, the

Comte de Paris; but the same evening the Republic was proclaimed, a Provisional Government, consisting of Lamartine, Arago, Ledru-Rollin, and others, was formed, and the July throne was razed to the ground. How strange it seems that a desire for reforms, which might have been carried out by a mere change of Ministry, should have led to the violent overthrow of a dynasty, to the institution of a Republic, and, a little later, to the establishment of a new Empire! So true is it, as Napoleon III. once said, that the French "make revolutions, not reforms." But we are chiefly concerned with the attitude of Britain towards the new *régime*. On the arrival of the startling news in England, Russell declared that the Ministry "would not meddle with the internal affairs of France." Clearly, as France had settled her own business, there was no call for intervention; but Palmerston had an additional ground for abstaining. As he had differed on several occasions from Guizot and his master, he could not view their fall with regret, while his political sympathies were with Lamartine and reform. Hence his declared belief that to support Lamartine would best guarantee peace and order in France. And Britain soon afterwards reaped the fruit of this policy in Lamartine's loyal refusal to intervene in the troublous affairs of Ireland.

As might have been expected, the bursting of the thunder-cloud of 1848 in France was but the prelude to similar storms in Germany, in Austria and Hungary, and in Italy. In all these countries autocracy seemed tottering to its fall; reform seemed marching to victory. A revolution in Vienna banished Metternich, and compelled the Emperor to promise reform. Venice, led by Manin, followed suit, and threw off the yoke of her oppressors. Milan rose and expelled Radetzky and the Austrian garrison. The King of Sardinia, the Duke of Tuscany, and even the King of Naples sent troops to help the Lombards; nay, did not even the Holy Father bless the volunteers who went forth on the same errand? Austria, in her distress, appealed to Britain, but Palmerston replied by giving her the unpalatable advice to evacuate her Italian possessions. But the defection of Naples from the popular cause and the reinforcement of the Austrian army soon turned the tide: Radetzky reconquered Venetia and

Lombardy, and the joyous hopes of the patriots were rudely blighted.

In Hungary, too, in this memorable year 1848, the reformers, led by Kossuth, fired by the example of France, demanded and obtained home-rule: but the successes of Austria in Italy encouraged the Emperor to retract, and to place Hungary under martial law. Hungary was furious, and Vienna showed her sympathy by a second revolution. At this juncture the ubiquitous Palmerston advises the kindly but weak and irresolute Ferdinand I. ("next thing to an idiot," as he rudely declared in a private letter) to abdicate, and Ferdinand accordingly abdicates in favour of his nephew Francis Joseph. But, however good Palmerston's object may have been, the hopes of the reformers were speedily crushed under the new *régime*. After several successes, the Hungarians were subdued in 1849, with the aid of a Russian army, and afterwards treated with great cruelty; while the renewed war in Italy had terminated with the decisive defeat of Charles Albert at Novara. Palmerston had encouraged the Italian patriots in their struggle against Austria, and the result had been disastrous; for northern Italy was to groan under the Austrian yoke for ten years more. Yet even the gloom of Novara was relieved by a ray of hope. In 1848 it was merely the Italian provinces of Austria that had revolted; but in 1849 Italy herself appeared on the field of Novara in the new and proud character of a nation struggling for emancipation from a cruel foreign yoke. Indirectly to Novara, directly to British sympathy, Italy is to a large extent indebted for her glorious *risorgimento*.

Before taking leave of Austria, we must glance at one of Palmerston's most notable achievements. Kossuth and 5000 other Hungarian refugees had sought an asylum in Turkey from Austrian vindictiveness. Both Russia and Austria demanded their surrender. The British Ambassador at Constantinople advised the Sultan to refuse the demand, but the timid Sultan preferred to temporise, the result of which was that these two powers broke off their diplomatic relations with the Porte. Palmerston remonstrated, and ordered the British fleet to enter the Dardanelles, and the French followed suit by ordering their fleet to Smyrna. And so effective was this threat that the autocrats practically withdrew their demand.

Surely a righteous threat, surely a signal victory!

After Rome, some think before Rome, Athens is the most fascinating city in the world. Among her memories and her marvels is the fact that she speaks and writes almost the identical language in which Sappho sang and Demosthenes declaimed. We would fain look into her modern literature; we would fain lionise her ancient Parthenon and Acropolis; but stern duty requires us to listen to the woes of Mr. Finlay and Don Pacifico. In 1836 Otho, King of Greece, had begun to build himself a palace at Athens, partly on Finlay's land, but without Finlay's permission. Finlay objected, and the British Government remonstrated, but for eleven years nothing was done. At last, in 1847, the king offered Finlay about £106, but as Finlay valued his land at about £1,600, he declined the offer. At Easter, 1847, what would now be called an anti-Semitic mob, pillaged the house of Don Pacifico, a Jew, a native of Gibraltar, resident at Athens. Don Pacifico, improving the shining hour, drew up a claim for damages amounting to £31,500, from which it appeared that some of his goods and chattels were worth their weight in gold! A third claim by the British Government against Greece arose out of an outrage by brigands against six boats' crews belonging to the Ionian Islands. French mediation having failed to procure a settlement of these claims, Palmerston ordered the British fleet to coerce the Greek Government by seizing a number of gunboats and merchantmen at the Piræus, with the result that in April, 1850, Greece agreed to pay the British Ambassador the sum demanded as compensation. In the House of Lords, shortly afterwards, a motion denouncing Palmerston as an international swashbuckler, who had recklessly brought the country more than once to the very verge of war, was carried; but in the House of Commons a verdict was triumphantly carried in his favour.

Time forbids us to extend our tour to India and the Colonies; but we must not omit to notice Russell's Australia Constitution Act of 1850, a measure which marks a new departure in our colonial policy. Hitherto these colonies had

been governed from Downing-street, and had been unable to manage their own affairs. Henceforth they were to enjoy a representative system of self-government, rendering them in all domestic business practically independent of the British Crown. Although in 1892 there exist reasons for doubting whether home-rule should be granted to Ireland, there was a pretty general agreement in 1850 that it could safely be granted to Australia.

Our picturesque tour fitly ends with our return to London (sadly dingy, but, of course, "we love thee still!"). The Queen and Prince Albert disliked Palmerston's foreign policy in many respects, and in particular they disliked his impetuous and high-handed way of doing business. Twice the Queen had complained of his habit of sending off important foreign despatches without consulting her, and Palmerston had excused himself by pleading their urgency. When Kossuth visited England in 1851, Palmerston openly expressed sympathy with the Hungarian patriot, to the indignation of Austria and the annoyance of the Queen. At last, on the occasion of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, on 2nd December of that year, he committed what (officially at the very least) was an unpardonable indiscretion. By the instructions of the Queen and the Cabinet, Palmerston announced to the French Government that Britain would not interfere with the internal affairs of France. But privately, a couple of days before, he had told the French Ambassador in London that he strongly approved of the President's policy. This opinion was at once communicated to the French Government, and when it was followed by the cool and formal despatch, the British Ambassador at Paris naturally complained that he had been placed in a false position. The impeachment was undeniable. Both Queen and Cabinet were indignant, and Palmerston was forthwith dismissed from office. For the present we bid him farewell, not with entire approval, but not without admiration, and not without gratitude. And just two months later we take leave of Russell also, less of a genius than Palmerston, less of a statesman than Peel, yet one of the greatest and most illustrious statesmen of the century.

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

- I. Explain, shortly, Palmerston's policy with regard to Italy.
- II. What do you understand by the doctrines of neutrality and intervention?
- III. Discuss, generally, the British foreign policy of 1846-52.

Please answer one, or at most two, of these questions, and state the total number of words (which must not exceed 500) that your answer or answers contain. Answers to be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R.U., ATALANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., on or before 25th May.

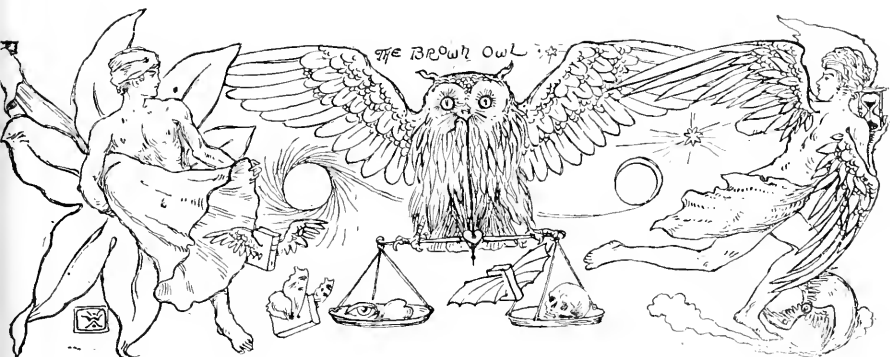
SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

- I.
Explain the reference in these lines, and give the name of author.
"Great, Good, and Just, could I but rate
My grief with thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world in such a strain
As it should deluge once again."
- II.
Where does the Kraken sleep?
- III.
What was Mr. Casaubon's opinion regarding Music?
- IV.
Who were the "sleepers" and the "Hunter" referred to in the following quotation?
"Cheer, cheer thy dogs into the brake,
O, Hunter! and without a fear
Thy golden-tasseled bugle blow,
And through the glades thy pasture take—
For thou wilt rouse no sleepers here!
For these thou seest are removed:
Cold, cold as those who lived and loved
A thousand years ago."
- V.
1. What city was called the "eternal" city? 2. Quote any line referring to this fact.
- VI.
Where was this inscription written:—"Of I was I weary
when I toiled at thee."
- VII.
Give the real name of the place nick-named "Cub Castle."
- VIII.
1. Explain the allusion in these lines. 2. State where they occur.
"In the valley he named of decision
No denser were multitudes met,
When the soul of the seer in her vision
Saw nations for doom of them set;
Saw darkness in dawn, and the splendour
Of judgment, the sword and the rod:
But the doom here of death is more tender
And gentler the God."
- IX.
Give the names of the party of adventurers who went in quest of the "Great Carbuncle."

All readers of ATALANTA may send in answers to the above questions. Reply-Papers should be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R.U., ATALANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, and must be sent in before May 15. They should have the words "Search Questions" on the cover.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (APRIL).

- I.
Charlotte Brontë and Harriet Martineau.
The Churchyard at Haworth. M. ARNOLD.
- II.
"Peter Bell." WORDSWORTH.
- III.
1. *Hamlet*, Act ii., sc. 2. 2. Cowper's *Alexander Selkirk*.
3. Milton's *L'Allegro*. 4. William Hamilton's *Braes of Yarrow*. Wordsworth's *Yarrow Unvisited*. 5. Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. 6. Campbell's *The Soldier's Dream*. 7. Tennyson's *Maud*.
- IV.
1. Moore. 2. Tom Hood. 3. J. R. Lowell. 4. W. M. Thackeray. 5. Dickens (*Sketches by Boz*).
- V.
"Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn."
KEATS'S *Ode to a Nightingale*.
- VI.
1. "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."
2. "Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the
throe!" BROWNING'S *Rabbi Ben Ezra*.
3. "Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—O, never more!" SHELLEY'S *A Lament*.
4. "To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What Man has made of Man."
WORDSWORTH'S *Lines in Early Spring*.
- VII.
1. Tennyson, *Maud*. 2. Wordsworth, *My heart leaps up when I behold*, &c. 3. Sir H. Wotton, *Character of a Happy Life*. 4. Longfellow, *The Fiftyeth Birthday of Asa*.



THE VIRTUES OF DRESS.

PART I.

A GREAT deal has been said and written, very justly, against the love of dress, which is so prominent a feature of the present time; so much, indeed, that many of my charming young friends, who have aspirations beyond the fit of a new bodice, or the cut of a smart collar, are disposed to regard the whole subject from the standpoint of wearied disgust, and to overlook the fact that dress, like nearly everything else in this curious world of ours, has its *virtues* as well as its *vices*.

Young people—girls in particular—are apt, as we know, to be sweeping in their condemnations, or contrariwise, unmeasured in their attachments. If they like anyone, or anything, they are not content with liking; they love, adore, canonise that “he, she, or it.” If, on the other hand, an individual is unlucky enough to fall under their ban, nothing is too bad for that person. Like the naughty children who were punished for their misdemeanours by being dipped in Agrippa’s inkpot (in the immortal “Strawel-peter”) the unfortunate being is “black all over, everywhere.” Not a lighter shade is visible at any point.

Thus we see that dress, and the love of it, is too often either made the one thing of real consequence, or it is pooh-poohed altogether. Either girls, who have been accustomed from their youth up to hear it discussed as a matter of gravest importance, learn to bestow their whole affections, and possibly considerable ability, on the task of

being well and fashionably dressed from one end of the year to the other; or they care absolutely not at all how they go about, and, indeed, rather pique themselves than otherwise upon such indifference, as though it were a proof of a superior mind.

Now, it is certainly the mark of an *inferior* mind to think dress is everything; but I do herewith earnestly protest against the idea of its being the indication of a *superior* one to give it no thought at all.

Let us glance for a moment at the girl who thinks dress is everything. With her it is a matter of life and death to have on the right thing for every possible occasion, to be first in the field with every novelty, and to introduce the most approved shade of the prevailing colour. Once “dressed,” once assured she is “all right” from top to toe, this fashionplate takes no further interest in herself; and what is the result? Why, an inevitable one. No one takes any further interest in her. Unless she be of exceptional beauty, or of rank sufficient to ensure attention on that ground, she will not hold the attention of anyone: she will be looked at for a few minutes, but directly the feminine part of the company have mastered the details of her toilette, and the men have bestowed a languid approval (which is all that even a St. James’s dandy will deign to bestow on anyone’s equipment but his own), one and all will sidle away from the side of a *dull* girl. And the girl who makes dress her one object, is, and must

be, *dull*. She has no life, no wit, no fire about her. If she cannot talk about her clothes, she has nothing left to talk about. As it is only the style of a new brim to her hat or a new cuff to her sleeve, which raises her animation, or even awakens her curiosity, she has no *enthusiasms*; the colour never flashes to her cheek, nor the sparkle to her eye. Little as she suspects it, this absorbing passion for dress is her undoing, even in the social sphere in which she fain would shine; while, as for her own heart and soul—but in this brief paper we must not touch on deep subjects.

One illustration, however, of the above I may be pardoned for recording. I was stopping once in a Scotch country house during the autumn months, when Scotland is gay and full, and to the same house there presently came a very fine young lady indeed. Even before her advent we were prepared by the size and number of her trunks for a vast amount of finery; but we had hardly anticipated what followed, and I own that such of us as cared to be amused with the foibles of human nature, had a plentiful feast. Every morning, afternoon, and evening our young friend made a complete transformation of her appearance, and for five successive days appeared in three times five new equipments, every item, from the ribbon in her hair to the rosette on her shoe, being *en règle*—and she never once repeated herself! For each occasion, also—be it for driving, boating, walking the moors, or night-fishing on a sea-loch—Miss Exquisite had the exact coat, hat, and skirt suitable—never the same, never inappropriate. It was a real treat to see her descend from her dressing-room, her pretty person—for she had a pretty person—decked out from top and toe, and calmly conscious of her own perfection. We used to assemble in the hall to see her come down—and herein lay the point of this tale. For the house was full of rather smart young men—handsome, vigorous, athletic young sportsmen—of whom Miss Exquisite highly approved. Not that she was a flirt—for indeed she seemed to have no time or brains to spare for anything but her toilette; but she liked her company, and would fain have been liked in return. Yet these irreverent sportsmen were cruel enough to lay small wagers on the “novelty entertainment” which they averred was being provided, and to make fun, pure and simple, of the poor girl and

her “frocks.” No one of them would talk to her, or walk with her, or drive with her—if it could be helped. She was dull—dull as ditchwater, they said. Even in the house, during meals, or in the drawing-room, no one showed any inclination for her society, though it could then be *endured*—but, if any sort of pastime were afoot, and pastime was the order of the day, I—yes—upon my word, I ended by pitying from my heart that poor Miss Exquisite, so terribly did her passion for dress bring Nemesis on its heels.

But having had this little word anent the well-worn aspect of our subject, let me turn round, and address such of my dear girls as agree with me, as to the contemptible folly of living only for the bedecking of the poor body—often by no means a beautiful body, since it is rarely the fairest by Nature to whom the love of dress is a snare—and let me acknowledge that I find another snare lying over the way, into which the best, and sweetest, and truest-hearted maidens frequently fall.

“What is dress?” they cry. “It is a bore—a plague—a worry—a time-waster.” When one or two such get together, they exclaim in unison, “Would there were no such thing as dress!” And one will add, “I wish we might go in sheepskins all the year round!” And another, “Why cannot some one invent something that will never wear out?” To which a rapturous chorus will respond, “*What a comfort that would be!*”

But it would not be at all a comfort, my dear girls, neither for yourselves in reality, nor yet for those who live with you, and have to see you in your every-day life, and occasionally get heartily sick of your old clothes, which they know so well—your hat that has battered through so many storms, and your jacket that is always short when other jackets are long, and long when others are short. Even your men notice when your mantles look odd and flat—wanting in *tournure*—and even they wish you would not just be beginning to bunch out when other women are taking in a reef.

Don't suppose that your father and brothers see nothing. Having been accustomed to you from your birth, they may be to your “manner born,” and not expect you to look otherwise than as you do; but I suspect they see more than they themselves know—or, to speak more strictly, they *feel* more than they *see*. They are susceptible to

influences of which they are not themselves aware. One particular point of feminine attire invariably affects them—and that is the *chaussure*—while it must be owned that neatly-fitting stockings and shoes are almost sure to be neglected by the girl who despises dress proper. I have noticed that men—husbands, brothers, even fathers—glance complacently at a well-turned-out feminine foot. “Oh, the *men*!” perchance you exclaim, scornfully. “But why should we care for the *men*? Who wants to please the *men*?” To which my answer is, To please the men is one of the chief “virtues of dress.” It is that on which I would chiefly insist to-day. The neglect of that has led to many an estrangement, and paved the way for many an unhappiness.

You ought to want to please the men—such men as belong to you and care for you, and have to live with you and take you about in public, and present you to their friends and associates as a relation or connection. You ought to consider that, although they may say nothing, probably choking down any dissatisfaction with the internal comment that you “do well enough,” and that they do “not love you for your dress”—yet even the most long-suffering and absent-minded of mortals do feel proud and pleased if they wake up to the fact that the woman under their charge—say in a public place—is looked upon with admiration by those around. It kindles anew their own admiration. A busy man takes a holiday on a bright summer day, and offers to escort some members of his family to one of the great shows of the London season. Don’t tell me that that paterfamilias is so obtuse as not to be in his own way perfectly conscious if his little party turn out freshly and prettily arrayed; or if, on the other hand, he have a set of dowdies to pilot about among the gay crowds who cover the ground. He may—it is just possible—he mercifully blind to the absence of *fashion* in their general appearance, but the absence of *freshness* is sure to strike him sooner or later.

L. B. Walford.

“A H! June, delightful June!”—do you know that charming quartet of J. S. Liddle’s? It is the song of the country, anticipatively, just now. But in town, May is the month of delight. Now, everything may be had for the asking—and

concerts are the order of the day. We have said goodbye to the Monday and Saturday Pops, though. They have been laid aside, like overcoats and furs, and embalmed in the sweet smelling scents of remembrance.

Instead, in St. James’s Hall, Sir Charles Hallé has arranged to give a series of Schubert Recitals, which are to be heard on Friday afternoons through the summer—at least until July. The first will occur on May 6th. It is almost needless to say that these concerts will be as instructive and acceptable to sober students of Schubert as to that music-fondling *dilettante*, called the British public. The excellence of Sir Charles Hallé’s Concerts is beyond all praise.

Otto Hegner is to give piano Recitals in St. James’s Hall on the 9th, 18th, and 30th of May.

Signor Pablo de Sarasate—the divine, incomparable Sarasate—has arranged the first of his Concerts for the 28th. It is almost impossible, I think, now, to dissociate the *verve*, the intention, of Sarasate’s playing from the impression and intention conveyed in Mr. Whistler’s portrait of him. It is really curious how closely these two Arts, painting and music, are allied the one to the other.

Sir Augustus Harris preludes his German Opera Season by the first in a series of four Operatic Concerts at St. James’s Hall. Number one is to take place on the 25th. Sir Augustus Harris’s Grand German Opera Season at Covent Garden will commence in June. “Das Rheingold,” “Die Walkure,” “Siegfried,” “Die Gotterdammerung,” “Tristan und Isolde,” and “Fidelio” will comprise six out of the seven performances of which it will consist.

St. James’s Hall this month is the centre both of general and individual musical interest. Everything—that is, anything—will occur there, it appears to me.

The Richter Concerts commence there on the 30th. Dr. Richter can only spare us time enough to discuss six of the series this season. The Wagner performances at the Vienna Festival, it seems, will completely absorb him up to that date.

The members of the “Ballad Singers” Club, Suffolk-street Galleries, will be “at home” in a Variety Concert on the 4th, a Ballad Concert on the 11th, and a Soirée Musicale on the 18th.

The Ballad Singers being connected with the Royal Society of British Artists, and meeting in their galleries, are enabled to provide their audience not only with music, but pictures. A double-barrelled inducement, truly! Why are we not all Ballad Singers?

In reference to the sad death of Mr. Goring Thomas, it is probable that one, or more, memorial performances of his opera, "Nadeshda," will be arranged, at Drury Lane, about the middle of the month. In this event, the proceeds will be used to found a scholarship, or student's prize, at the Royal Academy of Music. The scholarship will bear his name. Arthur Goring Thomas, himself, was an Academy student. Such a tribute to him would be wise and kind. It has been well deserved.

Cecil Cotes.

* * *
AN added interest is

attached to the production of the play, *Walker, London* (Toole's Theatre), from the fact that its author has already won distinction in other

fields of literature. Mr. J. M. Barrie is well known among the foremost writers of the day. It is not always, however, the best "fictionist" (to adopt Mr. Besant's word) that makes a good

dramatist. Cases are rare in which one man has united the qualities necessary for both. Scott and Dickens, great lovers of the stage, made no mark in this line of authorship, although Scott would gladly have tried his hand in the composition of a play, and Dickens was more or less all his life mixed up with theatrical matters.

Readers of Mr. Barrie's books know that they may expect from him originality, humour, keen discrimination of character, and the power of exciting interest in whatever he chooses to relate. Whether these would prove substantial enough to stand the test of dramatic representation remained to be seen. There

were some who

did not hesitate to predict that Mr. Barrie's genius was too subtle and localised ever to sway the popular fancy. "In his own line he is perfect,"



"Oh, it's nothing—nothing!"

MR. J. L. TOOLE AS JASTER PHIPPS.

they said, "but then he has never attempted anything outside it. His great successes have all been made in one direction. He is a genius—with limits."

In the midst of these misgivings *Walker, London*, was produced. Mr. Toole believed in the young writer, and believed, too, in the good sense and quickness of comprehension of an intelligent public, who are never backward in according a welcome to genuine fun. Rarely has a fresher piece of drollery been enacted than the little incident which takes place on board the *Wild Duck*. It is ridiculous, of course, quite outside the bounds of possibility; but the nonsense is played in such a serious and convincing fashion by all concerned that one can do nothing but laugh from beginning to end at the gay doings of the merry party on board the house-boat.

The atmosphere of the play is thoroughly English, and its most refreshing attribute is its abounding spirit of buoyancy and youth.

The boys and girls enjoying their summer frolic on the banks of the Thames might have stepped out of hundreds of English homes. We know them all, dozens of them. A more experienced playwright might almost have hesitated to launch his barque in such shallow waters. Mr. Barrie flings himself trustingly on the sympathies of his audience, and his instinct does not play him false. Everylad who has ever been up for an examination will appreciate the feelings of Andrew



MISS MARY ANSELL AS NANNY O'BRIEN, AND MR. TOOLE AS JASPER PHIPPS.

Macphail, the young medical student, when he is waiting for the telegram that will decide his fate.

Every girl who has ever had a brother will enjoy the school-boy "W. G.," with his alternating moods of inconvenient sharpness, provoking density, utter lack of sentiment, and inconsequent rushes of energy. Those who have left their own youth behind will look on with indulgent eyes, and laugh heartily at the pranks of these youngsters. The material is of the slightest, but Mr. Barrie tosses it together with so deft a hand, and sprinkles it with such a delicate flavour of sarcasm that criticism is lost in enjoyment. His satire is never bitter; the jest leaves no sting behind. There is a healthy, open-air, breezy tone about the whole play. The sight of the sunny water, the green overhanging trees, and the gay little house-boat, carries one straight away from London to the banks of the Thames.

It is sad to relate that even this idyllic existence is not free from the advent of a Willy Deceiver. Mr. Jasper Phipps, the truant hairdresser, enjoying a solitary honeymoon under the guise of the celebrated African explorer, Colonel Neil, is the disturbing element that ruffles for a while the prevailing harmony. So droll a little culprit, however, is easily forgiven, and *Walker, London*, glides away from the scene with flying colours and universal good-will. M. M.

* * *

IT is the fashion at present to attribute all good short stories to American writers. There is an idea abroad that the American mind is peculiarly adapted to this form of literature. The terseness of style and compactness of grouping, the power of investing one episode with the strong interest that attaches itself to an elaborate plot, are all part of the necessary qualifications to make the short story a success. Our American brothers and sisters undoubtedly possess these attributes to a remarkable degree. But there are also English writers who can lay claim to the talent which produces a good short story.

Amongst the number Lady Lindsay holds an undoubted place. A volume of her short stories,

The Philosopher's Window (Charles Black & Co.), has just been published. It is not too much to say that the book contains some beautiful writing, some delicate touches of pathos, and some of that bubbling humour which is as uncommon as it is refreshing. The stories in the volume sweep over a wide range. We have the philosophy of the true student, the impressions of the traveller, more than one sad peep into middle-class poverty, the emotions of the lonely old maid, the pretty girl's first glimpse into a very censorious and very uncharitable world, and the gay, bright little widow's naive account of country-house life.

In all these phases of society, Lady Lindsay shows herself equipped with that kindly spirit which enables her to speak of them with sympathy. There is no touch of the cynic in her descriptions. She uses satire now and then, it is true, but always as a weapon in defence of the weak and the unprotected. Where each story possesses a rare, and perhaps old-fashioned charm, like the flowers in an ancient garden, it seems invidious to select one for higher commendation than its fellows. But the little episode which is described under the title of *Poor Miss Brackenthorpe* is perhaps the most touching of these short stories. It is full of that tender grace which can only be the accompaniment of a very loving and real genius.

* * *

THOSE who like a strong plot and exciting situations will read with interest a book called *The City of the Just* (Trischler & Co.). The scene is laid partly among the wild Welsh mountains and partly in the financial world of London. The author exposes many of the money frauds of the day, and shows how simple country-folk can be beguiled into rash speculation. The book ought to be useful as a warning; it is written with full knowledge, and its painful story has proved true in thousands of cases. It is illustrated by Everard Hopkins.

L. T. Meade.



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SCHOOL BOARD IN THE COTTAGE.

From the Picture by T. FAED, R.A., in the Royal Academy Exhibition.

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ATALANTA

VOL. V.

JUNE, 1892.

NO. 57.



*"The Nightingale doth tell his
tale in melody."*

NIGHTINGALE: A RHAPSODY.

(IN IRELAND.)

I HAVE not seen you, I have not heard you,
O nightingale, your silver woods among,
Pouring the passionate love and pain that stirred you
Into a sudden heaven of heavenly song,
The dew below you, and the burnished moon above you,
Around you the great hearts of forest trees;
Your immemorial lovers they, that love you
Through nights and days, through years and centuries!

What are you singing, glamouring voice of moon-tide,
All loves that loved since Eden's lovers wed,
The joy and pain of youth before the noontide,
The heart's most secret words were never said.
Thrills, and delights, and passionate exaltation,
Meetings and partings, dreams that faded soon.
O, you brown bird, who taught you all that passion
Wherewith you flood a silent heaven of June?

I wish you came, O scornful king of singers,
In early summer to this hospitable land!
Honey-sweet is it while the June-tide lingers,
With honeysuckle large as any hand;
With cowslips in the croft and in the meadow,
With fairies dancing on the dewy moss and fern,
O, nightingale, your bower of moon and shadow
Waits for you, and our woodlands yearn and burn!

Loving my blackbird well, I do not wrong you,
Your daylight brother, with his silver flute,
Yester eve in the dew and dusk he flung you
Incense of song that made the thrushes mute.
We have not seen you, he and I, nor heard you,
Throned in the stillness, making night's heart ache;
Only we think of love and pain that stirred you,
Vearnings and joy, fulfilment and heart-break.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

NATHAN WOOD'S LOVE STORY.

FRANK POPE HUMPHREY.

NATHAN WOOD was the youngest of seven brothers, six of whom had died in infancy. None of them had survived the perilous period of teething. They lay in six small parallel graves in the old graveyard.

It was a family tradition that they all had been remarkably handsome babies, which fact, if it was a fact, made it all the harder that Nathan should have been so ugly. He was so ugly, it was a wonder that his face did not ache; so said 'Lizbeth's' familiar friends, but behind her back of course.

'Lizbeth had a most unmotherly perception of Nathan's ugliness, and though she doubtless loved him with a true affection, she could not help sometimes audibly lamenting that Asa, who had such pretty black eyes; or Nehemiah, whose hair curled so beautifully; or Asaph, whose complexion was such a fine pink and white, had not been spared instead of him.

She sometimes qualified her remarks upon his ugliness by some such phrase as: "Naty ain't much to look at, but he's real good"; at which times he felt that he would gladly part with a considerable portion of his goodness if he could only be a little handsomer.

He never questioned the fact of that ugliness. He had examined his face too many times in the looking-glass to do that. Bristling carrotty hair, small light-blue eyes with reddish lids, high cheek bones, a wide mouth, and a complexion obscured by freckles, made up a combination that, even in the partial eyes of the owner, could not be pronounced handsome, or even moderately good-looking.

He was as awkward as he was ugly. When spoken to he was all hands and feet; he did not know what to do with either. He was always knocking things down, of which fact 'Lizbeth never failed querulously to remind him.

Had there been any cheerful family in the neighbourhood with a motherly woman to have made allowance for his awkwardness, and where he could have gone familiarly, his character might

not have taken the hopeless twist which was inevitable. But there was not.

He never forgot the day when he trod upon the pet cat of the three Miss Tinkers, and thereby earned their eternal enmity. Nor his unfortunate upsetting of Miss Calvin's milk-pails upon her freshly-scoured floor.

"You are the awk'ardest boy I ever see in my life," screeched that termagant, "and the homeliest; and your room's better'n your company."

These were the nearest neighbours, three-quarters of a mile away; and after those experiences Nathan kept away from them both.

And so he grew up, a solitary lad, over-sensitive and shy, with that miserable shyness which is the result of a morbid self-consciousness.

But there came a day when Nathan's looks, good or ill, ceased to be of importance to his mother. A day when she thanked God, after her rather querulous fashion, that she had so good a son to lean upon. It was the day when her husband was brought in crushed and dying, having fallen under the wheels of his own hay-cart as it was coming in laden from the field. He had only time to say, as they laid him on the bed, "Be a good boy, Nathan, and take care of your mother," when a merciful unconsciousness overtook him, in which he died.

Nathan had loved his father. But he was a man that spoke little, and his companionship, dear as it was to his son, had been a silent one. The two would hoe or plant together for half a day with hardly a word spoken between them.

He did not share 'Lizbeth's feelings in regard to Nathan's looks. But he rarely commented upon them, or upon anything, in fact, that 'Lizbeth chose to say or do. He desired peace above all things, and he mourned too truly for the six baby-boys he had lost to quarrel with her somewhat peevish memories of them. The transfiguration that death works is too common a thing to arouse wonder in any thoughtful mind. That it should have changed 'Lizbeth's rather plain babies into cherubs of the Raphael type was nothing more

than was to be expected. But he did put in a word occasionally for his boy Nathan. "He's all we've got left, mother, and 'tain't for us to undervalue him. There ain't a better boy livin', and as to the dead, they're with the Lord. And what they would 'a b'en if they'd lived, nobody knows but Him."

The morning after the funeral Nathan was up early. His father had told him to take care of his mother, and, without indulging in any high-flown sentiments in regard to that duty, he did the thing that first presented itself. He kindled the fire, hung on the teakettle for the coffee, washed the potatoes and put them on to boil. Those were household offices that his father always did, and as he was now to take that father's place, he did them also. Then he took down the pails and went out to milk.

'Lizbeth came out from her bedroom, having passed a wakeful and anxious night. The sight of the fire, however, and the cheerful note of the teakettle, which had already begun its matin song, comforted her. She stepped about, making the coffee and setting the table, laying out the dishes upon the shiny oilcloth cover.

When Nathan came in with the milk-pails, and asked in his father's own voice, "Shall I strain it, mother?" she went up to him and kissed him—a thing she had not done since he could remember, and which so startled him he came near dropping the pails. And it is difficult not to speculate as to whether 'Lizbeth's newly-awakened affection would have stood the strain had he given this additional proof of his awkwardness.

He strained the milk, washed his hands, and sat down to the breakfast of smoked herrings, potatoes, brown bread, and coffee. He sat in his usual place, while his father's was empty.

As 'Lizbeth looked over at the empty place, she wept silently, and the tears dropped into her coffee as she essayed to drink. She began to peel a potato, but, dropping the knife and fork on to her plate with a loud clatter, she put her apron to her eyes and leaned back in her chair.

Nathan choked, and was afraid that he was going to cry too. But a herring-bone mercifully came to his relief by getting across his throat and bringing on a fit of strangling, which sent him to the open door, and *momentarily* distracted 'Lizbeth's mind from her sorrow.

"Put your plate in your father's place, Naty," she said, as he came back; "I can't bear to see it empty." And Nathan, having moved plate and chair, sat down in his father's old place with his back to the tall clock.

"You're the very pictur' of your father, Naty," she went on, "and he was a good-lookin' man, and a good man as ever breathed. He thought he was doin' all right when he put that morgige on to the farm, and I never blamed him much. He did it for your Uncle Ebenezer—but there, he wouldn't never hear a word on't, and I'd oughtn't to spoke about it, but somehow it seems as though 'twas father himself settin' there. But it's hard after he'd worked so, and I'd worked so, to have him die and be left a widder, and have to sell the old farm, where I'd lotted upon livin' and dyin'. Oh, it's hard!" And with this old, old cry of the heart, "the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me," 'Lizbeth's tears again began to flow, and she leaned back in her chair with her apron to her eyes.

"Sell the farm!" exclaimed Nathan, dropping knife and fork in his turn, and looking over to his mother. "What have you got to sell the farm for?"

"Why, didn't I tell ye, Naty, there was a morgige on it," replied 'Lizbeth, peevishly. "Father had paid off half on't a'ready, workin' his fingers' ends to the bone for them as didn't thank him. He put it on for your Uncle Ebenezer—him that went to 'Hio jest before Asa was born. 'Twas for his fit-out, and there was great promises about what he was goin' to do, and how he'd pay father somethin' han'some over 'n' above the mortgage when he'd made his fortun'. But no sooner 'd he get there than he died, and we never see hide nor hair of that fit-out. And father had it all to pay, and nobody knows but me how that man worked and slaved to do it. And killed gettin' in the very hay that was goin' towards the int'rst, and somethin' more. O dear!"

For a moment or two there was no sound in the kitchen save 'Lizbeth's sobs and the slow, measured tick of the old clock. Then Nathan spoke.

"How much is the morgige, mother?"

"Four hund'ed and forty-three dollars jest. 'Twant but a week ago this very mornin' that father was sayin' that in eight years he could pay

it all off if crops was good. And then we'd have the porch built I've alwa's wanted. It's been nothin' but morgige, morgige, ever since father and I was married. Fust 'twas the *old* morgige his father put on. We'd jest paid that when Ebenezer took it into his head to go to 'Hio. It seems as if we was never to have any advantage in this world."

'Lizabeth rose and began to scrape her plate preparatory to clearing the table. But Nathan sat still. At last he spoke. "You needn't sell the farm, mother. I can pay off the morgige."

"You, Naty! Why, you're nothing but a child! What are you thinkin' of?"

"I'm thirteen, mother, and father said this hayin' I was as good's a hired man to him. I couldn't do it so quick as father. But I know I could do it, mother. Who did father pay the money to?"

"To Squire Barlow. And he's alwa's be'n real good about it. I'll say that for him: lettin' father off when times was hard. If you could, Naty—but, there! 'taint no use thinkin' on't. A boy like you!"

"I'll go and see Squire Barlow right off, mother, and see what he says."

Stopping only to brush his hair, which served merely to give it a more porcupinish aspect, and to put on a coarse linen jacket, for he was in summer costume of shirt and trousers, with bare feet, he started off over the fields to Squire Barlow's.

Squire Barlow was not sanguine as to Nathan's ability to pay off the mortgage. But he was willing he should try, and he did not discourage him. He encouraged him, in fact, by telling him that he was a good boy to want to do it, and he would be as easy with him as he could.

This was all Nathan wanted, leave to try, and he hurried back to tell his mother, and begin. How eager he was to make that beginning with the beautiful eagerness of untried youth! Straight before him lay the course. He saw no barriers in the way. He had but to run with vigour. The toil, the sweat, the blinding fogs of discouragement and doubt were mercifully hidden from him. He saw only the prize—the old farm of his fathers freed from mortgage: a home for his mother's old age made sure.

In the fine old language of Scripture he "girded

up his loins" then and there. And the boy who went back to his mother sitting despondingly in the dear familiar kitchen was quite another from he who had left her a few hours before.

The steady purpose of his heart shone in his eyes, those pale blue eyes with their reddish lids. It was manifest in the carriage of his head with its crop of carrotty red hair, and in his step, which, with all its clumsiness, had taken on a certain manly firmness. His mother looked at him almost with a feeling of awe as he entered.

"He says I can try, mother, and I know I can do it."

'Lizabeth could not have loved him better or admired him more at that moment had he been an Apollo.

In little more than fourteen years the mortgage was paid, an achievement of sheer pluck which may find as legitimate a field of action at the plough-handle as at the cannon's mouth. For the first three years, mindful of his youth, the neighbouring farmers had given him an occasional day at ploughing, haymaking, and harvesting. But after that he went on alone.

From year's end to year's end he toiled. There was not only the interest on the mortgage to pay, but money to raise for taxes, repairs, and the daily expenses of the home.

None but one who has to get his living from a small and scrubby New England farm can understand the incessant toil of those fourteen years.

He had none of the pleasures and recreations of youth. The young folk of his own generation had their parties, games, and dances, of which he knew nothing. They married and settled down, and another generation took their place, from which he was still further removed. He lived quietly with his mother, and even her few familiar gossips saw little of him. He became more and more a solitary man, the result of invincible shyness, combined with a purpose that gave him no leisure.

He began to be looked upon as fore-handed. He was known to be something of a reader, and his opinion was considered valuable upon town and farm matters, and was often sought.

But his shyness came at last to be misconstrued, as was natural; it was called "pride"; he was said to feel "above" his townsmen. So he was left to go very much his own way. He found

it, however, a not unhappy way. He experienced that content which arises from honest labour for an honest purpose.

When Nathan made the final payment of twenty-five dollars to Squire Barlow, that excellent old gentleman promptly returned it, saying, "Give that to your mother, Nathan, with my compliments, and tell her there isn't a better son than hers in Massachusetts."

"And now, mother," said Nathan, "you shall have your porch."

A porch may seem a small and pitiful ambition to rule a lifetime. But it was not a porch in the narrower acceptance of that word that 'Lizbeth had longed for all her married life.

The old house was of an order familiar to the New Englander. It was a storey and a half high, and stood gable end to the highway. A south door opened into a small lobby which, in its turn, communicated with a sitting-room on one side, and the spare bedroom on the other.

An enormous chimney in the centre held the house together, and back of it with doors opening into the two south rooms was the great kitchen, the centre and heart of the home; 'Lizbeth's bedroom was at one end of the kitchen, and the corresponding space at the other was taken up by the pantry and a small entry leading to the end door.

There was a great double window in the kitchen with a settle-box under it, and a huge fireplace. A narrow staircase led up to the unfinished garret, in one end of which Nathan slept. The other was devoted to the loom, where 'Lizbeth occasionally got out a web of cotton and wool, though factory cloths were coming into use. The spinning-wheel stood in the kitchen.

It was becoming the fashion for owners of old houses of this kind to add an L, that is a "porch" when the exigencies of the family demanded it, and even when they did not. This porch could have one or two storeys. 'Lizbeth wanted a two-storey porch.

The first storey made a new kitchen, more cheerful than the old one, for it was sunny. It had a door looking out on the highway, whence 'Lizbeth could see all the "passing" which as it was extremely limited was all the more interesting. From the sink window, when washing dishes, she had command of a wide space of scrubby

pasture, beyond which was the Wapping-road and with her far sighted spectacles, she could even distinguish the passing vehicles on that road. Small interests, doubtless, but of such is the sum of the majority of lives.

Two miles away, as the bird flies, rose the spire of the Congregational Meeting-house to which she and Nathan went regularly every Sunday.

'Lizbeth was a proud and happy woman when the porch was completed. A door was cut from her bedroom into it, and a bedroom finished off for Nathan in the upper storey. Nathan did not find this plastered room half as airy as the old garret; but that was neither here nor there.

The farm freed from mortgage and the porch built, one would have said that 'Lizbeth had now become possessed of all that life could give. But he who thinks that knows little of the human heart. The summit of one hope attained, another towers beyond. It now became 'Lizbeth's heart's desire that Nathan should get married. She really wished it, though she never thought of it without a pang, that jealous pang that even the most unselfish of mothers feels when she thinks of giving her boy into another woman's keeping.

But she was old. A year or two, and her allotted time would be spent. She could not bear to think of leaving Nathan with no wife to knit his stockings, make his shirts, and cook his victuals.

But, when she spoke of it to Nathan, he only laughed and pooh'd. He blushed, too, like a boy.

"I don't know any women but Aunt Debby and Aunt Curling. Shall I marry one of them, mother?"

No; 'Lizbeth didn't want any old women round. She wanted Nathan to marry some nice young girl. There was plenty of 'em for him to pick and choose from.

Nathan did not question their plentifulness:

"But what nice young girl would marry a homely old fellow like me? No, mother; just let well-enough alone. You've got your porch, and don't be worryin' about what's goin' to be after you're dead and gone."

But 'Lizbeth persisted, and, from time to time, invited a bevy of young girls to tea, with the intention of opening the way for Nathan. But, on these occasions, he either betook himself to

mending fences in some remote corner of his farm, or went off for an afternoon's fishing or berrying. Wild horses could not have got him into the sitting-room where these merry young creatures were chattering and laughing.

"You might jest dress up, and come in, and say how-d'-do. 'Taint more 'an polite to do that, and in your own house, too," remonstrated 'Lizabeth.

"If you want 'em, mother, it's all right," said Nathan. "But don't try to make a fool o' me. I'm old enough to be their grandfather. And I never was fool enough to think any woman would care for me, as homely as I am. You thought so yourself once, mother. You've only got used to me."

So 'Lizabeth reluctantly gave up all hope of Nathan's marrying, and the uneventful years slipped by until that summer that Nelly Akers came to teach the Middle District School.

Nathan never forgot the day that he was hoeing the corn in the heater-piece by the brook, and heard a voice, a voice with a laugh in it, say "Good evening," and turned to see a slim young girl looking over the post-and-rail fence, with a laugh in her pretty blue eyes too.

"I want to go across the field to the Wapping-road, but there are cows in it. Will they chase me?" she asked.

Nathan blushed and stammered and dropped his hoe, and stooped to pick it up, and dropped it again. Meanwhile, the smile retreated from out the blue eyes, and a gentle appealing look was substituted.

Nelly was a consummate coquette, and could never resist flirting with every man she met, young or old. She knew who Nathan was. She had heard a good deal about him, in fact, since she came to Blackwater.

"A chance for you, Nelly. As likely a man as you'll find in these parts, and well o'ft. A good farm and money laid up in the bank."

"Why hasn't he ever got married?" asked Nelly, who viewed every man from a marriageable standpoint.

"He's too bashful. Never looked at a woman in his life except his mother. Don't take to the women-folks. Runs when he sees one comin'."

Nelly was interested. Men when they saw

her coming did not generally run; at least, they did not run away. Was he good-looking?

"Homely as a hedge-fence!" The speaker was Rashe (Horatio) Tompkins, thought by himself, and pronounced by others, to be the handsomest man ever raised in Blackwater.

"O, well, I like homely men. They're not vain like handsome ones. Men have no business to be handsome, any way. It's only women that ought to be handsome. I do dote on a real homely man." And Nelly threw a Parthian glance over her shoulder at Rashe.

So she had come round very much out of her way to make the acquaintance of this paragon of homeliness. He was uglier even than she had anticipated. And what great red hands he had! Rashe, who was a shoemaker, had white, shapely hands.

She was very deep in her flirtation with Rashe, and had serious thoughts at times of taking him for good and all. Meanwhile, what fun it would be to make this great, bashful, red-faced fellow in love with her! But she must not laugh at him if she would do that. So she put on that appealing look which she had generally found worked so well.

She viewed him exactly as a delicate little spider does a big, awkward, blundering bluebottle fly that she wishes to capture, and forthwith warily proceeds to spin her delicate fetters for his legs and wings.

Nathan at last recovered both himself and his hoe. But before he could answer she spoke again, and her voice was as appealing as her eyes.

"I'm *so* sorry to trouble you, but would you mind just going a little way with me? I'm *so* afraid of cows!" And Nathan went; and the little spider began to spin her delicate threads, and he went not a little way, but all across the wide field, and saw her over the fence, helped her over in fact, she putting her little white hand into his big red one, and thanking him with a smile that sent the poor fellow back in a semi-bewildered condition.

But why go through the details? We have all seen that delicate little spider spin her net around the bluebottle, fettering wings and legs, until he is entirely at her mercy, when she sucks his blood at her leisure.

Nelly found the blackberries very thick in

Nathan's pastures when he was mending fence there; and she was so fond of the wild flowers that grew by the brook, the cardinal flower and orchids, that could only be gathered in haying time.

How nice haying was any way! She was so fond of the smell of the new hay! and wouldn't he let her rake a little just to see what it was like. Her little hands could hardly reach round the rake-handle! It was Maude Muller and the judge—with a difference.

And how delightful it must be to ride on top of that big, big load! Would she? Oh, there was nothing to be afraid of! And Nathan lifted her up in his strong, hairy, red arms, bare to the shoulder; and took her off when they reached the barn, she sliding down, and he catching her. How light as a feather she was! And he, poor fool! was in the seventh heaven.

'Lizbeth, on her part, was quite set up. It was too good that Nathan should at last find some one not only young and pretty but a schoolm'am! She invited her to tea. And that time Nathan did not go off mending fence or fishing, but came in, having put on his Sunday clothes, in which he looked uglier than ever.

And after tea, when he was milking, 'Lizbeth took Nelly all over the house and showed her stores of homespun linen—the best china and the silver spoons had been got out at tea-time—and all the conveniences of the new porch, and chests of bed-quilts and blankets, and all the household things that years of use had made so dear.

"They'll all be Naty's after I'm gone; these and the farm," she said. "They're the same as his now, only he would have the deed made out to me after the mortgage was paid. He said he was goin' to make sure that I was took care of whatever happened to him. He's been a good son, and he'll make a good husban', if I do say it; and I shan't never stand in his wife's way," said poor 'Lizbeth. And I am afraid Nelly went over it all to Rashe that very night, mimicking 'Lizbeth with admirable fidelity.

But Nelly felt that her triumph would not be complete until she had shown her bluebottle in his fetters to her public.

The last week of school there was to be an assembly at Holt's tavern, and Rashe had asked her to go with him. But she determined that

Nathan should go and take her. She could make it up with Rashe afterwards. She was quite sure of Rashe. He would "stand" anything from her.

Nathan, it need not be said to those who have followed this story thus far, had never danced in his life. He had never seen any dancing; he had not even served the usual apprenticeship on the ball-room benches reserved for the small boys. But when Nelly intimated that she would like to have him go, he at once said he would, as he would have consented had he been a knight of old to battle with wild beasts for his lady love. He only asked that she would go with him, and as this was exactly what Nelly wished to do, she sweetly consented.

The proverbial bull in the china shop could not certainly have been more out of place than was our excellent Nathan in a ball-room, even of the most provincial type. As the fiddles began to scrape, he betook himself with the rest of the assembled beaux to the "ladies' drawing-room," one of the large spare bedrooms of the tavern.

His head swam as the door opened and he caught sight of the crowd of girls preening themselves like gay-plumaged birds in their gowns and furbelows of divers colours. But his vision cleared as Nelly came smilingly forward and took his arm, and they joined the procession that passed through the lobby into the ball-room, which was brilliantly lighted with round lamps of sperm oil, backed by bright tin reflectors.

Nelly was in white muslin and had a pink sash around her slim waist, and pink artificial roses in the wide plaits of her hair. She was a flower-like creature, and the contrast between her and Nathan as she tripped along by his side in the march which preceded the dancing, sent a smile rippling over every face.

They could not help it—the light-hearted young folk; and none of them, not even Nelly herself, fully realised the game she was playing. Few of us do who play with fire. There is such fascination in its first lambent flame: it seems such an innocent thing, till suddenly leaping beyond our feeble power, it scorches and burns irretrievably.

Nathan went through the march with tolerable comfort, if not much grace. He trod on the gown of the young girl in front, and the gathers parted from the waist with a loud rip. But she was a

good-natured creature, and said she could easily repair it, and retreated forthwith to the drawing-room for that purpose.

A cotillion followed, in which he danced with Nelly, and was pulled hither and thither, and kept the set in inextricable confusion, and all with surprising complacency on his part. For, for the first time in his life, his shyness was in abeyance. In the light of Nelly's approval he felt a confidence, a buoyancy, hitherto unknown. He was breathing for the time a new atmosphere.

There was a partial return of shyness when he was obliged to make a change of partners. Assemblies in Blackwater were conducted upon democratic principles. Everyone had his full share of dancing, and no wallflowers were suffered to sit out a long evening partnerless. Tickets were distributed without favour to both sexes, and when "Lady and Gentleman No. 1." was called, the lady holding that number stood up and the corresponding number among the gentlemen advanced to lead her to her place.

It was a somewhat appalling moment to Nathan when "No. 9" was called and he had to go the length of the hall to lead out his partner. She proved to be the same good-natured creature, however, upon whose gown he had trodden, and, pitying his confusion, she advanced half way to meet him.

But it was soon evident that a crisis must come before the night was through, for Nelly was making open fun of Nathan, mimicking him to his face, though he did not know it. It was not possible that he could continue blind, for she grew bolder as the evening went on. A few among the young people were indignant at her pranks; but the majority smiled and thought them good sport. The bluebottle, as he goes through his enforced contortions, finds but indifferent sympathy from those of his kind; what business had he to be so caught, any way?

"He grabs hold of your hand as if it was a hoe or plough," whispered Nelly to Rashe, and the two giggled together undisguisedly.

The crisis came when they were dancing the Virginia reel. It takes a graceful dancer to execute the *pas seul*, so conspicuous in that dance. Few can do it well. When it came to Nathan's turn, he advanced with a gait so shambling, his great red hands dangling helplessly at his side,

his red head wagging complacently in time to the music, it was not in human nature not to be amused. Those who disapproved most heartily of Nelly could not forbear a smile. Even the well-seasoned fiddlers grinned.

Nelly, emboldened still more by this general approval, skipped out from her place and tripped along behind Nathan, mimicking him. He, looking about him with serene composure, soon became aware that everyone was looking and smiling at something behind him. He turned quickly and caught her in the act.

He stopped. As by a lightning flash he understood it all. Not only the present but the past was illuminated. Nelly, the girl whom he loved, and who he thought loved him, was making fun of him: and, what was worse, must have been making fun of him all along. She never could have loved him. And, oh, what a fool he was ever to think that she could! She, so pretty and so dear, even with that mocking smile on her lips and in her eyes. And he, the boor.

For an instant, with that singular power which sometimes accompanies, or is the result of, strong emotion, he seemed to stand outside of himself, and to look upon himself and her together—beauty and the beast. Fool, fool, that he had been!

But how could she do it? Make believe she loved him only to hurt him like this! How could anything so lovely be so cruel? he could not have done it to a dog;—not to the foulest thing that breathed.

It was his hour of supreme anguish. Never again, probably, would he experience another so bitter. The expression of his face, as he stood there, motionless, was so terrible, Nelly shrunk way in affright and clung to Rashe's arm. No smile was upon her lips now, nor, for that matter, on those of any one. The fiddlers stopped playing. For a moment Nathan looked at the handsome pair. Then, without having spoken a word, he turned and walked away. The crowd of spectators at the door parted for him to pass through, and he went out into the night.

II.

"Don't be settin' up for me, mother. I shan't be home till most mornin'. There's goin' to be a turkey-supper at one o'clock, and we shall dance

a good while after that, most likely. You can bolt the end door, and leave the shed door unfastened."

Nathan spoke easily, as though dancing had been the business of his life and a night's pleasure a thing of common occurrence. He felt as light-hearted as a boy.

He was fastening his stock at the little looking-glass in the kitchen, having performed the various offices of the toilet at the kitchen sink. After he had adjusted that to his mind, he drew on his swallow-tailed coat, his mother assisting. It was a blue coat with brass buttons. He had driven over to Middlebury and ordered it the very day he promised to take Nelly to the assembly. It was the first new coat he had had since the one bought when the mortgage was paid off sixteen years before. It was as though he had come to his majority, and this was his freedom suit. His waistcoat was buff and his trousers grey.

'Lizbeth gave a final pull at the collar and smoothed down the back and sleeves. Her touch would have been a caress in any but a New England mother of the old school.

"It sets like a glove, Naty; there ain't a wrinkle nowheres," and she stepped off to get a better view. "Your father's weddin' coat was a han'some garment, but 'twouldn't hold a candle to this."

Nathan blushed and was pleased. He had thought of the coat as a probable wedding garment. Was she thinking the same? To hide his confusion he tried to get a sight at his back in the looking-glass, which was able to reflect only a section of it. Then he drove off in the high-top chaise and 'Lizbeth sat down with her knitting to the building of air castles.

The weddin' would be 'Thanksgivin' most likely, and she wouldn't have to stay alone any more when Naty was off all day swampin' or choppin'. She should have a companion now, and one just to her mind.

If Naty had a failin' it was not talkin'. He was a good listener but no talker. 'Lizbeth was old and couldn't get to the store as she used to. But Nelly would go and tell her all the news. Nelly was a talker.

Nelly shouldn't work hard. 'Lizbeth was good for a day's work yet, and would take the heft of the washin' and makin' the butter and cheese. Nelly could do the cookin', that was light work.

And 'Lizbeth would show her how Naty liked his slapjacks, with just the leetlest mite o' New Orleans molasses in 'em; and his biscuits with just a leetle too much saleratus. 'Twas queer, but Naty and his father both liked saleratus biscuit. Most men hated 'em. If Mis' Calvin ever ventur'd to put any on to her table, and the best of cooks was liable to mistakes, Mr. Calvin just threw 'em right over into the pig-pen. 'Twas a word and a blow with Mr. Calvin, and the blow gen'rally come fust.

Naty was no such man as that, and Nelly was a lucky girl. How she should like to just peek in and see 'em dancin'. There wouldn't be a handsomer coat there than Naty's. What a proud creatur' Nelly must be that night!

What becomes of all the air-castles we build, I wonder? Are they, indeed, but the "baseless fabrics" of our vision? Or do they await our occupancy in some other and happier sphere?

'Lizbeth went off to bed at nine o'clock. She wasn't a mite sleepy, and would like to sit up and hear 'all about the dancin'. But it would pester Naty after what he'd said. So she put a candle and matches on the table where he could find them readily, and set out dough-nuts and cheese under a clean towel. He'd most likely be hungry.

But she couldn't sleep. 'Twas such a new thing having Naty out. She heard the clock strike ten and eleven; and the next thing she heard was old Pomp's long gallop.

It must be later than she thought. She must have been asleep after all. She heard Nathan come in. He lighted the candle, and she could see its gleam through the crack of the door, which she had left slightly ajar. She was just going to speak, when she remembered in time that young folks don't like to be spied upon, 'specially when they are keepin' company. Now Naty was in, she'd just compose herself and go to sleep.

But sleep still refused to come, and presently the clock struck twelve. It was then, as she had thought at first, he had come home much earlier than he had said. Could anything be the matter? She sat up in bed and listened. She heard nothing, though there was still the gleam of the candle through the crack.

She stepped softly out of bed to the door. "I'll just peek," she said to herself. "He won't know."

But at her touch the door swung slowly open with a prolonged squeak. "The pesky thing! it want's 'ilin'."

But Nathan did not hear. He sat by the table with his head on his arms. 'Lizabeth saw that the dough-nuts were untouched. "Poor boy!" she said. "He's fell asleep. He's clean tucked out."

She stepped up to him and laid her withered hand upon his shoulder. "Wake up, Naty, and go to bed," she said. He drew a long shuddering breath and lifted his head.

His face wore the same look that had so terrified Nelly, and his mother shrunk away at first with a cry of "O, Naty! what ails ye?" Then she would have come back to him, but Nathan rose to his feet.

"Go to bed, mother. It's nothin' you can help, nor nobody else. I've only be'n a wretched fool. That's all!"

"O, Naty!" and 'Lizabeth began to whimper. She looked very old and white standing there with bare feet, and in her short night-gown and night-cap without her false front of black hair. She shivered, but not wholly with cold. "Where's Nelly? and what's happened?"

"She's where she belongs, with young and han'some folks. And she's goin' to marry Rashe Tompkins! O mother, I wish I was dead. Why didn't I die with the rest of 'em when I was a baby?"

And then 'Lizabeth's whimper ended in a long wail. "And what should I a' done, I should like to know, with all my child'en dead, and a lone widder; and the morgie and the farm to run and all. Most likely I should 'a' fetched up to the poor-house long before this, and you a wishin' 'twas so. I don't see how you can talk to your mother so, Naty, which is a thing I never heerd your father do, and I wouldn't never 'a' believed it o' you if I hadn't a heerd it with my own ears. And wishin' you was dead, and standin' there in your new blue coat, and all the blessin's of this life. And I not sleepin' a wink this 'durin' night, thinkin' and planin', and all for you. And catchin' my death o' cold standin' here and——"

But "why should calanity be full of words?"

Nathan interrupted the flow with an impatient movement. "Go back to bed, mother. You can't

do anything, and it's no use makin' yourself sick because I've made a fool o' myself, and be'n laughed at."

"Be'n laughed at? And what for I should like to know? And who done it?" Then, with a mild access of fury, "She done it, the good-for-nothin' ——"

"Stop, mother. Talkin' don't do no good. She ain't to blame. She's young, mother. She didn't know what she was doin'. She couldn't help it. How could she help it? Look at me yourself, mother. Ain't I a han'some young feller to go a-courtin' a girl like her?" And Nathan laughed; a laugh more dreadful to his mother's ears than even what she was pleased to call his swearin'. He lifted the candlestick and put it down again. "I don't want a light, mother, I'm goin' to bed." And he went out before 'Lizabeth could speak again.

He never blamed Nelly. After that first inarticulate cry: "How can anything so lovely be so cruel?" he brought no accusation against her. It was only himself that he blamed, and he could not forgive himself for having been such "a fool." He writhed under the ridicule to which he had exposed himself, and he never questioned the justice of that ridicule. Could he have risen above it by a conscious sense of worthiness, in time its effects might have worn away. But the twist given to his character by the constant depreciation to which he had been subject in his boyhood now showed itself.

There was at first a strong feeling of indignation against Nelly. But when anyone tried to give expression to it by an unusual kindness of manner towards Nathan, he felt they were pitying him, which was more humiliating than their laughter; and he met the proffered kindness in such a way that the indignation was turned from Nelly upon himself. Some of the young girls who were at the assembly made kindly advances, hoping to soothe his wounded feelings, taking pains to come where he was at work. This so irritated him that at last whenever he caught sight of a woman he made off in an opposite direction. So sympathy was changed to laughter, and he was declared to be "love-cracked."

'Lizabeth's anger towards Nelly was unbounded. But Nathan would never suffer her to speak of her to him. When she attempted to do so, he

immediately walked off, and 'Lizbeth soon learned that if she did not wish to banish him of an evening to the barn or wood house, she must control her tongue.

She had early become acquainted with what had taken place at the assembly. Three of her special gossips hastened to sympathise with her the very next day. The incidents of the evening, with the accretions of twenty-four hours' circulation, were given in detail.

"She was dancin' behind him jest mockin' on him the whole 'durin' time."

"And she pulled out his red silk han'kercher, and pinned it onto his coat tail!"

"And she moved her head back'ards and for'ards jest as he does; he *is* kind o' awk'ard; even you must 'llow that, 'Lizbeth."

"And squiddled up her eyes jest as he does when he's looking at somethin' real earnest."

"And then she and Rashe Tompkins would giggle together."

"And the fiddlers couldn't play they laffed so"; and so on and on, till 'Lizbeth's heart was sick with rage.

But she had a partial revenge when Phoebe Latham remarked that, "It was strange a man of Nathan's age should want to go gallivantin' after young girls. But there was no fool like an old fool."

'Lizbeth had long suspected that Phoebe, who was fifty five and single, had an eye on Nathan. And she hastened to say that, "That sayin' was true enough. And if there was a bigger fool than an old man fool, it was an old woman fool, who was thinkin' o' marryin' when she ought to be thinkin' o' dyin'."

And then they went away, and 'Lizbeth cried out in her heart, "Miserable comforters are ye all!" Poor 'Lizbeth, her ambitions were over, and she did not live long after that.

After her death Nathan sent away the woman whom he had called in to care for her, and did his own housework. At first, 'Lizbeth's old friends came to inquire if they could do anything for him. But they always found the house-doors fastened. Sometimes he was off at work. But it was the same when he was at home. For they looked in at the window once or twice, after vainly knocking and shaking the door, and saw him sitting there, oblivious, or pretending to be so, of their presence. So they ceased troubling him.

Many stories went abroad concerning him and his way of life, mostly apocryphal. He had given up going to church after his mother grew too feeble to go, and was never seen as heretofore at the town-meeting. What few groceries he needed he procured at the store late at night, when everybody had gone home, and the storekeeper was putting up the shutters. The latter shrewdly surmised that Nathan waited somewhere outside till everybody was gone.

He—the storekeeper—was one of the two or three men with whom Nathan had any communication. And he always denied that he was "crazy" or "love-cracked" "It's no sign a man's crazy because he won't have anything to do with the common folks. It's a mark of superior wisdom." But the storekeeper was a bachelor and a professed woman-hater.

He felt very tenderly towards Nathan, and many a night after the store was closed, especially in times of extreme cold, or after a drifting snow, he would go round and look into Nathan's window to see that he was all right. He sometimes found him reading; oftener, perhaps, sitting apparently lost in thought, with the cat on his knee and his old dog beside him. He rarely disturbed him, but stole away quietly as he came.

"Confound all womenkind!" he would mutter as he tramped the long way back. "A hundred thousand of the jades ain't worth one man like that! Confound 'em!" It was a harmless expletive, and relieved his feelings.

Nathan did not give up his industrious habits. His fields were as well tilled as ever, his barns were well filled, and his buildings kept in repair. He made his own butter, which the storekeeper took in barter, and it came to be in demand for its excellent qualities.

As the years went on he still persistently shunned his fellow-creatures, and even the storekeeper began to wonder at times how it would end. Hermits, as far as he knew, never flourished in New England; and he had his doubts—kept to himself—whether Nathan's mind would hold out in its integrity to the end.

Nelly and Rashe had married not many weeks after the assembly. They had at first thought of settling in Blackwater, but public opinion at that time was strongly against them. So they went away, nobody knew exactly where, though rumours came

from time to time that they were not doing well, and that Rashe had taken to drink.

They had no near relatives in Blackwater, and people soon lost interest in them, an interest destined to be revived when about fifteen years after 'Lizabeth's' death a rumour flew through the town that they had come back extremely destitute, and had taken refuge in an old long-uninhabited house which stood on the outskirts of the farm recently purchased by my father.

And before the excitement attending their advent had had time to subside, the community were thrilled with horror at the announcement that a farmer driving his cows early in the morning to drink at a pond-hole not far from the old house had found Rashe lying half in and half out of the water, stone dead.

Accompanied by a neighbour, he went to the house, where they found the outside door wide open and Nelly lying on the floor in great suffering. Rashe in a drunken fit had knocked her down, and then gone out, staggering as it proved to his own miserable death.

She had been unable to rise and had lain there all night. She had fainted with the intolerable pain, and had lain as she thought unconscious for a long time. She was lifted on to a wretched straw-bed in a corner of the kitchen and the doctor summoned. He pronounced the injury to be a fracture of the hip, and said she would never walk again.

An inquest was held upon the dead body and it was buried the next day. Upon inquiry made by the select men, it was found that Nelly was entirely destitute, without money and without friends, and it was decided that she must be at once taken to the poor-house, and the day following the funeral was fixed for her removal.

My mother, who had been in the neighbourhood only two months, but whose house was nearest to that in which Nelly lay, went to watch through the night with her, and as it was a lonely spot my father was to share the watch. And here begins my personal knowledge of the story, as told me by my mother, though latter on I came to know both Nelly and Nathan.

The evening set in early—it was November and the day had been gray and chill. My mother had lighted the candle she had brought, and was in momentary expectation of my father's arrival.

Nelly, under the influence of an opiate, had sunk into a fitful slumber broken by frequent moans. The wind began to rise, and swept around the house with that prolonged and melancholy wail which, says the ancient legend, is the voice of the dead in Hades.

My mother was not a nervous woman, but the loneliness of the place, the mournful sound of the rising wind, combined with the tragedy of the preceding day, were beginning to make her exceedingly uncomfortable, to say the least, when she was relieved by the sound of approaching footsteps.

The door opened; but it was not my father who entered. My mother had not seen Nathan, but she had heard his story, including the apocryphal part of it; how he was undoubtedly crazy, and as such dangerous; that he kept a gun ready loaded in his house to shoot all intruders; that he carried a weapon upon his person for a similar purpose—though her informants did not agree as to the exact nature of that weapon, whether it was a "dirk-knife" or a "horse-pistol."

They had also given her an exact description of his person, and she knew at once that the man who entered must be he.

He did not speak to her, however; my mother was under the impression that he did not see her. He advanced to the bed, and she, fearful that he had come with the insane purpose of taking vengeance upon the helpless creature lying there, was about to throw herself between them—"Though what could you have done with a madman, my dear?" asked my father—when Nathan spoke, and the instant she heard his voice her fears fled.

"Nelly!" he said—my mother could never tell this part of her story without tears—"Nelly, I've come to take you home. You shan't go to the poor-house. I've plenty to take care of you, Nelly. You shan't ever want for anything. I've got a woman to come to do the work, and she's redressed the spare room, and it's all ready for you, Nelly. There's a fire in it, and the sun shines in all day. I won't trouble you, Nelly. You needn't ever see me if you don't want to. It'll be enough to know you're there, Nelly. I never thought to see you again, Nelly. But God is better than I thought. It must be He that's sent you for me to take care of. I want to take

care of you, Nelly. That's all I want. I'll keep out o' sight. You sha'n't never be troubled seein' me about."

When he entered the room Nelly had awakened, and, seeing him, had shrunk back upon her pillow in terror. She raised her hands as though to ward off the blow she feared. Her life with the drunkard she had married had taught her to expect blows.

But as Nathan went on talking, standing half-way between the door and the bed, the look of terror gradually changed to one of wonder. As he ceased she burst into sobs that shook her whole body from head to foot.

It was then that my mother came forward and begged him to go away. The doctor had said that Nelly must be kept quiet lest fever should set in. But my father would see him the next morning and would help him to make arrangements for Nelly's removal to his house, whither she was sure Nelly would gladly come.

It was the storekeeper who had told Nathan of the arrival of the two, of Rashe's death, and of the intention to take Nelly to the poor-house, or he might not have heard for weeks.

"And I don't know which is the biggest fool, I for tellin' him or he for takin' in the good-for-nothin' creature. You'd think he'd found a chunk o' gold instead of somebody to waste his substance on. But once open your doors to a woman and the devil's to pay. The mischief was done sixteen years ago." So said the storekeeper to my father after the two had assisted in removing Nelly to the old farmhouse, shaded by its broad sycamore. They were standing under the great tree, and my mother was with them.

"You can say what you like, Johnson," said my mother to the storekeeper, "but there's one woman that will never believe you're half as bad as you make yourself out to be. But think of calling that man homely! Why, he's—he's"—catching my father's smiling eye—"he's an archangel!"

From that time the old house saw a different life. Nathan never got over his shyness, but visitors were welcome for Nelly's sake. She never walked, as the doctor had foretold, but at the end of three years she was able to be dressed daily and put into a wheeled chair, which Nathan bought for her. He himself lifted her in every morning and took her out every evening.

She could push herself about the house, and took no small delight in the fact that she could use her hands if not her feet. She knit Nathan's stockings, made his shirts, in short, took the whole care of his clothes. She learned to prepare his favourite dishes, and so poor Elizabeth's air castles had a partial realisation even in an earthly sphere.

And she did it all with an almost child-like gleefulness charming to witness. Her's was a much shallower nature than Nathan's, but it had infinite movement and sparkle. The mischievous element had been eliminated by suffering, so that, though not so piquant as the Nelly of the earlier part of our story, she was much gentler and more lovable. One could readily understand how such a temperament must have fascinated the grave and reticent Nathan. And it never lost its fascination with him. He was always happiest with her as she was with him.

He carried her, chair and all, out of doors when the weather was fine, and they could often be seen under the great sycamore in the open door-yard, Nathan tinkering an ox-bow or fitting an axe-handle, with Nelly chattering by his side. She was always the talker, and he the listener. In husking time, her chair was wheeled into the great barn, and it was even seen in the hayfield under shelter of an oak or maple. She made a pretty picture lying in the flickering light and shade.

Her face and hands were thin and white, but not of an unhealthful pallor. Her large eyes were of the blue of the fringed gentian, with noticeably long curved lashes. Her brown hair, despite her suffering, had no threads of silver in it. She had been slight even in health, and Nathan lifted her as easily as I did my doll.

Children as well as grown people were welcome at the old farm house. In fact, as I look back, it seems to me they were more welcome. As the child of those whom they reckoned their dearest friends, I was doubly welcome. Nathan's hair was snow-white before I knew him, and I never could believe the traditions concerning his extreme ugliness.

How well I remember one little incident of my life then. It took place when I was six or thereabouts. It was winter, and Nathan was shelling corn into a great bushel basket by the sitting-room fire. As he shelled, he dropped the cobs on the floor by his side, where I was building a house of

the Tower or Babel order. But it failed to suit me. Again and again I tried, but the cobs refused to fashion themselves according to the pattern in my mind. At last, in sheer rage, I kicked the whole thing over with my small foot, and threw myself upon the floor in a passion of tears and sobs.

I was immediately lifted upon Nathan's knee and consoled. Then getting down himself upon the floor, he rebuilt the tower, telling me all the time in the gentlest words how foolish I was because it did not exactly suit, to kick it over and spoil everything. Many a time in after life have I had reason to recall Nathan's Parable of the Cob-House.

I was much older when I first heard Nathan's story. I had asked my mother concerning the relationship of the two. Were they brother and sister, or, was Nathan Nelly's uncle? Then my mother told it me so far as it was known to her. It touched me deeply, especially Nathan's entire forgiveness of Nelly. I did not then apprehend what love in its essence is; that it is forgiveness.

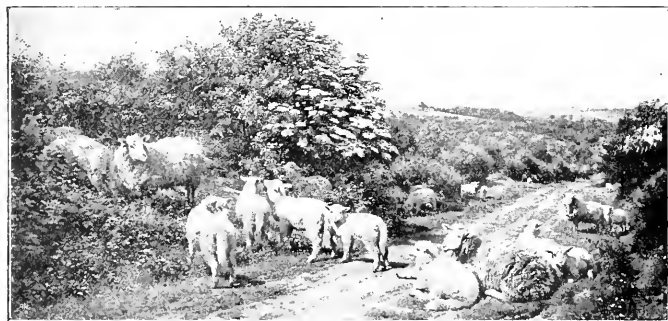
We consider the two separately after our limited, finite fashion, but they are inseparable. The great I Am, because He is Love, is and must be forgiveness. And so when the prodigal was a great way off He met him.

The peaceful happy years slipped by till the time came when Nathan was to die. He died in his chair with Nelly beside him. He died without warning, painlessly. And it was not until she looked up, wondering that he did not respond to her chatter with his customary "Yes, Nelly," which was his part of the conversation, that she saw he had passed beyond the reach of her voice.

With his death all power and desire of living seemed to fail her. She survived him but ten days. My mother was with her the night she died. She asked whereabouts in the old graveyard they had laid Nathan. "In the space between 'Lizbeth and the six small parallel graves," said my mother.

"Then I can lie where I want to lie—at his feet," said Nelly. "Promise me that I shall."

And my mother promised.



"SUMMER TIME."

From the Picture by H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A., in the Royal Academy Exhibition.

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"AND THE SEA GAVE UP THE DEAD WHICH WERE IN IT."

From the Picture by SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, President of the Royal Academy.
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AT A PRIVATE VIEW OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

W. G. W.

THE "Private View" of the Academy is always one of London's merry afternoons.

It is not a great function; it is not pre-eminently a representative gathering; but it is a social holiday for many hard-wrought brain-workers, and it brings together a troop of people who possibly never come into conjunction with each other on any other occasion of the year. Peers, poets, dignitaries of the church, duchesses and actresses—the mild-eyed college professor—the sharp-tongued editor of a daily paper—the county magnate—the *parvenu* looking out for pictures

wherewith to adorn his newly-built pleasure-house—all of these are involuntarily jostled and hustled by each other, and as involuntarily jostle and hustle in return.

It is impossible to help it: the most dignified and stately figure, whose every movement at another time would be characterised by measured grace, may be seen propelled along by an irresistible force at an irresistible pace, when once caught by the current on an Academy "Private View" day; or, worse still, may be beheld being projected from a doorway as though shot from a

cannon's mouth, when released from the pressure of the mob behind.

But as some of my readers have never yet been within the walls of Burlington House on this auspicious occasion, and have only gazed with

broad staircase laden with fern and palm, and sweet with flowering exotics, you give up your card of invitation to one of the scarlet-coated officials, and receive in return the little square pale-blue book, without which no house keeping



"THE STORM."

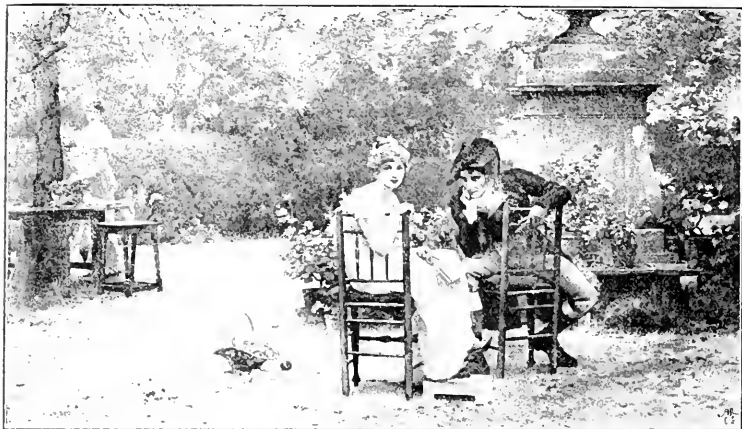
From the Picture by PHIL MORRIS, A.R.A.

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wonder and envy at the seething mass of vehicles which make a Pandemonium of Piccadilly while the "Private View" is going on, let me for their benefit lift the curtain for a moment, and give a glimpse of the scene within. What is the "Private View" of the Academy really like? When you have effected an entrance, and surmounted the

up with the times, will be complete during the next few months.

Then the show begins. You will not see the pictures; don't for a moment suppose you will—that is, if you take the occasion for what it is, an amusing piece of London life—and go at the correct hour, four o'clock. Between four and six



"TWO'S COMPANY, THREE'S NONE."

From the Picture by MARCUS STONE, R.A.

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is the time to learn what a "Private View" is like. Before then you will merely find the artist's wife and daughter element; or possibly the friend to whom an invitation card has been passed on, and whose fixed idea it is to spend the whole day in the galleries. But about four arrivals are fast and furious, and the Babel of tongues within begins to rise to its annual pitch.

At first sight you may, if you are a novice, experience a considerable sense of bewilderment, joined to another emotion—a curious, fantastical consciousness of being familiar with the outward man of many of those among whom you now find yourself. "Why, surely I know *that* man," or "*that* woman," murmurs the novice, internally. "Who can it be? I know the face perfectly."

Excuse me, my dear country cousin, you are mistaken; you do *not* know it—the actual countenance—at all. You have never seen it in your life before. What you have seen is its portrait as a print, or as a photograph in the shop windows, in *Vanity Fair*, in the *Strand Magazine*, or in the *Daily Graphic*. The personage whom you are breathlessly eyeing, has his features depicted in half-a-dozen of the current journals at the moment, and it is the same with many others around you. Bear in mind that you are now taking part in a

social gathering wherein many of the best-known people in England are mingling with "the viler herd." The herd is there, of course; but all the same, you will not often find assembled so many who can stand out from it recognisable on their own merits.

No, I shall not mention names, but you may fit on such caps as you like, if I glance back at the 29th of April last, and take you with me, as it were, through the Academy Galleries on that sunny afternoon. Here we are entering the first room! And here plump we come upon a very, *very* familiar contour, aged, massive, yet brimful of life and vigour; and rejoiced to recognise the god of a great proportion of the nation, you, my dear novice, feel at once as though transported in among its legislative benches. How the god's attendant satellites hang upon his lips! Do you feel somewhat disposed to hang also? Oh! you must not; you have seen him, and that will do; there are plenty of others worth seeing also, and others of his own sort, moreover. Naturally they cluster round Vicat Cole's magnificent picture of Westminster Abbey, with whose outlines their weary eyes are daily so familiar. Vicat Cole has never done anything better than this landscape; and every member of "the House"—whether of the

Government or Opposition—pauses long before it.

The clergy, we note, are chiefly attracted by Lehmann's Cromwellian picture: but "Oliver Cromwell in Ripley Castle," is badly hung, and some of the nearer sighted are vexed thereby. Being an historical picture, historians crowd in front of "Ripley Castle"; notable in the midst

them on, and when "G. A. S." laughs, they must all laugh. "*What board?*" they cry. "*Our board? What board?*" They seem to find the question funny. The actors and actresses who had their say a short time ago with regard to Herkomer's lecture on Scenic Art, are among the most serious and solemn on a "Private View" day. Is it unkind to suggest that "the profession"



"A MOVING STORY."

From the Picture by JAS. SANT, R.A.

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thereof, one high head, who is obviously taken as "guide, counsellor, and friend," by the rest. What his opinion is we are not near enough to hear, but the school men are listening eagerly.

On the other hand, a flippant set of folks are jesting over Herkomer's "Our Board," but then one of London's recognised jesters is leading

is on its best behaviour within the portals of Burlington House? Anyhow, they seem greatly taken with Sir F. Leighton's magnificent picture "*And the Sea gave up the Dead which were in it,*" also with Graham's glorious "*Sunshine and Shower*"—with Millais' "*Snow Landscape*," and Sant's "*A Moving Story*." "*Home Light*," by Boughton, "*Summer Time*," by H. W. B. Davis,



VICTOR AND VIOLET: CHILDREN OF LORD ROALDS.
From the Picture by JAS. SART, R.A.

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and "A Singing Lesson," by Schloesser, have also plenty of admirers.

Now we come upon a little lady roving round, intent upon the pictures only. Her face and form are "nature to the general," so seldom does she quit her home in Royal Kensington for any public show; and, even now, few among her many admirers recognise, in the quiet-looking, plainly-attired, elderly lady, with spectacles on her nose, and catalogue close to the spectacles, the foremost of England's female poets. Americans would know better.

A girl goes by in green, with startling steel flashing from every point. Who is she? No one knows who she is. She is simply "The Green Girl" for the nonce; yet she is remarked of all; and at her next appearance, when, perchance, she will have devised another novel and striking

costume, she will get styled "The Girl in Pink"—or "in Yellow." There are plenty of such girls at "Private Views." Then, again, emerges from the throng another damsel, in royal blue—blue, so blue that Hook's bluest sea would pale before it; but, alas! the place which once knew those beauteous "Hooks" knows them no more. Violet Velvet is another gorgeous creation; and Violet Velvet steadily goes round the walls, as well as a popular vocalist can, Lest by greetings on every side. That is one feature of "Private Views"—there are so many hearty greetings, so many hilarious encounters. People who have not met for years and years, come on a sudden, face to face round a corner. One never knows whom one may meet next. Violet Velvet scans with



A SINGING LESSON.

From the Picture by CARL SCHLOESSER.

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thoughtful approval Faed's "School Board in a Cottage"—and there I am with her, as the lawyers say.

"School Board in a Cottage," is as delightful as every other cottage scene limned by that skilled and practised hand; and I trust we may see it

seems greatly liked. Phil Morris's driving "Storm" makes one shudder and sympathise with the cowering little ones exposed to its fury.

One word at this point regarding a phrase I hear inveterately on every opening day of the Royal



META: DAUGHTER OF J. P. REID, ESQ.

From the Picture by G. A. STORY, A.R.A.

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reproduced in hut and hall all over the land, as now we have "His Only Pair," and "Sunday in the Backwoods."

In addition to these, Marcus Stone's "Two's Company," has always its little flock of admirers, and Hilda Montalba's "Going with the Wind"

Academy. This is it: "A very poor Academy." To which there will as inveterately be this response:—

"Poor? It is *always* poor. If you want good pictures go to the National Gallery," &c., &c., &c. With all deference to the speakers, this strikes me

as unfair. It is like saying of a brisk, well-stocked bookseller's shop, brimming with current literature, "If you want good *books*, go to such an one's private collection." The Royal Academy does not profess to hang only such works as will live, and if the literature of the year were on view as are the pictures of the year, the show, we may venture to affirm, would be much of the same nature: there would be some thirty or forty creditable productions, and the rest would deserve the contempt freely bestowed. Pictures, like books, need the sifting process. This is a digression; let us return to the galleries.

We grow weary and make for the tea-room. The tea-room, once a den of misery, is now a reformed and praiseworthy spot. You can actually get tea there; and good tea too. At the next table to us is seated the genial gentleman who so gallantly did the honours of the "New Gallery" the week before; and who, enjoying his present freedom from responsibility, is now spending a pleasant afternoon. The Press also goes down to tea. At a table for two, we espy two editorial magnates in close confab, and wonder what mischief they are hatching. Is the *Times* coming down to a penny? Or the *Telegraph* going up to three-pence?

Presently appears in the doorway a musical authority with his wife on his proud arm. His portrait is well placed, and he is actually wearing the identical black velvet jacket which his limner has delighted to honour.

Ascending from the tea-room, we find the fun is at its height in the thinned saloons above. A flood of nobodies has oozed away and left behind a sediment worthy of recognition. Like has drawn to like in the chastened atmosphere. Here is a knot of foreign potentates—here one of English politicians. There the pioneers of travel recount their hardships and dangers in each other's ears. Anon scholars speculate and moot abstruse propositions. Yet again beauties scrutinise at close quarters each other's charms.

Throughout the past hours these all have, perchance, been wandering singly through space, drawn hither and thither by varied interests—but finally the magnetic attraction of one kindred soul for another has prevailed over every outward circumstance, and as we turn to quit the place we leave them thus united, an invisible link knitting together one with another. Many an one has thus his own especial retrospect in looking back at an Academy "Private View."



"HOME LIGHT."

From the Picture by G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.

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EDWARD MALAN, F.L.S.

OVER the sweet June meadows the west wind passes lightly along, bowing the grasses and shaking those million million drops of gold which we, in steaming London, remember as the buttercups of our childhood. Over the meadows the wind goes, and the ditches and the river, and down the dim scented lane to the red-roofed farm at the end. All day long the wind goes, and at night as well, blowing softly, blowing kindly, blowing steadily, but on tiptoe and almost in silence, ever pressing out the perfumes of the flowers and wafting them abroad, and filling the whole wide air with the incense of their breath. For bluff blue Zephyr, the rover of the sea, has work to do on land as well. He alters his character to suit his altered state. There is none of the hyaline on him now from the clear lake-calm bay under the dark headland, but his message is softer and more coaxing. Oh, if we only had ears to hear what the west wind says to the buttercups! If we could only hear all his fairy words of kindness whispered, as he passes, to the listening flowers! If we could but catch the sounds that fill the air! the shrill trebles of joyous insect-life, the noiseless, cautious steps of the great black slugs, the mysterious antennæ-language of the prying ants, and the slow carriage of old Pheriecus the house-

bearing snail! And then if we could learn what the leaves of the hawthorn are thinking of in the amber evenings when the nightingales are singing by the dusty road, and what the lispings accents of the long grass might mean at midnight by the hemlocks under the sombre elms, and what the reddening docks say in the sultry noon, and the moon-daisies, and the yellow rattle, and the guinea-gold buttercups! Ah, if we could hear all that, and learn all that, we should be wise indeed. But we can't hear it, and we shan't hear it, while our ears are stopped with the loud music of the grasping, selfish world. We shall only hear it when we consent to enter the kingdom of Nature, as we are told to enter that other kingdom. Then fresh poetry will break on our senses, and many surprises of kindness, and soft greys of thought, and silent, unfolding warp, and the deep delight of unselfishness and giant scorn of wrong. For the two kingdoms are the same.

Now think for a moment of all the endless trouble and forethought that are required to get the flowers right, suited and sorted and all growing in their proper places, the proper kind, the proper height, the proper colour, so that they may be ready for their work when the time comes. You must not suppose, by way of escaping, that flowers are just tossed down on the earth by some careless hand, to grow or not, the sport of chance; for if that were so, we should live in a bitter and unequal world indeed, and the order and harmony of creation would be a myth. On the contrary,

you must suppose that every flower is placed most carefully and exactly where it is wanted most, and exactly where the insects, for which it is made, can get at it best. Otherwise how is it that the careless hand hasn't tired of the trouble long and long ago? But the requirements of Nature stand firm and uniform, and so the old methods keep on year after year; and to such a pitch of refinement does the wise Author of the universe carry His work, that He will not make a hair even in vain. Most precise and beautiful is this regularity and order. If flowers grew taller, the precious time of the insects would be wasted in crawling and creeping a useless march; if the flowers grew shorter, their enemies in some way would harm them, and their friends would be cheated and disappointed. If the stalks of the flowers were smooth when they ought to be rough, they wouldn't do; if they were rough when they ought to be smooth, they wouldn't do either. If they were red when they ought to be yellow, they wouldn't do again; and if they were blue when they ought to be red, then that would be dismal and worst of all. The fact is this; every flower is prepared with the utmost skill and care, equipped for its life's work and its friends, and armed securely against its foes, and those who love flowers like to understand all the little contrivances whereby these ends are gained. Such a careful, kind, and clever hostess is old Dame Nature, ever thinking of others, she gives her brightest and best to the guests that come to her banquet at her fair spring table; and when the guests arrive, everything is ready for them. Open house and undergrudging profusion, together with rigid economy, is her way. Now let me tell you what I mean.

There is a dear, dear island in the wild North Sea, called Albion. Fair it is and small, the joy of the whole earth, for its Sovereign and its gracious ladies and its brave men who help the poor. When it rose from out the azure main, guardian angels smiled on it, and their golden hair floated over it like long shafts of sunshine; and where the angels smiled, flowers grew in the meadows and the hedge-rows, and by the river-reaches—sun-eyed daisies, buttercups, and wild white roses. So the island was called Albion—White Rose Island, and the greatest compliment you can be paid is to be called the White Rose of Devon, or Somerset,

or Berkshire, or whatever county you live in. For a time the people were little better than savages, though they were tall, and strong, and kingly, with blue eyes and Saxon flaxen hair, and faces that had caught something of the grandeur of the Immortals. They fought a great deal, and drank a great deal, which made them fight the more, and many a dreadful deed was done in the land. And so it went on for centuries, and yet all the while the swallows and cuckoos and nightingales and willow-wrens came over the sea, and sang and lived and nested down in the reeds by the Thames, and the west wind blew over the sweet June meadows as it is blowing to-day, and the flies and the gnats danced in the sunshine, and the buttercups spread their cloth of gold, and nobody cared. Nobody cared for a long long time, and nobody tried to find out anything about flowers, for everybody liked fighting better. But a good day came at last. A clever man, who has written many books, and who has spent many years in teaching himself so as to be able to teach others, says that we mustn't imagine that any living thing is the result of chance, but we must be sure that every living thing is made to meet the conditions of its appointed existence, and everything is armed with instruments adapted to its conditions of life. Then he asks the simple question, Why is a buttercup yellow? This is a puzzling question, but let us see what we can do to answer it.

There are three common buttercups, which can be found with little trouble—1, the Bulbous Buttercup; 2, the Creeping Buttercup; and 3, the Meadow Buttercup. They are all exactly alike, and yet quite different. They last from May to August. They grow in different places; they have different work to do; but they have two characteristics in common—yellow flowers and very pungent leaves. So pungent and hot are the leaves and stalks of the buttercups that the patient wise cows of our dairies will not touch them, and therefore, the lovely yellow butter, which we are accustomed to see in spring and summer, is not produced by the flowers of the buttercups at all, but by the rich new grass which then is growing. But though cows will not touch buttercups, some men will, for it is said that tramps and gipsies rub their hands and feet with buttercup leaves in order to raise blisters, whereby the appearance of hard walking and hard working may excite the com-

passion of the tender-hearted. Besides this, buttercups have as many names as would make a Welshman's pedigree—Frogwort, crows-toes, crow-foot, gold-knobs, &c. Whatever they are called, their beauty is the same.

First of all the Bulbous Buttercup comes in May and June to supply food for the myriads of flies or gnats that have to supply food for our summer migrants. That is the reason of its existence, and it is welcome and curious to notice how this is done. It is not done in a hurry. Nature has to be on the alert many weeks before, planning, providing for the arrivals of spring. And here is her beautiful secret. About the middle of April, a still, small voice, that philosophers can't hear, speaks to the birds in distant lands, and tells them that the time has come for them to spread their tiny, trembling wings and begin the old-world work of nesting in the far-away island of white roses. Why they are not permitted to build their nests in their own country I will show you further on. But when once the voice has spoken, there is no hesitating or unwillingness. There is only a delighted, eager wish to cross the sea. The cuckoos by the Nile forsake the burning Libyan sandhills once more, and the rainless shrine of Ammon, and populous No, and the headstrong, comfortless pyramids, and Memnon's magic stone. The swallows in the palm-isles of the Ægean, and the nightingales on the sleepless Cephissus, turn northward, one and all, and, as they pass along, they are joined by reed-wren and white-throat, and black-cap and warbler, and many more, till the air at night is darker and darker. So they come, by armies, to the island of white roses, and we hear them through the casement in the early morning, and ere ever we are aware our hearts leap up, as leaped the heart of Amminadab, Solomon's charioteer.

So they come, and somebody has to feed them, and somebody has to feed their young ones. It is plain that somebody must be ever thinking of others. And that somebody is kind Mother Earth, great Providence, large-hearted Nature. Even in February, the month of the rainy fish, she was planning and thinking for her pets that would arrive in April; and as she thought, so she worked, to the lovely old cradle-song, "Work is Love, and Love is Work; Duty is Beauty, and Beauty is Duty; and I'm for the morning—what are you?

For these helpless, soft-billed fledgelings, what they are to eat, and how they are to live, doesn't bewilder me. They shall eat flies and gnats and green, transparent caterpillars, and they shall sing and sing the live-long day. So first I will prepare the food, which shall be food for their food; and the food shall be flower-dust, pollen, in little golden saucers, easy for them to get. And my table shall be spread in the joyous fields through the bonny months of May and June, and they shall rejoice with me rejoicing. For it would be a shameful and unworthy trick to ask my guests to Albion and not provide for them." Then old Earth turned in her sleep, and a tremor ran through her, for the Cherubs helped to tilt the Poles, and the sun shot down greener rays. So the work of buttercup-growing was commenced. There followed an anxious time after that. Trampled on, stepped on, kicked and cuffed by every passing villager, and all unnoticed, the Bulbous Buttercup began to grow. The hard, bare fields and the cold, unpyting skies gave little encouragement; but Nature knew of this, and furnished the plant with a bulbous starchy root, no bigger than a tiny turnip, to nourish it and keep it through the dark days. Bulbous flowers grow slowly at first, and then come to a perfection with wonderful rapidity. This is just what Nature intended them to do. They are ready when the guests arrive, and their golden, gladsome flowers are noticed and looked at, and loved by all. The reward of unselfishness is sure. Then the flowers open, and flies and gnats troop in to the banquet, taking their fill, and setting the flowers' seed. Swallows by thousands hawk over the grass, and the ready parable is displayed to all.

It is clear from what has been said, that all this trouble is an absolute necessity. But wouldn't it have been easier to let buttercups grow in foreign countries? The trouble of demand and supply would have been saved. So it seems at first sight; but on consideration it is not found to be so. Buttercups do grow in foreign countries, but the climate is too hot for hardy flowers to last long, and, besides that, those countries would have the fatigue and drain of providing for their guests all the year round, while the fields and meadows of White Rose Island would be useless and bare. Open house all the year round is not Nature's way, except in the tropics. Such an arrangement

would not stand the test of æons. Such an unfair distribution of labour would cause a strike somewhere. But Nature, wiser than us all, proceeding by her grand motto, "Duty is beauty," relieves one country, utilises another, and thus spares both, delighting all. What would our spring be like without the buttercups? Further on in the year, when the buttercups are over, and the hay is made, the ponds and rivers give up their tribute of insect life till August comes, and with August the second brood. Once more the fields are covered with yellow flowers, but this time the flowers are hawkweeds. An exceedingly difficult problem to discern between the hawkweeds.

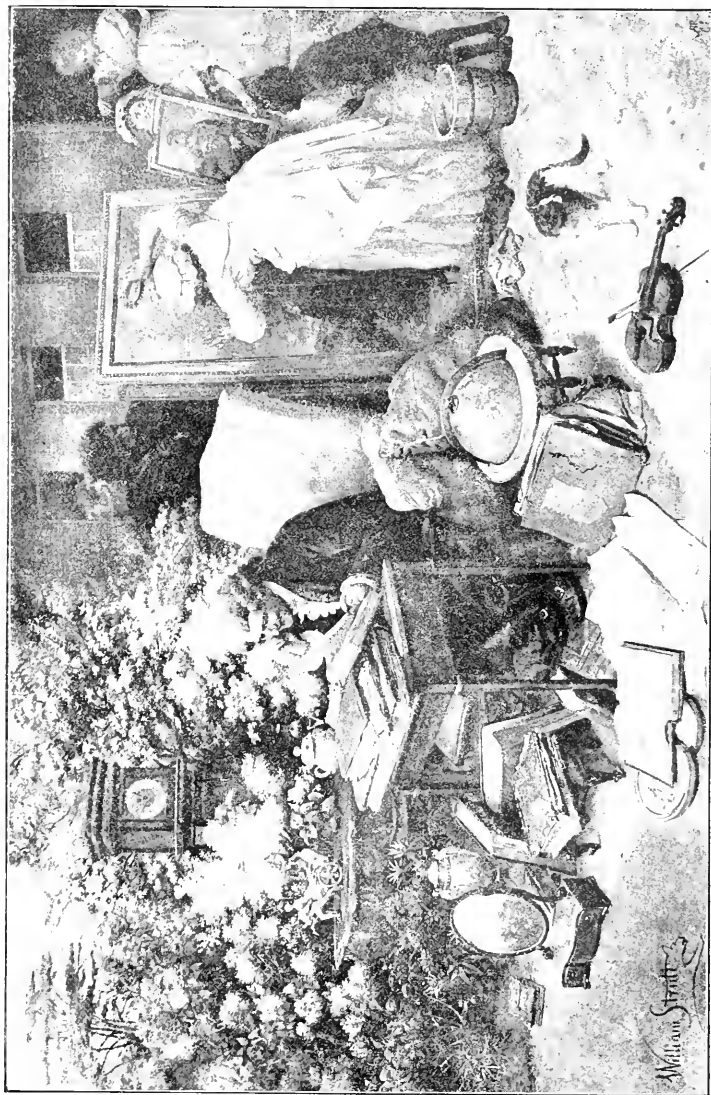
It is yellow, yellow everywhere. In May, June, July and August the majority of flowers are yellow. Even the daisies and white roses have yellow centres. Is this done on purpose, or is Nature for once at a loss for variety? Couldn't she have made buttercups some other colour? Why must they be yellow? *Must* they be yellow? No doubt Nature could have made buttercups green, or blue, or white, or red, if she had chosen; and no doubt she would have done so, if any colour would have suited as well; and no doubt, if she had done so, the same identical question would have been asked; so where would be the gain? This is arguing in a circle—a useless way of spending time. It is as well, therefore, to give up such a misleading method of questioning, and to be guided by facts. Unless all here below is a mass of rubbish, a rag-and-bone heap of worn-out refuse, there must be a reason for things. There is a reason for buttercups being yellow. Buttercups are yellow for two reasons. Yellow is the best colour for attracting flies and gnats, as blue is the best colour for attracting bees, and yellow is the best colour for giving off gas. What time would be wasted in a hunt for food! How vitiated the summer air would become if gas couldn't be set free to renew it! Thus the gigantic scheme of Nature is adjusted to meet all requirements. Countries lying far apart are laid under contribution to help others. To relieve one country, and prevent another from lying idle, birds are made to migrate. Their food-supply is managed right dexterously. The flies themselves are fed in a way that delights all beholders. They

unconsciously help the flowers in return at every marauding expedition. The flowers help the insects by their colour, and give off gas to prevent contagion. And all this produced noiselessly and kindly, for ages and ages, by the Cherubs tilting the Poles of the earth, and the Sun shooting down greener rays.

Yet this is not all the story. Above, we spoke of three kinds of buttercups, though, indeed, there are many more; but we will only mention three sorts now. They are wonderful enough. Such an interweaving and enlarging of a simple! There must be no waste, no idleness, in Nature. There is none. Only look at this table:—

	BULBOUS BUTTERCUP.	CREeping BUTTERCUP.	MEADOW BUTTERCUP.
<i>Time</i> —May and June .	June, July, and August	June, July, and August	June, July, and August
<i>Place</i> —Meadows	Ditches	Low meadows.	
<i>Use</i> —Flies, gnats, bees, beetles	Bees, flies, water-insects	Bees, flies, moths.	
<i>Stalk</i> —Furrowed and smooth	Round, smooth, hairy	Round, smooth, hairy.	
<i>Calyx</i> —Reflexed and hairy	Applied and hairy	Spreading and hairy.	
<i>Flower</i> —Closed at night	Half-closed at night	Open at night.	
<i>Root</i> —Bulbous	Creeping	Fibrous.	
<i>Leaves</i> —Deeply cleft	Deeply cleft	Deeply cleft.	

Now, ye Graces three, Enid, Christine, and Maud, gather some buttercups, and see which class they belong to. For to you is this spoken. When a flower is hairy, it is to prevent ants and slugs and snails from rifling its treasures. They are only robbers, and pollen is not their proper food, so they have no business to visit buttercups. They love moist places; so the creeping buttercup is hairy, and the bulbous buttercup, that lives in dry fields, is smooth. The meadow buttercup grows in moist places also, where slugs abound; but as it has to feed moths, it grows higher than the others, is hairy, and remains open at night. The channelled stem enables the thinner stalk to be strong enough, and helps clinging beetles. Truly this is wonderful. And the best of it is, that it is not invention. Oh, if we could only hear what the west wind says to the buttercups! I think it must say, "Let us be ever thinking of others."



SPRING CLEANING.
After the Picture by WILLIAM STRUTT.
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Art. by Jackson Co., St.

The Walking Doll.

•By Her Late Owner.



Hi, we *liked* her, of course—in a way. We were proud
To show her off if a stranger came.
But this is the truth—I've observed it myself,
You can't *love* a doll that's too hard for a name,
Or cuddle a thing that's as stiff as a poker;
So the "Walking Doll" she remained—till we broke her!

Dressed? Oh, yes! she'd gilt boots *that we couldn't pull off,*
And a fine pink silk frock *fastened tightly on.*
You wound her up with a key, like a clock,
And she kicked and clicked in her haste to be gone!
You set her down—clack! Off she set—
Click-clack! Click-clack! I can hear her yet.

No matter what hobbies they ride
home from school,
Good girls humour their brothers
whenever they're able;

So this doll was lent,
just to walk a few
"laps"

Against George's tame
rat, round the dining-
room table.

While the starters were urging the rat
from his place,
Crash! The rival competitor walked
into space!



"While the starters were urging the rat from his place."



"The rival competitor walked into spare."

Not a sigh was heard as, on funeral-pyre,
 Her corse to the flames we committed.
 Ah! sad is the lot of the doll who goes down
 To her death—as this doll did—unpitied!
 We just said, as we strewed her charred ashes with greenery,
 "So perish all dolls that are made with machinery"!

C. J. M. B.



MAISIE DERRICK.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

CHAPTER XX.

AT THE MANOR HOUSE.

FOR the next two days Maisie could not have said how life went. Each night was a long tortured wakefulness, and each day was dreamlike.

Drusilla did not speak of her engagement or of Luke Stanmore, and Maisie felt that it was unnecessary to force the subject. As yet she could not analyse the dull, dreadful pain that gripped her till she could scarcely bear it. She knew in a

dim far-off way that this sorrow was not purely selfish, that she grieved for Stanmore almost more than for herself. She could not believe in Drusilla's love for him, and she shrank from what she considered the girl's deceit with a horror equalling the blind trust she had felt, but she only seemed to think clearly in her long, wakeful nights, and she knew that the convictions that came to her in those dark hours might be like most night thoughts, exaggerated.

She looked so worn and pale at luncheon on Saturday that even Mr. Yardon saw the change in her.

"You want a good walk, Maisie," he said; "why don't the two of you go across the common as far as Puddock Wood?"

Drusilla gave a silvery, rippling laugh.

"You dear thing"—she looked sweetly at him—"don't you know that we are engaged this afternoon; we are going to tea with Miss Savvay."

"Is that so?" Mr. Yardon frowned a little. "You will give my best regards to Miss Savvay, Maisie, and—and I will come and meet you on your way home."

"Thank you," Maisie said. Drusilla looked into her plate and began a game which she was very fond of playing—a game of flinging little bread pellets dexterously on her plate so as to form some definite figure.

The girl bent over her plate as if she were reading her future in the shape the crumbs had taken. She started when Maisie said—

"Will you be ready at four?"

They found Miss Savvay in a quaint little room at the extreme end of the entrance hall. One of the windows opened under a broad verandah wreathed with climbing plants, and two steps from this led into a little garden, or rather on to a grass-plot surrounded by flowering shrubs with a gay bed of spring flowers in the middle of the grass-plot. Miss Savvay was sitting under the verandah.

Maisie had to bend her head as she passed out to greet her friend.

"This is pleasant," Miss Savvay said, as she kissed her; then she turned to Drusilla, "Miss Lescure, I am glad to see you."

Drusilla was pleased with the admiring look she met. "You are very kind to be glad, I was afraid I should be in the way," she said.

"That is very sweet, you must give me a kiss, my dear; you are not likely to be in the way, it is a pleasure to look at you."

Drusilla smiled, and then she looked back into the room behind her.

"What a charming room," she said, "I never saw anything so pretty, these little brackets and all this china. I never saw anything like it—may I go back and examine them?"

Miss Savvay smiled.

"This is a poor little room, but my mother was very fond of it; you must see the Manor House itself, and you too, Maisie, you ought to see it—there is an old oak staircase, and upstairs there is a picture gallery, and, I believe, some really valuable tapestry."

"Is there a ghost?" said Drusilla.

"I have never seen one, but I was young when I left the Hall—there are always foolish stories about an old house—this one has been shut up off and on for thirty years. You have never seen it, have you, Maisie? No, I thought not, you must see it next time you come; Laurence and his friend are out to-day."

Miss Savvay was as bright as the sunshine of a spring day and full of cheery talk. Her keen, wise eyes had been feasting on Drusilla's beauty, and as she spoke she saw a cloud fall on the lovely face.

She turned at once to Maisie.

"May I ask if you talked to my nephew?" she said. "He said he had been charmingly entertained; I hope you found him pleasant."

"I did not talk to Captain Wentworth," Maisie answered. "I was listening to Mr. Boyd."

"Then it was you who so bewitched him," Miss Savvay looked at Drusilla as the girl turned from the china. "He said he had not heard that you were bespoken."

A bright flush of annoyance showed on Drusilla's face. Miss Savvay imagined it to be a natural confusion at the mention of her engagement, and this suddenly recalled the fact, which Drusilla's beauty had put out of her remembrance, that Mr. Stanmore was a faithless flirt.

"Laurence is very pleasant," she looked at Maisie again, "it is a pity he can't marry, but

"Presently her two brothers, and they took their seats in the room."

(C. L. Moore, A. R. A. ed.)



unless he finds an heiress, able and willing to pay his debts, I see no chance for him."

"Perhaps he does not care to marry." Maisie hardly knew why she looked at Drusilla, and saw that the girl was listening with interest.

"Perhaps not; he was laughing at his friend this morning. Mr. Boyd is so anxious to find a wife. He is one of the lucky men who need not look out for an heiress—he seems to be a millionaire. By the bye, Miss Lescure," she suddenly looked full into the room at Drusilla, "Mr. Boyd says he is sure he has met you somewhere: do you remember him?"

Drusilla felt a sudden shock.

"Yes," she said indifferently, "I saw him once when I was travelling."

Miss Savvay was going to ask another question, but the girl moved to the farthest corner of the little room and seemed to be examining a china saucer. Miss Savvay turned again to Maisie.

"To judge by his talk Mr. Boyd must be a millionaire. He goes yachting all over the world, he has a villa on Lake Como and a lovely house on the Bay of Naples—he seems to live like a royal personage when he is at home."

Drusilla longed to speak, but she continued her inspection of the china and curios on the mantelshelf and on the brackets within the room.

"Does he live abroad?" Maisie said.

"I fancy he spends most of his time abroad, but he has a beautiful place in Devonshire, called Beanlands, and he said that when he marries he shall have a house in London, in either Mayfair or Belgravia."

Maisie sat looking at her friend. This commonplace, gossip talk was so unlike Miss Savvay, it puzzled her. Presently tea was brought, and Drusilla came into the verandah, and took her place near the dainty little table with its fringed cloth and its burden of old fashioned china and silver.

Maisie leaned back with a smile on her parted lips.

"You seem to be enjoying yourself," Drusilla said to her.

"This place is so beautiful, from where I sit those grand old trees spread on and on, till they seem to form a wood at the end of the Park; then the grey tone of the old stone work and the old brick wing look more like a house in a story than

a real one; a house in which one race of people has lived for so long must be different from a mere modern house."

Drusilla turned away her head, she was gaping.

"An old house is perhaps not always healthy," Miss Savvay said; "there is a mustiness about this one, but there is a certain charm in the links of an unbroken succession that connect one generation with another; that china for instance, which Miss Lescure was examining, is to me full of little family episodes and memories."

Drusilla had become silent and abstracted. She rose, and crossing the grass she bent over the rich purple background which the rhododendrons made to the green semi-circle of lawn.

The tall, graceful figure in black went on, bending now and then over some rarer blossom till she passed out of sight behind the spring-flower bed in the centre of the grass.

"She is very lovely," Miss Savvay said. "Do you like her, Maisie?"

Maisie hesitated an instant.

"She is very sweet," she said.

Miss Savvay gave her friend a searching look, but Maisie bore it.

There was a large myrtle in a tub, partly sheltered by the verandah, and Miss Savvay looked at it in search of a fresh sprig as she began to speak.

"She is charming, but she is not a fit wife for young Stanmore, dear me, no. I have nothing to say against him, he'll get on in life fast enough, but his life will be a work-a-day one, and his wife will be called on to share his cares as well as his pleasures; that pretty, showy creature is too expensive a luxury for a rising engineer, she should marry a millionaire."

"My grandfather says that she and Mr. Stanmore are very much attached to one another," said Maisie, gravely.

Miss Savvay suddenly held out the sprig of myrtle to Maisie.

"Nonsense, you must not be vexed; but I say that your grandfather is as blind as a bat about an attachment, don't know the right sort from the wrong. I said all that just now about Mr. Boyd on purpose: I fancy our beauty will not be quite so devoted to her engineer when next they meet—Boyd is just the man for her—why should the pretty creature be robbed of her diamonds and

her frocks, and all the gay things that would set her off and make her happy?"

Maisie's eyes were round with surprise: she stared at her friend in some bewilderment.

"Do you think that money of itself will make Drusilla happy?" she said.

"Yes, I do; money would not make you happy, or me happy, Maisie, but if you gave Miss Lescure her free choice she would not hesitate. I fancy she will care more for the means he has, than for the man she marries."

"You are hard." Maisie looked after Drusilla, who stood half-hidden among the trees beyond the garden: it seemed treason to the girl to talk in this way.

"I'm afraid we must not stay much longer. Mr. Vardon said he should come and meet us."

"Well, then, let him come on here. I should have no scruple in saying to him what I have said to you, Maisie, and he might help matters."

Maisie looked gravely at her friend.

"You surely are not in earnest. It would at least make Mr. Stanmore unhappy: my grandfather would be very angry if Drusilla were to behave so ill."

She rose from her seat, and walked on in the direction Drusilla had taken.

Miss Savvay looked after her, and shook her head.

"Behave so ill, indeed! as if anyone need keep faith with such a fickle fellow! I wish Maisie would pluck up spirit and dispise him. No, you don't, Eleanor Savvay. You know very well you would give the top joint of your little finger if you could break this engagement, and bring the engineer back to that brave, sweet girl."

She was obliged to quit her reflections, for Drusilla had come back, and was asking to be shown a way home through the park.

"Captain Wentworth told me about it," she said, with a lovely light in her eyes.

Miss Savvay looked at her less admiringly than she had done on her arrival, though she still felt the fascination of her fresh, beautiful youth.

"He told you about that gate, did he?" she said, sharply. "He might also have said that no one ever uses that gate except the master, and that he only has the key of it. I am afraid it is useless to go that way to-day; you would find the gate locked, and it would be a long round back to the entrance gates."

Drusilla made the prettiest apologies: she was distressed to have suggested anything troublesome, and then she bent down to kiss her farewell.

"I should like to come and see you again soon, may I?" She spoke so caressingly, so like a dear little child, that Miss Savvay felt ashamed of her unkind thoughts.

"Come whenever you like," she said, genially. "I won't say you will be as welcome as flowers in May: you are like a flower yourself, you know; like a June lily."

Drusilla smiled and nodded and kissed her hand, looking back as she walked after Maisie, who was already going down the shady walk that led to the avenue.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

As Maisie and Drusilla went down to the Manor House there had been little talk between them. Maisie had been unusually silent, and Drusilla had walked on, singing in a pleasant but thin voice some fragments of French songs.

As they came home the girls seemed to have



"Drusilla looked into her plate."

changed characters; Maisie was brighter than she had been for days; it had been delightful to see her old friend's kind face, and Miss Savvay's warm kisses and the tender clasp of her fingers lingered with the girl as she walked homewards.

Even to this tried friend Maisie could not have told her trouble—as much as she could she kept her own mental sight closed to the wound that had been dealt her; but that great, mysterious power, sympathy, had made itself felt, and without one spoken word a healing touch had been laid on her grief. She could hardly believe that this comfort had come within reach. Her friend had said she should make a long stay at the Manor House; for weeks to come Maisie knew that she would find love and help close at hand.

She had spoken more than once to Drusilla since they left the wood, but she had only received monosyllables in reply: Miss Lescure had lagged behind: she was troubled by an unpleasant memory, and its presence doubled the steepness of the way.

"Are you tired?" Maisie stopped and looked round at her companion.

"Tired!" Drusilla's voice sounded irritable.

"I should think so; my back aches with this steep climb. I had no idea it was such a hill."

"We are nearly home," Maisie said, encouragingly. "Stay," she added, as Mr. Yardon came in sight, "my grandfather has kept his word—there he is, coming to meet us: he will help you along."

Miss Lescure's fair face had a defeated look on it; she only smiled faintly when she met Mr. Yardon.

"Are you tired?" His eyes had passed over Maisie, and rested on the face he loved to look at. "Take my arm, young lady, you have not had proper training, or you'd make nothing of such a walk."

"I call it a desperately tiring one," Drusilla pouted, and turned away her head.

Mr. Yardon looked at his grand-daughter.

"That Foxley woman wants to speak to you," he said. "I told Warren to let her wait in the hall."

"I'll go on," Maisie said, but the brightness left her face. She had been listening to the lark's song with that uplifted feeling which sometimes seems to be in the very air of spring. Now it ceased to move her; the mention of Harriet Foxley had brought her back to reality, and her burden was once more weighing at her heart.

As she went down and then up the steps of the sunk fence, she was conscious that this mood was not one in which she ought to indulge. She wished she could get to like this woman; but, besides Harriet's covert insolence, the prying, peering curiosity in her eyes had always a disconcerting effect on Maisie.

She found Harriet sitting in a corner of the hall; the woman rose slowly when she saw Miss Derrick.

"Father says," she looked so inquisitively that Maisie felt her colour rise, "that Miss Savvay, the lady at the Manor House, is a friend of yours, Miss—"

She paused here and stood staring as if so far she had been repeating by rote, and had forgotten the end of her sentence.



"Drusilla seemed to be examining a china service."

Maisie smiled at her.

"Sit down ; you must be tired with your walk up hill. Can I do anything for you with Miss Savvy, Harriet ?"

Harriet laughed and showed her long yellow teeth ; she seemed really amused that Miss Derrick should think she wanted help from her.

"It's about Matilda," she said, in a monotonous voice ; "it ain't no favour. They've took on a new kitchen-maid at the Manor House, and that's my cousin Matilda, an' Mrs. Prew says as she comes from Wales, an' don't have no acquaintance, I may go up to see her now an' again whilst 'Tilda's so strange like."

"Well, that is kind of Mrs. Prew." Maisie wondered what she could have to do with the arrangement. Harriet had resumed her seat ; she moved her head uneasily at Maisie's words.

"Well, Miss," she said, harshly, "perhaps now an' again you'll have a note or message for the lady, 'tis the same to me whether I goes across the common or Mr. Yardon's meadows ; I must pass your gate anyway, so if you please I'll call now an' again for it."

Maisie felt ashamed of her dislike ; the woman had looked her in the face while she spoke, and she seemed anxious that Miss Derrick should accept her services.

"Thank you very much," Maisie said ; "it will save you some distance if you go through the grounds. I will ask Mr. Yardon's leave for this."

A ring at the door-bell interrupted the talk. Harriet seemed anxious to go, but Warren was opening the front door, and he admitted Mr. Stanmore.

The two women from the corner of the hall saw how determined Mr. Stanmore looked as he crossed the hall unconscious of observers.

Maisie went forward. "Good morning," she said ; then added, "Do you want my grandfather ? I fancy you will find him in the garden."

Stanmore bowed, thanked her, and passed on.

Maisie had forgotten Harriet Foxley ; she looked round at her and saw an odious grin on the woman's face ; Harriet gave a familiar nod, said "Good morning, Miss," and disappeared by a door on the left that led to the offices.

Maisie stood shivering ; the hateful, mocking look sank into her heart, she felt powerless under it. Was this creature a witch, or how could she



divine thoughts which Maisie imagined she had kept hidden from everyone. She hurried up to her room and looked out of the window. Mr. Stanmore and her grandfather were standing on the lawn with their backs to the house, and it was evident that Stanmore was speaking very earnestly. Drusilla sat near them on a garden chair, her head was bent and her face showed only in profile, but Maisie saw that the girl was angry.

Maisie moved away from the window ; she did not see how impatiently Drusilla turned to the speakers as they came up to her.

"I leave you two to settle it together," Mr. Yardon said ; "mind, Drusilla, I won't have any shilly-shallying. I hate unnecessary—three weeks or a month is long enough to keep any man waiting."

He went off without waiting for an answer.

Stanmore had found Drusilla alone in the drawing room, and he had taken her in his arms and asked her to fix a time for their marriage, but Drusilla drew herself away.

"It is too soon," she said, and then she heard her guardian laugh. Mr. Yardon was just outside the open window fastening up a clematis which the wind had torn down from the house.

"Come out, Drusilla," he said, "here is a chair for you. Ah, how do you do, Stanmore ? What do you want, I wonder ?"

He laughed, and they all adjourned to the lawn,

much to Stanmore's vexation: he felt sure that he could have settled the matter far more easily if he had been left alone with Drusilla. Mr. Vardon's departure was, therefore, a relief—he was eager to plead his own cause without assistance.

"Come to the summer-house," he said, bending over the girl: "we can talk better there."

Drusilla looked up at him with a sweet, plain-tive expression. "Won't you let me rest here?" she said softly: "I have had a long walk, and I am so tired."

Stanmore was disappointed. He did not care to talk in front of the windows for the benefit of any of the household who might be on the watch; but as he wanted to gain his point he was willing to yield to her.

"What do you say to three weeks, dearest?" He said it very tenderly. At that moment he felt that this exquisite creature's happiness was a very precious charge.

Drusilla pouted a moment, and then she laughed in her pretty, rippling way.

"Men are so amusing. How can I get ready in three weeks? I have not clothes enough even for this dull place, and you said you should not stay here when your line was finished."

This was the first allusion she had made to her future life with him, and he was delighted.

"Darling, of course I am ignorant about such things: you can see I have always lived alone or with men, but I believe nowadays gowns can be had much more quickly than they could formerly. I only want you to fix a definite day; it will be better for us all to have it settled."

She frowned a little, and then looked up at him ingenuously.

"You see," she said, "I want advice, and only a woman can give it me. No one in Figgsmarsh knows anything about London shops or dress-makers, except Miss Savvy," she paused with a pretty pathetic expression. "I am afraid you would not like me to consult her."

She spoke timidly, as if she really cared for his opinion.

"Why not, dearest?" he answered. "Miss Savvy is just the person who can help you; she often goes to town, and spends part of every year there, and she must know all about shopping. I am sorry to be such a duffer," he laughed, "but I'm quite out of that sort of thing."

Drusilla looked her own bright self again. She rose and began to walk across the lawn with her lover.

"Come out of sight of the house," said Stanmore, "I want to give you something, and I should like to try if it fits your finger."

Drusilla's eyes sparkled. It was worth while being engaged, she thought, if the engagement brought her a gift, and it occurred to her that, if she was very nice to Luke Stanmore, he might repeat his offering.

"We will go to the summer-house," she said, cheerfully, and she led the way across the grass.

Stanmore had taken a tiny parcel from his pocket, and when Drusilla had seated herself in the summer-house, he took off the outer wrappings, opened a little casket, and showed what seemed to Drusilla a blaze of light.

It came from a ring, a plain circle with a narrow upright oval set with brilliants, which flashed out every colour in the prism, as Stanmore placed it on the girl's slender finger.

"Oh, how lovely, how beautiful!" she cried, "is it really mine?" He was bending over her, and she put up her lips and kissed him.

"Dearest girl," he whispered, as he slipped his arm around her, "you will say this day four weeks: yes, darling, I know you will not keep me waiting for my happiness."

"How persevering you are," she said, gaily. She rose from the bench and laughed as she freed her hands. "Why don't you trust me, and then when everything is ready I will let you know?" A stern look in his eyes made her hurry out her next words, "Please wait," she said, shyly, "wait till I have consulted Miss Savvy. I can't see her to-morrow, because to-morrow is Sunday, but she is sure to come and see us very soon; she was so kind to me to-day." She spoke so gently that he could not resist her.

"Very well," he said, "I will wait a week or so, but I shall come very soon to learn your decision. I am going to London this evening to tell my news to one of my remaining relations, and I shall not be back till Monday; so I shan't see you till Tuesday, my pet."

He took a loving farewell and left her. Drusilla stood looking at her ring, twisting her hand about till the stones sent out tongues of flame-coloured light.

She felt that she cared for Mr. Stanmore more than she had ever done before, more than for any one she had ever seen. He was so clever, she thought, surely he would be successful, and, perhaps, this relation he was going to see was rich, and would leave him money. Yes, her lover was wiser than she was. He had, no doubt, a motive for this journey, and she had felt so vexed when he said he was going away that she had almost asked him to give up this journey. She resolved to ask Miss Savvay's advice and also to fix a time for her marriage, but she also resolved that there was no need for hurry. If she kept Luke Stanmore in good temper and petted him, she felt sure he would always take her part, and then she might snap her fingers at Mr. Yardon. She thought too, that Stanmore would make a more devoted husband if he were kept waiting a little longer than he expected.

"He is a very dear fellow." She was looking at her ring, and making it reflect itself in the long mirror in her room. "But for all that I want to amuse myself a bit before I quite belong to him, and I'm going to see a little more of Captain Wentworth and Mr. Boyd, too, before I marry. No, there's no occasion to hurry."

CHAPTER XXII.

MISS LESCURÉ'S VISIT.

ABOUT two o'clock on Monday, Miss Lescure presented herself at the Manor House and asked for Miss Savvay.

Captain Wentworth's man, well-dressed and well-trained, a great contrast, Drusilla thought, to pompous old Warren, said that Miss Savvay had gone to town for the day. She was not expected home till evening—could she leave any message for Miss Savvay?

The dining-room door opened, and Captain Wentworth came out with a cigar in his mouth.

"Won't you come in and rest?" he said, after he had given her a delighted welcome; "you could write a few lines for my aunt, perhaps, and she shall have them on her arrival." And he took his charming visitor to the library, a snug out-of-the-way room as full of old books as the library at Yardon, but furnished with far more luxury.

Captain Wentworth placed writing materials

ready, while Drusilla stood pulling off her gloves. She felt in her element, happier than she had been since she came to Yardon, for this promised to be an adventure, and she meant to get as much amusement from it as she could. She looked at Captain Wentworth—he was not staring at her, but she saw that he was admiring her; she sat down and took up the pen placed ready for her, and then she paused.

It was not likely, she thought, that Captain Wentworth would tell tales, and Miss Savvay need not know any details beyond the mere fact that Miss Lescure had called in her absence.

She laid down the pen.

"Really, I have nothing to write about," she said, with her rippling laugh. "I am ashamed to have taken up your time." She rose as if she were going away, and took up her gloves. "Please say to Miss Savvay how sorry I am to miss the pleasure of seeing her and the rooms she so kindly promised to show me."

"What rooms were they, I wonder?" Captain Wentworth smiled. Miss Lescure was about the loveliest creature he had ever seen, but his opinion of her simplicity was not quite so exalted as it had been at their first meeting.

Drusilla thought a moment.

"I must remember—yes, one was a room with pictures," she said, "and another had tapisserie—ah! you call it in English, tapestry, on the walls."

While she talked to him she exaggerated her pretty foreign accent, for she saw how delightedly he was listening.

"Will you allow me to have the honour of showing you those rooms?" he said. "It is too bad that you should have had a long walk for nothing: I will try to be a good showman if you will give me this chance."

She smiled at him.

"Ah, but I have seen you, so it is not for nothing I came," she said. "It will be very kind of you to show me this wonderful tapestry; I have been told that it is three hundred years old."

"It is quite as old as that."

He touched one of the bookshelves on the right side of the library, and suddenly an opening appeared, as a portion of the bookshelves slid out of sight.

"Mon Dieu!" Drusilla cried out; she was startled: "you are a conjurer."

"Those are only sham books," he said: "they serve to mask this sliding door. I will go first and show you the way."

He went on, and she followed through two other rooms. Drusilla wished to look at the furniture and the ornaments on the tables and cabinets, but the Captain was holding the last door open, and passing through it she saw a small turning staircase at the end of a passage. She wondered, if they were to go upstairs, why he had not taken her across the hall, and up the great staircase which she had seen on her last visit. But she forgot this when they reached the picture gallery, a splendid long room, with windows on one side, and at its further end looking into the park; the other side and end were hung with large pictures, most of them family portraits.

Drusilla felt awed when she heard that all these wiggled and grandly-dressed gentlemen and ladies, some with high-powdered heads and stiff figures, also ladies with flowing curls and the loosest of robes, were ancestors of Captain Wentworth.

"The name was Wentworth till the property came to my grandmother," he said, "and it was settled that whoever came into possession after her death should resume the old name. I can never remember being a Savvay, it was all planned for me."

"I wonder," the girl said, thoughtfully, "that you could stay away so long from such a beautiful old place."

"And yet you suggested that I should find it dull."

"Yes, to stay here always—but London and Paris are not so very far away. I should think one must always be lively in Paris."

"There is a fine view of the old trees from the windows," Captain Wentworth said. He did not hear that the door opened softly, that someone looked into the room, and that the door was softly closed.

"What was that?" Drusilla looked round with alarm in her eyes.

"I heard nothing," Captain Wentworth smiled reassuringly. "I see you have heard of our ghost, but it does not walk here: whenever it has been seen, it has been seen on one side of the Tapestry Room. Shall we go there?"

As he spoke he pushed open a sliding door between two of the pictures, but this one stuck on its way, and failed to produce the magical effect of the book-covered panel which had slid into the wall at the mere touch of a spring.

Drusilla grew pale, and she drew back from the opening.

"You do not really believe in such nonsense," he said; "all these stories are made up, depend upon it, for some purpose or other."

Drusilla was unwilling to appear foolish: "Oh, yes," she said; but she did not go forward; she contented herself with the view of the tapestry she could get from the opening.

It was a strangely shaped room, long and narrow, with the corners taken off so as to form a sort of octagon. The ceiling was carved and painted, and in the middle of it was a shallow lantern above, from which light fell on the gloomy blue and green of much of the tapestry. At either end of the room was a many-coloured subject, one a terribly realistic picture of the martyrdom of some saint; the other a grotesque arrangement of Cupids, with watering pots and garden tools, in an enormous Italian garden, with statues, and vases, and fountains among plots of brilliant flowers. Faded old settees and arm-chairs, and a few spindle-legged tables furnished the edges of this room. The centre was left bare; there was not even a carpet on the dark floor. Drusilla shuddered as she stood in the doorway, and Captain Wentworth laughed at her.

"If our housekeeper were here she would say you were likely to see our ghost," he said; "I believe that to shiver in a haunted room denotes a likely ghost-seer."

Drusilla felt her terror coming back, but she tried to hide it.

"It is not that," she said, "it is because the room looks so gloomy, and that picture there is so ghastly; those dear little cherubs and their watering pots are the best things in the room. Is it very dreadful not to admire your tapestry? It makes me feel uncomfortable."

She gave him one of her sunniest smiles as she stepped back into the picture gallery.

He stopped to close the door before he rejoined her.

"It is more curious than beautiful; and I prefer

the beautiful always," he said, as he looked at his lovely visitor.

Drusilla felt that his admiration was very pleasant, but she also felt that her visit had lasted long enough.

"I believe I must be going," she said. "Thank you very much for all the pleasure you have given me."

He was opening the door for her to pass out of the gallery: he stood holding it half open while he spoke.

"On the contrary, it is quite the other way; it is I who cannot be grateful enough for the delight of your visit. You will permit me to see you across the park?"

Drusilla had expected this and was prepared with her answer.

"No, thank you," she said, decidedly, though her smile softened her refusal. "I am sorry I cannot permit it; my guardian, Mr. Yardon, would prefer me to come home alone."

Wentworth stood outside the entrance watching the tall, graceful girl till she passed out of sight behind a clump of beech trees, and was completely hidden by their massive grey trunks, marbled near the base with brilliant green and dark olive-tinted moss.

Meanwhile the girl yawned as she walked along, and then laughed at herself.

A few months ago she would have thought a talk with Captain Wentworth, an officer and an English gentleman, delightful, and also far beyond her reach: for though she had listened to her mother's promises, she had not fully believed in them, and now she had had Captain Wentworth all to herself for an hour at least—it seemed to Drusilla much longer—and he had not been amusing, nor had he held out any prospect of amusement. She hoped he would have proposed some expedition. No, he was not to be compared in any way to Luke Stanmore, "and he's not as rich," she sighed to herself. She thought just then that if Mr. Stanmore were only rich—really rich—he would be delightful as a husband; but that notion which he had so often expressed that the greatest happiness was to be found in a modest competency, was wholly repugnant to Drusilla, and she turned from it with a feeling of disgust as she recalled it on her way through the park.

"After marriage," she thought, "the man does not matter so much as the power he has of giving what one wants; after all, a wife sees very little of a husband who goes to business every day."

(To be continued.)



GOING WITH THE WIND.

From the Picture by HILDA MONTALEA, in the Royal Academy Exhibition.

(Used by kind permission of the Artist.)

A DUTCH PAINTER AT HOME.

Adapted from the Dutch of A. G. C. DUVEL by LANA MOLLETT.

IT was a sunny day: snow lay on the fields, and there was a suspicion of it in the air. The ponds were ice-bound, yet it was neither freezing nor thawing. We were having a respite from the bitter east wind that caught one's breath a few days ago as one stepped out on to the street.

Just the day, I thought, for a drive to the Hague and a visit to Mr. Blommers.

Blommers resides at Scheveningen, on a bye road, branching off from the old Scheveninger-road. His house, the "Villa Johanna," has been designed, planned, and furnished under his guidance and in accordance with his taste.

The inhabitants of the Hague have one great advantage over those of Amsterdam. Space not being so valuable, they are not forced to consider a few yards of ground. The people of Amsterdam would have to be rich indeed before they dare venture on building a house that does not seem to have been pinched and squeezed into the least possible space, and elongated in the process! At Scheveningen a pretty mansion, surrounded by a hedge, is not an unobtainable ideal—and certainly not for the successful artist.

For all this, the people of Scheveningen are not cut off from the world at large, with its varied impressions and inspirations, an advantage that is of no small consideration in the life of an artist.

On entering the vestibule of the Blommers' house, one is immediately struck by the all-

prevailing influence of good taste, and the domestic affection that takes delight in beautifying the home in which it harbours its greatest treasures. There is no decorative over-loading, but everywhere the atmosphere of comfort pervails. From a hook under the staircase dangles the cage of the cherished parrot. He is always providing fresh amusement for the children, and startling visitors, who, perhaps, venturing out of the waiting-room to take another peep at the art treasures in the hall, suddenly hear themselves shouted at.

Adjoining the hall is the large drawing-room, furnished with handsome old furniture. Here hangs a portrait of Mrs. Blommers, the good genius of the house. In the back room are a number of children's portraits. There are also two paintings of wild flowers—common wild flowers, gathered by the children on one of their

walks, and lightly and rapidly thrown on to the canvas by Blommers. Their reproduction seems to have been the result of a sudden impulse, and the treatment charmingly suggests the fragile nature and fleeting beauty of these true children of nature.

The studio is upstairs, at the back of the house, and stretches across the whole breadth. It is large even for the Hague. The light that falls on to the spot where the artist works can be tempered and directed in various ways.

Of course the walls are covered with



WILLEM.

studies and souvenirs of student days. Among them a picture of one of his children, by Maris, a landscape by Bock, a seascape by Mesdez, and an original etching by Millet after "The Gleaners." There is nothing else that is striking, only the usual

Blommers on many matters, but the gift of interviewing was evidently not mine, and when this artist begins to speak on art his remarks are too precious to be interrupted, and they are not easily forgotten.



R. J. BLOMMERS.

requisites, without any pretension or ostentation. All that is wanted for honest hard work, in striving to follow Nature's guidance, is there. "Hunting for effect" is evidently not in the artist's plan of action.

I had come with the intention of questioning

That morning, sitting in the train, I had once again been struck by what had often before impressed me in comparing the nature of the climate of Holland with that of other countries; the atmosphere co-operates at every hour of the day in producing a harmony of colours, one either seeks

in vain elsewhere, or is not equally impressed by. And I said (rather awkwardly and amateurishly, it seemed to me), "In our country one must indeed be void of perception to have no feeling for colour. Beautiful blending of colour meets one at every turn. Day by day one can go by the same way, and day by day look around one with the same

put in one unnecessary touch. If he did so, the balance would be lost. He knows exactly where each item in his composition should be inserted and where it should be suppressed. With regard to fresh impressions the 'viewed' changes with the 'viewer'. You are not always in accord with the former, and you do not always look at it in the



PIERRE.

pleasure. Everywhere one sees motives, and every day they are new."

"Yes, indeed," replied Blommers, "only colour—what you call colour—is not the main thing in a painting. One can paint a good picture without realistic colouring, simply with white and brown. But a painting must have character, and the balance between light and dark must be true. Look at the work of a good master! He does not

same way. One man sees it one way, and another differently."

I thought of these words next day. Roelofs was celebrating his seventieth birthday, and all the artists and admirers of the fêted one found their way to his house, where the solemn presentation of his portrait, beautifully painted by Israël, took place. It was here that a discussion arose as to whether Roelofs was really the man who



PICK-A-BACK.

had rediscovered the Dutch landscape. When, forty years ago, he immigrated from Brussels to Dordrecht, other artists resident there were emigrating to Guelder. Everyone went to Guelder. Nature was there. Elsewhere tiresome puddles and pollards and lonely willows. No one could imagine what Roelofs saw in them.

What wonders of beauty he sought, and what he, what Gabriel and others *found* there we now know. The "view" is the same that it has always been, but the "viewers" have changed.

Somewhat similar remarks might be made about Blommers. He did not *discover* Scheveningen—that happened long before he began to paint—but he saw there what others did not see. He was able to appreciate the originality of the Scheveninger peasantry, out of doors and indoors. What he handles is characteristic and true; to each subject touched by his brush, he leaves the stamp of its individual character.

The same scenes, but a different, a decidedly different observer.

After we had been chatting awhile, Mrs. Blommers entered, carrying her youngest child, Thérèse, on her arm. Such a dear little thing, this baby is, with large, bright, black eyes, and as cute as a grown-up person! She seemed to guess instinctively that I appreciated her father, and was here with the best intentions, for she clearly made love to me, and we were on the best possible terms. Perhaps my spectacles had something to do with her devotion; those bright, mysterious shields have a great fascination for some babies.

One does not *know* Blommers without knowing his wife. Anyone who could make her acquaintance without esteeming and admiring her, does not realise the immense value of a careful, clever, original wife's co-operation in the life of an artist.

One ought to drop in on this family in the evening, at tea-time. Such a troop of children gather round the great round table! Johanna, Bart, Maria, Bernadine, Pierre, Willem, Henriette; the smallest of all, Thérèse, belongs as yet to the outer world. They are all good loveable children. The portrait of some of them appear among the illustrations. They are neither



PIERRE.



A STUDY IN BLACK CHALK.

quarrelsome nor forward, and if any are inclined to be troublesome, one word, one look from their mother is sufficient to quiet the rising storm.

"Order must be," says Mrs. Blommers, "or no one could endure life among these lively folk."

So obedience and regularity are always the order of the day, and one is conscious of the beneficent rule of a good house-mother.

Yet not only a *house mother*, Mrs. Blommers is quite as truly the cheerful companion of her husband, full of interest in his work, and in the world of art.

She has that innate instinct for the true and beautiful, that can stand unbiassed by extraneous influences, and give a verdict that never fails to hit the mark.

No wonder that Blommers greatly values her

judgment, and jokingly calls her "his public." No portrait gives a fair idea of this woman. One must see her speaking. Her eyes are full of life and fire, while she chooses her words with an unconscious eloquence that engrosses the interest of her listeners. She is always gracious, always kind, full of originality and clever ideas.

Something of the peace of a Sabbath morning rests on Blommers' household, and his guests carry some of it away with them. For Blommers is like his wife. He belongs to that class of artists who make the charm of their profession glorify their lives.

He is never ponderous, sententious, or niggling, but brilliant and sparkling. He himself is as healthy as his art. Speaking and listening with interest, he is a great enthusiast for all that is beautiful, and shows the vitality of his impressions and convictions in his conversational gestures. It is the same with his art: it is full of feeling and life. Now a cheery, well-warmed interior, now a sunny coast, or a sudden shower, out of which the people huddle together under the shelter of a fishing-boat.

We had spoken about some drawing that was to be used as an illustration of his style in publishing this paper, and I expressed a wish to see the original.

Blommers rummaged for it in a bulky portfolio. It was not there. In another even more unwieldy one it was not forthcoming. At last—there it was—and he pulled it out.

What a legion of sketches and scribbles I had caught a glimpse of? How these artists have worked! How they still work!

The other day I went to an exhibition of the works of Bosboom in Pulchri. There were 125



VILLAGE SCENE IN GUELDER.
(Reproduced from a Chalk Drawing.)

sketches, drawings, scribbles, hunted up out of forgotten drawers and old portfolios. There were a good many things among them that the

master had never intended for exhibition, and that an art-critic would have liked to weed out ; but as they hung, they bore testimony to



VILLAGE SCENE IN NORTH BRABANT.
(Reproduced from a Chalk Drawing.)

years of earnest, constant study that preceded success.

The father of Blommers was a lithographer, and Blommers himself was destined for this profession. But the friendship of Maris and Mesker, and other students of the Hague, made him feel with ever-growing certainty what his real calling would be. When his friends sallied forth to

next to a large painting by Israël. The personal acquaintance of the two great painters began on the coast of Scheveningen, where Israël, seated on a camp-stool, was making charming studies of the sea, when he became aware of the fact that his neighbour draughtsman had been his neighbour (and even a very good neighbour) at the exhibition. Since then Israël has been a staunch friend



DRAWING IN BLACK CHALK.

sketch from Nature, Blommers went with them. His lithographing work was not neglected; he worked at that in the night-time.

Finally, he succeeded in becoming a student of the Academy, and in 1869 he exhibited his first picture.

It immediately excited attention, and was hung

to Blommers, and if anyone wants to see Blommers in a fit of enthusiasm, he cannot do better than start the subject of Israël.

The National Gallery of Amsterdam is in possession of two well-known pictures by Blommers—"The Shrimp-fishers," fisher-children dragging a basket through the shallows, others in the distance

floating little vessels in the puddles; a second, smaller one, represents a girl knitting on the sea-shore.

Teyler's Union owns one of his beautiful water-colour drawings. In the gallery at Munich is one of his pictures. A very popular painting, entitled, "How do you do, father?" is in a famous collection at Zurich.

Many of Blommers' pictures are in England,

Holland on purpose to see the artist, of whose work he had a specimen in his collection. It was only some time after this visit that Blommers casually heard from other Americans that his visitor was a person of distinction.

It is impossible to form a fair judgment of the extreme beauty of Blommers' pictures unless one has seen them. There is still an ever-growing host of studies in his studio. Interiors, exteriors,



MARIE.

some went to Glasgow and Edinburgh with Mr. Forbes' collection. Where they are at the present moment I am unable to say.

Not long ago an eminent art-amateur came to see Blommers in the person of a clergyman from Boston, Mr. Philip Brooks. This gentleman had been preaching in London, and had come over to

villages, cottagers at their meals, with their little children, the latter as greedy and eager as young pelicans. In times to come, the world will be delighted with beautiful pictures evolved from these studies.

One of Blommers' best studies is entitled, "Where are the doves?" The scene is placed in a

picturesque Scheveningen interior. The floor is tiled and matted; from the brown rafters of the ceiling hangs an osier birdcage, its delicate yellowish hue relieving the heavy brown interior. In the

cage are the doves in question. The centre of the picture is occupied by the sturdy figure of the mother, holding up her little child to look at the doves.



CHALK DRAWING.

A S W A N.

EMBLEM of love unmarr'd
 By earthly hand,
 Passion so pure, so still,
 Its joy to stand
 Watching the form below'd,
 Inspir'd, inspiring, grand.

Lifting thy pinions white
 With tender motion,
 Mirror'd more fair than aught
 On earth or ocean,
 Emblem art thou of love,
 Love's pureness, love's devotion.

A. R. WILLIAMS.



THE VICTORIAN ERA.

(FIRST HALF: 1837-65.)

JOHN KIRKPATRICK.

LECTURE IX.

LORD DERBY'S ADMINISTRATION—DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—NAPOLEON III.—LORD ABERDEEN'S ADMINISTRATION—DOMESTIC AFFAIRS—CRIMEAN WAR—PALMERSTON SUCCEEDS ABERDEEN—PEACE OF PARIS—PERSIA—INDIA.

OUR last two chapters afforded us a bird's-eye view of Lord John Russell at home, and of Lord Palmerston abroad. Our present chapter, extending from February, 1852, to March, 1857, begins at home, but soon carries us to sad and troublous scenes on the continent of Europe and Asia. We have seen that the dismissal of Palmerston from the Cabinet was almost immediately followed by the exit of Russell himself. The Liberal Cabinet having thus fallen to pieces, Lord Derby was called upon to form a new one out of Conservative materials. And though his materials were scanty, the Peelites or free-trade Conservatives not being available, he succeeded remark-

ably well. As Lord Stanley, the new Prime Minister had already made his mark in 1830, when he sat in the famous Reform Cabinet, and his new Ministry included such celebrities as Disraeli and Salisbury, besides other members of eminent respectability. But, in spite of its fair seeming, the new Cabinet lacked the elements of stability. Within, as two only of its thirteen members had ever sat in a Cabinet before, it lacked experience; without, there was an adverse majority in the House of Commons. Almost exclusively representing the landed interest, the Cabinet would fain have reversed the free-trade policy of Peel and Russell, under which the country had wonderfully prospered, and would have returned to Protection; but Derby prudently announced that he would leave this momentous issue to the arbitrament of a new Parliament. Meanwhile, therefore, the Ministry could do little else than walk circumspectly in the footsteps of the late Government. With the aid of many of their

political opponents, they accordingly passed their new Militia Bill, a greatly improved edition of Russell's, but clearly they could do little more. Inseparable from the interesting history of the British Army, that of the militia dates from Anglo-Saxon times. For the present we need only note the important fact that, ever since the dawn of our national history, every male member of the community has, in theory at least, been liable to serve in the army for the defence of his country. Down to 1757 each parish had to provide its own contingent of men to the national levies. The liability was then transferred more directly to every member of the community, the lieutenants of counties being empowered to select the quota of each parish by ballot. During the French War at the beginning of this century the old or regular militia was supplemented by a new local militia, which was also levied by ballot, but could only be called out in great emergencies for purposes of local defence. After the war the annual training was discontinued; in 1829 the ballot (a modified kind of "conscription") was suspended, and from that period down to the critical year 1848 the militia was in abeyance. At length, in 1852, the Militia Act of the Derby administration reconstituted the regular militia, which was henceforth to be raised by voluntary enlistment, and might, on emergency, be required to serve in any part of the British Empire. At the same time it was provided that the ballot, or conscription, might still be enforced if voluntary recruiting should prove inadequate. On that footing the militia still subsists. We are, happily, exempt from the grinding and crushing conscription prevalent in Germany, France, and several other countries, but our Government may still, when necessary, exact compulsory military service for defensive purposes. In times of peril, therefore, our "nation of shopkeepers," with the regular army, the militia, and the volunteer force as a nucleus, could easily shake off the old reproach. But, until such peril emerges, the commercial prosperity which yields the sinews of war is the "reserved force" that best guarantees our safety.

But after passing the important Militia Act and several minor measures, the Derby administration, according to promise, dissolved Parliament in July, and proceeded to ask the constituencies

whether they were in favour of returning to Protection. The answer was decidedly negative, for the Liberal and Peelite opposition outnumbered the Conservatives by fifty-five. But the death-warrant of the Ministry had yet to be signed by Parliament itself. Villiers, one of the foremost champions of free-trade, took the first step in this direction. He proposed that the House of Commons should pronounce the Free-trade policy of the preceding administrations to have been "wise, just, and beneficial." These epithets, as Disraeli expressed it, were "odious" to the Protectionist Ministry; yet, when Palmerston proposed a similar motion, attributing the prosperity of the country to Free-trade, but omitting these epithets, the Government thought proper to accept it. The motion was accordingly carried by a large majority, and with the aid of their opponents the Government thus obtained a reprieve. Protectionists at heart, they were now committed to a policy of Free-trade. Certainly not an enviable predicament. But the genius of Disraeli was equal to the occasion. Lately the foremost champion of Protection, he now professed unbounded belief in Free-trade, while still desirous of securing some compensation for the landed interest. As Chancellor of the Exchequer, he prefaced his budget with a long and brilliant speech; but in the Budget itself he proposed little for the benefit of trade, while for the relief of the landowners he proposed to reduce the duty on malt and hops by increasing the income-tax and house-duty of the £10 householders. The transference of a burden from a small and wealthy class to a large and comparatively poor class may sometimes be just, but is sure to be unpopular; and in consequence of this and other serious blemishes, the Budget was rejected on 16th December. The last feeble effort of Protection thus received its death-blow, and for the last forty years Free-trade has remained supreme. Derby of course resigned, and in a few days the Conservative Government was succeeded by a coalition Cabinet of Liberals and Peellites, under the presidency of Lord Aberdeen.

During the Parliamentary recess, on 14th September, 1852, died one of the greatest and worthiest men that England has ever produced. The Duke of Wellington, the Iron Duke, the hero of the Peninsula and Waterloo, and the wise

statesman who probably averted civil war by conceding relief to Dissenters in 1829 and to Roman Catholics in 1830, and by inducing the House of Lords to withdraw their opposition to Reform in 1832, belongs to an earlier period of our history. Suffice it here to say that his great public services are almost without parallel, and that, although his abilities were not of the highest order, his admirable judgment and his signal success, both on the battle-field and in the senate, justly caused him to be regarded as the saviour of his country. Scarcely had the conqueror of the great Napoleon been buried when Napoleon, "*le petit*," comes prominently on the scene. On 1st December he was proclaimed Emperor by an immense majority of the electorate. Little did they dream that their new idol would one day ruin their country. Meanwhile, however, the horizon was unclouded, France seemed to bask in sunshine, and though Russia made a lame attempt to save her dignity by addressing the *parvenu* sovereign as "*mon cher ami*," Britain readily acknowledged him in orthodox phrase as "*mon frère*."

That England does not love coalitions, as Disraeli had bitterly remarked, is partly true; but the term is not quite accurately applied to the Aberdeen Cabinet, as its Peelite members (Aberdeen, Gladstone, and others) were much more akin to its Liberal members (Russell, Palmerston, Granville, Argyll) than to the Conservative party from which they had seceded; and it is certain that this Cabinet fairly represented the majority in the House of Commons for the time being. Rarely, if ever, has a Cabinet embraced so many illustrious names; but, chiefly in consequence of the Crimean War, its performance was destined to fall short of its promise. Foremost among domestic affairs comes the introduction of the Budget by Gladstone, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, in April, 1853. Bold, masterly, and comprehensive, it marks an important epoch in financial history. For it abolished or reduced all duties on necessities of life. On 143 items, of which tea was the chief, the duty was materially reduced, while the duty on soap and 123 other articles was entirely abolished. At the same time, the income-tax was gradually to be reduced. The welcome relief thus afforded to the community amounted to upwards of five millions per annum, and the deficit thus caused was to be met by the imposi-

tion of a succession-duty, a slight extension of income-tax, and an increase in the duties on Scotch and Irish spirits. Although the succession-duty afterwards yielded less than expected, and the war made it impossible to reduce the income-tax, this Budget may be regarded as a triumph of the art of enabling the nation to live within its income, and of extracting that income from its pockets in the least objectionable manner. Among other domestic affairs, we may note the rejection by the Lords, in 1853, of a Bill to enable Jews to sit in Parliament. These august and austere legislators had rejected similar Bills in 1833 and 1848, but they relented in 1858, when Jews were at last admitted to the full privileges of citizenship. To the year 1854 belongs the University Reform Act—an important measure based upon the report of a Royal Commission. Hitherto the English universities had been monastic, mediæval, and exclusive in their system. At Cambridge a Non-conformist could not graduate; at Oxford, he could not even enter the academic precincts; and at both many of the fellowships were limited to their founders' kin. These and other barriers were now swept away, and the old monastic form of government replaced by a more representative system. Although still connected with the Church of England, the universities were thus rendered more thoroughly national; and, although their ruin was predicted by believers in protection and privilege, their prosperity has greatly increased. There is, however, room for further improvement, and among reforms of the future it is hoped that the admission of women to fuller academic privileges (as in Scotland) will be included.

What was the origin of the Crimean War? Between whom was it waged? What were its results? These important questions at once carry us to strange and distant scenes. How absurd, how shameful it seems that some petty squabble between kings or their ministers should plunge mighty nations in bloodshed and ruin! But the outward and visible *casus belli* is seldom the real motive power of the war. Now, in the case of the Crimean War, the ultimate motive power is to be found in the so-called Eastern Question, that is, the international relations of Russia, Turkey, India, and the adjoining countries. Russia, with her vast territory, has very little seaboard, and naturally seeks an outlet

through the Bosphorus. Could she but gain possession of Constantinople, her resources and her power would be enormously increased, and the avenues to Egypt and to India would lie open to her. For the present, Turkey bars the way, and Britain, therefore, naturally desires to maintain her "integrity." But the Turk is a sick man, truly said Emperor Nicholas; he will soon die: let us divide his inheritance. Yes, he is very sick, Britain could not help admitting; but he will recover, and, besides, we are too virtuous to covet other people's territory, and, in any case (this *sotto voce*), we are determined that *you* shall not get any share of the spoil. But, in her inmost heart, Britain has long been quite aware that the Turk is sick unto death, and that all her queen's horses and all her queen's men cannot recover him of his sickness. Who, then, are to be his heirs? Not Britain (for she is too virtuous, and she could not keep the inheritance if she had it); not Russia or Austria (for the balance of power would thus be destroyed): hence the policy of Britain to encourage the development of independent Danubian Principalities, as barriers to the advance of Russia; and hence the anxiety of Russia to be the "protector" of these little states. A comparison of the map of Turkey in Europe in 1816 with a map of the same region in 1892 shows us at a glance how rapidly the sick man is dying of atrophy. Within that interval he has lost Greece on the south and several of the Danubian Principalities on the north; and, if Bulgaria succeeds in throwing off his nominal yoke, Roumelia and Epirus alone will be left to him. And when it is remembered that a large number of his remaining population in Europe are Christians (chiefly Greeks and Slavs), it is almost certain that he will soon be squeezed out of Europe altogether. We have digressed and anticipated; but the Crimean War is better understood when surveyed from the vantage-ground of 1892 than from a nearer point of view.

Ever since the Crusades the Holy Places of Palestine have been visited by hosts of pilgrims of the Roman and Greek Churches, both of which claimed a joint guardianship of the shrines. In the free-thinking eighteenth century the rights of the Latin monks were neglected, but in 1850 Louis Napoleon resolved to revive them. France accordingly championed the rights of the Latin,

and Russia those of the Greek monks. The Porte proposed a compromise which pleased neither party. In 1853 Britain intervened and sent Stratford de Redcliffe to Constantinople to bring about a settlement. At the same time Russia sent Menschikoff thither with a new demand that the Porte should recognise the right of Russia to protect all the Greek Catholics in Turkey. The original question about the Holy Places was soon settled, but the Porte, by Stratford's advice, refused the new demand, which would have placed millions of Turkish subjects under Russian control. Hence the war. Stratford was mainly responsible for it; the British Ministry, with too little independent inquiry or consideration, endorsed his action; and Britain was thus drawn into a disastrous war about matters with which she had no direct concern. Within the limits of a mere sketch we cannot enter into the details of the war, but several points deserve special notice. One is that the people of Britain, in the year 1853, were hotly in favour of the war; another is that Russia was by no means wholly in the wrong; a third that Mr. Kinglake, the chief English historian of the war, is strongly biased against Russia; and a fourth that Britain sadly mismanaged the war. Britain was, indeed, signally successful at Alma and Inkerman, and nothing could surpass the brilliant and heroic charges of the Heavy and the Light Brigade at Balaklava; but personal heroism could not make up for official blundering. And, accordingly, at the close of the eventful year 1854, Lord Derby and Mr. Roebuck in Parliament, as well as the *Times* and other newspapers, agreed in condemning the conduct of the war. Against these attacks, well-grounded as they were, the Ministry could not stand, and on 31st January, 1855, Aberdeen was compelled to resign. Aberdeen had been an admirable Foreign Secretary, but was not a successful Premier. He had been forced into a war of which he disapproved, and his conduct of the war was therefore almost inevitably unsatisfactory. Clearly a War Minister was needed, and such a Minister the Queen and the nation found in Palmerston. With Palmerston's accession to office the Coalition Ministry is at an end, for Gladstone and the other Peelites now follow their late chief into retirement. The administration is now Liberal; but the fact that the late Derby Ministry had made

overtures to Palmerston shows that the new Premier was generally considered one of those best national statesmen who are always to be found near the dividing line between the political parties.

Brilliant as had been the triumphs of British valour in the Crimea, the fall of Sebastopol was mainly due to the successful attacks of the French. But the French were getting tired of the war, and proposing to withdraw; the Russians had lost an untold number of lives besides many millions of money, and the British could not safely continue the war without their French allies. All parties were therefore ready to accept an ultimatum drawn up by Austria and presented to Russia in January, 1856, and the peace founded upon it was signed at Paris on 30th March. Britain alone had lost 28,000 brave soldiers, and spent over thirty millions of money. What did she purchase at so dear a price? Chiefly the neutralisation of the Black Sea, the free navigation of the Danube, and a guarantee of the privileges of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Servia. In 1870, in the hour of France's deep humiliation, Russia claimed free access to the Black Sea, and in 1871 Britain was obliged to acquiesce. What benefit from the Crimean War now remains to her? Visibly the autonomy of the Danubian Principalities alone, as a barrier between Russia and Constantinople; but morally the gain to Britain has been incalculably greater. After the long peace which succeeded the great French War the world had begun to regard her as enervated, effeminate, cowardly; the Crimean War went far to redeem her character and to revive her ancient prestige.

Our present chapter carries us in the last place to Persia and India. The policy of Britain on the north-western frontiers of India, like her policy on the lower part of the Danube, has always been to interpose barriers against the advance of Russia. As Herat has long been considered the key to India in this direction, British policy therefore desires it to be in neutral hands. On the death of its able ruler, Yar Mohammed, in 1851, anarchy supervening, the Persians occupied the city, and when the Crimean War broke out they sympathised with Russia. Herat in possession of

a friend of Russia: imagine the dismay of British statesmen! A *casus belli*, of course. When Britain and Russia concluded peace, poor Persia agreed to evacuate Herat, but Britain, demanding reparation for other alleged grievances, harshly continued the war, and inflicted several defeats on the Persians. Mark, however, one of the advantages of constitutional government. The British public expressed disapproval of the war, whereupon Palmerston hastened to concede to public opinion what he had lately refused to the overtures of the Persians.

Last, and in some respects greatest, of all our themes is India. Scarcely was the ink of the Peace of Paris dry when dark, lowering clouds gathered ominously over the northern provinces of our great Indian Empire. One cannot look deeply into the history of India without recalling the fabulous Oriental scenes of the Arabian Nights, but we can only now glance at a few prosaic facts. By the recent annexation of the Punjab, Sattara, Lower Burmah, and Oudh, under Lord Dalhousie, the British Empire in India (if you will look at the map) had been greatly consolidated, but, at the same time, many of the natives alienated. For Dalhousie, in his laudable desire to sweep away native mal-administration and extortion, had disregarded many native rights and prejudices. Mutiny had, therefore, broken out in native regiments hitherto noted for their fidelity, and, under Canning's *régime*, which began in 1856, the discontent reached its climax. To dethrone a native prince, anointed of the Lord, to deny the claims of his rightful heir, to send Hindoo troops beyond sea or "across the black water," and thus imperil their caste, to put raw and inexperienced European officers over the heads of well-educated and trustworthy natives, to deprive the landed gentry of their ancient rights or the sepoy of his pay—all these enormities might have been borne with resignation but for the crowning enormity of the new greased cartridge. If the grease was the grease of a pig, its touch defiled the Mohammedan soldier; if the grease of the sacred ox, its contact doomed the poor Hindoo to loss of caste in this world and everlasting perdition in the next!

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

- I. Contrast the British Army system with that of Germany or of France.
- II. Discuss the policy and the results of the Crimean War.
- III. Explain the chief principles of the Liberals, Conservatives, and Peelites respectively at this period.

Please answer one, or at most two, of these questions, and state the total number of words (which must not exceed 500) contained in your answer or answers. Answers to be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R.U., ATALANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., on or before 25th June.

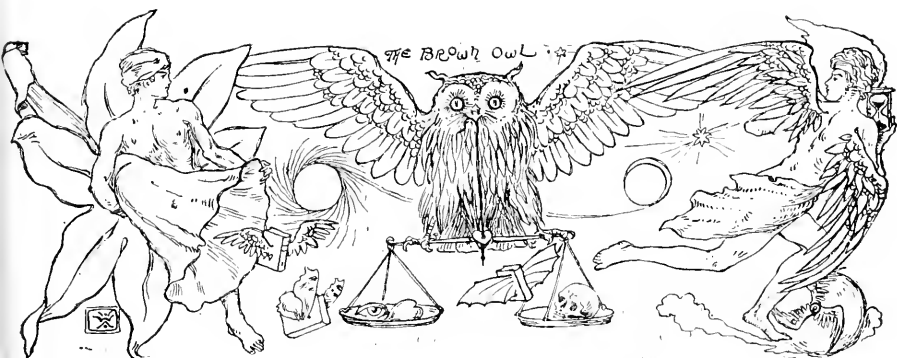
SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

- I. What event is commemorated in these lines? 2. Give name of author.
 "O Captain! My Captain! Our fearful trip is done;
 The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
 But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies
 Fallen cold and dead."
- II. What does Bacon call the "four pillars of Government"?
 Give the real name and occupation of Mr. Horatio Sparkins.
- IV. What were the various lines of work taken up by Miss Robina, Miss Anne, Miss Sarah, and Miss Amelia Perkins?
- V. State if you know anything about the following:—1. Mons. Meg. 2. A "Tappit Hen." 3. An "Andrew Ferrara."
- VI. Who was the "Friend" of "Monsieur the Viscount"?

All readers of ATALANTA may send in answers to the above questions. Reply-Papers should be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R.U., ATALANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, and must be sent in before 15th June. They should have the words "Search Questions" on the cover.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (MAY).

- I. The lines refer to the death of Charles I. They were written by the great Marquis of Montrose when the news was brought to him in Holland.
- II. "Below the thunders of the upper deep;
 Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea,
 His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep
 The Kraken sleepeth."
 TENNYSON.
- III. "I could never look on it in the light of a recreation to have my ears teased with measured noises," said Mr. Casaubon. "A tune much iterated has the ridiculous effect of making the words in my mind perform a sort of minuet to keep time—an effect hardly tolerable, I imagine, after boyhood."
 GEORGE ELIOT'S *Middlemarch*.
- IV. The "sleepers" were Tristram and Iseult of Ireland, just after their death in Brittany. The "Hunter," and the forest scene were figures woven in tapestry on the walls of the room.
 MATTHEW ARNOLD'S *Tristram and Iseult*.
- V. 1. Rome. 2. "She who was named Eternal."
 Child's *Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto IV., St. 84.
- VI. The words were carved on a broken oar, flung up by the waves at the feet of a poet. He wrote them as the closing words of his book.
 LONGFELLOW.
- VII. Oshaldstone Hall.
 SCOTT'S *Rob Roy*.
- VIII. 1. The allusion is to Joel, chap. iii., v. 14, 15. 2. The lines occur in Swinburne's *By the North Sea*.
- IX. The Seeker; Dr. Cacaphodel; Master Ichabod Figsnort; the Cynic; the Poet; Lord de Vere; and the young Husband and Wife, Matthew and Hannah.
 NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S *Twice Told Tales*.



THE VIRTUES OF DRESS,

PART II.

WHEN we come to the question of elegance of attire, the question of expense enters in.

Of course, no girl or young married woman ought to spend on her dress a penny more than she can afford; nor should she be always thinking, and contriving, and turning over this thing and that so as to keep pace with every fleeting whim of fashion. That is cruel waste of what is more valuable than money—precious time and thought. But without any such waste a great deal may be done to preserve a pleasant exterior, simply by considering it *worth while* to do so. Often it is nothing but sheer indolence and contemptuous disregard for the opinion of the family circle which causes a neglect of the virtue of dress. A daughter of the house, knowing that nobody is coming to dinner, will put on an old, dirty, faded, and stained evening-dress, which “is on its last legs,” and which she wishes to wear out; she will put it on, moreover, heedless that some of the ribbon-loops are hanging loose, and that the stitching in several quarters has given way. She would not dream of *being seen* in the old rag—as she herself terms it—but, as there are only papa and the boys at home to-night, what does it matter? Any thing will do for them. I own I love to see—as I have seen—such a one caught now and again. I remember an occasion—years ago—on which just such a slovenly young lady got very nicely trapped in her own net; for she had been besought to be a

little more punctilious, and assured that her pretty hair, which was very lovely and golden, was done scant justice to, when allowed to remain tumbled and rough just as the winds had left it during hours of out-door exercise. Well, she would not be persuaded; and on this precise occasion when, late and breathless she flew in, half her buttons unfastened, and the old ball dress trailing a yard of torn lace behind, there stood some one—you can guess the sort of some one, can't you?—on whom my young friend particularly desired to make a good impression! N.B.—I don't think he ever quite got over it—but all that is an old story now—and 'twas “all for the best,” as the story-books say.

Even when nothing so serious happens, it does seem as if perversity often prompts an unthinking brother or cousin to bring home a friend before whom he wishes his own people to shine, just when the principal person concerned has chosen not to take the trouble to shine, and though he will get sharply rated presently, and told that he had no business to bring *anyone* home without warning, no one will sympathise with the girl whose slovenly habits have thus put her to the blush.

There is no need for finery; a little care and a little effort at taste is all we plead for; but if the purse and position admit, there is a certain charm about delicate tints and fair, soft draperies that

may surely be used to brighten the home evening.

Nearly all professional men—and these are the men with whom, probably, the bulk of my young readers have to do—pass the greatest portion of their lives in dingy streets and offices, seeing nothing but sombre manly gear, and having but little of beauty or of brightness enter into their working hours. Let their evenings be gilt-edged. Joyfully bedeck that cheerful, restful season. You don't know what it means to them; how it cheers them, how it chases away the cobwebs, to have a few pleasant hours amid harmonious surroundings. And don't say that this can be done without *dress*. Good humour and agreeable conversation, and music and the prattle of little children will do a great deal, but they cannot make the room *look* cheering to the eye, and there is a great deal in this look. A young merchant said once to the writer, speaking of his lately wedded wife, who adorned her home by virtues, and fringed it, moreover, with every form of daintiness and prettiness: "I cannot tell you what it is to me to see Edith's *white frock* waiting for me at the gate every evening. I begin to look forward to that *white frock* directly I leave the office." Perhaps you will think it was his "Edith" herself, and not her "white frock," he really looked forward to. So it was, of course—most; but not altogether. Years passed, and neither frequent delicacy of health nor the cares of a numerous family led to any deterioration of care to look lovely in his eyes on the part of this happy wife and mother. The "white frock" had indeed to give place in time to soberer attire befitting the matron; but that attire was always as carefully chosen and as becomingly worn as in the first blush of the honeymoon. And what was her reward? I believe, and I say it advisedly it was in a great degree to this care and this studiousness to please, that the affection for which this fond pair were noted on every hand was due.

Oh, if young wives would only beware of slovenliness! I know they are tempted to it. Coming, perhaps, out of a big house, where there are many coming and going, to a small one where they are alone most of the day, there is *nothing to dress for*, they are apt to think—at any rate, until the evening comes. Then, perhaps, the robust vigour of girlhood is for the nonce in

abeyance. It really is an effort to go upstairs to change the warm, thick morning dress even for the cooler and easier evening one. And it is not entirely indolence which makes the thought of doing so unbearable.

"I feel so tired; I really *can't* go upstairs. My husband would not wish it. He is so kind; I know he will excuse me, he would far rather see me as I am than have me worry about it, and over-exert myself." I hear such an one say. But then, why tell him it was a "worry"? He has had his worries too; and it won't help him to throw them off, to come home and find a warm, close, stuffy apartment, whose window has not been opened, whose fire is low, and when his wife, in her dark morning dress, lies on the sofa, and looks up with a yawn on his approach. It would help him—help him immensely—if, instead of this, he were met by the cheery welcome, the glowing hearth, the freshly aired room, and, above all, by the dear form of his household goddess, gaily, smartly, fascinatingly, attired for him, and for him alone! It would show him that she cares for his approval, but, apart from that, it would recall the girl he brought from her father's home, the vision of what caught his fancy first. A bride has always some pretty robe or other in her *trousseau*, not out of place for the home fireside. I ask her, "Don't be chary of putting it on. Don't save it for company and occasional wear. Let the eyes that love you best rest upon it to refresh and reward them after the day of toil." The sight will act like magic on the tired spirit. In a moment the burden and heat of the day will be forgotten. The load will slip from the shoulders, even as in the "Pilgrim's Progress" Christian's load slipped from his, of its own accord. The husband, honoured by these simple means, feels a new spring of life in his own breast. He will fly to get rid of his own dust and dishevelment. He will sing to himself as he makes haste to rejoin his fair partner. And it seems to me that the man whose wife is thus careful to preserve him from any chance of disillusion, need not fear in graver and in deeper matters the chill of disappointment.

L. B. Walford.

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THE air is full of Prodigies. Last month Jean Gerardy and Otto Hegner alone kept the concert-goers busy. This month the names of

two others come out of the horizon towards us. But neither of these is a small boy. Madame Patti is once more in England, having recovered, as I trust, from the shock she so lately received in the death of the hairless pet poodle—and whom they have interred very softly in an amber silk-lined coffin, heavy with solid silver. The prima-donna of English affections—whose nationality, by the way, has been claimed by half the nations of Europe, not to mention America, where, as a child, she was educated—will sing in the Albert Hall on the 11th; and possibly again about the middle of June.

But the Prodigy of the month is, undoubtedly, Mdle. Jeanne Douste de Fortis—a wonder-child, who, for some sixteen years now, has worn her musical laurels with an unaffectedness and sincerity that belongs of right, and only, to the consummate artist. The sisters, Mdles. Jeanne and Louise Douste de Fortis, have now returned from their musical triumphs in Paris, and Mdle. Louise has already arranged for a series of Chamber Concerts (June 7, 25, and July 5) at Prince's Hall. For Mdle. Louise, like her accomplished sister, is a brilliant and popular pianist.

Jeanne Douste, it will be remembered, began her career as a Prodigy at the tender age of four, some sixteen years ago. At five she received the baptism of playing at Buckingham Palace, and accepting a gold and pearl cross from the hands of Her Majesty in person. I have no space here to follow the fascinating history and successes of this wonderful French-English maiden, but it has been one of universal recognition. The sisters, of course, have toured largely in America, and spent much time in Paris. In Paris, Mdle. Jeanne is almost better known than in England.

The earliest master of her childhood was Mons. Montier de Fontaine. Later she has studied under Leonhard Emil Bach, to whom, no doubt, she is indebted for much of the flexibility and precision which so strongly characterise her *technique*.

Mdle. Jeanne Douste de Fortis has a catholic taste in Composers. At the Steinway Hall, in March, and during her recent stay in Paris, Rubinstein alone formed her programme; but she is not tied in the least. Perhaps if a choice were demanded, Mdle. Douste would choose Chopin as the ideal of musicians, but, as I have

said, her taste is all-embracing. Last year the wide range of her power of interpretation was shown forcibly in this country in a series of Historical Concerts, which began with Bird and Bach and travelled thence to the latest among the musicians of to-day. Mdle. Jeanne Douste is giving a number of concerts this month, which will be duly announced.

V. Cecil Cotes.

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MR. W. S. GILBERT is the King of Topsy-Turveydom, and his latest success at the Lyric Theatre shows that his old sway has in no sense lost its vigour. *The Mountebanks*, like its predecessors, bubbles over with whimsical ideas. It is no depreciation to say that it possesses in a marked degree the same characteristics that distinguish this author's former work. The entertaining band of Sicilian brigands, whose motto is "Heroism without risk," and who pack themselves away in cotton-wool each night for fear of injury, cannot fail to recall memories of our old friends, the Pirates. Mr. Gilbert invests everything he touches with a flavour peculiarly his own. He gains his effects by a misleading mixture of ostentatious simplicity and real shrewdness. Half his humour seems to be nothing but the logical outcome of the most matter-of-fact train of reasoning. He seizes the elements that would go to make up a good melodrama, and then ravel them out to their primitive absurdity. Mock sentiment and mock romance afford him fair game for ridicule, and he treats them in the true spirit of burlesque. His mission seems to be to hurl down the idol of stage conventionality, and having successfully caricatured English sailors, soldiers, policemen, lawyers, learned ladies, and various fads of society, he now turns his attention to the fund of amusing material to be gleaned from other countries.

The scene of *The Mountebanks* is laid in Sicily, and the play takes its name from a company of strolling mummers, whose advent is indirectly responsible for the misadventure that presently overtakes all the characters. A certain alchemist has compounded a potion, which has the effect, when swallowed, of making the partaker become in reality what he has pretended to be in jest. The pretty young girl finds to her horror that she is indeed the decrepit old woman, whose guise she



MISS EVA MOORE AS MINESTRA.

has assumed for purposes of trickery; Bartolo, the clown, and Nita, the dancing-girl, change into a veritable clock-work Hamlet and Ophelia, and, however, diverting their mechanical woes may be to outsiders, to themselves they are the occasion of much gloom. Teresa, the village coquette, and Pietro, the proprietor of the troupe of mountebanks, also get their fitting punishment, and the spell is not removed until all the culprits have learnt their respective lessons in a way that affords ample amusement for the spectator.

The music of *The Mountebanks*, although it cannot be said to rival in charm much of Sir Arthur Sullivan's work, is very bright and taking. Whatever stern critics may say, the average intellect loves what Pietro would call "metrical and tuny verse," and plenty of this is to be found here. A very gay measure is the "High jerry, ho!" song, and the little snatches sung by Teresa, "Whispering Breeze," and "Willow, willow, where's my love?" are especially sweet and graceful. The comic element is abundantly supplied by such masters in the art as Mr. Harry Monkhouse, Lionel Brough, and Frank Wyatt; their energies never flag, and their humour is irresistible. The dialogue is as sparkling and witty as anything Mr. Gilbert has written. Perhaps the most thoroughly successful scenes in the play are those between the mounte-

banks themselves. The travesty of Hamlet and Ophelia could scarcely fail to raise a laugh from the most devout lover of the melancholy Dane.

M. M.

THE following, with regard to girl-life in Belgium, may be interesting:—

The *première communion* is, to the Belgian girl, the boundary of childhood and frontier of girlhood. It takes place at twelve or thirteen years, and is the occasion of family rejoicings. The *communicante* is the heroine of the hour; she wears her white dress and veil all day, takes the place of honour at the large dinner given by her parents, and receives gifts from all her relations and friends. The royal princesses of France were



MR. LIONEL BROUGH AS PIETRO.

The Mountebanks, Act I.

presented with a diamond necklace at this time ; and a Belgian girl, besides a watch, which is *de rigueur*, usually becomes the happy possessor of one or two *parures de jeune fille* in turquoises or pearls.

After this rather solemn entry into girlhood, she spends the following five or six years in a very quiet

duty. Breakfast is at eight, and this meal is followed by an object lesson on household management. She assists her mother in the house-keeping, orders dinner, gives out stores, wines, and linen, and thus gets a practical insight into the art of the *maitresse de maison*, which Belgian women excel in. The next hour or two are occupied in



MR. HARRY MONKHOUSE AND MISS AIDA JENOU'RE AS BARTOLO AND NITA.

The Mountebanks, Act II.

way between home and school. The books she reads are chosen for her by her mother or governess, and she does not walk the length of a street alone.

Then, after a fortnight in Paris, which is the first peep she gets of the outer world, she settles down to home life and occupations. The day begins early, and every hour has its appointed

practising or reading, and *déjeuner* is at twelve. The afternoon is spent in shopping, walking, and making or receiving calls, always *chaperoned* by her mother. Six is the dinner-hour ; the employment of the evening depends, of course, very much on the time of year. The "season" begins on January 1, and closes on Shrove Tuesday, and then two or three nights a week are devoted to

receptions, dances, balls, concerts, and the theatres; in the summer evenings there is music in the public gardens and promenades. Besides all this, many a pleasant hour is spent in a quieter way. Intimate friends meet at each other's houses, the ladies work, the men play cards, the young people amuse themselves; sometimes inducing their elders to join them in charades, proverbs, and guessing games with a gaiety and light-heartedness that is quite charming. Then there are the evenings quite *en famille*, with music or reading aloud, while the industrious hands are busy with the exquisite linen, which is such an item in a Belgian *trousseau*: for a bride commonly has her personal linen in sets of six dozen, and her household linen in corresponding quantities. Belgian girls marry earlier than we do. The system of the *dot* prevails in Belgium, and a penniless bride is almost a thing unheard of. The first Sunday after the suitor has been accepted, he makes his entry into the girl's house, and is introduced to her aunts and uncles and cousins, who are asked to meet him. The wedding follows within three months, and is a double ceremony—first the civil marriage at the Hotel de Ville, required by law; then the *benediction nuptiale* at church. With this ends her life as a *jeune fille* and from that day she takes up the wider, freer life of the *jeune femme*.

Florence F. Purvis.

I HAVE also received an account of Japanese girl-life from Tokyo, the truth of which can be vouched for. The writer is a young Japanese lady, and nothing has been altered.

JAPANESE GIRL-LIFE.

The life of the Japanese girls being now at the point of a great change—a change from a shut-in life to a very free one—there is no standard. As to their education, it differs so much that it is difficult which to write about. Some are sent to boarding-schools, while others are not sent to school at all, but taught by private teachers. But they all learn to speak English; and except those who are at the boarding-school, music and sewing form the greatest part of their lessons.

Until about twenty years ago, the education of girls was much neglected. Learning was considered utterly useless for them. Hence it is one of the greatest changes in their lives.

When they reach the age of seventeen or eighteen, they leave off studying, except music and

sewing (those who are at boarding-school often stay till they are twenty or twenty-five), and their mother takes them to meetings, parties, and to call on their friends. But they do not talk much, unless there are some young people with them. If, at a dinner, they happen to be seated near a young gentleman, they will be silent until the gentleman addresses them, then they can talk about music, theatres, or excursions, as the case might be. After dinner, when the tables are moved away, or sometimes they are led to another room, they smoke and talk. They carry, wherever they go, neat pipes and fine tobacco-pouches, much embroidered and ornamented. They are so pretty that even those who do not smoke carry them for ornament. Perhaps English readers will be interested to know how they marry.

Unlike most ladies of Europe, the Japanese ladies do not have much acquaintance with young gentlemen. Though there is nothing to prevent it, a young lady seldom meets or talks so freely to a young gentleman. Their meeting is only at parties, to which the girl comes attended by some elderly lady.

This habit probably comes from the custom which prevailed at the time of the feudal system, when ladies lived quite separate from men. As a matter of course, there is no opportunity for a man to propose to a girl. So when the parents of a girl think it time for her to be married, they choose, among their acquaintances, a suitable match.

This may seem to those who are not familiar with the Japanese customs, as if her parents were arranging the marriage all in their own way, entirely indifferent to the opinion of the girl. But the fact is quite different. If there is any unwillingness in the girl's mind, her parents do not have the least power to order or induce her to consent. All they do is to get another suitor, and consult with her in the same way, until they find one with whom she is contented. Thus it is almost like choosing for herself, only her parents limit the number to those whom they think to be good, and she has to choose among them. Of course, older people, having more experience than young, understand better about anything, so all the Japanese girls are ready to follow this rule.

July 20, 1891.

Taki Fukuzawa.

These filial sentiments on the part of a young Japanese girl might be followed with advantage by some of her English sisters.

L. T. Meade.



Caille, Sr.

ON HER WAY TO SCHOOL.

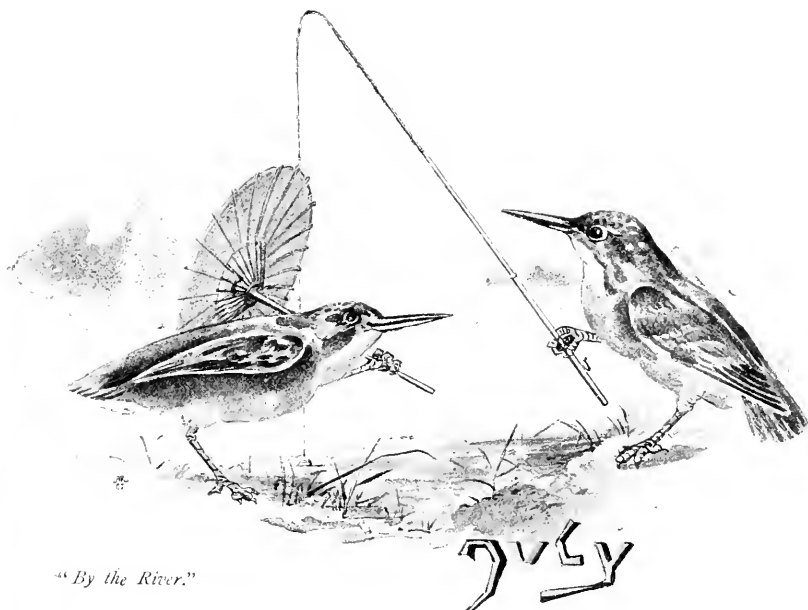
After the Picture by L. CAILLE.

ATALANTA

VOL. V.

JULY, 1892.

No. 58.



"By the River."

MY TERMINAL MORAINÉ.

FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady or the Tiger," &c. &c.

PART I.

A MAN'S birth is generally considered the most important event of his existence, but I truly think that what I am about to relate was more important to me than my entrance into this world; because, had not these things happened, I am of the opinion that my life would have been of no value to me and my birth a misfortune.

My father, Joshua Cuthbert, died soon after I came to my majority, leaving me what he had considered a comfortable property. This consisted of a large house and some forty acres of land, nearly the whole of which lay upon a bluff, which upon three sides descended to a little valley, through which ran a gentle stream. I had no brothers or sisters. My mother died when I was a boy, and I, Walter Cuthbert, was left the sole representative of my immediate family.

My estate had been a comfortable one to my father, because his income from the practice of his profession as a physician enabled him to keep it up, and provide satisfactorily for himself and me. I had no profession, and but a very small income, the result of a few investments my father had made. Left to myself, I felt no inducement to take up any profession or business. My wants were simple, and for a few years I lived without experiencing any inconvenience from the economies which I was obliged to practise. My books, my dog, my gun, and my rod made life pass very pleasantly to me, and the subject of an increase of income never disturbed my mind.

But as time passed on the paternal home began to present an air of neglect and even dilapidation, which occasionally attracted my attention and caused, as I incidentally discovered, a great deal of unfavourable comment among my neighbours, who thought that I should go to work and at least earn money enough to put the house and grounds in a condition which should not be unworthy the memory of the good Dr. Cuthbert. In fact, I

began to be looked upon as a shiftless young man; and, now and then, I found a person old enough and bold enough to tell me so.

But, instead of endeavouring to find some suitable occupation by which I might better my condition and improve my estate, I fell in love, which, in the opinion of my neighbours, was the very worst thing that could have happened to me at this time. I lived in a thrifty region, and for a man who could not support himself to think of taking upon him the support of a wife, especially such a wife as Agnes Havelot would be, was considered more than folly, and looked upon as a crime. Everybody knew that I was in love with Miss Havelot, for I went to court her as boldly as I went to fish or shoot. There was a good deal of talk about it, and this finally came to the ears of Mr. Havelot, my lady's father, who, thereupon, promptly ordered her to have no more to do with me.

The Havelot estate, which adjoined mine, was a very large one, containing hundreds and hundreds of acres; and the Havelots were rich, rich enough to frighten any poor young man of marrying intent. But I did not appreciate the fact that I was a poor young man. I had never troubled my head about money as it regarded myself, and I now did not trouble my head about it as it regarded Agnes. I loved her, I hoped she loved me, and all other considerations were thrown aside. Mr. Havelot, however, was a man of a different way of thinking.

It was a little time before I became convinced that the decision of Agnes's father, that there should be no communication between that dear girl and myself, really meant anything. I had never been subjected to restrictions, and I did not understand how people of spirit could submit to them; but I was made to understand it when Mr. Havelot, finding me wandering about his grounds, very forcibly assured me that, if I should make

my appearance there again, or if he discovered any attempt on my part to communicate with his daughter in any way, he would send her from home. He concluded the very brief interview by stating that, if I had any real regard for his daughter's happiness, I would cease attentions which would meet with the most decided disapprobation from her only surviving parent and which would result in exiling her from home. I begged for one more interview with Miss Havelot, and if it had been granted I should have assured her of the state of my affections, no matter if there were reasons to suppose that I would never see her again; but her father very sternly forbade anything of the kind, and I went away crushed.

It was a very hard case, for if I played the part of a bold lover, and tried to see Agnes without regard to the wicked orders of her father, I should certainly be discovered; and then it would be not only myself, but the poor girl, who would suffer. So I determined that I would submit to the Havelot decree. No matter if I never saw her again, never heard the sound of her voice, it would be better to have her near me, to have her breathe the same air, cast up her eyes at the same sky, listen to the same birds, that I breathed, looked at and listened to, than to have her far away, probably in Kentucky, where I knew she had relatives, and where the grass was blue and the sky probably green, or at any rate would appear so to her if in the least degree she felt as I did in regard to the ties of home and the affinities between the sexes.

I now found myself in a most doleful and even desperate condition of mind. There was nothing in the world which I could have for which I cared. Hunting, fishing, and the rambles through woods and fields that had once been so delightful to me now became tasks which I seldom undertook. The only occupation in which I felt the slightest interest was that of sitting in a tower of my house with a telescope, endeavouring to see my Agnes on some portion of her father's grounds: but, although I diligently directed my glass at the slightest stretch of lawn or bit of path which I could discern through openings in the foliage, I never caught sight of her. I knew, however, by means of daily questions addressed to my cook, whose daughter was a servant in the

Havelot house, that Agnes was yet at home. For that reason I remained at home. Otherwise, I should have become a wanderer.

About a month after I had fallen into this most unhappy state an old friend came to see me. We had been school-fellows, but he differed from me in almost every respect. He was full of ambition and energy, and, although he was but a few years older than myself, he had already made a name in the world. He was a geologist, earnest and enthusiastic in his studies and his investigations. He told me frankly that the object of his visit was twofold. In the first place, he wanted to see me, and, secondly, he wanted to make some geological examinations on my grounds, which were situated, as he informed me, upon a terminal moraine, a formation which he had not yet had an opportunity of practically investigating.

I had not known that I lived on a moraine, and now that I knew it, I did not care. But Tom Burton glowed with high spirits and lively zeal as he told me how the great bluff on which my house stood, together with the other hills and wooded terraces which stretched away from it along the side of the valley, had been formed by the minute fragments of rock and soil, which, during ages and ages, had been gradually pushed down from the mountains by a great glacier which once occupied the country to the north-east of my house.

"Why, Walter, my boy," he cried, "if I had not read it all in the books I should have known for myself, as soon as I came here, that there had once been a glacier up there, and as it gradually moved to the south-west it had made this country what it is. Have you a stream down there in the dell which I see lies at right-angles with the valley and opens into it?"

"No," said I: "I wish there were one. The only stream we have flows along the valley and not on my property."

Without waiting for me Tom ran down into my dell, pushed his way through the underbrush to its upper end, and before long came back flushed with heat and enthusiasm.

"Well, sir," he said, "that dell was once the bed of a glacial stream, and you may as well clear it out and plant corn there if you want to, for there never will be another stream flowing through it until there is another glacier out in the country

beyond. And now I want you to let me dig about here. I want to find out what sort of stuff the glacier brought down from the mountains. I will hire a man and will promise you to fill up all the holes I make."

I had no objection to my friend's digging as much as he pleased, and for three days he busied himself in getting samples of the soil of my estate. Sometimes I went out and looked at him, and gradually a little of his earnest ardour infused itself into me, and with some show of interest I looked into the holes he had made and glanced over the mineral specimens he showed me.

"Well, Walter" said he, when he took leave of me, "I am very sorry that I did not discover that the glacier had raked out the bed of a gold mine from the mountains up there and brought it down to you, or, at any rate, some valuable iron-ore. But I am obliged to say it did not do anything of the sort. But I can tell you one thing it brought you, and, although it is not of any great commercial value, I should think you could make good use of it here on your place. You have one of the finest deposits of gravel on this bluff that I have met with, and if you were to take out a lot of it and spread it over your driveways and paths, it would make it a great deal pleasanter for you to go about here in bad weather and would wonderfully improve your property. Good roads always give an idea of thrift and prosperity." And then he went away with a valise nearly full of mineral specimens which he assured me were very interesting.

My interest in geological formations died away as soon as Tom Burton had departed, but what he said about gravel roads giving the place an air of thrift and prosperity had its effect upon my mind. It struck me that it would be a very good thing if people in the neighbourhood, especially the Havelots, were to perceive on my place some evidences of thrift and prosperity. Most palpable evidences of unthrift and impecuniosity had cut me off from Agnes, and why might it not be that some signs of improved circumstances would remove, to a degree at least, the restrictions which had been placed between us? This was but a very little thing upon which to build hopes; but ever since men and women have loved they have built grand hopes upon very

slight foundations. I determined to put my roadways in order.

My efforts in this direction were really evidence of anything but thriftiness, for I could not in the least afford to make my drives and walks resemble the smooth and beautiful roads which wound over the Havelot estate, although to do this was my intention, and I set about the work without loss of time. I took up this occupation with so much earnestness that it seriously interfered with my observations from the tower.

I hired two men and set them to work to dig a gravel-pit. They made excavations at several places, and very soon found what they declared to be a very fine quality of road-gravel. I ordered them to dig on until they had taken out what they believed to be enough to cover all my roads. When this had been done, I would have it properly spread and rolled. As this promised to be a very good job, the men went to work in fine spirits, and evidently made up their minds that the improvements I desired would require a vast deal of gravel.

When they had dug a hole so deep that it became difficult to throw up the gravel from the bottom, I suggested that they should dig at some other place. But to this they objected, declaring that the gravel was getting better and better, and it would be well to go on down as long as the quality continued to be so good. So, at last, they put a ladder into the pit, one man carrying the gravel up in a hod, while the other dug it; and when they had gone down so deep that this was no longer practicable, they rigged up a derrick and windlass and drew up the gravel in a bucket.

Had I been of a more practical turn of mind I might have perceived that this method of working made the job a very long and, consequently, to the labourers, a profitable one; but no such idea entered into my head, and not noticing whether they were bringing up sand or gravel I allowed them to proceed.

One morning I went out to the spot where the excavation was being made and found that the men had built a fire on the ground near the opening of the pit, and that one of them was bending over it warming himself. As the month was July this naturally surprised me, and I inquired the reason for so strange a performance.

"Upon my soul," said the man who was rubbing his hands over the blaze, "I do not wonder you are surprised, but it's so cold down at the bottom of that pit that my fingers is almost frosted; and we haven't struck any wather neither, which couldn't be expected, of course, a diggin' down into the hill like this."

I looked into the hole and found it was very deep. "I think it would be better to stop digging here," said I, "and try some other place."

"I wouldn't do that just now," said the other man, who was preparing to go down in the bucket; "to be sure, it's a good deal more like a well than a gravel-pit, but it's bigger at the top than at the bottom, and there's no danger of its cavin' in, and now that we've got everything rigged up all right, it would be a pity to make a change yet awhile."

So I let them go on; but the next day when I went out again I found that they had come to the conclusion that it was time to give up digging in that hole. They both declared that it almost froze their feet to stand on the ground where they worked at the bottom of the excavation. The slow business of drawing up the gravel by means of a bucket and windlass was, therefore, reluctantly given up. The men now went to work to dig outward from this pit toward the edge of the bluff which overlooked my little dell, and gradually made a wide trench, which they deepened until—and I am afraid to say how long they worked before this was done—they could walk to the original pit from the level of the dell. They then deepened the inner end of the trench, wheeling out the gravel in barrows, until they had made an inclined pathway from the dell to the bottom of the pit. The wheeling now became difficult, and the men soon declared that they were sure that they had quite gravel enough.

When they made this announcement, and I had gone into some financial calculations I found that I would be obliged to put an end to my operations, at least for the present, for my available funds were gone, or would be when I had paid what I owed for the work. The men were very much disappointed by the sudden ending of this good job, but they departed, and I was left to gaze upon a vast amount of gravel of which, for the present at least, I could not afford to make the slightest use.

The mental despondency which had been somewhat lightened during my excavating operations now returned, and I became rather more gloomy and downcast than before. My cook declared that it was of no use to prepare meals which I never ate, and suggested that it would save money if I discharged her. As I had not paid her anything for a long time, I did not see how this would benefit me.

Wandering about one day, with my hat pulled down over my eyes, and my hands thrust deep into my pockets, I strolled into the dell and stood before the wide trench which led to the pit in which I had foolishly sunk the money which should have supported me for months. I entered this dismal passage and walked slowly and carefully down the incline until I reached the bottom of the original pit, where I had never been before. I stood here looking up and around me and wondering how men could bring themselves to dig down into such dreary depths simply for the sake of a few dollars a week, when I involuntarily began to stamp my feet. They were very cold, although I had not been there more than a minute. I wondered at this, and took up some of the loose gravel in my hand. It was quite dry, but it chilled my fingers. I did not understand it, and I did not try to, but walked up the trench and around into the dell, thinking of Agnes.

I was very fond of milk, which, indeed, was almost the only food I now cared for, and I was consequently much disappointed at my noonday meal when I found that the milk had soured and was not fit to drink.

"You see, sir," said Susan, "ice is very scarce and dear, and we cannot afford to buy much of it. There was no freezin' weather last winter, and the price has gone up as high as the thermometer, sir; and so, between the two of 'em, I can't keep things from spoilin'."

The idea now came to me that if Susan would take the milk, and anything else she wished to keep cool in this hot weather, to the bottom of the gravel-pit, she would find the temperature there cold enough to preserve them without ice, and I told her so.

The next morning Susan came to me with a pleased countenance, and said, "I put the butter and the milk in that pit last night, and the butter's just as hard and the milk's as sweet as if it had

been kept in an ice-house. But the place is as cold as an ice-house, sir, and unless I am mistaken there's ice in it. Anyway, what do you call that?" And she took from a little basket a piece of grayish ice as large as my fist. "When I found it was so cold down there, sir," she said, "I thought I would dig a little myself, and see what made it so; and I took a fire-shovel and hutchet, and, when I had scraped away some of the gravel, I came to something hard, and chopped off this piece of it, which is real ice, sir, or I know nothing about it. Perhaps there used to be an ice-house there, and you might get some of it if you dug, though why anybody should put it down so deep and then cover it up, I'm sure I don't know. But as long as there's any there, I think we should get it out, even if there's only a little of it; for I cannot take everything down to that pit, and we might as well have it in the refrigerator."

This seemed to me like very good sense, and if I had had a man I should have ordered him to go down to the pit and dig up any lumps of ice he might find and bring them to the house. But I had no man, and I therefore became impressed with the opinion that if I did not want to drink sour milk for the rest of the summer it might be a good thing for me to go down there and dig out some of the ice myself. So with pick-axe and shovel I went to the bottom of the pit and set myself to work.

A few inches below the surface I found that my shovel struck something hard, and, clearing away the gravel from this for two or three square feet, I looked down upon a solid mass of ice. It was dirty and begrimed, but it was truly ice. With my pick I detached some large pieces of it. These, with some discomfort, I carried out into the dell where Susan might come with her basket, and get them.

For several days Susan and I took out ice from the pit, and then I thought that perhaps Tom Burton might feel some interest in this frozen deposit in my terminal moraine, and so I wrote to him about it. He did not answer my letter, but instead arrived himself the next afternoon.

"Ice at the bottom of a gravel-pit," said he, "is a thing I never heard of. Will you lend me a spade and a pick-axe?"

When Tom came out of that pit—it was too cold a place for me to go with him and watch his pro-

ceedings—I saw him come running towards the house.

"Walter," he shouted, "we must hire all the men we can find, and dig, dig, dig. If I am not mistaken something has happened on your place that is wonderful, almost beyond belief. But we must not stop to talk. We must dig, dig, dig; dig all day and dig all night. Don't think of the cost. I'll attend to that. I'll get the money. What we must do is to find men and set them to work."

"What's the matter?" said I. "What has happened?"

"I haven't time to talk about it now; besides, I don't want to, for fear that I should find that I am mistaken. But get on your hat, my dear fellow, and let's go over to the town for men."

The next day there were eight men working under the direction of my friend Burton, and although they did not work at night as he wished them to do, they laboured steadfastly for ten days or more before Tom was ready to announce what it was he had hoped to discover, and whether or not he had found it. For a day or two I watched the workmen from time to time, but after that I kept away, preferring to await the result of my friend's operations. He evidently expected to find something worth having, and whether he was successful or not, it suited me better to know the truth all at once and not by degrees.

On the morning of the eleventh day Tom came into the room where I was reading and sat down near me. His face was pale, his eyes glittering. "Old friend," said he, and as he spoke I noticed that his voice was a little husky, although it was plain enough that his emotion was not occasioned by bad fortune—"my good old friend, I have found out what made the bottom of your gravel pit so uncomfortably cold. You need not doubt what I am going to tell you, for my excavations have been complete and thorough enough to make me sure enough of what I say. Don't you remember that I told you that ages ago there was a vast glacier in the country which stretches from here to the mountains? Well, sir, the foot of that glacier must have reached further this way than is generally supposed. At any rate, a portion of it did extend in this direction as far as this bit of the world which is now yours. This end, or spur of the glacier, nearly a quarter of a mile in width. I should say,

and pushing before it a portion of the terminal moraine on which you live, came slowly toward the valley until suddenly it detached itself from the main glacier and disappeared from sight. That is to say, my boy"—and as he spoke Tom sprang to his feet, too excited to sit any longer—"it descended to the bowels of the earth, at least for a considerable distance in that direction. Now you want to know how this happened. Well I'll tell you. In this part of the country there are scattered about here and there great caves. Geologists know one or two of them, and it is certain that there are others undiscovered. Well, sir, your glacier spur discovered one of them, and when it had lain over the top of it for an age or two, and had grown bigger and bigger, and heavier and heavier, it at last burst through the rock roof of the cave, snapping itself from the rest of the glacier and falling in one vast mass to the bottom of the subterranean abyss. Walter, it is there now. The rest of the glacier came steadily down; the moraines were forced before it; they covered up this glacier spur, this broken fragment, and by the time the climate changed and the average of temperature rose above that of the glacial period, this vast sunken mass of ice was packed away below the surface of the earth, out of reach of the action of friction, or heat, or moisture, or anything else which might destroy it. And through all the long procession of centuries that broken end of the glacier has been lying in your terminal moraine. It is there now. It is yours, Walter Cuthbert. It is an ice-mine. It is wealth; and, so far as I can make out, it is nearly all upon your land. To you is the possession, but to me is the glory of the discovery. A bit of the glacial period kept in a cave for us! It is too wonderful to believe! Walter, have you any brandy?"

It may well be supposed that by this time I was thoroughly awakened to the importance and the amazing character of my friend's discovery, and I hurried with him to the scene of operations. There he explained everything, and showed me how, by digging away a portion of the face of the bluff, he had found that this vast fragment of the glacier, which had been so miraculously preserved, ended in an irregularly perpendicular wall, which ended downward he knew not how far, and the edge of it on its upper side had been touched

by my workmen in digging their pit. "It was the gradual melting of the upper end of this glacier," said Tom, "probably more elevated than the lower end, that made your dell. I wondered why the depression did not extend further up toward the spot where the foot of the glacier was supposed to have been. This end of the fragment, being sunk in deeper and afterward covered up more completely, probably never melted at all."

"It is amazing—astounding," said I; "but what of it, now that we have found it?"

"What of it?" cried Tom, and his whole form trembled as he spoke. "You have here a source of wealth, of opulence which shall endure for the rest of your days. Here at your very door, where it can be taken out and transported with the least possible trouble, is ice enough to supply the town, the county, yes, I might say, the State, for hundreds of years. No, sir, I cannot go in to supper. I cannot eat. I leave to you the business and practical part of this affair. I go to report upon its scientific features."

"Agnes," I exclaimed, as I walked to the house with my hands clasped and my eyes raised to the sky, "the glacial period has given thee to me!"

This did not immediately follow, although I went that very night to Mr. Havelot, and declared to him that I was now rich enough to marry his daughter. He laughed at me in a manner which was very annoying, and made certain remarks which indicated that he thought it probable that it was not the roof of the cave, but my mind, which had given away under the influence of undue pressure.

The contemptuous manner in which I had been received aroused within me a very unusual state of mind. While talking to Mr. Havelot I heard not far away in some part of the house a voice singing. It was the voice of Agnes, and I believed she sang so that I could hear her. But as her sweet tones reached my ear there came to me at the same time the harsh, contemptuous words of her father. I left the house determined to crush that man to the earth beneath a superincumbent mass of ice—or the evidence or the results of the ownership of such a mass—which would make him groan and weep as he apologised to me for his scornful and disrespectful utterances, and at the same time offered me the hand of his daughter.

(To be continued.)



ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

From the Statue of DONATELLO.



TWO ANGELS. IN THE OPERA DEL DUOMO, FLORENCE

THE WORKS OF DONATELLO.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

THE union of the living art, born of the Middle Ages, with the dead art left by antiquity produced, it has been happily remarked, the great art of the Italian Renaissance. One of the most remarkable masters of sculpture, if not *the* most remarkable that epoch produced, was the man commonly known as Donatello, a vigorous exponent of naturalism as we understand it nowadays. Greek and Roman art, however, exercised their restraining influence upon him, recalling his hand whenever he would wander, as he did at times, towards the too coarse and clumsy, back into the just realms, the proper limits of the poetical and ideal. This great artist, and genial, jovial man, whose full name is Donato dei Bardi, was born in Florence in 1386; the son of a wool-comber, in whose humble home he could certainly have seen nothing to awake his love for art. But this showed itself very early, nevertheless, and procured for him the patronage of Robert Martelli, of an ancient noble family, famed for their

kindness to artists. Thus from his youth Donatello was reared and received a training amid surroundings calculated to form his taste, so that as a mere lad we find him chosen to assist Ghiberti with the casting of his wonderful bronze doors, "The Gates of Paradise," as Michael Angelo called them, and also travelling to Rome in company with Brunelleschi, the builder of the Florentine Duomo, a man somewhat his senior, but to whom close friendship and admiration bound him in lifelong attachment. While Brunelleschi was superintending the building of the cathedral, the Florentine Signory, carried away by rapturous admiration of the doors of Ghiberti, superseded Brunelleschi, giving his place to Ghiberti. This injustice made Donatello furious, for he was ever a staunch partisan. He advised Brunelleschi to feign illness, sitting in his house to nurse him; a good old fashion which, by the way, still prevails in Florence, Florentine gentlemen, especially artists, tending each other during

sickness with great tenderness and skill. Now, Ghiberti, though a skilful sculptor, was no architect, and soon found himself unable to direct

and told everyone that came to ask for him that they must go to Ghiberti, for Brunelleschi was too ill to receive them. If they persisted, he



TWO CHERUBS.

From the Basilica S. Antonio, Padua.

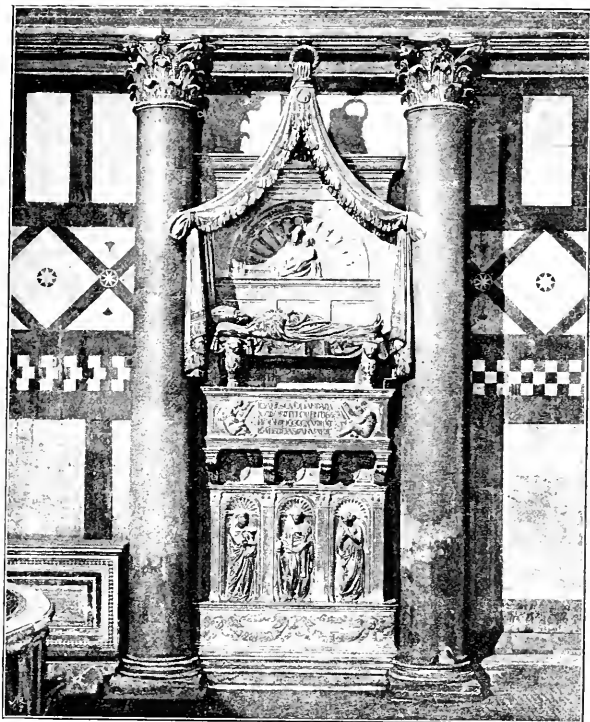
the works of construction. Hence questions had constantly to be referred to Brunelleschi. Donatello placed himself at the top of his friend's stairs

threatened to throw them down-stairs, and he was big and strong enough to do it too. At last the Signory, finding it was useless to try and supersede

Brunelleschi, entreated him to resume the sole direction, which he did.

Donatello's first work which obtained him a name and showed the inclination of his genius, was a group executed in grey sandstone, a bas relief of simple and original grace of style and wonderful pathos of design. Around this he executed an ornamentation in the grotesque

staunch patron, entrusting him with the restoration of many ancient marbles belonging to his house. The sculptor's next work of importance was so like the living model that his elder brother-in art, Brunelleschi, declared it ignoble, calling it the true imitation of a clown. Donatello, struck with this remark, excused himself by mentioning the difficulties inherent in wood carved, and ended by



MONUMENT OF POPE GIOVANNI XXIII.
(Florence.)

manner, with a decorated basement finished above with round arches. The principal figure especially betrays the character of his art. The mingled dignity and timidity of her attitude is perfectly appropriate to the situation. The merits of this work attracted the attention of Cosimo dei Medici, who, from that moment, proved Donatello's

suggesting to his critical rival to try his own skill on something of the kind. Brunelleschi accepted the challenge, and made his experiment. When it was completed he happened to meet Donatello in the Market-place. He asked him whether he would not come to his studio and partake of some lunch with him. Donatello agreed



STATUE OF SAINT GEORGE IN ARMOUR.

(Outside the Church of Or San Michel, Florence.)

and Brunelleschi bought eggs, cheese, and other provisions, which he entrusted to his friend to take to his house, adding that he would follow him soon. Thus entrapped, his apron full of comestibles, young Donatello entered the studio. The first thing which caught his eye was the work which Brunelleschi had completed. Struck with its perfection, in his astonishment he dropped his apron with all its fragile contents, clasping his hands together and standing amazed before the idealised conception of his clever antagonist. The latter, when he arrived, pretended not to notice what had taken place, and called on Donatello to sit down to food. "No, no," said the young artist, stung to the heart, "I am not worthy to eat with you, the sculptor of gods. To you it is given to represent a Christ, to me only to carve clowns," and so saying he rushed out of the studio. The effects of the lesson this incident conveyed to the mind of Donatello, may be traced in all the works which he subsequently produced. His style, without losing its original naïve simplicity, assumed more breadth and grace, as he studied incessantly to ennoble his types by means of the ideal treatment he had learned to admire in Brunelleschi. His works succeeded each other with great rapidity. He evidently modelled with ease and conceived with freedom. A magnificent work is the singing choir for the organ of the Florentine Cathedral, now preserved in the museum of the Opera del Duomo. This great work, which had been broken up, and which has been pieced together with care and accuracy, by Professor del Moro, shows one of the most salient characteristics of the master, namely his power of producing an impression which depends upon the position of the work, thereby forestalling the methods followed by the modern impressionists, with whom, *mutatis mutandis*, Donatello had much affinity. In him this tendency is combined with a power of finish which renders him the greatest of all masters of low relief. The joy of living may be said to pervade these dancing cherubs whose chubby forms stand out boldly from a golden background, such as Donatello loved and managed with such admirable effect. In an entirely different style is the colossal equestrian statue of Erasmo Gattamelata, the Venetian condottiere, ordered by the Signory of Venice for the adornment of the city of Padua.

A portrait of this famous general in youth, attributed to Giorgione, exists in the Uffizi. The resemblance to Donatello's statue is still perceptible through all the change worked in the face by age and care. This statue marks an epoch in sculpture, for is the first equestrian statue modelled since the days of classic art. It bears evident signs of its maker's studies after the antique, though it has also much of the freedom and daring vigour of modern rendering. Another horse made by Donatello, this time of wood, stands in the great Sala della Ragione at Padua, where it is shown to tourists as the model of the Trojan horse. It is really a work made by him in order to carry a gigantic Jove in some public pageant. The statue of Gattamelata so delighted the Paduans that they commissioned Donatello to execute for them various works for their basilica of Sant' Antonio. Among these are the little angels given in our illustration, as well as the symbol of St. Matthew. Donatello executed a vast number of works in all parts of Padua, but like a true Florentine, then as now, he refused to leave his native city when entreated to make himself a citizen of Padua, and his most famous works were executed for Florence, where they still happily remain. A grand work is the out-door pulpit of the Cathedral of Prato, a little town that neighbours Florence. "In one compartment of it," says Vasari, "is a dance of children, so admirably and beautifully executed, that the master may be said to have exhibited in it the perfection of his art." Many of Donatello's finest works were thus executed to be seen out of doors, and some, happily, still retain their original sites. Thus, in Via Cerretani of Florence is still attached to a wall the beautiful little St. John in high relief, which has become a sort of household god, a very fetish to the Florentines. On Giotto's campanile are four figures modelled by Donatello, among them the famous King David, to which he used to say while he was working it, "Speak, friend, speak," it being in reality the lifelike portrait of one of his friends, Barduccio Chirichino. He called it "Il mio Zuccone," and it was a statue by which he used, until his death to attest his words, "I swear by the head of my zuccone."* Specially noteworthy

* Zuccone, big pumpkin, still a synonym for a bald head in Florence. "Siti-a f. che lo porto al mio zuccone."



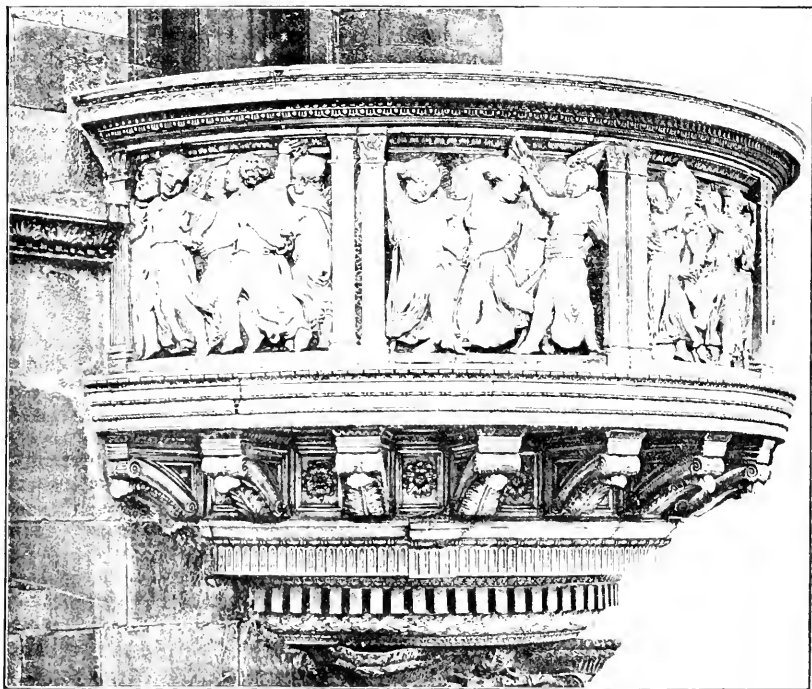
STATUE OF GENERAL ERASMO GATTAMELATA.

(Padua.)

are Donatello's statues outside the church of Or San Michele. The bronze St. Mark, which still remains in its place, was an early work. It is very characteristic, full of life and vigour. It was modelled carefully for the place it was to occupy, after the fashion introduced by Donatello, and consequently looked coarse on near inspection, wherefore, it is said the commissioners at first refused to accept it, until convinced by the artist that the method adopted by him was perfectly fitted to the destination of the work. It was this statue that Michael Angelo admired so greatly that he addressed to it the words, "Mark, why do you not speak to me?" St. Peter, too, is a strong and grand figure. These statues outside the church were presented by the different guilds. St. Mark was the gift of the drapers. The armourers and braziers contributed to this wonderful building the beautiful marble statue of St. George in armour, which is almost held Donatello's masterpiece, and which is, perchance, his best known work. This figure also had its word from Michael Angelo. After gazing at it steadily for some time, he suddenly exclaimed, "March," and Raphael reproduced it in one of his celebrated drawings. It is sad to tell that the niche sheltering this masterpiece, being more shallow than those of the others, was held not to be sufficient protection to the statue. The original, therefore, has lately been removed to the hall in the Bargello devoted to works and reproduction of works by Donatello. The niche is carefully copied, the saint looks well in his new place, but not as well as when he stood in his original site, where he had halted so long, looking down on the changes of many centuries. A bronze cast is to replace him on Or San Michele. Donatello was always most successful when called on to reproduce childish grace or youthful vigour, and this characteristic is marked in the St. John, which is the very embodiment of manly strength, energy, and elasticity, making him the archetype of a youthful warrior saint, a champion of the faith. A fine, but not faultless bronze group is that of Judith and Holofernes under the Loggia dei Lanzi. This statue came to be mixed up with the turbulent history of the day, and was made a standard of party feeling by successive governments. For some reason not explained, Judith was regarded as a type of Florence, and Donatello endeavoured to make his design emblematical of



CHERUB IN THE BASILICA OF SAN ANTONIO, PADUA.



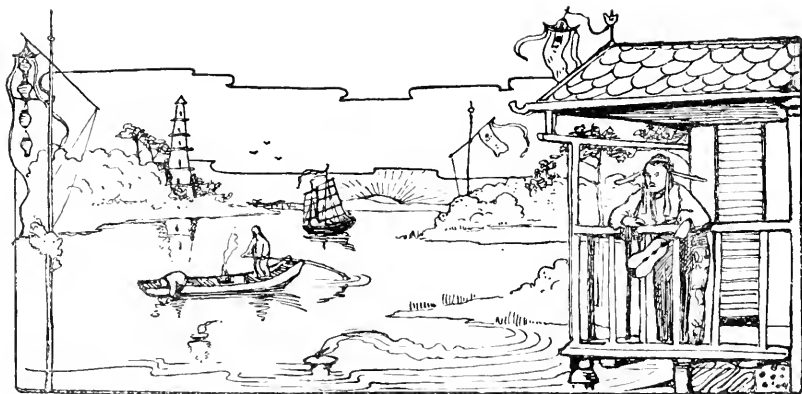
FULLI.

the expulsion of the Duke of Athens, which occurred in 1346. Moved from its place during successive revolutions from one site to another, the superstitious Florentines came to look upon it as an ill-omened statue that brought bad luck and disturbances to their town. It is not a dignified composition, being rather clumsy and stunted in outline. Still it, too, has great merits, especially in the details of its base. Donatello has placed his name on this work, a practice he rarely followed. Among the figures in the Bargello collection is a beautiful David holding aloft the head of Goliath, a statue that formerly stood in the court of the Palazzo Vecchio. He also modelled a bronze David, much under life size, a graceful youthful figure, wearing a shepherd's

hat, a David at rest after his labours, reposing himself in order to fit himself for feats of wisdom as well as proofs of brute strength. The Florentines have a special predilection for Davids and Judiths as subjects of art, the first because it represented to them hatred of invaders, the second because of its allusion to the victory of the weak over the strong, as symbolising the struggles of their glorious Republic with her mighty adversaries, the Emperor, the Pope, and France. A graceful work is the head of Santa Cecilia, done by him in that flattened relief known as *stiacciato*, in which Donatello especially excelled. This exquisitely delicate work is now in London. The face is seen in profile, the head, whose features are beautiful, is a little bowed, the expression is full of sweet repose.

Among the works in the Bargello is a cast of the beautiful small statue of St. John the Baptist, whose original once belonged to the Strozzi family, who sold this and other ancestral treasures to the Berlin Museum, in order to pay their gambling debts. Indeed in the Bargello Donatello can be studied to perfection, for whatever is not there in original is there in careful reproduction. Many works by this master still exists in Florentine private houses, all of whom have not followed the example of the Strozzi, and this is particularly the case in Casa Martelli, which belonged to the nobleman who educated the sculptor. Genial and kindly though this artist was, he was not without a touch of that artistic temperament that has gained for genius the term of *gens irritans*. An instance of this is given by Vasari. It seems a certain merchant had ordered a bust of Donatello, to whose price, when finished, he objected as too dear. Donatello promptly threw the bust on the floor, breaking it to fragments, nor would he replace it, although so requested by his great patron the Duke Cosimo. In his eighty-third year the jovial, openhanded, kindly-hearted artist was stricken down with paralysis, so that he could no longer labour. Recognising this mournfully, he consented to take to his bed, and, declining constantly, died on December 13, 1466, universally lamented. He was buried, by his own wish, in the church of San Lorenzo, near to the tomb of Cosimo, his beloved patron. All the painters, architects, sculptors, goldsmiths, in fine, nearly all the inhabitants of the city, accompanied him to his last resting-place. An incident that occurred shortly ere he died, reveals his character. He was visited, it appears, by certain kinsfolk who had long neglected him. After they had saluted him and made the usual commonplace remarks, they informed him that they held it was his duty to leave to them a farm which Piero dei Medici had presented to the artist. "I cannot content you, kinsmen," answered Donatello, "because I am

resolved, and it seems to me but reasonable, to leave the farm to the peasant (*contadino*) who has always tilled it and who has bestowed great care upon it. Why should I leave it to you, who have never done anything useful for it, and have no other wish concerning it but to take possession of its value, and who now come to pay me a visit because of your desire to inherit from me? Go, and the Lord be with you." Whereupon he immediately summoned a notary, and drew up an act bestowing the farm on the labourer who had, most likely, behaved far better to him in his need than his relations had done. As a man, there are few with whom Donatello could be compared for simplicity and goodness. His liberality knew no bounds. All his money was kept in an open basket in his studio, that his friends might use it without hindrance or control. Modern sculpture is perhaps more deeply indebted to Donatello than to any other sculptor of the revival epoch, as there is nothing strained or extravagant about his work, and there is hence no danger in following in his footsteps. Nor had he any mannerisms or tricks, and the power alluded to of neglecting detail when the work can be independent of it, and finishing it in the most perfect way when the work requires it, showed that his mind grasped the whole field of the requirements of art. A project has been set on foot for the erection of a monument to the great artist in Santa Croce, the Italian Pantheon. There is already a statue of him under the Loggia of the Uffizi, the work of Turrini, a sculptor of great promise who died young. The figure represents him working with hammer and chisel, and is redolent with life and vigour. Donatello's name is certainly a household word in Florence. The Zuccone is as familiar as the Campanile which it adorns, and the sculptor's exclamation addressed to Brunelleschi "Get some wood and make one yourself," has passed into a proverb, and is quoted at people who criticise works which they would not be able to compass themselves.



LOVE AND ALCHEMY.

PROF. R. K. DOUGLAS.

IT was a lovely autumn evening, when a young man, dressed in the height of fashion, sat in the verandah of one of the villas which dot the bank of the beautiful western Lake of Hangchow, gazing at the exquisite landscape which lay before him. The sun had just sunk below the mountain on the western shore of the lake, and its lingering rays were still touching with gold the hill tops and the highest branches of the tallest trees. At the moment of the disappearance of the sun a cool breeze had sprung up, bringing refreshment and renewed vigour on its wing. Mr. Pan, for that was the young man's name, was looking with admiration on the scene before him. He was one of those men who are easily affected by the sight of the beautiful, and in his wonderment at the exquisite mixture of colouring thrown over the lake and the islands which diversified its surface, he rose from his seat and bent forward over the railing of the balcony with an eager attitude, which was in entire disregard of the Confucian directions as to the positions proper to the person of a "superior man."

It was plain, from the deep lines which marked Pan's youthful features, that this was not by any means the first time that nature had mastered the rules of propriety, and it was obvious that the workings of his mind had not infrequently produced excitement such as was fatal to the calm

engendered by rites and ceremonies. And such, indeed, was the case. His excitable imagination had at an early age seduced him from the eminently correct, though rather prosy, literature of the Confucian school, and had led him into the wild rhapsodical writings of the early Taoist prophets. From their fascinating pages he learned the oneness of matter, that life and death were the same things under varying conditions, and that as it was within the power of man to perpetuate the joys of life by use of elixirs from the isles of the blest, so it was also possible for him to transmute the commonest metals into their most precious shapes by the application of the philosopher's stone.

Being rich and enthusiastic, he had devoted himself with the keenest relish to discover the secrets by which the high priests of the Taoist faith had been able to convert the merest dross into gold and silver. After the most approved models of antiquity, he built a laboratory in the garden of his house at Sungkiang, and furnished it with the furnaces, crucibles, and other paraphernalia necessary for the accomplishment of his great task. Sums of money, which, if devoted to any other purpose, he would have considered extravagant, he expended without question on the ingredients which composed the mysterious *tan* by which he was to be made the richest of the

rich. Repeated failures had in no way damped his ardour, for was it not a fact, that on each occasion he was on the point of success, when some unforeseen accident just snatched the prize from his grasp. It was after one such misfortune when, at the moment when the mass of metal in the crucible was assuming the yellow tinge which marked its conversion to the precious metal, a demon of misfortune in the shape of a fox looked in at the door, which by some accident had blown open, and the subtle metal, influenced by the presence of the ill-omened creature, turned black in an instant, as though it had been blasted.

In proportion to hopes which had been raised higher than ever before, Pan's disappointment now was bitter; and so completely upset was he by his constant watching, and by his blighted expectations, that his friends advised him to seek rest and refreshment by change of scene and surroundings. It was in obedience to these recommendations that he betook himself to the villa on the Western Lake, where we now find him. With rapt admiration on the evening in question, which was about a week after his arrival, he gazed on the beauties before him until, to his imagination, the features of the landscape assumed the aspect of the fabled islands of the blest, and he fell to wondering what manner of persons were the houri and genii of the place. While thus lost in the pleasures of the imagination, his attention was drawn to a sumptuously fitted-up yacht, which was brought from a neighbouring boathouse to the landing-place at the adjoining villa, which on that day had received its tenants. So

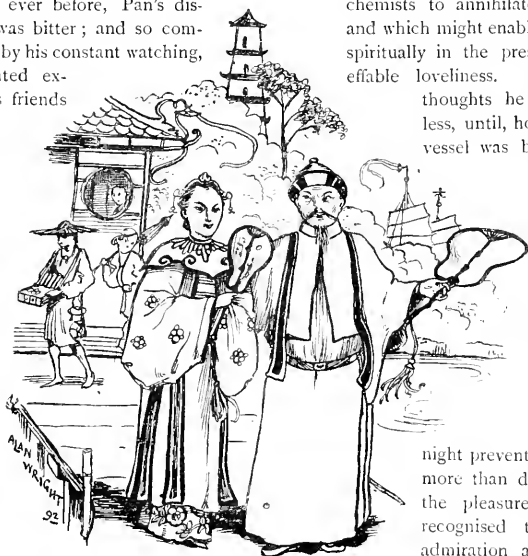
entirely was the appearance of the vessel in keeping with his fanciful dreams, that its actuality in no way disturbed the tenor of his thoughts, and when, presently, a handsome, gaily-dressed man led a lady of exquisite beauty on to the yacht, followed by a number of servants and singing girls, the illusion was complete.

So fascinated was Pan by the beauty of the lady that he was lost to a perception of all other surrounding objects. Intently he watched the yacht as it sailed out into the lake, and as the sound of minstrelsy was wafted over the waters from her deck, he longed for that spiritual elixir which had enabled some of the greatest of alchemists to annihilate space and form, and which might enable him to bask even spiritually in the presence of such ineffable loveliness. Absorbed in his thoughts he remained motionless, until, hours afterwards, the vessel was borne again lightly

over the waves to the landing-place, and the merry thrills of joyous laughter testifying to the enjoyment which the voyagers had experienced on their cruise, delighted his ears.

The shades of night prevented Pan from seeing more than dimly the figures of the pleasure-seekers, but he recognised the object of his admiration and only withdrew from the verandah when the door of the villa closed upon her. Restless and excited, he

wandered round the home of the lady, and in the morning he sauntered along the shores of the lake in the vague hope that he might have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the happy possessor of so priceless a jewel. Once he flattered himself that he saw the lady herself at an upper window, and he drew near to make a closer inspection. But great was his disappointment when he found that



"A handsome, gaily-dressed man led a lady of exquisite beauty on to the yacht."

the form which had attracted him was that of a singularly ill-favoured old woman, who was engaged in washing clothes, and who very nearly drenched him to the skin by throwing the contents of her basin over the wall close to the spot where he stood. Disheartened, but not in despair, he turned for another stroll by the lake. By a turn of her wheel Fortune now befriended him. For, on his return towards his villa, he saw his happy neighbour sauntering towards him, and talking as he walked to a beautifully sleek pet monkey bird, which he carried perched on a crooked stick of ivory, to which one leg of the bird was fastened by a golden thread. As the two men approached each other the stranger looked up from his bird with an engaging smile towards Pan, who, encouraged by his friendly attitude, made him a deep obeisance. The stranger appeared pleased by his advance, and, having bowed in return with all ceremony, asked Pan what his "honourable surname" and "exalted personal name" might be. Pan replied that his "despicable surname" was Pan, and that his "mean personal name" was Kientséng. By a similar process he learned that his new friend's name was Li Kwaitso. The two men now entered into conversation, in the course of which Pan was made aware that Li came from Chungchow, and that he was paying a visit to the beautiful Western lake for rest and enjoyment.

"It seems difficult to suppose," said Pan, "that my honourable elder brother can be in need of rest, seeing that he has constantly about him in abundance all that can make life enviable and enjoyable."

"It is true," replied Li, "that I now have wealth at my command, and wealth into which I can dip at will without diminishing it. But it has not always been so, and it is only after much study and many disappointments that I have reached my present position of complete independence."

Pan had not intended his remark to refer only to Li's wealth, and he was at first shocked that his friend should so value his beautiful sister, for so she turned out to be, as not to mention her among the blessings he enjoyed. But Li's reference to a wealth which could be used at will without diminishing the store directed his thoughts into another and quite an unexpected direction.

"My elder brother talks in riddles," said Pan,

hurriedly, and with a most un-Confucian agitation; "how can wealth be expended and not diminished except by the art which filled the coffers of Heu Chenchun.*"

Li smiled, and said, "Perhaps you are right."

"If that be so," replied Pan, "I beseech you to divulge to your younger brother this great secret. For years I have toiled in pursuit of this object, and though sometimes I have nearly gained it, the prize has by some misfortune been invariably snatched from my hand."

"It is not a matter to be lightly divulged," said Li. "If I could really believe —; but no, what reason have I to suppose that you are a fit recipient of the hidden mystery? But come and dine with me this evening on my yacht and we will talk further on these matters."

Pan gratefully accepted the invitation, and the two men parted. Once Pan turned round to look after the alchemist, and watched his retreating figure, resplendent with the choicest silks and satins, and possessing all the grace and dignity of a scholar, as, with sauntering steps, he chirruped to his bird, which fluttered in response to the length of his golden cord.

Punctual to a moment Pan went to Li's landing-stage. As he had sat over a bottle of wine in the early part of the afternoon he wondered for the first time whether by any chance the lovely Miss Li would accompany her brother on that evening's cruise. Her presence, he felt, would add a new delight to the explanation which he hoped was forthcoming. This, he knew, would not be in accordance with the rules of strict propriety, but then, he thought to himself, may not a man possessing such a secret be above all conventionalities.

However, when the time came Miss Li was not present. In other respects the dinner was all that could be desired. The viands were excellent; the wine was of the choicest kinds; the music which accompanied the feast was bright and joyous; and Li's conversation, which never flagged, was marked by scholarly knowledge and brilliancy of diction. At the conclusion of the repast, which lasted an inordinate time, the two diners, satiated with the good things on the table, threw themselves back on the divan and lazily

* A celebrated alchemist of the third century who had learned the secret of converting base metals into gold.

smoked the pipes which were carried to their lips and lighted by two very pretty attendant maidens, whose names, as Pan afterwards discovered, were "Autumn Moon" and "Springday Cloud."

After smoking for a few minutes in silence, Pan said: "May I ask you, sir, to continue to your lowly pupil your instructions of this morning."

"I have been thinking over our conversation," said Li; "and, believing you to be a genuine inquirer, I have made up my mind to admit you into the mystical body of the initiated." At these words Pan raised himself on his elbow, and leaned eagerly towards the alchemist. "I have learned," continued Li, "the secret of the nine transmutations which, by the virtue of *tan*, convert lead and mercury into gold and silver. And since I hold that every holder of so vast a secret should ensure it against being lost by imparting it to a pupil, I am willing to make known to you the materials of the mystic *tan*, and the method by which it is to be used. But this only on one condition, and that is, that you give me your word of honour that you never will, directly or indirectly, tell the secret to a soul, except in after years to the one pupil whom you shall choose as your scientific heir."

"I promise with my whole heart," said Pan, enthusiastically.

"That is well," said the alchemist. And now, when are we to set to work? I would invite you to visit me at Chungchow, where I live, but the distance is so great that I hesitate to do so."

"But will not my benevolent elder brother honour my humble cottage with his presence? I have there all that is necessary for our work except the knowledge which you, oh, my master, would supply."

"I should be delighted to visit your honourable palace; but were I to, I should not know what to do with my sister, as I should not like her to travel home alone, and I cannot leave her in a strange place like this."

"Though a bachelor," said Pan, "my humble dwelling is a large one, and if the honourable lady would condescend to enter my door I would set apart a compound for her residence."

With considerable reluctance, which kept Pan in a torture of suspense, the alchemist assented to this arrangement, and when the two friends parted

at the Wharf the day was arranged for the departure for Sungkiang.

To describe the joy which filled Pan's heart at the double prospect before him of learning the great mystery, and of entertaining the lovely Miss Li, would be quite impossible. With early dawn he sent a trusted servant to Sungkiang to see that everything was put in order for the reception of his guests, and at the same time he wrote a note on red paper inviting the alchemist to a sail on the lake in a yacht which he hired for the occasion. The invitation was accepted, and the expedition proved eminently successful. Both guest and host were in excellent spirits, and in the interval between the small repasts of wine and tea, which diversified the day, the conversation turned, always on Pan's initiative, on the burning question of the transmutation of metals. "And now," he said, on one such occasion, "to come to the practical point of ways and means. What shall you require for the operation?"

"First of all," replied the alchemist, "it is necessary to have a certain quantity of pure gold and silver, which form, as we call them, the mothers of the gold and silver, because they give birth to and nourish the product which is obtained. The mother-metals must be carefully purified before they are put in the crucible. They are then submitted to nine fusions, during which are added to them chemicals known as 'yellow germs' and 'coagulated snow.' When the moment arrives for opening the crucible, a small quantity of the mystic *tan* powder is thrown in, when the masses of metal become transmuted at once into the finest gold and silver."

"How much of the mother-metals do you require?"

"That depends on the amount of gold and silver you wish to obtain. The greater the quantity of mother-metal, the more powerful is the action of the *tan*. Thus, if anyone were to put into the crucible a considerable weight of gold, he might become possessed of riches before which the wealth of the State would appear as nothing."

"My resources are moderate," said Pan, "but I can scrape together several millions of taels,* which I will place at your disposal."

* A tael is worth about 5s. 6d.

Pan was too absorbed in the prospect of the wealth before him to notice a queer twinkle in the alchemist's eye at the mention of the sums available, and he heard only the somewhat condescending tone of his voice as he said:

"As to the amount, that is your affair, not mine."

On the following day, the two friends started by boat from Sungkiang. Pan and Li occupied a yacht hired by the former, and the lovely Miss Li travelled in the gorgeously-appointed vessel which belonged to her brother.

During the last day or two, Pan had been so entirely absorbed in the idea of the boundless wealth which was now within his reach, that his mind had only reverted to Miss Li at such times, as, with pipe in mouth and a flask of the famous Suchow wine at his elbow he took his ease after his mid-day and evening meals. But now that, though not in the same boat, they were near neighbours, the thought of her exquisite beauty more frequently occurred to him, more especially as every now and then, when the yachts came abreast, he caught glimpses of her almond-shaped eyes and arched eyebrows, and it caused him infinite pleasure to notice that, far from appearing to avoid his eye, she rather encouraged his gaze, and even cast furtive glances in reply to his obvious but inexpressed admiration. As a poet of the Han Dynasty sings—

Across the flood quick glances pass as token
That love is there, though not a word be spoken.

After a voyage of two days the travellers arrived at Sungkiang, and Pan invited Li to inspect his town house which stood close to the wharf. In reply to Li's look of disappointment at the situation of the house in so busy a thoroughfare, and surrounded on all sides by other houses, Pan hastened to say, "this is not the place for our great work. Beyond the western suburbs stands my villa, enwalled and closely fenced about with lofty trees. There, undisturbed by human eye or noise, we may disclose the secret power of *tan*, and make a captive of the god of wealth."

So saying the two men returned to their yachts, and, following the course of the grand canal, soon reached the wharf which abutted on the western suburbs. With some pleasure Pan led Li into the spacious grounds of his favourite residence, and indeed they were such as to justify his pride. A long avenue of handsome trees led from the portal into a park where, through vistas of flowering plants and dwarfed shrubs, were seen pointed kiosques and decorated pavilions which added colour and brilliancy to the views by the painted tiles which adorned their upturned roofs. The principal building contained apartments without number, some of which were so concealed that they might readily have escaped the observation of a visitor, while the pavilions scattered over the park offered charming retreats, and were so placed as to refresh the eye by views from their windows of picturesque rockwork, high bridges and artificial grottoes.

Li gazed around him with admiration.

"Admirable," he cried, "admirable! This is exactly the place for our work. The calm of solitude such as this place affords is precisely what we want. Here we cannot fail to be successful, and my sister may stay here with all the privacy and safety which are ordained for unmarried maidens by the Book of Rites, and which I would desire for her. Pray, send for her at once. But it is necessary that I should remind you that each of the nine mutations occupies nine days, so that if we are to complete our work, we shall be obliged



"The stranger looked up with an engaging smile."

to remain the unworthy guests of my benevolent elder brother for three moons."

The thought of having Miss Li as a neighbour for so long gave Pan a thrill of pleasure which added emphasis to his declaration that if it were three years it would be too short a time. In response to the message sent to her yacht, the lady presently appeared, attended by "Autumn Moon" and "Spring day Cloud." She was tastefully dressed, and her dainty walk and willow-like waist added grace to her beauty. As she approached the two friends, Pan would have withdrawn in accordance with the rules of propriety. But the alchemist stopped him.

"We now form," said he, "one family. Suffer my unworthy sister to salute you, and let there be no restraint between us."

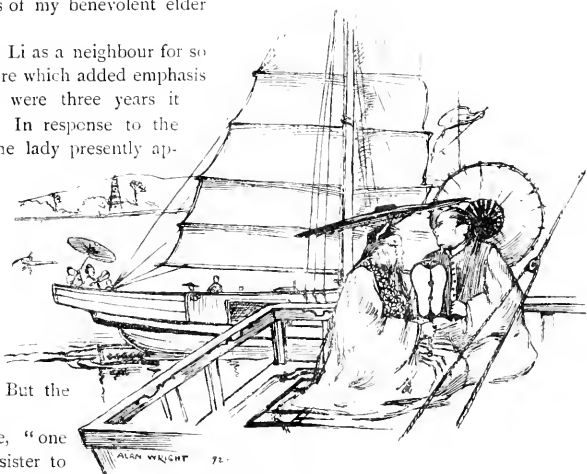
For the first time Pan had now an opportunity of making a close inspection of the lady's features, and the sight was almost too much for him. As he afterwards said "her beauty eclipsed that of the moon, and was enough to make the flowers jealous." For the moment all thought of his approaching alchemistic triumphs disappeared, and his heart melted in him as snow at the touch of a flame. So soon as he could recover himself he said,

"The pavilions in the gardens are all ready for your reception. Will it please you to make your choice of the one you may like to occupy?"

While the lady made her inspection, Pan selected from among his family heirlooms a pair of gold bracelets and a pair of earrings, and, bringing them to Li, presented them to him, saying, "Allow me to offer these trifles to your noble sister. Such an offering is authorised by the book of rites, and I trust that she will not disdain my humble homage."

"Your generosity is overwhelming; but while such things as these are of value to you, they are none to us, who can coin them at pleasure; so take them back, for to accept them would be to abuse your hospitality."

"I had hoped that you would have seen in this insignificant present a token of the sincerity of my



"Both guest and host were in excellent spirits."

friendship," replied Pan. "Though in themselves worthless, I pray you to regard only my intention."

At these words the alchemist's countenance relaxed. "Your words," said he, "have overcome all my objections. I accept with pleasure these signs of your kindness." So saying, he handed the trinkets to a servant, with directions to take them to the lady, and to invite her to come in person to thank their host. Again Pan had the infinite pleasure of meeting her face to face, but so overcome was he with her beauty that words failed him, and he did nothing but bow and gaze in return for her courtly inclinations and gracious words of thanks.

On the next morning the two friends entered seriously upon their work. Having carefully examined the laboratory, the furnaces, and the surroundings, to see that they were perfectly free from all trace of impurity of every kind ("For know," said Li, "that the existence in the atmosphere of the laboratory of any material or moral impurity is fatal to the transmutation of the metal"), he pronounced himself satisfied. He then retired, and presently returned, dressed with infinite care in new robes of brilliant blue, encircled round the waist by a broad red sash.

Meanwhile, Pan had seen to the lighting of

the furnace, and had made ready the mother-metal, which was to produce the priceless offspring. When all was in order Li, with much solemnity, approached the crucible, and with certain cabalistic utterances, dropped the metal, accompanied by due proportions of "yellow germs," into the pot, and fastened close the lid. Day after day, with unremitting care, the two friends kept alight the fire which was to burn, without intermission, until the completion of the transmutation, and were so engaged on the twentieth day of the process, when a messenger, dusty and travel-stained, arrived, bearing a letter for the alchemist. As Li read the contents the colour left his cheeks, and Pan saw a man, to whom the most subtle secrets of nature had been revealed, reduced almost to tears.

"I hope your messenger is not one of ill-tidings," said Pan.

"Indeed he is," replied the alchemist, in a broken voice, "I regret to say that my aged mother is dangerously ill, and that I must at once go to her bedside."

"I am extremely sorry to hear it," answered Pan, "and though I fear that your absence will put an end to our present experiment, I trust that you will be able to return at some subsequent time to complete the work."

"It is my earnest desire to carry out our undertaking. But what can I do? I must go to my mother's dwelling, and my sister, who might have filled my place, having been accustomed to watch the furnace at home with me, is too young to be left in the house of even such a friend as you are."

"Do we not, to quote your own words, now form one family," said Pan, "and cannot you trust to my honour? Have I not studied the writings of Confucius, and do I not know the rules of propriety by heart? Let my

elder brother leave his sister here, and her honour shall be my first care."

Long the alchemist hesitated, but at last he yielded.

"I have," he said, "complete confidence in you, and as evidence of it I accept your proposal. But I must go to prepare for my departure, and to give full instructions to my sister."

"All is saved," muttered Pan in a voice suffocated with emotion, as Li went in the direction of the lady's apartments.

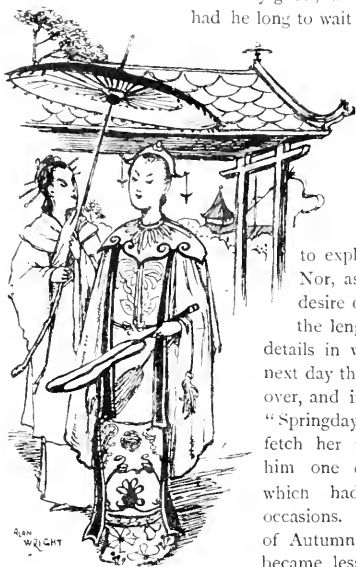
After an interval, which seemed to Pan to be interminable, the alchemist came to take leave of his host.

"A thousand times ten thousand times," said he, "I commend my sister to you. Be very careful, and do not for a moment neglect the furnace. Remember the least fault of omission or of commission may work irrevocable evil."

With a feeling of inexpressible joy Pan saw the alchemist ride off rapidly from his door, and as he turned into the garden his imagination pictured the infinite delights of the *l'été-à-l'été* interviews with his lovely guest, which were now possible. Nor had he long to wait

for one such, for on the very next morning Autumn Moon presented herself at his study door, and invited him to accompany her mistress to the laboratory. Overjoyed at the proposal, Pan escorted the lady to the hallowed spot, the arrangements of which he found it necessary to explain to her very fully indeed.

Nor, as Pan fancied, was there any desire on the lady's part to cut short the lengthy descriptions and minute details in which he indulged. On the next day there were more matters to talk over, and in the momentary absence of "Springday Cloud," who had gone to fetch her mistress's fan, the lady gave him one of those dangerous glances which had electrified him on former occasions. By degrees the attendance of Autumn Moon and Springday Cloud became less inevitable and Pan enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of unrestrained



"Her beauty... surpassed that of the moon."

converse with the beautiful enchantress. By and by she became confidential.

"You doubtless think," she said on one occasion, "that I live a life of careless joy. But my brother is very different at home to what he is abroad."

"Is he unkind to you?"

"Not exactly unkind, but he is very harsh."

"Is it possible that he does not love you?"

"He does in a kind of way," sighed Miss Li, "but his love is the cold love of an unsympathetic

himself as to clasp the blushing lady round the waist.

With a scream she shook herself free. "Are you mad?" said she. "Don't you know that the least taint in the magic atmosphere of the laboratory is fatal to the success of the work?"

"What care I for the work?" said Pan. "It is you I——"

At this inopportune moment "Autumn Cloud" rushed in to say that the alchemist had suddenly returned. The announcement was hardly made



"Why, what has happened?" he exclaimed, with a look of horror.

nature, and," she added in a faltering voice, "it is that which is so painful to me. I am of those to whom love is second nature, and I long—oh, how I long!—for a congenial intercourse with a true and affectionate soul."

"I am true and I am affectionate," said Pan, trembling with excitement, "and I love you with all my heart. Let me devote my life and being to you." With these burning words the man who knew the rules of propriety by heart, so far forgot

when the unwelcome intruder entered. After exchanging cordial greetings with Pan and his sister, the alchemist turned gaily towards the furnace, saying, "Now let us see how the ingredients are working. Why, what has happened?" he exclaimed, with a look of blanched horror, as he examined the contents of the crucible. "The metals are curdled. Some wrong has been committed. Some evil influence has found its way into the laboratory."

With a searching look the alchemist turned his gaze on Pan and on his sister. At first Pan attempted to return his stare, but his evil conscience made a coward of him, and he trembled from head to foot. As to the lady, she fairly burst into tears and hurried out of the laboratory as fast as her feet, three inches long, could carry her. The fury depicted on Li's face was terrible to behold. He seized Pan by the throat.

"You perjured villain," he screamed, "this is your honour. This is the care you have taken of my sister. Prepare for death, for by Amto Fuh you shall visit the yellow springs (Hades) before sunset."

Fairly paralysed with terror, which afterwards he constantly affirmed was on account of the lady, Pan begged for mercy.

"Oh, spare our lives, for pity sake," said he, "and anything you demand shall be yours."

"You miserable creature! do you think that money can satisfy my wounded honour?" screamed Li. "No, you shall die, and my apostate sister with you."

At this juncture Li's valet threw himself at this master's feet. "Lofty, sir," he cried, "before you carry out your fell decree, hear, oh hear the evidence which I have gathered from the servants. Upon my honour, this is the first time Mr. Pan and Miss Li have been alone together. And though the evidence of the crucible is enough to warrant your inflicting death upon them, yet remember their youth, and oh! remember the situation."

"What do you mean?" said Li, in slightly modified tones. "Would you have me let the villain go unpunished?"

"By no means?" pleaded the valet; "His god is his wealth. Tear a portion of that god from him, and in so doing you will inflict a punishment on him to which the loss of life will be as nothing."

"There is something in what you say," said Li, in still milder accents. "But I have no taste for such bargainings. Let him send me an offer which I can accept within a quarter of an hour, or he dies."

In less than the required time, Pan sent his outraged guest a packet containing ten thousand taels of silver (£3,000), which sum Li's valet afterwards assured Pan he had had much difficulty in inducing his master to accept in condonation of the wrong done to him through the flagrant breach of etiquette of which Pan had been guilty. Accept it he did, however, and in less than an hour the indignant alchemist had shaken the dust of Pan's dwelling from his feet, taking with him his sister, Pan's packet of silver, and, presumably, the mother-metal, for no trace of it was ever afterwards found.

Scarcely, however, had he left the town when the magistrate called on Pan to inquire into the whereabouts of his departed guest, who was much "wanted" for a series of alchemistic frauds, "to the success of which," added the magistrate, "he has, I understand, been largely indebted to his extremely beautiful and fascinating sister, and a very astute valet."

M OAT, where the dragon-flies poise and
hover,

Flashing their radiant, pointed lances;
Whom is he wooing, each dainty lover,
Darting and wheeling in shy advances?

Is it a Tournament? Lances shivering
(See how the new-burnished armour glances!),
Shimmering over the lilies, quivering
Spear against spear, while the sunbeam
dances.

Queen of the Tournament, joust aerial,
Lily, whose silvery chalice glistens,
Offer a draught of thy dew ethereal
To the King-fisher who lights and listens!
CONSTANCE MILMAN.

SOME RECENT ENGLISH POETS.

PART I.

Robert Hood

I HAVE been asked to write on some recent English poets. It would, of course, be impossible in a brief space to take more than a few—we have recently been assured by a clever writer that we have more than sixty poets living at the present time, while the name of mere verse-writers is legion, the accomplishment of verse, like that of novel writing, being now apparently universal. But if, indeed, it be true that so anti-poetical a race as the English can show so many genuine living singers, the fact is remarkable, since it must be for the pure love of singing that they sing, because, of course, no self-respecting Englishman ever dreamed of listening to more than one, or at most two, of them at a time. This seems, indeed, rather a pity, unless we hold the view of the Caliph Omar, when he burned the Alexandrian library on the ground that men would find all they wanted in the Koran, whatever was not there being superfluous or hurtful. I am no critic, and so I cannot pretend with authority to forestall the verdict of posterity upon our poets, nor can I presume to docket them all in shelves labelled respectively *maximus*, *major*, *minor*, and *minimus*—save in one solitary instance. For I am presumptuous enough to place Tennyson all by himself on the highest pinnacle.

He has been, thank God ! long with us, and has given us much work, good and manifold, whereby to judge him. So many competent judges of successive generations, and belonging to different schools, have now pronounced a favourable verdict, some of them, moreover, being men of European reputation and foreigners. Of the rest, it is much more difficult for a contemporary to speak with assurance. Fashions change ; disciples are partial : these bards are too near us. How many confident opinions has Time reversed ! Some lack ideas and originality ; some fail in distinction of phrase, and distinctness of picture, or in creative power ; some, again, in verbal music. They may be mannered, and contort the language, introducing a style which may have its virtue, but is vicious and corrupting, because

too bedizened and obtrusive, full of artifice and trick, without permanent value, the style of a “stylist,” who makes it an end, instead of a means. A man may be a skilful metrist without being maker or poet. On the other hand, a writer with plenty of ideas may be unable to express himself with force, grace, and felicity, unable to say well what he has to say, that is, to create his own appropriate style. Or he may be an echo, though a good one. In either case some final touch of perfection is wanting. And yet, for all that, one might well hesitate to fling at him the epithet of “minor,” because that has acquired, though only from the arbitrarily abusive, and contemptuous connotation derived from critics, or, at least, from newspaper reviewers, a somewhat invidious meaning.

Though why the linnet and the chaffinch should not be permitted to pour their songs with those of the lark, merle, thrush, and nightingale, into the fully flowing wood-chorus of bird-joy does not clearly appear ; unless, indeed, the sparrow that chirps disparagement would, by such depreciation, console itself for the poor quality of its own chatter, and, at the same time, tickle the vanity of singers more generally admired by decrying rival notes, certainly more genuine, rich, and tunable than their own very ordinary voice. The appellation “minor,” however, is both too vague and too relative ; may mean so much or so little—for it has been applied to the merest spinners of empty and facile verse, as well as to real poets, though “minor” in quality and volume, if compared with Shakespeare and Dante ; or perhaps even “minor” than Chaucer, Milton, Burns, Wordsworth, Byron, and Tennyson, yet of refreshing and genuine quality for all that. It may signify either a poetaster like Tupper and Montgomery, or it may designate a Marlowe, Fletcher, Webster ; a Marvell, Herrick, Lovelace ; a Blake, Gray, Goldsmith ; a Landor, Campbell, Hood. So rather let us use the terms *well-known* or *less known*, if we have occasion to use any language of comparison at all.

And are not comparisons odious? Loving the hothouse flower, must I scorn the sweet-briar? But whatever a poet may lack, he ought not to lack *originality*, by which I mean *individuality*: for else in the press of competitors his song, however correct and sweet, is pretty sure to be lost, or soon forgotten. And if it possess that saving quality, then, reverting to our former image, it is not in our Koran—*i.e.*, not in Tennyson—and, therefore, may possibly prove worth preserving from destruction by a Caliph more arbitrary and relentless even than Omar—blind Fortune. A man may, relatively speaking, be both great and small, major and minor.

My own acquaintance with contemporary verse is, I fear, limited: however, in the few poets I purpose briefly to comment upon here (some of those I like best among recent poets, whether well known or otherwise), I hope and believe that this note of *individuality* may not be found absent.

In Tennyson there is an almost absolute interpenetration of beautiful form and substance, rich, massive, weighty. The thews and muscles are not obtruded as in Browning—that Samson among poets. But they are there under the undulant contours, and smooth skin of Apollo: the grip of the shapely hand is firm as iron. His gifts, moreover, are so various as well as brilliant. What has he not done well? Are there lyrics of more tender simplicity and pathos than "Break, break," "We fell out, my wife and I," "Home they brought her warrior dead," or "Sweet and low"? And for examples of more elaborate, more luxuriant lyrical work, take "Tears, idle tears," "Blow, bugles, blow!" or the love songs in *Maud*. If Tennyson has not the spontaneity of Burns, or the old ballads, his art, like that of Heine, is perfect, because it is never obtruded, but concealed, used only to heighten the effect of what he has to set before us. His subject is never drowned or blurred with a redundancy of diluting nebulous words, vague, conventional, and confusing. He has measure, self-restraint, concentration, definite outline, glowing colour, spiritual insight for correspondences between the human soul and external nature. His splendid descriptive faculty is often employed to interpret a dramatic situation by subtle affinities and relations in the accessories, and natural environment; these are selected with rare discrimination.

That is very notable in the "*Marianas*," in the mystical idyls of the Arthurian cycle, the "*Gardener's Daughter*," "*Locksley Hall*," the "*Lotos-eaters*" (in which last the dreamy flow of the cadences is absolutely in harmony with the prevailing mood), the "*Dream of Fair Women*," the "*Palace of Art*," and how many more? All these are unsurpassed for luxurious, sensuous picture, admirable verse, pregnant imaginative phrase or line, condensing all a character or a situation into a few syllables. The rhythm always enhances the meaning, following it as delicate sinuous folds do the outlines and movements of a beautiful body. Tennyson's blank verse is of rare excellence. You may, of course, prefer poetry with more swing and go, poetry more simple and direct, if more turbid, also more inspirational; but you cannot deny the wonderful and noble beauty of this gemlike word-mosaic, where Talent, the handmaid of initiating Genius, so well seconds her ideas. Some of Lord Tennyson's general acceptance has no doubt depended on his reverential conservatism in religion, sociology, and politics, in its embodiment of the English domestic ideal, its law-abiding patriotism, and harmony with the habits and notions of that middle-class, which in England probably reads more than any other. But the public taste has in this instance blundered right, for these ethical standards are, on the whole, high and wholesome; although, personally, one may not altogether approve of the moral implied in the "*Idyls*." The poet's contemplative verse is deep, and not narrow; witness "*In Memoriam*," which contains some of the finest philosophical poetry in the language. None of the thinking is done before you, as in Browning—that is analysis, and analysis must be prose. Here thought is raised to the power of intuition, and moulded into imaginative forms, fused with emotion, crystallised into symbol. You get the poetic result, and not the prosaic process in such verse as "*Will*," "*The Higher Pantheism*," "*Flower in the Crannied Wall*." Again, to the man who wrote the "*Northern Farmers*" cannot be denied the gift of humour. And by adopting Science, providing for her a home in his palace of poetry, the poet has elevated, and refined, by giving her for housemates those elder sisters, Religion and Philosophy, from whose ennobling communion

she has too often suffered exile. We have been recently told, indeed, that Tennyson is not original, because he has enriched himself with lines and phrases from his predecessors; but if so (and often there is mere coincidence of idea) he has transfigured them, as he has transfigured history, science, and even sermons, passing all through the alembic of a potent idiosyncrasy. Besides, the poetic phrase belongs to him who gives it the final touch of inevitableness and charm. A great French critic (I think Taine) had observed, with some point, that the men and women of Tennyson were not flesh and blood, but rather figures reflected in the magic mirror of a reclusé fantasy, like those seen in her bower by his own Lady of Shallott. He was, indeed, enamoured of, and at home in the realm of *faëry*, as in that of symbol; and Lowell has well said that one drop of ruddy human blood is worth all the *aurum potabile* distilled from libraries. But in the later work of our venerable master we have that drop. Justice has not been done to the skilful characterisation, and, occasionally, spirited movement of his dramas proper. Yet it is in his shorter pieces, in his dramatic *poems*, that his powers in this direction come out most fully. They were displayed in *Maud*, *Stylites*, *Ulysses*, *Guinevere*, and *Lancelot, Elaine, and Vivien*. But more striking still are his later portraits of *Lucretius*, and *Rizpah*. The latter poem, especially, is one of the most intensely tragic, poignant, and pathetically human pieces we possess; while his ballads of "The Revenge" and "Lucknow" have an open-air actuality and go that even makes them suitable for recitation before a miscellaneous audience. Finally, no recent poet has so many haunting, quotable, and felicitous phrases as the Laureate. From the dainty prettiness and excess of verbal ornament in his juvenile "Adelines," and "Lover's Tales," even from those of "The Princess," for all its lyrical gems, to the frenzied and piercing human wail of "Rizpah," is a far cry indeed!

But him the *Zeit-Geist* has hardly borne away on its compelling current, as it has lately borne that dreamer, and teller of enchanting tales, William Morris—tales that might be told by one robed and turbaned to the sound of running water in a marble court under a blue

Syrian sky, amid the gardens and apricot orchards of Damascus, or in the shadow of Greek temples. Decorative these poems of the "Earthly Paradise" were, devoted to the cult of pure beauty, like some fresco painting, demanding large spaces and sunlight. All is delicately coloured and clearly outlined, but silver grey in the scale of colour, and cool in tone, little massed in contrasted light and shade, seldom rousing to strong heartbeats by too close a contact with humanity: the "ruddy drop" was hardly here. The title of the first book of poetry is, indeed, applicable to all; they are "Poems by a Painter." It is rather a drowsy land of fair figures peopling the rapt vision of a lotus-eater; and the poet at that period was, indeed, what he named himself, the "idle singer of an empty day." He has been compared to Chaucer, but he has none of Chaucer's humour, bearing more resemblance to Spenser, and to Ariosto; though there is neither the radiance of youth and joy of life to be felt in Ariosto or Boccaccio, nor the ethical fervour and allegoric power of Spenser. But the dragon in "Bellerephon," for instance ("Earthly Paradise"), is quite worthy of that master, vague and awe-inspiring, yet showing minute touches of pictorial detail, selected with great artistic instinct, so as to inspire terror, as does the dragon of Turner in our National Gallery. All is in perfect taste and keeping, producing a firm, quiet harmony. The poet's eye for natural effects of landscape is true, subtle, and sympathetic; indeed, the landscape belongs as much to the essence of the poem as do the figures: they belong to one another; and the human beings are always pictorially presented on a flat surface, or in low relief, rather than with the palpable solidity of sculpture or life.

Restful and charming as the poet's *naïf* garrulity often is, gadding at its own sweet will, like the tendrils of briony or traveller's joy, there is no doubt that it is capable of being tiresome for long pages together, becoming monotonous, anæmic, and devoid of sparkle; while over the whole broods the hopelessness and melancholy of this *fin de siècle*. Beauty and love, youth and adventure are alone good, but these come to an end soon, and then there is nothing more. So even these are hardly worth making a stir about. Like Spenser, Morris indulges in archaisms of expression, but they are not unsuited to the old

world, far-away themes of his muse. In the early "Life and Death of Jason," however, an admirable narrative, and in the later Saga of "Sigurd," a very splendid heroic epic, there are many passages where the colour is more vivid, the crises more salient, strongly marked, and deeply felt; therefore more exciting and affecting. Personally, I prefer these two poems to the "Earthly Paradise," exquisitely lovely, and romantic as that often is, because they seem to me stronger, and more close to life. But one day the great social problem of our time, the cause of the down-trodden millions, of the "dim common populations," touched this singer's art, and made it human. He has lately produced some noble lyrical poems instinct with human hope, voicing the aspirations of toilers deprived of the fruit and reward of their own labour, creators of our national wealth, who yet remain poor, wearing their lives out in unlovely drudgery, starving, they and their little ones, in the midst of plenty. This prospect of a larger and higher life for the people has arisen, indeed, like a fresh and unexpected Day Dawn for us of a generation younger than that of Tennyson, the Brownings, and Arnold—like a fresh and unexpected Day Dawn over dark horizons, beneath which so many old and cherished ideals had sunk, as it seemed, for ever. And the young day arising has flushed our pale cheeks and shrunken veins like strong wine, set fresh suns of youth within our eyes, made cold hearts beat warmly, inspired our flagging songs to soar again upon glad wings.

The "idle singer of an empty day" has become a herald of this revival, singing in the dim morning of a golden age. And here one may briefly name that very sincere and inspiring writer—Edward Carpenter, in his rhythm a follower of Whitman, author of "Toward Democracy."

In Matthew Arnold we have the best known modern example in England of a classical, as distinguished from a romantic, poet.

Another is Sir Samuel Ferguson, the Irish poet, who died lately, an old man scarcely known, so that when I asked for his poems at a great public library some time ago, I was assured that no such poet existed, and that I must mean the architect, or the surgeon, or the Scotch singer. And yet his brief Irish epics of ancient Irish history and legend are as fine and impressive as any poems of the kind. Ferguson is severe to austerity in style;

but a brief phrase or picture will now and again take away your breath with its restrained pathos and incisive force, the metaphors and similes (which are rare in him) being of startling originality and appropriateness for illustration. Here is a true bard, an Ossian, with a note far more genuine than all the windy and stilted pseudo-heroics of Macpherson; he has a directness of utterance that sometimes reminds one of Homer, and sometimes of an old ballad like "Clerk Saunders," or the "Twa Corbies." John Nichol, author of "Hannibal," a majestic drama, is another distinguished representative of this school. And so is a younger writer, Henry Baidon. Such men husband their resources, and dispose them to best advantage for heightening the total impression of unity. There may be a corresponding baldness, a certain want of warmth, glow, and colour. Our romantic tradition has accustomed us to more richness of texture, more pomp and splendour of accessories, to a flamboyant complexity of epithet or line. But when such treasures do occur in the classical poet, their flashing brilliance is thrown up with tenfold lustre of effect from the economy with which they are used. The jewel-coruscations, however genuine, of a Shelley fatigue and dazzle; while severity of outline, purity of tone, serene repose, weight, and force of impact are attained by this method in a high degree.

Upon Matthew Arnold pressed, though not unendurably, some of the burning problems and difficulties of his time. He is meditative, sad, wistfully dubious, mildly questioning, with less of profound feeling, but with more mastery in shaping that feeling to artistic purpose than his friend *Thyrsis*, Arthur Hugh Clough, the fine Oxford poet, singer of that fresh and delightful, and in the best sense, Academic modern idyl, "the *Botheie*," concerned with the adventures and reflections of some members of an Oxford reading party; singer, too, of more than one soul-shadowed, impressive intellectual lyric; though "Dipsychus" is too drily, and, therefore, prosaically intellectual; while "Amours de voyage," however subtle in its analysis of the cultured person's overscrupulosity and hesitation, seems to me too ordinary and trivial in subject to carry gracefully the garb of poetry. But on both Arnold and his friend Clough weighed the burden of our age of unrest,

discontent, and transition; and some of Arnold's most notable verse is reflective, gnomic, "critical of life," to use his own phrase. Few have fixed and condensed the essential elements of a character, lifework, age, and race, or, again, a practical admonition of mature wisdom more happily and epigrammatically in a line or two, as when he tells us that "Byron bore through Europe the pageant of his bleeding heart."

And :—

We see all sights from pole to pole,
And glance and nod and bustle by,
And never once possess our soul
Before we die.

There is little of profound thought in Arnold—he is a modern agnostic; but as a moralist, both puritan and conservative, he is like Wordsworth. Yet while his landscapes are beautiful, and steeped in a meditative atmosphere, mingled with sad reflection, his descriptions rather belong to the eighteenth century type than to that of our own, reminding us of Gray and Goldsmith rather than of Wordsworth. Note the lines on Switzerland, with that beautiful figure of Marguerite in the landscape, the fine lines on Obermann and the Grande Chartreuse, also the consummate little piece called "Dover Beach." The "Strayed Reveller" is a lovely bit of classic word-painting, clear, restrained, and luminous as usual, but

richer in colour than is common with this master. His irregular measures are not always successful, but often they are; for blended music and imagery nothing can be lovelier than the latter lines describing a river in the piece entitled "The Future." For verbal music, again, what can surpass "Cadmus and Harmonia," and "Apollo Musagetes" from "Empedocles on Etna?" Arnold is probably too much of a cloistered quietist in his ideals, and too much of a hypercultured purist to sympathise thoroughly with our rough and blatant pioneers of modern progress. After a good deal of Morris, and Arnold the sedate, with their placid summer lightning, I confess that one sometimes wickedly wants to go and warm oneself at the hotter fires of Byron, Walt Whitman, or Fitzgerald's great paraphrase from an Eastern bard—Omar Khayyam. But Arnold's masterpiece, to my mind, is "Sohrab and Rustum," though "Tristram and Iseult" is a very charming love-tale. The former story, however, of a solemn and austere beauty, might have come verily out of the classic past. The circumstances and surroundings are graphically depicted, the similes Homeric, with Homeric elaboration, the pathos of the situations profound and moving, possessing that antique pathos of restraint, where much is suggested and left to the imagination.

(*To be continued.*)

TO A CHILD.

AND would my dear-heart now be told
Why spring brings silver, autumn gold?
Why silver spangles spring's domain
While autumn's forests gold dust rain?
Why orchards wear white wreaths in spring
In autumn gold enamelling?
The reason it is plainly this:—
Silver is speech, gold silence is.
And so with silver bloom spring tires
Shy Philomel and throstle's choirs,
And when the sweet songs all are sung
The silent aisles with gold are hung.

ELLA FULLER MAILLAND.



"White with blossom lay the meadows."

A SONG OF SUMMER.

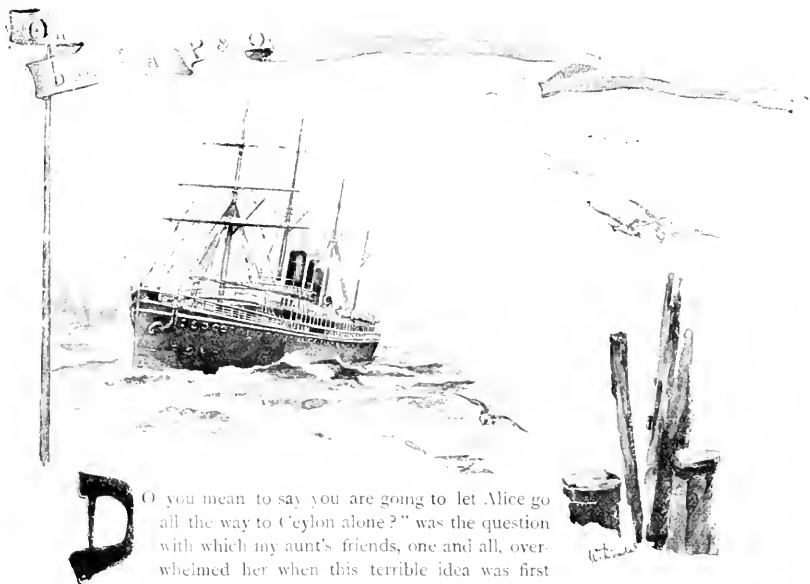


MY love and I went maying when the bloom
was on the thorn ;
High above us larks were singing at the golden
gates of morn ;
White with blossom lay the meadows, dewy-fresh
the summer-lands,
Where I bent the milky branches to her little
milky hands ;
And the sunbeams lingered lovingly to see my
true love pass,
As her shadow trembled lightly o'er the flower of
the grass.

O, my love and I went maying !—but how soon her footsteps lagged !
Soon the tender limbs grew weary, and the blythesome spirit flagged :
O, the flowers were very heavy, and the sun was fierce on high !
I must pick the rest without her—she would meet me by-and-bye.
Then she dropped her scented burthen in a white and shining heap,
Near the little hillside churchyard, where she laid her down to sleep.

Where my love and I went maying, I came down the path alone,
Through the chilly evening thickets, while the turtle doves made moan ;
With the boughs we broke together closely held against my breast,
Though the bloom had long dropped from them, and the thorns alone I prest ;
And the hawthorn—O, the hawthorn !—waved above me, white and red,
But I never more shall pick it, for my little love is dead.

ELINOR M. SWEETMAN.



DO you mean to say you are going to let Alice go all the way to Ceylon alone?" was the question with which my aunt's friends, one and all, overwhelmed her when this terrible idea was first mooted.

My adventurous project was formed, not through the smallest desire to rival Stanley or anyone else, but simply because I wanted very badly to get to Ceylon, and it happened to be a case of going by myself or staying at home.

This was ten years ago, when such a proposition was quite enough to startle a whole country neighbourhood into action, but rather, to my surprise, I heard the very same question asked the other day about another girl, in just the same tone of horror.

Now, during the ten years which have succeeded my first voyage I have travelled on many ships, and often alone, and have learnt to consider consternation at the idea very unnecessary.

A chaperon on a P. and O. is a luxury, not a necessity. Numbers of girls now go through the voyage by themselves, without finding the slightest inconvenience or drawback, except, perhaps, during the first dreary day or two, when it is certainly pleasant to have a friend to speak to. But when you are found to be alone everybody is very kind—wonderfully kind. You are sure to be asked to join various parties, both on board

and when the ship touches at a port, and you must be either a very bashful or a very morose individual if you have ever occasion to feel lonely by the end of the first few days.

I was four-and-twenty when I took my first voyage by P. and O. Possibly, it would not be a very wise experiment to despatch a girl of seventeen alone on such an expedition, but I consider it equally absurd to say, as I have heard it said, that no woman should be allowed to travel on an Indian liner before marriage. Clothes and luggage were a great trouble to me before my first voyage, and even now, in these days of travelling, novices seem to find a great difficulty in ascertaining how such things are best managed. Perhaps a few hints may be of use to somebody as ignorant as I was myself.

In the first place, the amount of room you are allowed on board is exceedingly limited. You may take a small box into your cabin, but it should not be more than 1 ft. 3 in. in height, as if you and your companion or companions are to have any comfort, it ought to fit under your berth. Besides this box you will probably have two or

three hooks, a tiny shelf, a sort of net over your berth, and the third of a camp stool, so, you see, the less luggage you take into your cabin the better for your comfort, and besides on baggage days, once or twice a week, you can get to your other trunks, if they are labelled "Wanted on voyage." And, of course, the less clothes you use the better, as salt water has an utterly ruinous effect.

Let us suppose you are about to start on your way to India in October, and with slight modifications the same travelling outfit might apply to any time of the year.

For the first part of the voyage—say, as far as the Canal, though you *may* have a hot day or so in the Mediterranean—you will need a thick, dark dress, and I should also bring a blouse in preparation for the possible warm days. You will require a dark sailor hat—every kind of headgear is worn, but I think a sailor hat looks the smartest—and a cap to wear on rough days and in the evening.

Then I should advise you to provide yourself with the very warmest things possible in the way of wraps, and, above all, as many rugs—preferably fur rugs—as you can afford! You will be the better of a dress for going ashore at Malta and Gibraltar, and perhaps a hat, but these are luxuries. As to evening garments, that so entirely depends upon the particular ship you happen to be in, that it is rather difficult to say. I myself generally bring a pretty, light silk blouse; and, to make a change, a high-necked evening or summer dress, with a skirt that will not suffer much from contact with the deck. But you will find every variety of evening toilet; some do not dress at all, and some attire themselves in regular evening gowns. One old lady and her daughter I particularly remember, who always donned the most gorgeous of apparel, and used to sweep the deck after dinner with long, light-coloured trains, which looked most peculiar, making their appearance under thick ulsters and many wraps, and grew gradually dirtier day by day.

You will be the better of a fancy dress, and the coolest thing you can get in the way of evening garments, however, when you get into the tropics, but I should make these articles of apparel begin their journey in some of your heavier trunks, together with several of the lightest of muslins,

and lots of underlinen, for you will find it very difficult to get anything washed on board. The ship doctor on my last voyage assured me he had started—from Australia certainly—with six dozen white shirts, and had had to buy more before the end of the voyage! You will want a white sailor, and a sun hat here, also a pretty dressing-gown for sleeping on deck.

A deck chair I consider almost a necessity for a long voyage.

You will get plenty of them offered to you; you will find them in indiscriminate use, and before you have been on board two days some of the men will probably have volunteered you the use of theirs for the voyage; but, unless you have one of your own, it is not pleasant to join in the indiscriminate use of those belonging to other people; and, as to taking advantage of a proffer from one of the men for the whole voyage, I should advise you to have much hesitation about this. They may press it upon you as a favour to them, and then—such is mankind—they will very probably say at the end of the voyage, as I have heard men say before now: "Miss Blank took possession of my chair the whole way, and I never got a bit of good out of it."

You are very sanguine if you expect your chair to survive the voyage, as the usage they are subjected to is of the hardest.

My first met its end in the Suez Canal. What we called a perambulator race was started on the hurricane deck, and, to my misfortune, my deck chair was selected by the Captain—who weighed sixteen stone—as his perambulator. After the race I and a few particular friends surveyed the mangled remains, and decided that nothing could be done for it. So we gave it honourable burial in the Canal, and a few choice spirits took advantage of the circumstance to raise an alarm by a cry of "Man overboard!"

The first two days of the voyage are decidedly dull. For the most part, people stick to their own parties, and take constitutionals up and down the deck, spending the rest of the day as warmly wrapped up as possible in the most sheltered corner of the deck.

The ship's officers are overwhelmed with questions: When shall we get into the Bay? Will it be rough there? What day will the ship reach—say Colombo or Melbourne? Shall we have any

rough weather in the Mediterranean, and, in the event of rough weather, is it likely that the questioner will be ill in the opinion of the particular ship's officer addressed? are the most sensible inquiries.

But if the first saloon are troublesome, the second-class passengers are very much more so.

Their domain is separated from ours by a bar extending half across the deck—a bar which the dwellers on either side are supposed to rigidly respect, except on occasion of a solemn challenge to Bull or Buckets.

I don't think travelling second saloon can be very pleasant for a lady or gentleman, but, if you don't object to a very mixed society and dinner in the middle of the day, the life is really very much the same, and the difference as to tickets is immense.

No association with first-class passengers is possible, and for a pleasure trip I should not recommend it, but, in case of necessity, you are almost sure to find some companions to share your disagreeables.

But I have wandered away from the rough day

which, during the beginning of the voyage, is the dread anticipation filling the mind of most of the passengers.

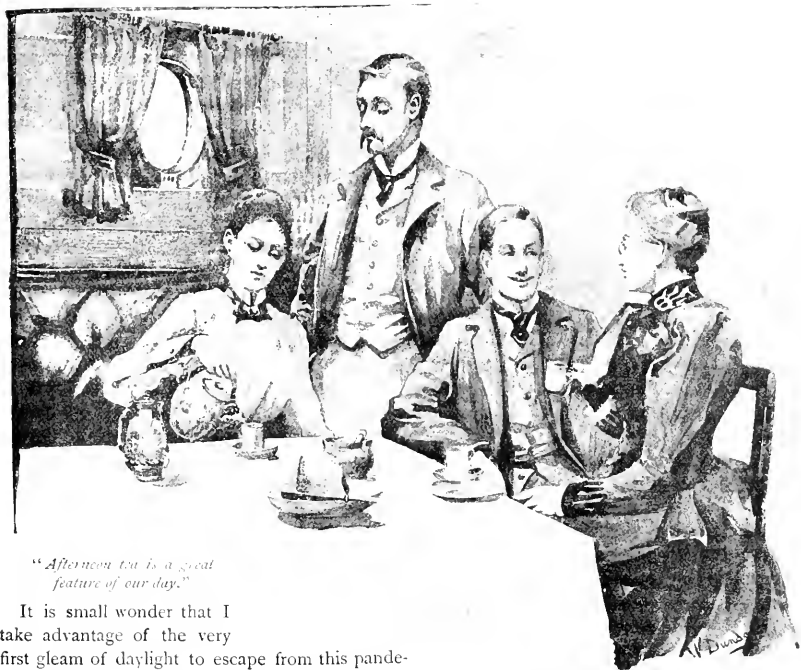
I remember very well the first morning that I awakened about four a.m. by a series of bumps and jars to find that we are in the Bay, with no mistake about it.

I am in a top berth, but it seems to me more than doubtful how long I am going to remain there. I cling to the side with all my energy, try to use my pillow as a safeguard, thereby making myself still more uncomfortable, and long for daylight.

Below me I can hear my cabin trunk performing various evolutions over the floor, and smashing everything it comes across; my fellow-passengers' luggage is also on the war-path, and something fresh seems to be falling down every moment. I had no idea we had so many breakable things in the cabin! The screw is throbbing, all the glass in the cabin is rattling, and during any lulls in the clatter I can hear somebody in one of the adjoining cabins being very ill indeed, and somebody else apparently indulging in hysterics.



"Everybody is kind—wonderfully kind"



"Afternoon tea is a great feature of our day."

It is small wonder that I take advantage of the very first gleam of daylight to escape from this pandemonium.

And when I have succeeded in collecting all my clothes from different parts of the cabin, and huddling them on somehow, in intervals during which I am not ill, I proceed to the companion at the risk of my neck, and have a chance of appreciating to the full the joys of early rising on a P. and O. The stewards are laying down the carpets and generally raising a good deal of dust in the music saloon, the Lascars are washing the deck—there is no rest for the sole of my foot, and I am in everybody's way.

And this miserable beginning is not belied by the rest of the day.

By twelve o'clock the deck presents a truly melancholy spectacle.

In various sheltered spots little groups of deck chairs are lashed, containing unfortunates in various stages of sea-sickness, a few wretched individuals are pensively leaning over the side, a bridegroom wanders about disconsolate and alone,

and on the top of one of the cabins lies a man apparently in the last stage of despair.

The boat ships a good deal of water, which adds numerous sudden wettings to our other miseries.

The men potter about, occasionally venturing on long and dangerous expeditions to the smoking-room, and coming in for many falls and many sudden drenchings *en route*. One old gentleman, after finding himself twice deposited in the scuppers, ends by crawling the rest of the way!

We should be very dull if it were not for these little episodes, which make us laugh in spite of our troubles.

Until after Gibraltar is passed the passengers do not begin to be sociable. Bull, buckets, and quoits, those inevitable ship games, then cease to be played exclusively by the men, and we have tournaments and sweeps over them. We play a peculiar kind of cricket, with mixed teams of

ladies and men, which generally comes to an end through the loss of all the balls overboard. We have various athletic sports, races of all kinds, both flat and hurdle, the latter generally ending in disaster, swinging the monkey, ducking for apples, and any amount of other performances.

These all take place on the hurricane deck; of course, I mean the athletic sports, and so do our dances. The place is then made very cosy with tarpaulin, and brightened up with tiny lamps till it looks quite pretty. A couple of the stewards play the piano and violin, and the scene is quite a festive one.

Occasionally, by way of a change, we indulge in fancy balls, at which may be seen every variety of toilette, from a full-blown fancy costume to ordinary attire with some infinitesimal addition.

Then we have concerts and theatricals, and on any evening which presents none of these attractions, we have a banjo and comic song performance on the deck.

Besides all these things, afternoon tea is a great feature of our day. The dining-saloon consists of two long tables down the middle, and various smaller ones at the sides. These smaller ones are taken for the voyage by anyone who is ambitious of giving tea-parties, and at the long ones the unfortunates who have not been invited out solace themselves with currant buns and big breakfast cups of bad tea. The giver of a tea-party supplies cups, tea, and cakes of various kinds, either made on board or purchased at some of the places where we touch.

Engagements for these festivities become so numerous that they are often made for a week beforehand, and I have been asked to as many as four teas in the same afternoon. Some dissipated

individuals are in the habit of putting in a couple of teas in succession, after the fashion of the London season, and as four o'clock approaches, the great question of the hour becomes: "Who are you going out to tea with?"

Meals follow each other on a P. and O. with startling rapidity.

At seven a.m., if you happen to be up, you begin the day with a cup of coffee and biscuits. One old gentleman used invariably to partake of this refreshment clad in a gorgeous dressing-gown on his way from his bath.

At nine comes breakfast, enlivened by the appearance of a few late risers in pyjamas or dressing-gowns, who cross the saloon to their cabins with the utmost placidity.

After breakfast, unless you indulge in beef-tea at eleven, you, if of the weaker sex, have to sustain life unassisted till one, when you are solaced by lunch. Then comes tea at four, and dinner at half-past six, ending up with more tea, and you are pretty sure to join in a supper-party between ten and eleven.

Besides this the men find periodical solace at the bar, and, in fact, the amount of eating and drinking got through for sheer idleness is inconceivable.

At all times the little tables are the most cheery parts of the saloon, and in the tropics they have the extra advantage of being near the port-holes.

In these regions everyone learns what heat is, for on board ship no way of escaping is possible—you must simply endure it.

There is comfort to be found neither on deck or down below. Everybody is attired in the lightest of garments, and most extraordinary of headgear, everybody is cross and idle, and we all only exist by the assistance of ice and punkahs. We lie on deck chairs, utterly limp and exhausted, and spend the day fanning ourselves or being fanned.



"You begin the day with a cup of coffee."



"The passengers begin to be sociable."

We grumbled in the Suez Canal, we got uncommonly tired of its dreary sameness—deeply do we regret it now.

The Lascars are the only people who welcome this glaring sunshine; now at last they can cease to shiver, and can discard all the various incongruous garments they have been driven to adopt and revert to their native costume.

Even at night there is hardly a breath of air to be obtained.

Everybody camps upon the hurricane deck, men and ladies alike, with the piano as the barrier of separation. We have by this time become quite accustomed to meeting one another in curious costumes on the way to the bath-room, and this is only a step further.

There is a good deal of laughing and chattering for the first night or two, especially on the ladies side of the piano, but we soon get used to it, and take it all as a matter of course.

The costumes of the men for the occasion are, I think, more wonderful than those of the ladies. For the most part they appear in garments very gorgeous and beautiful in the way of dressing-gowns, in which they would just as soon you saw them as not. In fact, there is a kind of primeval flavour about the whole arrangement.

The Canal, I acknowledge, to be dull, almost as dull as the long days at sea which succeed it.

We leave the open sea at Port Said, according to Rudyard Kipling, one of the wickedest places on the face of the earth, and undoubtedly one of the stupidest.

Here necessity drives the passengers ashore, as staying on board during the progress of coaling is apt to be attended by disastrous consequences.

At a due distance I always find looking on at the coaling about one of the most interesting things to be done. I am never tired of watching the grimy, goblin-like little figures running without

pause in a dirty circle in and out of the ship, while the overseer stands on the plank up which they run, with a whip in his hand, prepared to inflict summary punishment on any loiterer.

After this begins our slow progress through the Canal, interrupted by the necessity of "tying up" at intervals, while some big Orient liner or white-painted trooper passes. Scenery there is none, except that presented by the occasional mirages, which appear with wonderful distinctness, rousing a certain amount of doubt as to what is, and what is not real. Otherwise the flat, sandy banks extend with unvarying sameness on either side.

only enlivened by occasional, brightly painted little stations.

But after all the Canal is in a way interesting from very ugliness, and if on the voyage there are a few dull days, nowhere is there so much to be gained in the way of amusement and interest, nowhere do people become so pleasant, so friendly and intimate.

If you are desirous of being interested and amused, if you take an interest in your fellow-creatures, and in other countries than England, let me advise you to betake yourself at once to the office of the P. & O., and purchase a ticket to the most distant port your time and money will admit of.

M. E. ROWAN.

MAISIE DERRICK.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MEETING.

A WOOD of some depth lay between the Park and the narrow brook that divided it from Mr. Yardon's meadows. The chief part of this wood was copse and underwood, but every now and then huge gnarled oaks, grey and hoary, rose above the leafage which already showed below them; these were evidently the survivors of some ancient forest, and had a girth of trunk sufficient to form a hiding-place for a pair of lovers.

It was not a lover-like face that now peered from behind the biggest of the oak trunks: the yellow, sullen face of Harriet Foxley was tempered by an expectant smile as she stood half-hidden and listened to some approaching sounds.

They were so near now that Harriet drew back behind the tree, and gathered her skirts closely, lest they should betray her. She could hear the voices distinctly; Harriet's face became paler with jealous anger as she listened to Miss Lescure's silvery laugh, and to her pretty, foreign-spoken words.

"That's how she catches 'em, with her wheedling ways," she muttered. It seemed to her that the speakers had halted just before they reached the tree.

"Not any further, please," Miss Lescure said. "You must go back now."

"Well, then, let us stand here, I must have you a few minutes longer."

Harriet's wonder and curiosity made her imprudent; she peeped from behind the tree, and then drew her head back in alarm; they were close by her, for they had spoken in a low tone, and had seemed farther off. Miss Lescure stood sideways, her head bent slightly forward, and her eyes fixed on the ground; her companion was tall and stout, with red whiskers and a red face. He wore a white hat and a light overcoat, and Harriet guessed that he must be the visitor staying at the Manor House.

When shall I see you again? Will you come this way to-morrow?

"I do not know; you seem an impatient person."

He laughed. "Isn't it natural I should be impatient to see you again, when I have altered my plans because of you? I ought to be in London. Won't you tell me," he continued, more gently, "when I can see you again?"

"You can call, if you like."

She spoke simply, but she looked saucy.

"I think not; your guardian has no wish to see me at Yardon, and I do not wish to force myself upon him. Say you will come down here to-morrow?"

"Not to-morrow," she spoke sweetly, but so calmly that he saw he must submit. "I may be

here Wednesday or Thursday, but I am not sure. Perhaps"—she said gravely, as if the thought had just come—"perhaps Mr. Yardon may not approve of my coming at all."

Mr. Boyd gave an impatient exclamation.

"But I don't think you will ask his leave, will you?" he took her hand, and held it in his. "Well, I shall be on the watch on Wednesday, and I trust to your sweetness not to disappoint me."

She looked quickly towards the hoary trunk—"Good-bye," she nodded hurriedly—suppose they had been watched, she thought, and she wished she was safe on the farther side of the brook.

She was surprised that Mr. Boyd let her go so easily; he did not try to stop her, as she hurried along the leafy path, and then crossed the brook to the meadow.

Drusilla's face glowed as she walked! She was not sure that personally she liked Mr. Boyd at all, but she liked what he had told her about his fine English home, and his Mediterranean villa, and his yacht. He had also said that, when he married, his wife should have the finest diamonds he could give her. Drusilla gave a little sigh; she felt sure this man was only flirting with her, or why should he be afraid of Mr. Yardon? He was no doubt very rich, and he would try to marry a well-born woman, perhaps someone with a title.

"Why do I care?" she said, crossly. "What can it matter to me; haven't I got to marry Luke Stanmore, and be content with a modest competence?"

She looked, however, extremely discontented, as she crossed the meadows and climbed the steep path to the Hall.

Drusilla entered the house and settled herself in a cosy chair in her bedroom; she was so filled with pleasant thoughts that she hardly knew how to digest them. Her brief vision of Paris and its shops had shown her the dazzling delights that lay outside her experience, and also, when she had lately remembered them, beyond any future hope, when she was the wife of Luke Stanmore; as she drove about that morning in Paris to make her purchases the girl had caught glimpses of jewellers' windows, where brilliants blazed in pale blue velvet cases, and enveloped all sorts of other gems in their many hued and flaming light. These memories had been vividly recalled by her lover's gift to her, and now as she lolled back in her

chair, and held up her slender finger for inspection, she gave a half scornful smile in thinking of the delight with which it had filled her.

"Poor fellow," she sighed, "I believe he thought it a handsome present."

She flushed at the remembrance of Mr. Boyd's eyes when he told her his wife should have all the diamonds she could wish for; he had also said he considered it a married woman's duty to dress as perfectly as possible, so as to do credit to her own taste and her husband's liberality. The last word jarred Drusilla as she recalled it. When she was married, she told herself she would have an allowance that would enable her to dress as she pleased—she sighed; she was not sure that Luke Stanmore could make her happy in this way; he might be able to provide her with an allowance for gowns and millinery, but she might have to wait years for jewellery: she might, perhaps, get just one trinket now and then.

"And when I am old, and not worth looking at, I shall get what I want, perhaps. Oh, dear me!" She gave a gasp of discontent. The bright fancies and gay visions which had just now made life so pleasant, turned to a grey monotony as she contemplated her future with Luke Stanmore.

Mr. Boyd possibly dignified his feelings for Drusilla by the name of love; but, according to his creed, a woman could be taught to love any man who could minister to her tastes and her fancies, and already he had gathered from Drusilla's talk that she longed for the pleasures of life, and considered herself buried alive at Figgsmarsh. Mr. Boyd had been told of her engagement to the young engineer, but he had not spoken of it to her; it was evident to him that she could not care very much for Mr. Stanmore, or she would not have flirted first with Captain Wentworth, and then with him.

He had learned from Miss Savvay that this engagement with the engineer was recent, and also that Mr. Yardon was favourable to it; it would evidently be useless to try to win Drusilla in any open manner. He must go cautiously to work. If the girl preferred him to this young fellow, it would be an act of justice to free her from Mr. Yardon's tyranny, and it would punish the old man for what Mr. Boyd considered "confounded impertinence" towards himself.



G. A. Storey, A.R.S. del. "The way through the Park."

He did not trouble himself about Captain Wentworth's views.

"Wentworth knows too well on which side his bread is buttered, to fall out with me," he said.

Nearly a week had gone by since Drusilla's visit to the Manor House.

At last there came an afternoon which left her free. Mr. Yardon asked Maisie to accompany him to the Manor House, and he gave Drusilla a message to deliver at the Vicarage. Mr. Stanmore had said, when he went away last night, that he had to spend the day at Blivedon.

Drusilla went slowly towards the gates; there was a certain risk, she thought, in going to meet Mr. Boyd in the wood, but then she knew that her guardian and Maisie would walk along the beaten track, and it would be easy, she fancied, to keep out of sight among the trees. She opened the gate and hurried downhill to the Vicarage. She gave Mr. Yardon's message to the maid though she had been charged to deliver it to the Vicar, but Mr. Vernon might be capable, she felt, of walking up the hill with her. Instead of going in at the Hall gates she went past them and crossed the common. She did not meet anyone in the lane, and even her guardian could not object to her taking a walk when she was left alone. The lark went on singing blithely over her head, and Drusilla's eyes ached as she strained them up to the blue sky in search of the invisible singer. She looked with some contempt across the flowerless waste: for a moment her heart swelled as she remembered the dazzling glow of blossoms near her mother's cottage, and the exquisite scent which filled the air in springtime, but the sensation flitted almost as it came.

She reflected that she had rarely cared to gather flowers, and that whenever in her future she wanted them she could always buy them if she lived in town, and she had made up her mind that she would always live in a large city. As Paris was the only large city she had seen, she meant to spend as much time as she could in Paris, unless indeed she found London nicer.

When Miss Lescure reached the wood, she found it difficult to make her way between the trees; the thick growth of underwood was seamed with red-armed briars, and these caught her gown and threatened to tear it. A low, drooping branch

overhead had nearly wrenched off her hat, and she looked vainly round for Mr. Boyd.

"He ought to be here; it is too bad!" she said; "it is just the time I came here with him, and he must have known I should choose that time."

A pretty flush tinged her cheeks; she was tingling with impatience: it was so mortifying, so absurd in every way to have taken this trouble for nothing.

She waited several minutes and became very fretful. She kept back among the trees, so that she might not be seen by any chance passer through the wood. Mr. Yardon and Maisie would certainly come by, but not yet: Drusilla thought that if Mr. Boyd had been at his post, she might have finished her chat with him and been out of the wood again before Maisie and her grandfather quitted the Manor House. There was a sound at last, a low murmur, drawing nearer, nearer, till it took form—a man's rich voice singing; its owner was evidently following the path through the wood.

Drusilla hid behind an old oak trunk. The girl had not calculated how much more of the back of the trunk could be seen from a distance, and she had reckoned, if this proved to be Mr. Boyd, to let him pass on and wait for her; she would come forward and join him some minutes after, as if she had just arrived.

But she was disappointed.

He passed the tree without even turning his head, and then came quickly back to it. Before Drusilla knew that he was so near he had clasped both her hands tightly in his. She gave a little cry.

"Hush," he said, "we must be prudent, your guardian may come any moment; come farther back behind the trees."

Drusilla drew one hand away, but he kept the other in his own while he led her to a much thicker part of the wood, nearer to the park. There was little fear of discovery here; three enormous holly bushes stood near together and left a triangular space in their midst which defied observation from prying eyes.

Mr. Boyd led Drusilla into this retreat and then shook his head at her.

"Little truant," he said; "a nice dance you have led me. If you had not come to-day I

should have gone up to the Hall to-morrow and dared the guardian's anger."

"I could not come sooner." She did not say this defiantly: she was slightly afraid of Mr. Boyd.

"And now that you have come what are you going to say to me?"

Drusilla drew back.

"Do you mean to run away? I must prevent that," and as he spoke he slipped a massive gold bracelet over each of her slender hands. "Now you are handcuffed," he said, laughing; "do you like them?"

"They are beautiful, but you do not mean them for me?" she said, in a troubled voice: she longed so much for the shining things, but she knew she dared not keep them.

"Yes, of course: why not? They are nothing—mere trifles—but I thought they might please you. I fancied from what you said you liked jewellery, and my wish is to please you in all things."

He was looking at her earnestly now, and she felt at her ease again.

"I wonder why"—she spoke very softly—"you should so much wish to please me? I am nothing to you but a mere acquaintance."

"Are you not? You are the only woman I have ever seen worth pleasing. If I try to please you it is because I cannot help it—because I love you."

He had taken her hand again, and the ardour in his eyes startled, through it rather delighted, Drusilla. But the remembrance of Luke Stanmore came to help the girl.

"I ought not to listen to you, Mr. Boyd, and I cannot take your gifts." She drew off the bracelets and put them in his hand. "Have you not heard that I am going to marry Mr. Stanmore?"

Mr. Boyd smiled, and then he looked at her steadily.

"I have heard that Mr. Stanmore has done a very selfish thing: what right has a man of his limited means to ask such a creature as you are to share them? I can give everything a woman should have, and yet I feel that nothing could be worthy of your exquisite self. You are a paragon, my child, a pearl as yet immured in the shell; think what you will be in your proper sphere, dressed, as I feel you could dress, if the means were placed in your power."

Drusilla felt ready to cry.

"There's no use in saying it, I cannot listen to you," she said, in a vexed voice, "it is too late."

"You had better listen," he said, sternly; "listen before it is really too late, Miss Lescure. You think because this young fellow loves you"—he gave a contemptuous exclamation—"as if any man could fail to do that, and because he has taken advantage of your seclusion and your guardian's tyranny to get your consent to marry him, you think you are going to be happy with him: I tell you, you will be nothing of the sort."

Drusilla aroused herself to interrupt him.

"Of course you say that, but I don't see how you can tell," she pouted.

He had not attempted to replace the bracelets, but he pressed her hand tenderly.

"Poor little darling, poor little entrapped bird," he said, "you may not care for me, but at least I will not let you beat your tender self against the bars of a cage without a warning; you think you care for your lover, and just now perhaps you do—you are his idol, he is at your feet, he will do anything to win a smile from you. But when you are married he will have to leave you every day; you will have to amuse yourself in a mediocre house, without the luxuries, and daintiness, and the beautiful things that belong to you of right. Think of your life, my dear child; see for yourself how dull, and monotonous, and meagre it will be. Do you care enough for Mr. Stanmore to be poor with him, and to make him the one object of your life? to find all your pleasure in listening to him, and becoming, in his absence, a good and careful housewife, a domestic drudge, in fact, in the effort to live within your miserable income, bound to account for every shilling you spend?"

He felt the hand he held thrill as if an electric touch passed through it, and he paused.

When he began to speak again, it was to describe his home at Beanlands, and the house he meant to have in London.

"When I first saw you," he said, "I resolved to ask you to be my wife, and then I learned that you had been inveigled into this engagement."

Drusilla had been standing silent, her eyes bent on the ground.

"Hush!" she said, in a stifled voice.

It was easy enough to hear footsteps; the wood

was so seldom used as a thoroughfare that twigs and fallen branches lay across the path, and the snapping sound announced passers-by.

Drusilla fancied it must be her guardian, and Mr. Boyd saw that she grew pale as the footsteps went on along the road.

"Are you faint?" he whispered, and he gently put his arm round her. He was surprised to see tears falling over her face, but she did not turn from him.

"I am so miserable," she sobbed; "my guardian will be so angry if he finds out I have been with you!"

She broke down, and cried passionately for several minutes. Her fear of her guardian puzzled her companion, but he did not at first try to soothe her.

"I must go; I dare not stay any longer," she said, as she wiped her eyes, and she looked so scared that he did not try to thwart her.

"Poor little darling!" he gave her hand a tender squeeze as he guided her slowly towards the edge of the wood, so that she might return as she had come by the common; now and then he said a few words, but Drusilla scarcely answered him; she hung her head, and looked despairing. When they reached the last trees, he looked at her very earnestly.

"You will remember all I have said," he whispered. "If you have courage enough to trust yourself to me, I will make you my wife—and once my wife, you need have no fear of Mr. Yardon or of anyone else."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAUGHT.

HARRIET FOXLEY had not gone again to the Manor House since the day when Drusilla was there, although that tea, with hot muffins, lingered in her memory, and she sorely longed for the chance of such enjoyment.

She was possessed with the dread of meeting the portly, fierce-eyed man if she went through the wood, and the Manor House was a long way off by the road.

On this afternoon she bethought her of her offer to Miss Derrick. If she had a note to carry to Miss Savvay, Mr. Boyd would not venture, she thought, to stop her. She reached the Hall gates and went up the drive; while she stood at the

Hall door waiting for admittance Mr. Yardon came out.

"Miss Derrick is not in," he said, looking sharply at her. "What do you want, my girl?"

Mr. Yardon had a tender corner in his heart for helpless creatures; he was always kind to children, and he never spoke roughly to Harriet Foxley, though her uncouth appearance at his own door annoyed him.

"I want to see Miss Derrick; she said I might call for a message when I was going down to Manor House." She spoke sulkily—she felt ill-used by Maisie's absence—then in a sort of despair she went on:

"Perhaps you have a note or a word to send to Miss Savvay, sir."

Mr. Yardon smiled at her persistence. "I have just come back from seeing Miss Savvay, but if you want Miss Derrick you will meet her in the wood, or else find her at the Manor House."—"Warren," the butler, had just come to answer Harriet's ring—"Do you know which way Miss Lescure went?"

"I saw her pass the gate, sir, going that way, sir"—he pointed up the hill.

Mr. Yardon turned away and went down the drive.

He went on briskly towards the common. He was no longer even middle-aged, yet up-hill or level made no difference to him; he delighted in long walks, and he never walked slowly.

At last he caught sight of his ward sitting on a little thyme-covered hillock below an enormous gorse-bush. Her face was turned towards him, but she did not rise, and he fancied she had been crying.

"Tired, Ladybird?" He spoke affectionately, but Drusilla did not smile at him.

"I twisted my foot," she said, plaintively, "so I sat down here: will you help me up? I am afraid I can't walk alone."

He bent over her with a tenderness she had never seen in him. "Poor pet," he said softly, "which is the lame foot, if it still pains you, I will go and fetch the carriage."

The anxiety in his stern face amused her. As she stood leaning on his arm she became aware that she had alarmed herself causelessly, her foot had been slightly twisted; the rest on the thyme-bank had eased the pain.

"I believe I can walk, thank you."

He pressed her hand with his arm. "That's right," he said, cheerfully, "lean on me, dear child, as heavily as you like, I shan't get many more walks with you, shall I?"

Drusilla had scarcely ever seen him in such a mood as this; he had more than once shown her a glimpse of affection, he had even been tender for a few moments, but he had always repressed these indications of warm feeling by the restrained manner that seemed habitual to him. Now she saw that his eyes were glistening with kindness; he seemed to be willing for once that natural feeling should have its way. Drusilla waited, this opportunity was too good to be lost, but she was unwilling to be too premature lest she should send her guardian back into the shell which she had once or twice found impenetrable.

"How long will Miss Savvay stay at the Manor House?" she said, carelessly.

"Miss Savvay told us to-day she should be here till August; she means to stay on after you leave, for Maisie's sake."

"Does she think Maisie will miss me?" the girl said shyly, and then she looked up into her guardian's face, and she met his fond, fatherly smile.

"I want to tell you something if you will promise not to be angry," she said, in a sweet, coaxing tone. "We are so near home now, shall I tell you when we get in, dear, or——"

This was a second thought. Drusilla reflected that if her guardian were to become very angry, and she had the impression that his anger might be violent if fully aroused, it would be far easier to leave him indoors than as she now was, clinging to his arm on the common.

"Just as you like," he said, but he was pleased that she wished to prolong the interview. He felt impatient when on reaching the hall he was told the Vicar was waiting for him.

"Go into my study," he said to Drusilla. "I will come to you as soon as I can."

The girl was glad of the respite thus given her, she wanted a few moments to reflect in.

CHAPTER XXV.

UNEXPECTED.

MR. VERNON stayed so long chatting on many trifles that at last he could not help seeing his host's impatience and he departed.

The interval had given Drusilla time to consider her position. Mr. Yardon called himself her guardian, and assumed authority over her, but his gentleness to-day had lessened her fear of him; after all, she told herself, he could only be angry, and she must make up her mind to risk offending him.

"There is no rose without a thorn," she said to herself, gaily.

She heard Mr. Yardon coming across the hall, and she settled herself into a bewitching attitude near his high-backed chair.

He stroked her sunny hair as he seated himself.

"Well, sweetheart, what is it we are to discuss?"

"You will not be angry." She looked up at him curiously.

"I dare say not, I can't tell."

"Yes, you can tell, you can if you choose, at least, you are so wise that surely you can keep from being angry if you like."

"Well, I'll try to be wise, little one," he smiled, as he nodded and looked expectant.

"I have been thinking very much," Drusilla spoke gravely, "and I find that I do not wish to marry Mr. Stanmore—there now," she raised her finger—"I asked you not to be angry."

His face was very red and he was frowning so that she could not see his eyes.

"I have a right to be angry," he said. "Only a week or so ago I offered to release you from this engagement, and you abided by it; since then you and Stanmore have been like a pair of turtle-doves. May I ask if you have been quarrelling?"

She looked perfectly calm, his frown and his contemptuous tone did not even bring a flush to her cheeks.

"No, we have not quarrelled, but I have had time to think and see that I cannot be happy with Mr. Stanmore, the life he wishes me to lead will not suit me; you wish me to be happy, do you not?" She said this so earnestly that he was startled.

"You know I wish it, child"—he left off frowning—"I should not have listened to Stanmore if I had not felt sure he would make you a good husband."

"Ah, but," she smiled winningly at him, "I did not say he would be anything but very good; but I want something more than a good husband."

She had begun to twine her fingers together, his keen gaze had made her at last nervous. "I—" she went on hurriedly, "I have met with someone who likes me as well as Mr. Stanmore does, and who can give me all I want."

Her courage sank under the gathering sternness in his eye: she could not tell how it was, but under that look her proposal seemed false and foolish.

"Explain yourself," he said, bitterly. "I cannot grasp your meaning."

Drusilla felt sullen; she thought Mr. Yardon was treating her like a criminal, when she was acting so honestly towards him, but she strove to keep her anger under control.

"I only want to say I cannot marry Mr. Stanmore," she said calmly, "and I ask you to tell him this. I prefer not to see him again."

Mr. Yardon was too indignant to notice the quiver in her voice, or he might have heard in it a hope for Luke Stanmore.

"And the reason you offer for this modest confession is that you have seen someone who can give you all you want?"

Drusilla rose up, she was white with anger, and her dark eyes flamed.

"You are rude, Mr. Yardon; you have no right to speak to me so. I had no need to consult you, but I wished to be honest: of course I should not wish to marry Mr. Boyd if I did not like him."

"Mr. Boyd is it? When have you seen the fellow? He has not ventured to show his face here since I gave him the cold shoulder. Mr. Boyd is not a man to be trusted by a woman, child; he is wholly inferior to the man you have deceived."

"Perhaps:" she did not turn round, but he felt that she was sneering. "I never said Mr. Boyd was as good as Mr. Stanmore is; he suits me better, that's all."

When Mr. Yardon spoke again there was a tone of defeat in his voice.

"Do you mean to ask my advice in this matter?"

She turned round and looked at him inquiringly.

"That depends. It seems to me that I have a right to do as I please in the matter. I consult you only because you have been kind to me, and because you are Mr. Stanmore's friend;

I am free. You call yourself my guardian, but you are not related to me; there is no use in trying to drive me, my mother tried that and failed."

He gave her a long, yearning look, but her eyes were full of defiance; he began to walk up and down the room.

"How could you deceive me so, child?" he said at last. "I saw you, as I believed, happy in the thought of your marriage, making that poor fellow, too, believe you loved him; that is the worst part of it, Drusilla, and all the while you were meeting this man and encouraging his proposals."

"You exaggerate," she said, coldly, "I have seen Mr. Boyd twice, and he only proposed to me to-day; besides, do you suppose I am the only girl who ever changed her mind?"

His anger rose again.

"You have seen this man twice, you know nothing of him, and yet you are willing to marry him; listen, Drusilla, what if I refuse my consent to such a marriage?"

She looked at him carefully, there was more appeal than anger in her eyes.

"You will not refuse me, you cannot; but it will make me quite happy if you consent."

He had been standing in front of her, now he turned impatiently away.

"Would a mother give her child poison if it asked for it? Listen, Drusilla, this is a matter in which you must trust yourself to my judgment. You promised of your own free-will to marry Luke Stanmore; he has not given you any reason for breaking your word."

"There is no use in repeating that. I shall tell Mr. Stanmore that I cannot marry him."

"Stop," he said, "I have something else to say." Drusilla sat down again, while he walked up and down the room in an agitation that puzzled her. She did not think he was angry, but she saw he was thoroughly unlike himself. At last he stopped in front of her; he cleared his throat, yet when his voice came it sounded hoarse.

"I ask you to give up Mr. Boyd as a simple act of obedience."

"I cannot do so; I am sorry, for you have been very kind to me, but there is no reason why I should obey you."

She was sorry now that she had confided in him; it was so difficult to listen to him patiently.

He stood looking at her, his face showed the

agitation that had overpowered him; at last he said in a quiet tone, "And if I tell you there is a reason for your obedience, if I say I must be obeyed because I am your mother's husband, I am your own father, what then, eh?"

The man's face showed a longing hunger for his child's affection.

"Drusilla, have you not a word or a kiss for your father?"

He said this abruptly, his feelings had got the mastery over him, he could no longer control them; it was pitiful to see how this hard man yearned for his child's love. Drusilla rose as he spoke and offered him her cool cheek to kiss, but she made no attempt to caress him. For a moment or two as she felt his arms round her, and his warm kisses on her forehead—something stirred in her, but even this was hardly spontaneous feeling, it was a sense of possession, of rest and help, rather than of affection; all this time she had thought herself fatherless, and now she had a home as well as a father, she was better off than Maisie; she could have laughed and shouted out her joy at this discovery, and then as quickly suspicion fell across her triumph like a smear.

If Mr. Vardon was her father, why had she and her mother lived alone in that poor cottage all those years?"

The girl was never garrulous, even when she felt happiest she spoke little, and now she waited for her father's explanation.

He seated himself beside her, and kept her hand in his.

"I had intended to tell you this on your wedding-day, so you have only learned it a little sooner."

He paused, looked tenderly at her, and then turned away as he spoke again.

"There is, I am aware," he said, stiffly, "an explanation due to you, my child, but it is painful to me to give it, for it must cast blame on others. You would never have heard the whole truth, Drusilla, but for what has just passed between us—I think now it may be a safeguard to you to know it, unless"—he looked at her with grave sadness—"unless it will greatly distress you to hear me blame your mother."

She raised her head, which had drooped as he began.

"No, you had better tell me, I want to know all about myself."

"Poor child!" he pressed the hand he still held; "who could be hard on you? not I, but I must save you if I can from your mother's fate."

He let go her hand and passed his own slowly across his forehead, as if he were trying to quicken into more distinct vision the recollection of earlier years.

"Twenty years ago I had a great sorrow," he began, abruptly, "and I could not bear to go on living among all that re-called it: I went abroad, and I met with your mother, Drusilla; she was as beautiful as you are, but you are not like her, child, thank God!"

He rose and walked up and down before he went on:

"We were soon married. I kept it secret, for I was ashamed of having married so soon. I suppose I was infatuated. It seems to me now that I acted like a fool. I soon learned that your mother had married me because she thought I was an English millionaire, and as long as I gave her all she wished for, she seemed pleased and kind; I knew she did not love me, but I hoped to win her love.

"We were spending the winter in the Riviera when you were born. You were just a month old when I was summoned to Paris on business; your mother pleaded to be left behind, the weather was chilly, unfit for a young child to travel, she said. I have told you enough. Drusilla, your mother was tired of me and preferred to live alone, she left her house. For years I heard nothing of you. When you were about twelve she wrote and begged for help; she had had to earn her living, she was very ill, and she wrote that she knew she could not live many years. I promised to care for you whenever you should be left alone; your mother begged that you might be spared to her while she lived."

There was silence. Even at that distance Drusilla could hear the doves cooing from the stables and the tinkle of the red cow's bell as she came in to be milked in the farmyard.

Drusilla felt wronged and resentful; it was her father's fault that her childhood had been so lonely. She looked sullen and he guessed at her thoughts; he again sat down beside her and took her slim hand in his.

"You think I ought to have claimed you sooner, so as to give you a better education; perhaps you have a right to think so; but I bitterly reproached myself for the misery your mother had had to suffer; it seemed to me cruel to take you from her when she begged that I would leave you with her; I ascertained that there was a school at the Sentis convent, and it was not possible that your mother would be well enough to travel to England. I heard at intervals of her declining health; and I settled that if, when I saw you, I could receive you as my child, I would give you a home. Weeks before you came here, my Drusilla, I had planned that you should be Stanmore's wife."

His strange flow of speech and the glistering, longing gaze with which he watched her face had fascinated Drusilla. She looked up at her father, and raising his hand to her lips she kissed it.

"Your life has been spoiled," she said; "first by my mother, and now I have brought trouble into it," she smiled, and added brightly, "is it not a risk to couple people who have not met? I think Maisie would suit Mr. Stanmore far better than I ever could."

"No, I think you are wrong there, they are too much alike to make one another happy; opposite qualities in a husband or wife give each that which is wanting in the other; that is what people say, you know, and I think there is some truth in the saying. There is still something more to say. If I understand you, child, it is not Stanmore you shrink from, but his want of a large income." The girl started, it seemed to her that he had read her thought. "Even on that point you are mistaken. He is safe to come to the front

and to win money as well as distinction. His wife will probably become Lady Stanmore—but that is not what I wish to say. I am a much richer man than you fancy, Drusilla, richer than anyone knows except my lawyer."

It seemed to him that she became more attentive as he went on. "You have a large claim on me as my daughter. If you marry to please me, I can settle enough on you to give you an independent income. If you and your husband are prudent and free from extravagance you will be able to live easily, and with all the comforts you can wish for."

A question burned on Drusilla's lips. "Can I have a carriage and diamonds?" she longed to say, but her father's sad, almost pathetic face subdued her.

"In that case," she said, slowly. "I ought, I suppose, to get handsomer clothes and things than I had thought of doing."

He bent his head.

"I went over this afternoon to see Miss Savvay about this, and I am to tell you that she puts herself at your disposal. You have only to write and fix a day for going to London, and she is ready to accompany you."

There was still a sadness in his eyes; he felt that Drusilla was farther from him now than when she had been his ward.

"May I have time to think?" she said.

"Surely; your decision is far too important to be made in a hurry. Let me have your answer to-morrow morning."

He rose and kissed her forehead; then he held the door open for her to pass out of the study.

(To be continued.)



THE VICTORIAN ERA.

(FIRST HALF : 1837-65.)

JOHN KIRKPATRICK.

LECTURE X.

INDIAN MUTINY—CHINA—ORSINI'S ATTEMPT—
—DERBY'S ADMINISTRATION—INDIA ACT—
DOMESTIC AFFAIRS—PALMERSTON AGAIN—
GLADSTONE'S FINANCE—ITALY.

AS we enter on a period within living memory the plot seems to thicken, affairs, both domestic and foreign, become ever more complex, and the student is apt to feel bewildered with the wealth of his materials. But though the horizon gradually closes in around us and shuts out our view of distant objects in their due perspective, yet our past experience will generally help us to distinguish things of temporary from things of permanent interest. For, all through our previous chapters, we have been trying to learn the important art of separating the wheat from the chaff, the ore from the dross, the pearl of great price from the heap of "dry rubbish."

Our recent continental tour carried us to the Crimea, Persia, Herat, and India; and in India we must now pause for a few moments to glance at the tragedy of 1857-58. The greased cartridge, introduced into India with the Minié rifle in 1856, had struck terror into the minds of the poor superstitious Sepoys. Scarcely had the cause of that terror been removed when a new defilement was suspected to lurk in the glossy paper of which cartridges were made. At Berhampore, about a hundred miles to the north of Calcutta, this new suspicion caused the 19th Native Infantry to mutiny in February, 1857. A month later, although their insubordination had sprung from no worse motive than religious panic, they were disbanded; but by this time symptoms of deadly and vindictive fanaticism had broken out in the 34th Regiment at Barrackpore, near Calcutta. Soon, throughout the North-west, mutiny became

epidemic ; frequent incendiary fires heralded the coming storm ; and at length, in April, the harsh punishment of a number of poor Sepoys at Meerut, near Delhi, for refusing to touch the abhorred cartridges, lashed the native regiments into fury. Local mutinies, caused by superstitious fear, had blazed into a general insurrection, fed by revengeful fanaticism. In May Delhi was captured by the insurgents, and within two months more the British disasters had culminated in the massacre of Cawnpore and the siege of Lucknow. For a time British authority seemed annihilated ; bloodshed and anarchy reigned supreme ; but before the close of the year the tide was effectually turned by the recapture of Delhi and the relief of Lucknow. The tragedy of the Mutiny is too long to be told here, its heroes and martyrs are too numerous to be named ; but the nation will never forget the profound gratitude it owes to the genius and heroism of such men as John and Henry Lawrence, to Neill, Havelock, and Outram, and even to the judgment and moderation of Lord Canning, the Governor-General. Probably no tragedy in real life has ever been so full of heart-rending scenes, of base treachery, of savage cruelty, and of personal heroism, as the Indian Mutiny ; but darker and sadder even than the Mutiny itself was the bloodthirsty vindictiveness with which it was punished. Well might Canning plead for mercy. Well might our gentle and gracious Queen express "sorrow and indignation at the unchristian spirit shown" towards the poor Sepoys, and towards the Indians in general. Among the Indians there were doubtless monsters of treachery, rapacity, and cruelty, like Nana Sahib ; but it should be remembered that the prevailing motive of the insurgents was superstitious panic, which the British authorities unwisely tried to crush by force ; while, alas, the wholesale slaughter which followed the mutiny was mainly prompted by ignoble revenge.

Before returning home to see how Lord Palmerston is faring, we may now pay a flying visit to China. The story of the Chinese wars of 1856-60 is rather obscure, but a glance at them will satisfy us that, like most other wars, they sprang from very inadequate causes. If Government officials could but express the true voice of the nation they represent, instead of being bound hand and foot with red tape, or giving way to their

personal feelings, both gentle Hindoo and heathen Chinese might probably in most cases be reasoned with and conciliated. The Chinese authorities at Canton seized, on suspicion of piracy, the crew of the *Arrow*, a "lorcha," or schooner, sailing under the British flag, though Chinese-owned and Chinese-manned. By treaty the Chinese were bound to hand over British criminals to the British authorities. The consul demanded the extradition of the crew. The Chinese refused to comply, the ship being truly a Chinese ship, and the criminals really Chinese criminals. Not so, replied the British ; the British flag, even though the vessel had no right to hoist it, makes the crew British ; we demand restitution and apology. Such a demand should never have been made, and it is not surprising that the Chinese governor refused it. And hence originated the two wars, which led to cruel reprisals on both sides, and terminated with the crushing defeat of the Chinese by the British and the French in 1860.

No wonder that a good many people at home accused Palmerston's Government of bullying the Chinese, and that, on Cobden's motion, a majority in the House of Commons condemned the conduct of the British plenipotentiary at Hong Kong and the consul at Canton in the affair of the *Arrow*. But Palmerston was popular, and when he appealed to the country in March, 1857, he was returned to power with an increased majority. His new *regime*, however, was soon cut short by a new and unexpected defeat. In 1858 Orsini attempted to assassinate the French emperor by throwing three bombs under his carriage. This outrage caused the death of about twenty bystanders and wounded many more, and when the French learned that the deadly missiles had been secretly manufactured in England, they angrily demanded a guarantee against the repetition of such conspiracies. Although Palmerston sent no written reply to the demand, he acknowledged its justice by proposing to make the laws against such crimes more stringent ; but, when he introduced a Bill for the purpose, the Tories and the advanced Liberals united to defeat it, on the ground that he ought first to have sent a written answer to the French despatch. There can be little doubt, however, that Palmerston had taken a judicious course ; for if the more ardent spirits could have had their way, they would have retorted hastily and angrily

to the French demand, and thus endangered the amicable relations of the two countries. Yet the motive of the Opposition was a patriotic one, as they considered Palmerston's measure an unworthy concession to the menacing language used by the French press on the occasion. This defeat was frankly accepted by Palmerston as notice to quit, and on his resignation the Queen sent for Lord Derby.

With an adverse majority in Parliament, Lord Derby naturally found some difficulty in forming an administration; but having succeeded in his task, with the aid of such distinguished coadjutors as Disraeli and Salisbury, he wisely resolved to carry out the policy of his predecessor. His first business, however, was to send a written answer to the French despatch, which his party had censured Palmerston for omitting to send. But, owing to the delay that had intervened, the answer was certainly milder in tone than if it had been sent during the first irritation caused by the incident. The answer was of course diplomatic and circumlocutionary, but it simply meant—you don't mean to say that you really thought that English law would screen such criminals? Oh dear, no (although we certainly said so), replied the French, we meant nothing of the kind. And thus, thanks indirectly to the fact that Palmerston had wisely abstained from sending an immediate written answer to an angry and irritating despatch, the "misunderstanding" terminated with mutual diplomatic assurances of our "most distinguished consideration."

The next important business of the Derby Administration was to pass the India Act. During two centuries and a half a few commercial factories on the East Indian shores had grown into an empire seven times the size of Great Britain and Ireland, and with over five times the population of these islands. "Please only let me get my foot in," said the fox in the fable; but his foot was soon followed by his whole body, including of course his wily brain and his insatiable stomach. Not unlike this tale of Reynard was the history of John Company, a most picturesque history, which fills many a big volume. Founded by a charter granted by Queen Elizabeth in 1600, the Company obtained permission from Charles II., in 1662, to make war and peace with the native princes. What a vista of possibilities was thus opened up! No sea-rover, provided with letters of marque,

ever enjoyed such a matchless opportunity of making his fortune, and John Company was not slow to use it. As his one great object was to make money—honestly, if possible—he was seldom over-scrupulous about the rights of the natives; yet, on the whole, his yoke was far lighter than that of the barbarous and despotic princes whom he supplanted. For nearly a century his progress was slow, and his movements were hampered by the competition of the French East India Company; but when the genius and bravery of Clive had swept the French out of India in the closing years of George II.'s reign, and Britain had become supreme in India, the government of that vast country necessarily ceased to be a matter of mere private concern. In 1833 the Company was deprived of its trading powers, which had so long formed a gigantic monopoly; and as its governing powers were now practically wielded by the home Government, its independence was obviously gone. In 1853 its powers were further limited, and at last the Mutiny of 1857 made Government resolve to put an end to its anomalous existence. By the India Act of 1858 the whole of the dominions and the powers of the Company were transferred to the Crown, and the Government was henceforth to be carried on by a Secretary of State and a council of fifteen members. Hardly less important was the transference of all the civil and military appointments from the patronage of the directors to the impartial region of competitive examination. The directors did not always make bad appointments, nor do examinations always ensure good ones, but it was obviously right to substitute the system of public competition for that of private patronage.

With a Liberal majority against him, Lord Derby's ministerial existence was not likely to last long, but he must be credited with several other important measures. By a statute of Queen Anne, no one could represent a shire in Parliament unless he possessed landed property worth £600 a year, or a borough unless he had land worth £300 a year. A man might possess a million of money in personal property, or he might be an expert in civil or military affairs, or in any of the great industries of the country, but if he lacked land he lacked the only true criterion of wisdom. This absurd statute, which, happily,

had chiefly been honoured in the breach, was swept away by Lord Derby's Government in 1858. To this Parliament belongs also the honour of admitting Jews to Parliament. For many years this measure of religious toleration had been opposed by the austere Lords, but they now relented, thus practically removing the last of parliamentary disabilities. On the other hand, their zeal for the welfare of the Church would not permit them to pass a Bill for the abolition of Church-rates, which was carried in the Commons about the same time. Thus far Derby had done well, but his days were numbered. Reform of the parliamentary franchise, or, in plainer English, the lowering of the property qualification of voters, had long been in the air, and now Disraeli comes forward as its champion. The Bill of so ingenious a statesman was sure to be ingenious. One of its chief features consisted in the proposed extension of the franchise to persons possessed of £10 a year in the funds or of £60 in a savings-bank, to pensioners of £20 a year, to graduates, clergymen, lawyers, doctors, and schoolmasters. But (oh, that wicked Opposition) the enemies of the Bill declared it had been framed with a view to add as many Conservative voters to the roll as possible, and even the Conservatives were by no means sure that it would benefit them. Lord John Russell moved that the Bill was unsatisfactory on several grounds, especially as it did not further extend the franchise in the cities and boroughs. How men, especially political men, do talk! We, impartial historical observers, scorning to be biassed by mere political motives, could have settled the matter in an hour, but the House of Commons only settled it after talking for a fortnight. The result of this talk was that Disraeli's fancy goods were rejected. To build a system of "fancy franchises" (as they were nicknamed) on qualifications derived partly from property, partly from education, appears reasonable enough in theory, but if the man with £60 in the bank spends it, or if the lawyer or the doctor retires from his practice, does not his electoral wisdom at once vanish? Rebuffed by the Opposition, ministers now appealed to the constituencies; but the constituencies sympathised with the Opposition, and as they also sympathised with the aspirations of the Italians, who had just embarked on a war of liberation from the yoke of Austria,

they again returned a Liberal majority to Parliament.

In June, 1859, Palmerston accordingly resumed office, bringing with him Russell, Gladstone, Granville, and other eminent men, but failing to induce Cobden to join his administration, as peace-loving Cobden disapproved of Palmerston's foreign policy. The first important business of the new Parliament was finance. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, having to meet heavy naval and military expenditure, estimated that there would be a deficit of five millions, but instead of shabbily handing down this deficit to posterity, he at once made it good by adding 4d. in the pound to the tax on incomes over £150, and by the imposition of a penny stamp on bankers' cheques. Of all subjects in the world taxation seems to most people about the driest, and yet, if you look a little below the surface, it is one of the most interesting. Roughly speaking, the Imperial business of this country, some twenty-five years ago, required a revenue of seventy millions, and now it requires about ninety. What is the fairest way of extracting this prodigious sum from the pockets of the nation? To this difficult and important question, Mr. Bright, as spokesman of the Financial Reform Association in 1859, gave a partial but very noteworthy answer. Abolish the income-tax, and a number of vexatious customs-dues, and substitute for them a tax at the rate of 8s. per hundred pounds of income derived from all property worth £100 or upwards. In other words, would it not be fairer to tax all incomes, from £5 a year and upwards, at the trifling rate of about a penny in the pound, than only to tax incomes of £150 and upwards at the heavy rate of 8d. or 10d. in the pound. Should there not be one law for both poor and rich, for little incomes as well as large? True; but, on the other hand, consider the complexity of the machinery requisite for assessing the tax, not on a few hundred thousand, but on several million persons. Among other valuable suggestions made by Mr. Bright was one that wine, spirits, and tobacco alone should be liable to import-duty. But surely there should be added to the list such other luxuries as are either detrimental or at least not conducive to health. Think, for example, of the millions of our population who are injuring their muscles, shattering their nerves, and enfeebling their pos-

terity by the abuse of tea. To reduce the tax on tea may be a popular move, but such reduction infallibly tends to diminish the national health and vigour.

But now let us hasten to revisit fair Italy. Browning's "woman-country," the graceful and accomplished damsel whose "gift of beauty" ever fascinates. In 1850 France and Sardinia declared war against Austria. In order to understand why, we must go back a little. Napoleon's mind, once said Palmerston, is "as full of schemes as a warren is full of rabbits." One of his schemes, a fair and reasonable one, was to unite the Danubian Principalities under one sovereign as a barrier to Russian encroachment. But the scheme proved abortive, partly because Austria objected to the erection of a strong new power on her frontier, and partly because the British Conservative Government of 1858 thought that such a power would menace the integrity of Turkey. Napoleon therefore owed Austria a grudge. So, too, did Italy, but on far more substantial grounds; for the rich and beautiful plains of Lombardy and Venice were still groaning under the Austrian yoke, while Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and the States of the Church mainly owed their separate existence to Austrian arms or Austrian influence. In July, 1858, Napoleon entered into a secret alliance with Italy, and when Europe saw Austria, Italy (or, strictly speaking, the Kingdom of Sardinia), and France arming for war, she naturally intervened to keep

the peace. The three countries, it was proposed, should disarm, and a congress should be called to consider the situation. Austria, however, objected to Italian representatives being sent to the congress, and, on her own account, sent a bullying demand to Cavour for the disarmament of the Sardinian troops. At the request of Europe Cavour had expressed his readiness to disarm, on the demand of Austria alone he declined. A few days later the Austrians crossed the Ticino, the boundary of Piedmont (Sardinia), and shortly afterwards the French entered Turin. Within three memorable months the Austrians were defeated by the French and Sardinians at Magenta and Solferino: the Peace of Villafranca was signed; Lombardy was ceded to Sardinia; Tuscany, Parma, and Modena voluntarily united with Sardinia; but Savoy and Nice were ceded to France.

Very seldom in history had a war of independence yielded so rapid and decisive results. From about one-twelfth of the Italian peninsula the Kingdom of Sardinia had suddenly grown to one-third. Within a few years more, owing in no small measure to British influence and sympathy, the Kingdom of Sardinia would grow into the Kingdom of Italy, embracing the whole peninsula; the beautiful and gifted damsel, oppressed by Austria, by the Pope, by the Bourbons, and by several minor potentates, would soon resume her ancient and rightful place as a Queen among nations.

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

- I. Write a short essay on India in 1857-58.
- II. Discuss the question of Parliamentary Reform as in 1859.
- III. What do you regard as the chief domestic events of 1858-60?

Please answer one, or at most two, of these questions; state the total number of words (which must not exceed 500) contained in your answer or answers; and address your paper to the SUPERINTENDENT, R.U., ATLANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., on or before 25th July.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

The following verses were awarded the First and Second Prizes in the "Quotation Poem" Competition. Each line is taken from a different Poem. Give in every case name of Author and Work where the line occurs.

I.—ON A GARDEN.

1. Come to my blossom-woven shade,
2. Oh, happy pleasure there to dwell !
3. For fairer scene you ne'er surveyed,
4. Green, lit with fountains, tended well.
5. Where roses and white lilies grow,
6. Come, gentle friend, and sit by me.
7. Sweet gales, as from deep gardens, blow.
8. Like myrrh on winds of Araby.
9. Delicious is the lay that sings,
10. A bird unseen, yet not remote.
11. Come forth into the light of things,
12. Innocent bird, with tremulous note.
13. Here every inch of garden ground
14. Doth feel the gladness of the May,
15. And beauty, born of murmuring sound
16. Hath struck a bliss upon the day.
17. Oh, sweet the jasmine's bud of snow,
18. The little speedwell's darling blue,
19. Roses, ranged in valiant row,
20. All virgin lamps of scent and dew.
21. And many a summer flower is there,
22. Clasped with the golden light of morn,
23. Which lies, a garment floating fair,
24. On every slanting terrace lawn.

L. C. POWELL.

II.—SUMMER IN THE GARDEN.

1. Loose blossoms slanting o'er our heads ;
2. The drowsy smell of flowers ;
3. Pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
4. White clover and sly nignonnee
5. In scented bowers.
6. Sounds and sweet airs that give delight ;
7. The linnet's lay of love,
8. Sough of the south wind in the trees.
9. The busy murmur of the bees
10. That haunt the grove.
11. And what a wilderness of flowers !
12. Bright lilacs steeped in dew ;
13. The tulip's horn of dusky green ;
14. And, shining with a wondrous sheen,
15. The gentian's blue.
16. Magnolia bell superb with scent ;
17. Rose, filled with dewy wine,
18. All glowing red and creamy pale ;
19. And blue sweet hyacinth ; and hail
20. Sweet eglantine.

WINIFRED PARNELL.

All readers of *ATALANTA* may send in answers to the above questions. Reply-Papers should be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R.U., *ATALANTA*, 28, New Bridge Street, and must be sent in before 15th July. They should have the words "Search Questions" on the cover.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (JUNE).

I.
1. The assassination of President Abraham Lincoln after the close of the War of Secession, 1865. 2. Walt Whitman.

II.
Religion, Justice, Counsel, and Treasure.
BACON'S *Essays*, No. 15.

III.
Mr. Horatio Sparkins's real name was Samuel Smith. He was assistant in a small draper's shop in the Tottenham Court-road.

CHARLES DICKENS'S *Sketches by Boz*.

IV.
Miss Robina looked after the house ; Miss Annie took entire management of the garden ; Miss Sarah did all the needlework ; Miss Amelia Perkins never did anything.
JEAN INGELW'S *Studies for Stories*.

V.
1. "Mons Meg" was a famous old gun, kept at Edinburgh Castle, a great favourite with the Scotch people, who regarded it as part of the State treasure. It was made at Mons, in Flanders, in the reign of James IV.

See *Rob Roy*.

2. The "Tappit Hen" was a pewter measure, capable of holding three quarts of claret ; the figure of a hen was on the lid. The name was afterwards given to a glass bottle of the same size.
Guy Rimering.

3. The name of "Andrea di Ferrara" is inscribed on all Scottish broadswords which are accounted of peculiar excellence. About this artist nothing is known positively. He is supposed to have been a Spaniard or Italian brought over by James IV. to instruct the Scots in the manufacture of sword-blades.
Waverley.

VI.

A toad that Monsieur le Vicomte found in his cell when he was imprisoned in the Abaye during the French Revolution.

MRS. EWING'S *Melchior's Dream, and other Stories*.

VII.

Bo-bo set fire to his father's house, by which accident the merits of Roast Pig were made known to the world at large.

CHARLES LAMB'S *Essays of Elia*.

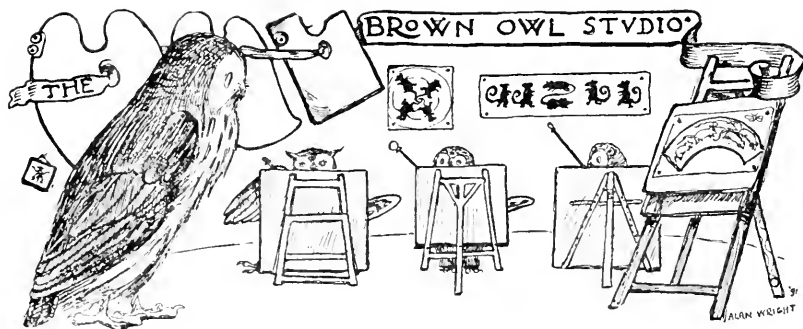
VIII.

The "handsome Milkmaid" sang the "smooth song made by Kit Marlow (*Come live with me and see my love*), and her mother sang an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh. They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good ; I think much better than the strong lines there are now in fashion in this critical age."

ISAAC WALTON, *The Complete Angler*.

IX.

1. James Thomson, *The Castle of Indolence*. 2. Wordsworth, *Tintern Abbey*. 3. Coleridge, *Ode to the Departing Year*.



AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

IN these days of artful technique and perfection of professional workmanship, there is probably no hobby dear to the amateur in which so large a measure of satisfaction may be enjoyed as in photography. Beginners should buy their handbook on the subject, and be guided by its directions respecting mechanical details until practice has made them independent. That is ground on which I shall not trespass: but, assuming that one's ambition extends beyond it, and beyond those "artistic effects" on perfectly stereotyped lines, of which we hear a good deal in this connection, my object will be to offer a few broad suggestions to such as are taking up this fascinating occupation for the first time: perhaps dropping a hint or two which may not come amiss to the experienced amateur.

But, to start with, it must be allowed that photography is an art, in pure and uncorrupted sense: by which I mean that, in the pursuit of it, imagination and skill are called into play. Of this truth you will become shortly convinced, if not so already, if you set to work in rational fashion, with eyes open and sufficient daring to be unorthodox when the occasion demands it.

So much for theory. Now for practice. I shall confine my remarks to portrait-taking, as providing more than enough matter for present consideration; and being also, as I deem it, the most interesting.

It is a great satisfaction that so little elaboration

is needed in home photography. Of course, if one is so lucky as to possess a regular studio with a top light, so much the better. But, except on the darkest of days, an ordinary room answers every purpose. You want to banish precedent: to be ready to accept and use all material, the appropriateness of which strikes your eye. The room that offers the greatest variety in draperies and furniture is, therefore, the best studio. It is on the posing of the subject, arrangement of background, &c., that the chief success of the picture depends. It is that part of the work which exercises your sense of what is fitting and harmonious. The artist of the brush, being accustomed to the use of this faculty, starts with a special advantage. If your own artistic sense pleads weakness, secure the help of the practised eye and hand when you can!

If you wish your portraits to be things of beauty, and truly representative of the originals, it is important to let your sitter be natural. Do not force him to assume this or that attitude of constraint, which pseudo-art may style picturesque. Picturesque it may be to some, but not inevitably to all. Do not ignore the fact that plenty of people are not formed to picturesqueness! If you were to persist till Doomsday in thrusting its imitation upon such, you would only succeed in producing affectation. Get to know what people's favourite attitudes are: Study their expressions, turns of the head, &c., &c.; then,

when you are about to photograph anyone, you will not have to weary and torment the victim with experiments in posing to any great extent. Let him be himself—if possible, his best self (!) and all will be well. Some people are never so happy as when lying or sitting on the floor. Any position not grotesque or ungraceful may be turned to good account with careful disposal of surroundings.

Avoid as ruin the command to "look pleasant." Do your best if you like in round-about ways to call forth the expression you desire; but remember that you are the friend of spontaneity, for the nonce at any rate, and the enemy of self-consciousness, too often the accompaniment of sitting for one's portrait. It is your business to oblivate this unpleasant sensation in your sitter for his own sake, and for the greater success of your picture. The professional photographer has usually a fixed opinion as to how a person ought to look in a photo; and law is death in such a matter.

Keep your eyes open for a favourable aspect, without appearing to be criticising. Hands and feet are a great trouble, and cannot always be suitably disposed or dispensed with altogether in the picture; if allowed prominence, they appear exaggerated in size. Suppress them as far as possible without thereby causing their owner to assume an uncomfortable or unnatural attitude. The head-rest, such as the professional makes use of, is, with the rarest exceptions, a quite unnecessary support; especially when an instantaneous plate is used in taking the photograph. No one is ever *absolutely still*. There must be the slightest involuntary tremor which does not affect the photograph, and beyond which most people can keep as steady as is required. Some are, of course, worse sitters than others. In their case the shortest exposure possible—the amount of light and rapidity of the plate considered—should be given. I may here add that the sitter should be allowed to blink as much as he chooses. A set, steady gaze is not only unnecessary, but produces a hard, staring effect. Passing on to the subject of backgrounds, we find ourselves master of endless possibilities. The kind of picture you are taking, whether full length or only head and shoulders, must decide to some extent the nature of your background. For the latter style of portrait, I personally prefer a simple drapery or

plain, flat surface. There should be a correspondence between the sitter himself and that which backs him. A floral screen or wall-paper will give beautiful effects in a suitable *tout ensemble*. Your own taste is the best instructor; and from the plainest to the most elaborate "show-off" there is an infinite choice. Rarely, if ever, use a dead white or black background. Middle tones should be selected, and practice will teach you which turn out most satisfactorily. You will test experiments of your own as they suggest themselves; and so your art will not stand still. Indeed, I can only hint at the interest and pleasure to be found throughout, while your powers of judgment, patient care, and nicety of touch (the latter specially in the mechanical processes connected with photography) will be kept exercised and ready for use for other and different purposes!

There is one point we must not leave unconsidered.

Who has not heard the complaint, "This photo is not a likeness; that feature is incorrect; and the expression is false"?

The reason is not far to seek. To suit his own ideas of a *finished picture*, the photographer has painted out a line here, putting in a curve there, and smoothed up the whole till, sometimes, a portrait is scarcely recognisable. This is the worst infirmity of vulgar minds. We like our friends as nature made them, and would not have their little personal peculiarities obliterated for anything. What an insolent disregard of everyone's rights to his individuality is shown in the custom of painting up! Therefore banish from among your necessities all tools used in so barbarous a process, only having recourse to them when, as sometimes will happen, there are little holes in the negative to be filled up; occasionally you may paint out a dab of shadow which has come in a wrong place and disfigures the portrait.

Printing from the negative is quite an art in itself.

Invention has been active in this direction of late years, and all tastes can be suited. The beautifully toned printing paper produced by the Autotype Company, in four shades, and the well-known platinotype are among the best.

Most of the materials required are now so moderate in price that the amateur, who does not

need to lay in stock on a vast scale, will not find expense much of an obstacle, although in this, as in all things, one's ambition must be regulated by the length of one's purse. *Grace Wyld.*

* * *

DISASTER AT THE OIL CITY IN PENNSYLVANIA.

IN July, 1889, a paper appeared in *ATLANTA*, in which, under the title of "The Oil Fountains of the World," (I think) some account was given of the petroleum springs in Pennsylvania, and of the vast commercial industry which has been developed throughout the oil-yielding region, transforming what was once a green well-wooded district into a most uninviting treeless expanse, where the air is darkened by the smoke from a multitude of tall chimneys connected with the refineries. Even in the busy bustling streets the black soil is all impregnated with the dirty oil, much of which has been wasted in the uncontrollable overflow of two powerful fountains, suddenly "struck" by patient borers, and thus released from their long captivity, to spring upwards with such tremendous energy as to defy all efforts to confine them in commonplace commercial tanks.

Now and then by some terrible mischance, an oil-spring has become ignited, and the dirty black jet has been transformed to a fountain of living, leaping flame—very beautiful, but very terrible—the fire burning unquenchably till the subterranean reservoir was totally exhausted.

To the casual visitor, the impression of the horrible possibilities of a great conflagration in such surroundings, was a haunting thought, but such first impressions were soon forgotten by those whose business lay in the oil cities, of which Titusville and Oil City were the principal.

These both lay on "Oil Creek" about eighteen miles apart. There happy luxurious homes multiplied, as in any other great business centre, and the ever-present danger was well-nigh forgotten, when, on June 5, there came the terrible awakening and the appalling catastrophe, tidings of which have as yet only reached us by telegraph, but of which full details will be given in the August number of *ATLANTA*.

All we know as yet is the outline of a story of horror literally without parallel (so far as we know) in the history of the world's mischances.

It seems that throughout the month of May almost incessant rain had deluged northern and western Pennsylvania. Every streamlet (or creek as they are there called) was already swollen to a torrent, and still the rainfall continued steadily in the early days of June. On the 5th, soon after dawn, the climax was reached by a tremendous cloud-burst or water-spout which at once inundated both Titusville and Oil City. The water in Oil Creek rose so suddenly that almost without warning, the low-lying part of Oil City was transformed into a lake half a mile in width and three quarters of a mile in length.

The inhabitants fled in all directions, but many were overtaken by the rushing torrents and drowned. Many more took refuge on the rooftops, whence their heart-rending cries for the help which none were able to afford added to the horror of the scene. Regardless of the pitiless storm which raged overhead, thousands assembled on the bridges and in the upper part of the city, watching the rapid spread of the inundations, the rushing waters carrying all before them, while blinding forked lightning flashed from the black storm-clouds.

Suddenly a terrific explosion was heard. The lightning had struck the huge reservoir of the Acme oil refinery at Titusville, containing many thousand barrels of oil, half fluid and half vaporised, and in a moment the whole was enveloped in flames, which rapidly spread to all the surrounding houses, and, sweeping onward, set fire to half a dozen other huge oil-tanks. Some of these burst their embankments, and, with incredible rapidity, the blazing oil overspread the surface of the water-flood, till the whole was a raging sea of floating flame, drawn onward by the strong current of the Alleghany River.

This river of fire, crossed here and there by black bridges, dashed onward at the rate of nine miles an hour, igniting everything on its way—its whole course being covered with blazing wreckage from the houses on either side. Soon every bridge along the eighteen miles between Titusville and Oil City had disappeared.

Dwellings, buildings, and factories were totally destroyed, and the whole of Oil Creek Valley presented an appalling picture of death and desolation. The raging flood below, and the pitiless rain pouring overhead, were alike powerless to

quench these terrible oil flames. At length the inundation began to subside, and the fire, in a measure, burnt itself out; and though there was still fearful danger of the conflagration bursting out afresh, the terror-stricken survivors rallied to seek for the dead and missing, and, on the morrow, it was stated that 122 frightfully-burnt corpses had been recovered, but that at least 200 were still missing.

Of course, hundreds of human beings are left homeless, having lost everything they possessed.

C. F. Gordon-Cumming.

* * *

MR. ANSTEY has prepared several pleasant surprises for his readers, but in *The Travelling Companions, a Story in Scenes* (Longmans), the conclusion of the story is so unexpected that one cannot help owing to a sense of disappointment. The *Travelling Companions* had doubtless many failings, but why their stars should set in such sombre gloom is for Mr. Anstey to say. It is more than possible that many of those who have followed the fortunes of Culchard and Podbury will feel inclined to complain of the summary Nemesis which overtakes them.

After all, however, the *story* in this book forms but a small part of its attractions. With the exception of the gloomy ending, the tale itself is worked on commonplace lines. There are two young men and two pretty girls. Love flutters his gauzy wings over the scene; there are cross purposes and misunderstandings. The story has been told a thousand times already. But the merit of the *Travelling Companions* consists in those comical side-lights thrown upon them by their showman; they provoke that sense of good-humoured mirth which is far apart from malice. The comic vein runs through all life, but it is given to the few to see its glistening thread. Mr. Anstey never misses it. Those people who, autumn after autumn, visit the Continent will testify for themselves to the truth of the many funny scenes which occur in the book, but whether they appealed to their sense of comedy or their sense of irritation when experiencing them, is a matter which they alone can determine.

It would be a pity to forestall Mr. Anstey's story by revealing anything of its plot here. His characters belong to well-known types. Culchard is really almost a pun upon his own name.

Podbury, from the æsthetic point of view, is a Philistine. Miss Maud S. Trotter is a concentration of all the English ideas of what constitutes an American girl of the advanced type. Hypatia Prendergast represents the many Women's Colleges rolled into one. Around these four planets many minor satellites flash with momentary brilliance to make way in their turn for others.

The following scene which takes place on a Rhine steamer, is a good sample of the fun Mr. Anstey is able to weave out of the slightest material:—

AN OLD LADY (*reading a home letter to another Old Lady*): "Madeline is to be married 'very slowly.' (is it slowly, or shortly, I wonder?) Um, um, 'very quiet wedding, no one but dear Mr. Wilkinson and his hatter.'"

SECOND OLD LADY: The idea of choosing one's hatter for one's best man! I'm surprised Maria should allow it!

FIRST OLD LADY: Maria always *was* peculiar; still, now I come to look, its more like 'brother,' which is certainly *much* more suitable. (*Continuing*) "She will have no no bird's marks . . . (Now what *does* that—should you think that meant crow's feet? Oh, no—*how* stupid of me—bridesmaids, of course!—and will go to the other a plain guy—(Oh, Caroline is really *too*)—to the altar in plain grey. She has been given such quantities of pea-nuts (very odd things to give a girl. Oh, *presents!* Um, um) not settled yet where to go for their hangman (the officiating clergyman, I suppose—very flippant way of putting it, I *must* say! Its meant for *honeymoon*, though, I see, to be *sure!*" &c., &c.

Or the following, in the hall of the Grand Hotel, Dandolo:—

A LADY: Oh, porter, we want a gondola this afternoon, to go to the Lido, and *do* try if you can get us Beppo—that *nice* gondolier, you know, we had yesterday!

THE PORTER: Ach! I do nod know *any* nah-ice gondolier—zey are oal—I dell you, if you lif viz *zem* ade mons as me, you cot your troat—yes!

A HELPLESS MAN IN KNICKERBOCKERS (*drifting in at the door*): Here, I say. We engaged rooms here by telegram from Florence. What am I to give these fellows from the station? *Combein*, you know!

PORTER: You gif *zem* two franc—and zen zey

vill gromble. You haf engage roums? yes. Zat vill pe oal rahit—Your loggage in ze gondola, yes? I haf it taken op.

THE H. M.: No, it's left behind at Bologna. My friend's gone back for it. And, I say, think it will turn up all right?

PORTER: Eef you register it, and your vrient is zere, you ged it—yes.

THE H. M.: Yes, but look *here*, don't you know? Oughtn't I to make a row—a fuss—about it, or something, eh?

PORTER (*moving off with subdued contempt*): Oh, you can make a foss, yes, if you like—you ged nossing!

* * *

I HAVE much pleasure in publishing the following list of First-Class Honours gained by Women Students at Cambridge this year:—

MORAL SCIENCES TRIPOS.

Miss E. E. READ, Girton.

No man is placed in the first class.

(In the Mathematical Tripos last year Miss Read was equal to 26th Wrangler).

MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.

Miss G. E. CHISHOLM, Girton (between 23rd and 24th Wrangler).

Miss A. I. MADDISON, Girton (equal to 27th Wrangler).

MEDIEVAL AND MODERN LANGUAGES TRIPOS.

Miss K. S. BLOCK, Newnham.

No man is placed in the first class.

CLASSICAL TRIPOS.

First Class.

Division I.—Miss M. ABOTT, Girton. Miss F. M. STAWELL, Newnham.

Division II.—Miss B. M. HEATH, Girton.

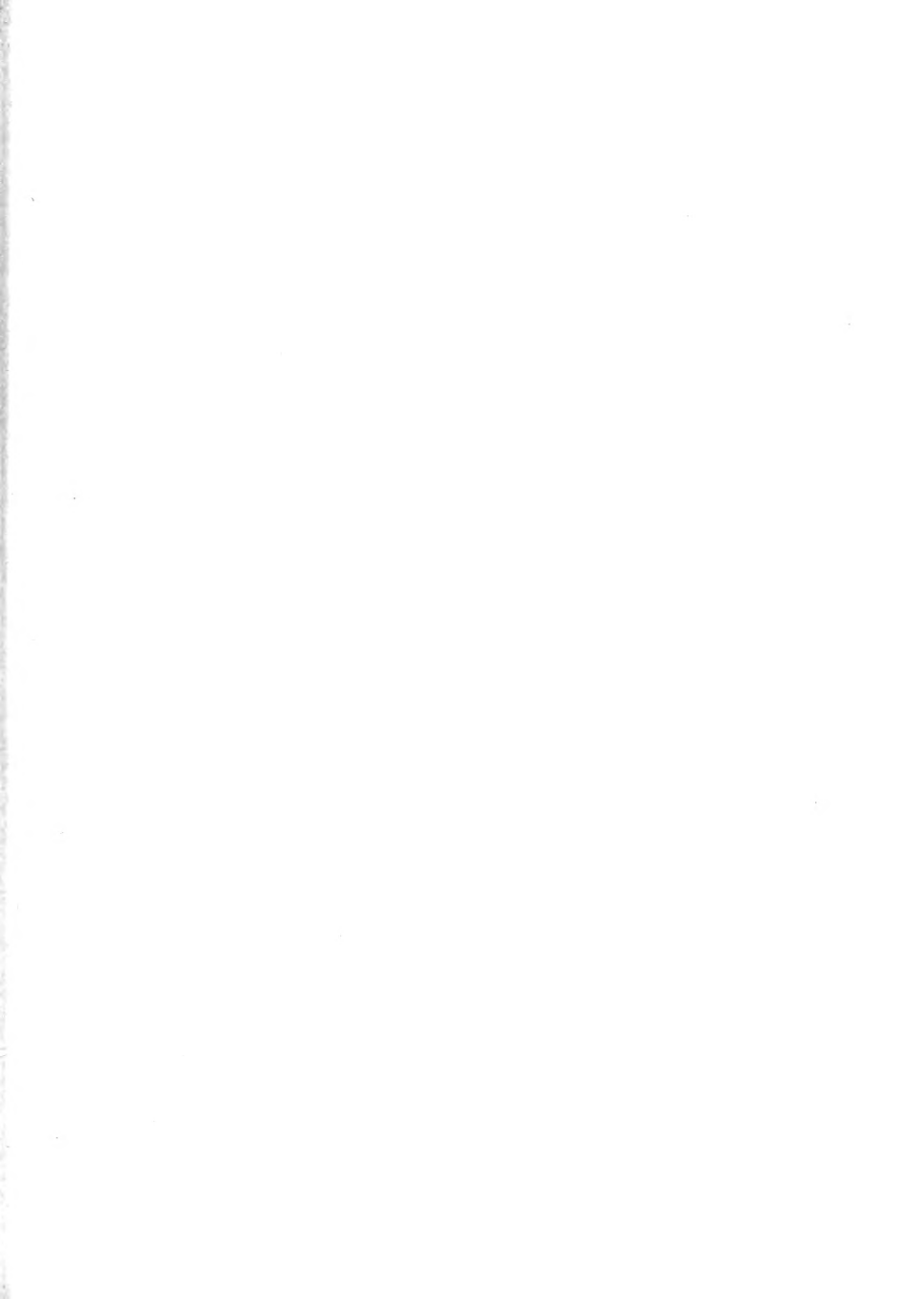
Division III.—Miss S. M. M. FURNESS, Girton; Miss M. E. J. TAYLOR, Girton.

HISTORICAL TRIPOS.

Class I.—Miss DODD, Newnham.

L. T. Meade.







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Hume Nisbet, del.

MOUNT ETNA FROM TAORMINA.

ATALANTA

VOL. V.

AUGUST, 1892.

NO. 59.

GIRLHOOD.

Freda - E. Wrenn

Blue as the harebells,
Soft as the skies,
Blue and as tender
Are her eyes.

Gay as the lark
On soaring wings,
Bright and as happy
The song she sings.

Pink her lips,
Like the young wild-rose ;
Gold as the sun
Her long hair flows ;

Soft as the spring's
First opening flower,
The dawn of her girlhood's
Golden hour.

But better than all
And sweeter far—
Her life is pure
As the snowdrops are !

MY TERMINAL MORaine.

FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady or the Tiger," &c. &c.

PART II.

WHEN the discovery of the ice-mine, as it grew to be called, became generally known, my grounds were crowded by sightseers, and reporters of newspapers were more plentiful than squirrels. But the latter were referred to Burton, who would gladly talk to them as long as they could afford to listen, and I felt myself at last compelled to shut my gates to the first.

I had offers of capital to develop this novel source of wealth, and I accepted enough of this assistance to enable me to begin operations on a moderate scale. It was considered wise not to uncover any portion of the glacier spur, but to construct an inclined shaft down to its wall-like end, and from this tunnel into the great mass. Immediately the leading ice company of the neighbouring town contracted with me for all the ice I could furnish, and the flood-gates of affluence began slowly to rise.

The earliest, and certainly one of the greatest, benefits which came to me from this bequest from the unhistoric past was the new energy and vigour with which my mind and body were now infused. My old, careless method of life and my recent melancholy, despairing mood were gone, and I now began to employ myself upon the main object of my life with an energy and enthusiasm almost equal to that of my friend Tom Burton. This present object of my life was to prepare my home for Agnes.

The great piles of gravel which my men had dug from the well-like pit were spread upon the roadways and rolled smooth and hard; my lawn was mowed; my flower-beds and borders put in order; useless bushes and undergrowth cut out and cleared away; my out-buildings were repaired, and grounds around my house rapidly assumed their old appearance of neatness and beauty.

Ice was very scarce that summer, and, as the

wagons wound away from the opening of the shaft which led down to the glacier, carrying their loads to the nearest railway-station, so money came to me; not in large sums at first, for preparations had not yet been perfected for taking out the ice in great quantities, but enough to enable me to go on with my work as rapidly as I could plan it. I set about renovating and brightening and newly furnishing my house. Whatever I thought that Agnes would like I bought and put into it. I tried to put myself in her place as I selected the paper-hangings and the materials with which to cover the furniture.

Sometimes, while thus employed selecting ornaments or useful articles for my house, and using as far as was possible the taste and judgment of another instead of my own, the idea came to me that perhaps Agnes had never heard of my miraculous good fortune. Certainly her father would not be likely to inform her, and perhaps she still thought of me, if she thought at all, as the poor young man from whom she had been obliged to part because he was poor.

But whether she knew that I was growing rich, or whether she thought I was becoming poorer and poorer, I thought only of the day when I could go her father and tell him that I was able to take his daughter and place her in a home as beautiful as that in which she now lived, and maintain her with all the comforts and luxuries which he could give her.

One day I asked my faithful cook, who also acted as my housekeeper and general supervisor, to assist me in making out a list of china which I intended to purchase.

"Are you thinking of buying china, sir?" she asked. "We have now quite as much as we really need."

"Oh, yes," said I, "I shall get complete sets of everything that can be required for a properly furnished household."

Susan gave a little sigh. "You are spendin' a lot of money, sir, and some of it for things that a single gentleman would be likely not to care very much about; and if you was to take it into your head to travel and stay away for a year or two, there's a good many things you've bought that would look shabby when you come back, no matter how careful I might be in dustin' 'em and keepin' 'em covered."

"But I have no idea of travelling," said I. "There's no place so pleasant as this to me."

Susan was silent for a few moments, and then she said: "I know very well why you are doing all this, and I feel it my bounden duty to say to you that there's a chance of its bein' no use. I do not speak without good reason, and I would not do it if I didn't think that it might make trouble lighter to you when it comes."

"What are you talking about, Susan? What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, this is what I mean: It was only last night that my daughter Jane was in Mr. Havelot's dining-room after dinner was over, and Mr. Havelot and a friend of his were sitting there, smoking their cigars and drinking their coffee. She went in and come out again as she was busy takin' away the dishes, and they paid no attention to her, but went on talkin' without knowing, most likely, she was there. Mr. Havelot and the gentleman were talkin' about you, and Jane she heard Mr. Havelot say as plain as anything, and she said she couldn't be mistaken, that even if your nonsensical ice-mine proved to be worth anything, he would never let his daughter marry an iceman. He spoke most disrespectful of ice-men, sir, and said that it would make him sick to have a son-in-law whose business it was to sell ice to butchers, and hotels, and grog-shops, and pork-packers, and all that sort of people; and that he would as soon have his daughter marry the man who supplied a hotel with sausages as the one who supplied it with ice to keep those sausages from spoiling. You see, sir, Mr. Havelot lives on his property as his father did before him, and he is a very proud man, with a heart as hard and cold as that ice down under your land; and it's borne in on me very strong, sir, that it would be a bad thing for you to keep on thinkin' that you are gettin' this house all ready to bring Miss Havelot to when you have

married her. For if Mr. Havelot keeps on livin', which there's every chance of his doin', it may be many a weary year before you get Miss Agnes, if you ever get her. And havin' said that, sir, I say no more, and I would not have said this much if I hadn't felt it my bounden duty to your father's son to warn him that most likely he was workin' for what he might never get, and so keep him from breakin' his heart when he found out the truth all of a sudden."

With that Susan left me, without offering any assistance in making out a list of china. This was a terrible story; but, after all, it was founded only upon servants' gossip. In this country even proud, rich men like Mr. Havelot did not have such absurd ideas regarding the source of wealth. Money is money, and whether it is derived from the ordinary products of the earth, from which came much of Mr. Havelot's revenue, or from an extraordinary project such as my glacier spur, it truly could not matter so far as concerned the standing in society of its possessor. What utter absurdity was this which Susan had told me! If I were to go to Mr. Havelot and tell him that I would not marry his daughter because he supplied brewers and bakers with the products of his fields, would he not consider me an idiot? I determined to pay no attention to the idle tale. But alas! determinations of that sort are often of little avail. I did pay attention to it, and my spirits drooped.

The tunnel into the glacier spur had now attained considerable length, and the ice in the interior was found to be of a much finer quality than that first met with, which was of a grayish hue and somewhat inclined to crumble. When the workmen reached a grade of ice as good as they could expect, they began to enlarge the tunnel into a chamber, and from this they proposed to extend tunnels in various directions after the fashion of a coal-mine. The ice was hauled out on sledges through the tunnel and then carried up a wooden railway to the mouth of the shaft.

It was comparatively easy to walk down the shaft and enter the tunnel, and when it happened that the men were not at work I allowed visitors to go down and view this wonderful ice-cavern. The walls of the chamber appeared semi-transparent, and the light of the candles or lanterns

gave the whole scene a weird and beautiful aspect. It was almost possible to imagine oneself surrounded by limpid waters, which might at any moment rush upon him and engulf him.

Every day or two Tom Burton came with a party of scientific visitors, and had I chosen to stop the work of taking out ice, admitted the public and charged a price for admission. I might have made almost as much money as I at that time derived from the sale of the ice. But such a method of profit was repugnant to me.

For several days after Susan's communication to me I worked on in my various operations, endeavouring to banish from my mind the idle nonsense she had spoken of: but one of its effects upon me was to make me feel that I ought not to allow hopes so important to rest upon uncertainties. So I determined that as soon as my house and grounds should be in a condition with which I should for the time be satisfied, I would go boldly to Mr. Havelot, and, casting out of my recollection everything that Susan had said, invite him to visit me and see for himself the results of the discovery of which he had spoken with such derisive contempt. This would be a straightforward and business-like answer to his foolish objections to me, and I believed that in his heart the old gentleman would properly appreciate my action.

About this time there came to my place Aaron Boyce, an elderly farmer of the neighbourhood, and, finding me outside, he seized the opportunity to have a chat with me.

"I tell you what it is, Mr. Cuthbert," said he, "the people in this neighbourhood hasn't give you credit for what's in you. The way you have fixed up this place, and the short time you have took to do it, is enough to show us now what sort of man you are; and I tell you, sir, we're proud of you for a neighbour. I don't believe there another gentleman in this county of your age that could have done what you have done in so short a time. I expect now you will be thinking of getting married and startin' housekeepin' in a regular fashion. That comes just as natural as to set hens in the spring. By the way, have you heard that old Mr. Havelot's thinkin' of goin' abroad? I didn't believe he would ever do that again, because he's gettin' pretty well on in years, but old men will do queer things as well as young ones."

"Going abroad!" I cried. "Does he intend to take his daughter with him?"

Mr. Aaron Boyce smiled grimly. He was a great old gossip, and he had already obtained the information he wanted. "Yes," he said, "I've heard it was on her account he's going. She's been kind of weakly lately, they tell me, and hasn't took to her food, and the doctors has said that what she wants is a sea-voyage and a change to foreign parts."

Going abroad! Foreign parts! This was more terrible than anything I had imagined. I would go to Mr. Havelot that very evening, the only time which I would be certain to find him at home, and talk to him in a way which would be sure to bring him to his senses, if he had any. And if I should find that he had no sense of propriety or justice, no sense of his duty to his fellow-man and to his offspring, then I would begin a bold fight for Agnes, a fight which I would not give up until, with her own lips, she told me that it would be useless. I would follow her to Kentucky, to Europe, to the uttermost ends of the earth. I could do it now. The frozen deposits in my terminal moraine would furnish me with the means. I walked away and left the old farmer standing grinning. No doubt my improvements and renovations had been the subject of gossip in the neighbourhood, and he had come over to see if he could find out anything definite in regard to the object of them. He had succeeded, but he had done more: he had nerved me to instantly begin the conquest of Agnes, whether by diplomacy or war.

I was so anxious to begin this conquest that I could scarcely wait for the evening to come. At the noon-hour, when the ice-works were deserted, I walked down the shaft and into the ice-chamber to see what had been done since my last visit. I decided to insist that operations upon a larger scale should be immediately begun, in order that I might have plenty of money with which to carry on my contemplated campaign. Whether it was one of peace or war, I should want all the money I could get.

I took with me a lantern and went around the chamber, which was now twenty-five or thirty feet in diameter, examining the new inroads which had been made upon its walls. There was a tunnel commenced opposite the one by which

the chamber was entered, but it had not been opened more than a dozen feet, and it seemed to me that the men had not been working with any very great energy. I wanted to see a continuous stream of ice-blocks from that chamber to the mouth of the shaft.

While grumbling thus I heard behind me a sudden noise like thunder and the crashing of walls, and, turning quickly, I saw that a portion of the roof of the chamber had fallen in. Nor had it ceased to fall. As I gazed, several great masses of ice came down from above and piled themselves upon that which had already fallen.

Startled and frightened, I sprang toward the opening of the entrance tunnel; but, alas! I found that that was the point where the roof had given way, and between me and the outer world was a wall of solid ice through which it would be as impossible for me to break as if it were a barrier of rock. With the quick instinct which comes to men in danger, I glanced about to see if the workmen had left their tools; but there were none. They had been taken outside. Then I stood and gazed stupidly at the mass of fallen ice, which, even as I looked upon it, was cracking and snapping, pressed down by the weight above it, and forming itself into an impervious barrier without crevice or open seam.

Then I madly shouted. But of what avail were shouts down there in the depths of the earth? I soon ceased this useless expenditure of strength, and, with my lantern in my hand, began to walk around the chamber, throwing the light upon the walls and the roof. I became impressed with the fear that the whole cavity might cave in at once and bury me here in a tomb of ice. But I saw no cracks, nor any sign of further disaster. But why think of anything more? Was not this enough? For, before that ice-barrier could be cleared away, would I not freeze to death?

I now continued to walk, not because I expected to find anything or do anything, but simply to keep myself warm by action. As long as I could move about, I believed that there was no immediate danger of succumbing to the intense cold; for, when a young man, travelling in Switzerland, I had been in the cave of a glacier, and it was not cold enough to prevent some old women from sitting there to play the zither for the sake of a few coppers from visitors. I could not expect to

be able to continue walking until I should be rescued, and if I sat down, or by chance slept from exhaustion, I must perish.

The more I thought of it, the more sure I became that in any case I must perish. A man in a block of ice could have no chance of life. And Agnes! Oh, Heavens! what demon of the ice had leagued with old Havelot to shut me up in this frozen prison? For a long time I continued to walk, beat my body with my arms, and stamp my feet. The instinct of life was strong within me. I would live as long as I could, and think of Agnes. When I should be frozen I could not think of her.

Sometimes I stopped and listened. I was sure I could hear noises, but I could not tell whether they were above me or not. In the centre of the ice-barrier, about four feet from the ground, was a vast block of the frozen substance which was unusually clear, and seemed to have nothing on the other side of it; for through it I could see flickers of light, as though people were going about with lanterns. It was quite certain that the accident had been discovered; for, had not the thundering noise been heard by persons outside, the workmen would have seen what had happened as soon as they came into the tunnel to begin their afternoon operations.

At first I wondered why they did not set to work with a will and cut away this barrier and let me out. But there suddenly came to my mind a reason for this lack of energy which was more chilling than the glistening walls around me: Why should they suppose that I was in the ice-chamber? I was not in the habit of coming here very often, but I was in the habit of wandering off by myself at all hours of the day. This thought made me feel that I might as well lie down on the floor of this awful cave and die at once. The workmen might think it unsafe to mine any further in this part of the glacier, and begin operations at some other point. I did sit down for a moment, and then I rose involuntarily and began my weary round. Suddenly I thought of looking at my watch. It was nearly five o'clock. I had been more than four hours in that dreadful place, and I did not believe that I could continue to exercise my limbs very much longer. The lights I had seen had ceased. It was quite plain that the workmen had no idea that anyone was imprisoned in the cave.

But soon after I had come to this conclusion I saw through the clear block of ice a speck of light, and it became stronger and stronger, until I believed it to be close to the other side of the block. There it remained stationary; but there seemed to be other points of light which moved about in a strange way, and near it. Now I stood by the block watching. When my feet became very cold, I stamped them; but there I stood fascinated, for what I saw was truly surprising. A large coal of fire appeared on the other side of the block; then it suddenly vanished and was succeeded by another coal. This disappeared, and another took its place, each one seeming to come nearer and nearer to me. Again and again did these coals appear. They reached the centre of the block; they approached my side of it. At last one was so near to me that I thought it was about to break through, but it vanished. Then there came a few quick thuds and the end of a piece of iron protruded from the block. This was withdrawn, and through the aperture there came a voice which said: "Mr. Cuthbert, are you in there?" It was the voice of Agnes!

Weak and cold as I was, fire and energy rushed through me at these words. "Yes," I exclaimed, my mouth to the hole; "Agnes, is that you?"

"Wait a minute," came from the other side of the aperture. "I must make it bigger. I must keep it from closing up."

Again came the coals of fire, running backward and forward through the long hole in the block of ice. I could see now what they were. They were irons used by plumbers for melting solder and that sort of thing, and Agnes was probably heating them in a little furnace outside, and withdrawing them as fast as they cooled. It was not long before the aperture was very much enlarged; and then there came grating through it a long tin tube nearly two inches in diameter, which almost, but not quite, reached my side of the block.

Now came again the voice of Agnes: "Oh, Mr. Cuthbert, are you truly there? Are you crushed? Are you wounded? Are you nearly frozen? Are you starved? Tell me quickly if you are yet safe."

Had I stood in a palace padded with the softest silk and filled with spicy odours from a thousand rose-gardens, I could not have been better satisfied

with my surroundings than I was at that moment. Agnes was not two feet away! She was telling me that she cared for me! In a very few words I assured her that I was uninjured. Then I was on the point of telling her I loved her, for I believed that not a moment should be lost in making this avowal. I could not die without her knowing that. But the appearance of a mass of paper at the other end of the tube prevented the expression of my sentiments. This was slowly pushed on until I could reach it. Then there came the words: "Mr. Cuthbert, these are sandwiches. Eat them immediately and walk about while you are doing it. You must keep yourself warm until the men get to you."

Obedient to the slightest wish of this dear creature, I went twice around the cave, devouring the sandwiches as I walked. They were the most delicious food that I had ever tasted. They were given to me by Agnes. I came back to the opening. I could not immediately begin my avowal. I must ask a question first. "Can they get to me?" I inquired. "Is anybody trying to do that? Are they working there by you? I do not hear them at all."

"Oh, no," she answered; "they are not working here. They are on top of the bluff, trying to dig down to you. They were afraid to meddle with the ice here for fear that more of it might come down and crush you and the men too. Oh, there has been a dreadful excitement since it was found that you were in there!"

"How could they know I was here?" I asked.

"It was your old Susan who first thought of it. She saw you walking towards the shaft about noon, and then she remembered that she had not seen you again; and when they came into the tunnel here they found one of the lanterns gone and the big stick you generally carry lying where the lantern had been. Then it was known that you must be inside. Oh, then there was an awful time! The foremen of the icemen examined everything, and said they must dig down to you from above. He put his men to work; but they could do very little, for they had hardly any spades. Then they sent into town for help and over to the new park for the Italians working there. From the way these men set to work you might have thought that they would clear away the whole bluff in about five minutes; but they didn't. Nobody seemed

to know what to do or how to get to work; and the hole they made when they did begin was filled up with men almost as fast as they threw out the stones and gravel. I don't believe anything would have been done properly if your friend, Mr. Burton hadn't happened to come with two scientific gentlemen, and since that he has been directing everything. You can't think what a splendid fellow he is! I fairly adored him when I saw him giving his orders and making everybody skip around in the right way."

"Tom is a very good man," said I; "but it is his business to direct that sort of work, and it is not surprising that he knows how to do it. But, Agnes, they may never get down to me, and we do not know that this roof may not cave in upon me at any moment; and before this or anything else happens I want to tell you——"

"Mr. Cuthbert," said Agnes, "is there plenty of oil in your lantern? It would be dreadful if it were to go out and leave you there in the dark. I thought of that and brought you a little bottle of kerosene so that you can fill it. I am going to push the bottle through now, if you please." And with this a large phial, cork end foremost, came slowly through the tube, propelled by one of the soldering-irons. Then came Agnes's voice: "Please fill your lantern immediately, because if it goes out you cannot find it in the dark; and then walk several times around the cave, for you have been standing still too long already."

I obeyed these injunctions, but in two or three minutes was again at the end of the tube. "Agnes," said I, "how did you happen to come here? Did you contrive in your own mind this method of communicating with me?"

"Oh, yes; I did," she said. "Everybody said that this mass of ice must not be meddled with, but I knew very well it would not hurt it to make a hole through it."

"But how did you happen to be here?" I asked.

"Oh, I ran over as soon as I heard of the accident. Everybody ran here. The whole neighbourhood is on top of the bluff; but nobody wanted to come into the tunnel, because they

were afraid that more of it might fall in. So I was able to work here all by myself, and I am very glad of it. I saw the soldering-iron and the little furnace outside of your house where the plumbers had been using them, and I brought them here myself. Then I thought that a simple hole through the ice might soon freeze up again, and if you were alive inside I could not do anything to help you; and so I ran home and got my diploma-case, that had had one end melted out of it, and I brought that to stick in the hole. I'm so glad that it is long enough, or almost."

"Oh, Agnes," I cried, "you thought of all this for me?"

"Why, of course, Mr. Cuthbert," she answered, before I had a chance to say anything more. "You were in great danger of perishing before the men got to you, and nobody seemed to think of any way to give you immediate relief. And don't you think that a collegiate education is a good thing for girls—at least, that it was for me?"

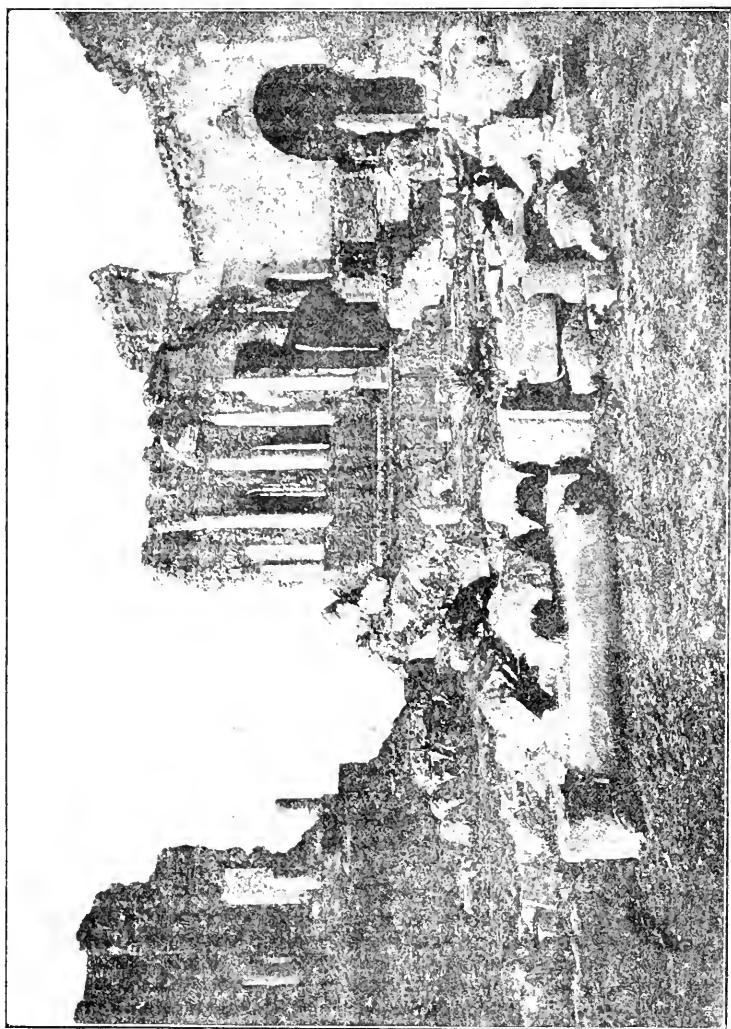
"Agnes," I exclaimed, "please let me speak. I want to tell you, I must tell you——"

But the voice of Agnes was clearer than mine, and it overpowered my words. "Mr. Cuthbert," she said, "we cannot both speak through this tube at the same time in opposite directions. I have here a bottle of water for you, but I am very much afraid it will not go through the diploma-case."

"Oh, I don't want any water," I said. "I can eat ice if I am thirsty. What I want is to tell you——"

"Mr. Cuthbert," said she, "you must not eat that ice. Water that was frozen countless ages ago may be very different from the water of modern times, and might not agree with you. Don't touch it, please. I am going to push the bottle through if I can. I tried to think of everything that you might need and brought them all at once; because, if I could not keep the hole open, I wanted to get them to you without losing a minute."

(To be continued.)



GREEK THEATRE, TAORMINA.



CATERINA.

A SICILIAN CITY.

JULIA CARTRIGHT.

VEDI Napoli e poi mori. See Naples, and then die, was the old saying. After gazing on that marvellous view, there seemed nothing else left for mortals to enjoy on this side of the grave. But to-day the traveller who wanders through this lovely land need have no fear. He has not yet exhausted the beauties of earth. For him there is a yet fairer sight in store, a scene of more surpassing joy and wonder than even this of the shore where Virgil sleeps under the shadow of Vesuvius. Far across the waters of the tideless

sea the voices of the Sicilian Muses call him, and he knows that yonder in the island of Persephone and Arethusa, Etna and Taormina are awaiting him.

Many and varied are the landscapes that delight our eyes, as we journey along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, whether we linger among the olive groves of the Riviera, or where the marble mountains of Carrara look down on the bay of Spezia, whether we ride through the pine forests of Pisa, or row under the grottoes and coral caves

of Capri. Mentone and Rapallo, Baïe and Sorrento, Amalfi and Pæstum, each of these has its own special charm, but in point of actual beauty not one of them can equal Taormina. Travellers who have gone further afield, and to whom Algiers and Tunis are familiar, tell us that even in those southern climes there is no prospect that can compare with the view from the theatre which the Greeks set high on the rocky hillside of old Tauromenium.

Sicily itself, as we all know, is one of the most interesting, as well as one of the most beautiful countries in the world. This enchanted island of Calypso has been the theme of poets



GALE-WAY IN THE OLD WALL OF TAORMINA.

and historians in all ages, the battlefield and home of the most brilliant races who in times past have played a leading part in the civilisation of Europe. Greek and Phœnician, Roman and Carthaginian, Saracen and Norman, Frank and Spaniard have all in turn taken possession of the cities of Sicily, have fought and died upon these shores. There Theocritus lived and Æschylus died : there Syracuse rivalled the power of Athens

and wrought the ruin of her empire. There some of the fiercest battles of the Punic wars were fought. There Marcellus triumphed over the foes of Rome and Augustus vanquished his rivals. There Saracen Caliph and Norman knight came to set up their kingdoms. There the great Emperor Frederick II. held his glorious court, and the murder of the last Hohenstaufen was avenged by the massacre of the Sicilian Vespers. Traces of the long struggle and of the ancient splendour still remain. The temples of Girgenti are left to show us what must once have been the magnificence of Agragas, "most beautiful city of mortals," while the churches of Palermo and Monreale bear witness to the glory of Norman rule and the wonders of Arab art.

Homer and Dante, Pindar and Ovid, Thucydides and Cicero have alike celebrated the beauties of Sicily and the glories of her cities in undying verse or immortal prose. And this *bella Trinacria* has lost none of her fascination for us in modern times. We feel the attraction of her charms, and own the strange force of the spell that drew Cardinal Newman away from Rome to gaze once more on the cities and mountains of Sicily, and which has led one of the greatest of recent historians—one whom, alas ! we can no longer number among the living—to devote many precious years to the record of Sicilian annals.

All the eastern coast of Sicily is rich in natural beauties and classical associations. When we cross the Straits of Messina we look about us for the perilous rocks and the whirlpool that were the haunts of Charybdis and Scylla, and as we journey along the bays and creeks of the rocky coast we feel with Goethe that "for the first time the *Odyssey* has become for us a living world." The railway runs close to the beach, among orange and lemon gardens laden with golden fruit, that grow to the very edge of the deep blue waves. We cross broad *fiumare*, or torrent-beds, that are still called by Saracen names, and see on the hills above us the ruined castles and

monasteries of mediæval times. The general character of the scenery, these jutting headlands and land-locked bays, these hill-set villages and olive and cypress groves recall the shores of the Cornice. But the prickly pear and broad-leaved

the most remarkable feature of eastern Sicily, the thing that makes its scenery unique of its land. Nowhere else in Europe can we find a volcano eleven thousand feet in height, nowhere else can we see a mountain crowned with



A TAORMINA TEASANI GIRL. MARGHERITA.

cactus that grow on the limestone rocks give the landscape a more distinctly Oriental air. And all this line of coast receives a peculiar grandeur from the near presence of Etna. This, indeed, is

eternal snows rising straight out of a sapphire sea.

In former days, travelling in Sicily was attended with not a few drawbacks. Roads were bad, car-



ETNA, FROM THE GREEK THEATRE, TAORMINA.



TAORMINA FISHERMAN—GUISEPPE.

riages expensive and cumbrous, hotels impossible; the perils of brigands were real enough to prove at times very disagreeable. Now all this is changed. The terrors of banditti may be dismissed to the region of mythical tales, hotel accommodation is everywhere excellent, and railways connect all the principal towns in the island, and make the chief points of interest easy of access, even if the degree of speed as yet attained by Sicilian expresses still leaves much to be desired, and the service of *ferro-di-via* is of a decidedly casual order.

A short journey of an hour brings us from Messina to Giardini, the village on the bay at the foot of the hills on which Taormina is seated. The three miles ascent is steep and winding, and the horses that pull us up are more noted for strength

than for rapidity of motion; but the prospect that unfolds itself as we advance would be enough to beguile the most tedious journey. At every step Etna reveals more of its snowy majesty, at every turn of the road we look down on a more boundless expanse of dazzling waters. Above are jagged peaks and bare rocks, overgrown with cactus and aloes. Below, the mountain slopes are clad with a wealth of foliage, in which orange and lemon trees mingle with the varied tints of carouba and fig and olive, of nespole and pomegranate. It is late autumn. Christmas, indeed, is close at hand, but summer lingers still in these Sicilian valleys. The vine leaves hang their fire of gold and crimson about the roofs, white and red roses droop in clusters over the mossy stones of some crumbling wall, where green lizards dart in and out of the crannies. Nor are there wanting signs of



LUGI.



FONTE DEL CAPPUCINI.

coming spring. The wild narcissus and clematis blossom in the copses by the wayside, and the blue iris grows thickly in the grass under the olives. Here and there we may already discover an almond-tree bursting into bloom.

We pass a roadside shrine, where a wreath of violets and string of oranges are hung up before the Madonna, and a pair of bright-eyed, curly-headed children lie picturesquely huddled together on the ground. Then we are met by a herd of goats with tinkling bells, followed by a maiden spinning as she walks along, crooning one of those strange snatches of Moorish melody, which so often in Southern Italy recall the streets of Cairo. Next comes a cart full of baskets, in which oranges and lemons heaped together in goodly piles, and on the top of all sits a brown-faced lad with jet-black eyes, and a merry smile

that displays the whitest of teeth as he wishes us *buon giorno*, and enters into an animated altercation with our *cocher*. The mule he drives is gay with nodding plumes and scarlet and blue tassels, and the sides of his cart are painted after true Sicilian fashion, with the story of Rinaldo and Armida. These *carri* are a characteristic feature of the Sicilian country-folk, and are well worthy of study. They are always painted in the brightest of colours, and the variety of themes represented is as inexhaustible as their treatment. Sometimes Greek myths and classical stories are the subjects selected for illustration. We may see Venus rising from the waves, or Pallas Athene as she sprang all armed into being, and once on a cart near Syracuse we saw the Siege of Troy with the death of Priam, and Æneas bearing Anchises on his shoulders. But *genre* pictures, in which the barber plays a leading part, are more commonly seen, and, in some cases, garlands of roses and baskets of fruit and flowers. Battle-pieces supply another very favourite class of subject. Waterloo and Marengo, Solferino and Magenta

all figure in turn, while the most popular of all is the recent battle of Dogali where the 500 Italians, who put 10,000 Sudanese to flight, are graphically represented in the act of cutting down woolly-headed negroes by the score. Now and then legends of Saints and martyrs take the place of these sanguinary subjects, the stigmata of St. Francis or the martyrdom of Santa Lucia, the Virgin Saint of Syracuse, while no Sicilian peasant would dare to drive a cart, which did not bear the image of the Madonna in iron or brass work on the pole between the wheels.

But the painted cart with the laughing boy and the oranges rolls by, and we, too, go on our way up the steep ascent of the winding road. Presently we turn a corner and come upon a troop of women descending a rocky path in the mountain side, with their water jars upon their heads. They are a splendid-looking race, these Taormina peasants,

with their skin of clear olive and their flashing eyes. Every line of face and form reveals the race from which they spring. Their slender build, and lithe limbs, their straight brows and finely-

the gods, as Hera herself, the Queen of the Immortals.

A hundred yards further on we reach the Messina Gate of Taormina, and see the fountain



BIANCA.

cut features are of the true Greek type. The carriage of the women is superb. Their figures are as erect as a dart. They carry their tall water-jars on their heads and walk with a step as stately a bearing as royal as a young Hebe in the court of

where the women have just been filling their jars. It lies outside the old Capuchin monastery, and through the archway hard by, we catch a glimpse of the convent garden, with its tall cypress and flowering roses. A few steps beyond the city



SICILIAN PEASANT CHILDREN.

gate a steep path leads up the south side of the hill, through a thick growth of prickly pear to the famous theatre, which the Greeks, who founded Tauromenium twenty-five centuries ago, first hewed out of the solid rock. The plan of the building remains the same as in their days, although the masonry bounding it on two sides is of Roman date, and belongs to the time when Taormina was a populous and flourishing city, the proud ally of Rome in her wars against Carthage. The theatre itself was reckoned to hold as many as 40,000 spectators, which gives us some idea of the size and wealth of the city at that period of its history.

The stage is one of the best preserved in existence, and several of the marble columns which formerly adorned the *scenæ frons* are still in their places. Others lie shattered on the grass at our feet, and the pale lilac flowers of the smooth-leaved acanthus blossom above the carved foliage of their Corinthian capitals.

Through the glowing arches of Roman brick-work we look down on the radiant sea and on a landscape of indescribable beauty. Only the

genius of the Greeks would have pitched their theatre on this mountain-top, and even they could seldom have chosen a site so remarkable. For there, immediately opposite, is Etna, rising in one gentle and continuous slope from the edge of the waves, its purple slopes clothed with forests and vineyards, with gardens of fig, olive, and mulberry, studded here and there with villages and hamlets, while from the summit a faint column of smoke rising heavenwards tells of the fire that slumbers under those eternal snows. Yes, there is Etna, "the pillar of heaven, the nurse of sharp eternal frost"; Etna, which all the poets have sung from the days of Pindar and Theocritus to our own. And there, stretching in curves of exquisite harmony and beauty at his feet, are the wide bays that run out into the sea, far away to Syracuse. There, where the low level lines of shore melt into the azure of sky and sea, stood of old that "greatest of Greek cities, and fairest of all cities," Syracuse, where, Cicero declares, the sun shone every day of the year. There is the sacred fountain of Arethusa and the "great stream of the Anapus," on whose banks we may still see the papyrus growing, as it

grew in the days of the Ptolemies. And there, too, is the famous harbour that was the scene of Athenian disaster, and the low ridge of Epipole, where Greek met Greek in many a hard-fought fight. From that shore the

memories. Not a stone but has its story, not a name but recalls some old Hellenic myth, or deed of heroic days. Greek and Roman, Christian and Saracen traditions meet us here. Along this shore Demeter wandered, torch in



AGNESE.

cry of the captives in the quarries still goes up in our ears, still we seem to hear the voice of the Athenian maiden who charmed her captors with the verses of Euripides.

But the whole coast is eloquent with undying

hand, seeking her lost Persephone, till again the rocks echoed and all the air rang with the wail of her immortal despair. There, above Syracuse, is Mount Hybla, and there in the old Megarean bay stands the imperial city of Agosta, founded

by the greatest of the Hohenstaufen princes, Frederick II. Yonder promontory below is the Cape of Santa Croce, where the Empress Helena landed bearing her precious relic, and where the Sicilian peasants say, on moonlight nights, the shadow of the Cross is still seen to rest upon the waters. There, too, rising out of the sea at our feet, are the black Scogli dei Ciclopi, the rocks which the blinded Polyphemus hurled, in his impotent wrath, at the wily Ulysses. Yonder town of Aci Reale, built among the rich vineyards and orange-gardens on the lava-streams of Etna, tells a tale dear alike to poet and musician, the loves of Acis and Galatea. This was the home of the fair boy Acis, who loved the milk-white nymph Galatea, and whom the high gods turned into a river to save him from the jealous wrath of the giant Cyclops, him who now lies bound hand and foot, breathing hot flame and smoke in the furnaces of Etna. Nearer still, on this side of the River Cantara, the Arab name for the classic stream—Acesines—is the site of ancient Naxos, the first town founded by the Greeks in Sicily 700 years before Christ. There, in the lemon-gardens on Capo Schiso, fragments of masonry still mark the spot where they reared an altar to Apollo, and hung up the laurel crowns they had won at the Olympic games. From Naxos, too, came the Greeks, who, flying before the tyrant, Dionysius of Syracuse, climbed the hill to seek a new home within the walls of Tauromenium.

Taormina itself lies on the cliffs immediately below the theatre, the long, straggling street clinging to the rocky mountain-side. The forked battlements of its mediæval towers, the open tracery of Sicilian Gothic palaces rise against the green hill-side steeped in the rich golden glow. Above, on its lonely rock, are the ruins of a Saracen castle, once the Acropolis of the Greek city, now the site of a pilgrimage church—La Madonna della Rocca. This castle has been the stronghold of each invading race in turn. Here the Siculi of old repelled the attacks of Dionysius, who only saved himself by a hurried flight down the precipitous rock one winter's night, and the Saracens stormed the Roman garrison, and were, in their turn, forced to yield to Norman Roger. Guelph and Ghibelline, Hohenstaufen and Angevin, Spaniard and Frenchman, modern Roman and

Neapolitan have alike held their own, and defied their foes from that almost impregnable fortress. Higher still, perched like some eagle's nest on its conical rock, is Mola, where, on St. George's Day, the mountain peasants hold high festival in honour of the warrior-saint, and above all rise the bare peaks of Monte Venere. Nor is this all. For turning northwards another panorama lies unrolled at our feet. We look down on the ravines known to the ancients as the Taurominian Passes, on the bold capes and rocky promontories of the coast towards Messina. And further yet, the eye ranges across the glittering seas to the southern shores of Italy and the snowy mountains of Calabria, ending in the rugged mass of Cape Spartivento.

Such, briefly told, are the chief objects in the view, but no words can describe the light and glory of the atmosphere, the glowing hues of sea and sky. "It is," writes John Addington Symonds, "the loveliest landscape on which one's eyes can ever rest." And Cardinal Newman, when he stood on the same spot half a century ago, called it the most wonderful view that he had ever seen. "I never knew," he adds, "that Nature could be so beautiful. To see that view was the nearest approach to Eden."

Often as you climb the hill of Taormina, and look down through the ruddy arches of the theatre, the wonder of its loveliness strikes you anew. Fair as the prospect is at evening, when the setting sun sinks behind the distant shore of Syracuse, purpling the long slopes of Etna, and flushing the waters where the Athenian ships sailed of old, it is lovelier still in the early morning. For then the sun rises out of the sea and floods the far Calabrian peaks with crimson. The eastern sky grows warm behind the cactus-grown rocks, but looking westward all is pale and cold. Etna rises in crystalline purity against a sky of delicate blue, and the sea slumbering at the foot of its green slopes, wears the loveliest shade of turquoise. All at once the rich glow breaks over the mountain-tops, the snows of Etna catch the rosy light, Mola is touched with fire. Slowly the glory spreads. One by one the peaks light up, the villages along the slopes of Etna catch the fiery glow, Taormina itself, the whole sea and shore are wrapt in golden blaze, and earth and heaven join in one great pean of praise.

(To be continued.)

BRUNHILD.

LADY LINDSAY.

IT was a gala day; the day of the king's entry. At the head of his victorious troops he was returning to his native city, which had been decked and garlanded in his honour. From every steeple clanged the bells; far across the plain the balmy air bore onward echoes of joyful chimes. The town walls, overhanging a deep moat, were gaily blazoned with many-coloured flags; to and fro, upon the lowered drawbridge of the chief gate, passed and re-passed happy expectant people in holiday attire. The sloping red roofs and innumerable towers of the city gleamed against the blue June sky; their small windows, rising in rows above each other, glittered like bright eyes. In the market-place stood the mayor and note-worthy citizens, wearing collars of state upon their municipal robes, waiting anxiously though patiently for the arrival of the first messenger who should bring veracious tidings of the king's approach—also conning, with pardonable complacency, the illuminated pages of their address of welcome.

Far out into the flat country, along a straight road bordered with sweet-smelling limes, the people flocked; merry urchins swarmed the trees to gain places of vantage, whilst the burghers, with their wives and families, occupied safer and more dignified positions which were reserved for them.

Presently, there struck on the ear of expectancy a distant low murmur that rose gradually, growing like a tide upon shingle, coming nearer and nearer; then were heard faint far-off huzzas.

"The king! the king!" shouted the people, waving caps and handkerchiefs, though there was nothing yet in sight but a thin line of dust on the horizon. Presently, to the keenest-sighted watchers became visible the shimmer of steel, the shining of the sun on lances and swords. As though they saw the sight, the bells swung higher and clanged louder; there ran a thrill through the old town, the mayor and corporation increased in dignified demeanour, and some of the beholders were conscious of a curious emotion whilst a yet more enthusiastic cry rent the air:—

"The king! God bless the king!"

Now the thin line of dust rolled itself into a fast approaching cloud, all tremulous with colours and glittering steel, from the midst of which came the

monotonous tramp of marching human feet, and the shock of horses' hoofs on the hard ground, whilst jubilant snatches of martial music rose fitfully above all other sound. On, on, nearer drew those dear familiar troops, whilst the excitement of the crowd vented itself sometimes in loud shouts and huzzas, and was sometimes deepened into sudden but meaning pauses of silence. From within the high walls of the town arose a joyous murmur of voices, audible despite the noisy belfries, and already, at many a casement and gable, women waved gay-coloured kerchiefs like pennons from the flag-staffs of their white arms.

The crowd itself was dividing and scattering. Some of the more eager spirits had rushed on to meet the new-comers and accompany them back to the gates. But others stayed behind, afraid of losing their position of vantage, from which they could most readily distinguish those individual loved faces they sought—afraid too perhaps of being presently unable to follow the quick march of the soldiers. For now the warriors, gladdened by the near prospect of home, strode faster to the music that seemed to quicken its spirit also. Even the king's milk-white charger and the steeds of those nobles immediately about him, were plainly in sight as they pranced eagerly forward.

He was a young brave figure, the king of that happy realm: his finely-chiselled face was bronzed by weather and thinned by hardship, though his eyes were as bright and laughing as of yore. Upon his golden helmet he wore a wreath of laurel, and from beneath the leaves shone out his short golden curls. Beside him, thronging close, were the men who loved him—ragged and blood-stained their clothes and the trappings of their horses, but they themselves filled with the joy of victory. What mattered the rents in the silken banner that had been saved from the enemy's grasp? What mattered even a few wounds to those brave defenders who were greeted by cries of welcome from their townsmen, and by the joyous tears and smiles of their wives and children?

Down, down upon them rained sweet roses and carnations, and sprays of laurel—wreaths and symbols of affection and victory. On, on they

came, more slowly again because of the thronging surging multitude, whilst every now and then the young king drew rein and smiled as he gazed around, well pleased to see the glad faces, and to hear the loyal voices of his people.

When the gates of the city were well-nigh reached, there arose a sudden loud blast of trumpets. From every watch-tower of the battlemented walls a trumpeter sent forth the echoing sound. Then, as the king looked up, roused almost with a start from his contemplation of the crowd around—there, immediately above him in the branches of an apple-tree, his eyes caught the slender figure of a girl, almost a child. She was clad but poorly, in scarce more than rags, and from the branch whereon she sat her silvery feet hung bare. But her face was very beautiful, and her large eyes glittered and shone, and her smile was very sweet. And for one short moment the king espied her thus, and could not but smile at her in return, for she was such a pretty child. Then, from her supple hands, that were twined amongst the branches, she let softly fall upon him a shower of sweet jessamine and pansies and other flowers.

She was a little flower-girl—and she had not sold the flowers which she had brought to sell this day.

Scarce had these blossoms fallen ere the king had already ridden by. Nor did he look back, though two grey eyes peered ardently from the apple-tree and presently filled with unaccountable tears, as the little maid lowered herself from the branches, and dropped to the ground, lightly, as might a bird, and stood with her hand upon her brow, staring even as many folks stood staring yet, at the gateway which the army was threading like a ribbon, at the red-roofed towers, the crowded battlements, the waving banners and all the pageantry, with overhead the drifting fleecy clouds against the placid blue.

She waited there until the troops had all passed by, and the people had flocked after—till even the streets close within the gates (being far from the palace) were almost deserted, and sounds of welcome and enthusiasm so hushed that once again could be heard the twitter of birds under the deep eaves of the towers. Then the little solitary figure crept homewards through the slanting western sunshine, and, having reached that poor home, softly lifted the latch, and stood on the threshold like a spirit, gazing with dazed

eyes through her tangled hair, with a strange smile on her parted lips.

"Well? well? What hast thou seen?" asked her sisters, eagerly.

They were still busy indoors, but contented. One span beside a wheel; the other, with deft fingers, was plaiting straw.

"Nay, but I have seen the king," said the youngest, under her breath.

Her elders laughed.

"Ay; well, tell us of him. Is he fair or dark? and tall or short?"

But the youngest stood mute, with staring eyes. At last, she murmured low:

"I love the king."

Then she shivered, as her elders laughed aloud.

Poor little soul! Poor silly, little, dreaming Brunhild! Yet was there no necessity to upbraid her—the folly was of no consequence. It could be but for a fleeting moment. There were many maidens, doubtless, that day who fancied that they loved the king.

Nevertheless, the child went and hid herself in a dark corner of the loft, until nightfall. Only the bats and owls flew in at the wide spaces that stood for windows, or fluttered amongst the cobweb-laden rafters. These could not question her.

The next morning her sisters were to take their work to the tradesmen who had ordered it, and every gossip in the market-place could tell them more than their silly little Brunhild, and so they cared not to question her.

But day and night the child seemed to see the king. It was as though his presence came before her like a will-o'-the-wisp, evading her strained eyesight—it was first here, then there—always with her, yet melting and vanishing from her gaze.

There were no more public pageants to which she could go—there seemed no possibility of her again meeting him. For she had in a measure really met him; she knew, she felt it, in every beat of her eager heart, in every fevered pulse of her untaught nature. Had he not smiled as well as glanced at her? Had not his merry blue eyes reciprocated hers with a look that must be ineffaceable in her memory for ever and ever more? It had been a look of recognition almost, as though he expected to find her there—yet this was folly, thought the poor child, ay, worse

than folly. What was she—a peasant, well-nigh a beggar girl—to him, the noblest of the noble, he who wore shining armour, and rode on a white charger across the broad lands of his own kingdom to the gates of his own city? Days passed, and dark as the tattered gown she wore grew the hopes of the little flower-girl.

At last there came a rumour that the king was to attend a special *Te Deum* in the cathedral—a thanksgiving service for his safe return.

"Methinks I will go sell flowers on the bridge," said Brunhild to her sisters, and they nodded acquiescence, but cared to ask no further.

She filled a basket with choicest flowers, with roses and carnations, lilies and orange-flower; the very perfume, as it rose to her pale face, seemed to intoxicate her brain. She fell a-singing snatches of tunes, like a warbling bird; she began to dance like a little wild goat. But she might not loiter; she was anxious to get a good place on the bridge, to be in full sight of the procession when it should appear, and yet be well sheltered from the sun and wind by the walls of one of the quaint shops built upon the bridge itself.

She found and kept the very place she wanted. A jeweller's window faced her—it was filled with strings of coral red and pink, silver cups, quaintly carved combs, and glistening tiny pearls fastened with broad golden clasps, the like of which brides are wont to wear.

And down below, with such swiftness and power that the rushing of it became a monotonous roar scarce noticeable amidst the surging human voices, ran the great river—passing on like life, thought the little flower-seller, away between the arches relentlessly whate'er betide; no one able to stop its course nor direct it. Or was it more like Fate, stern, cold, impenetrable in its depth, careless of the laughing, sighing, chattering multitude overhead? Here, upon the bridge, were hung wreaths of laurel in honour of the victors—and silken and golden draperies, and garlanded flowers. . . .

The flower girl might readily have sold all her posy. Every swain wanted a rose for his sweetheart's kerchief, or a carnation for his own ear. But she would not. People might have marvelled, had they given themselves time to consider the matter, as to why she stood there, her basket

crowded with wares, yet not choosing to sell. She shook her head when anyone approached.

"It is all sold," she murmured.

Then the disappointed customers passed on.

But she stood there till her head ached and her feet grew weary. She was faint—she had eaten no food that day. The crowd gathered thicker and closer. She was afraid that her flowers, like herself, had begun to droop—she raised her tired arms yet higher that none might touch or crush the blooms.

For were they not presently to be thrown on the white ground, on the roadway that was to be cleared for the king? Should they not be honoured by the tread of his charger's feet?

And, when they were so betrodden, might not his royal glance, gazing round in search of the strewer's hand, meet her own glance once more? O! how the soul from her eyes would leap to meet his and kindle into fire!

Hark! Here the procession comes. The distant martial music, the measured tramp of men and horses, and the closer pressing of the crowd even whilst it sways and parts, and closes and parts again. . . .

They come—they come—the trumpeters and men-at-arms, the heralds and knights—then, on his milk-white charger, surrounded by the flower of his nobles, the king himself. Brunhild has no sight for aught else—only for that keen fair face with its smiles and gay looks, for that slender figure robed in velvet and silver that is bowing to the right and to the left. Yet—O sharp pang that pierces the child's heart! On the king's left hand there rides a lady—fair is she as the dawn, beautiful as a dream.

They come—they are passing, they have passed. On the ancient bridge the shouts of the multitude ring from end to end, echoing up to the blue sky, down to the dark rolling river.

But the throng of people have left Brunhild behind. She stands there, even as before, resting her frail little figure against the corner wall of the jeweller's shop, close to the glass window with its vision of coral and pearl. And still the child's arms are raised, and still she tries to lift her basket of flowers as high as she may, out of reach of accident. And still the sweet burthen is of many roses and carnations and orange-flower. Not one bloom has been disturbed.

But when the cavalcade is fairly past, when the last stroke of horses' hoofs has died away on the echoing bridge that seems now strangely more deserted than on ordinary days—then the quivering arms, leaning out as far as they can stretch, dash their perfumed burthen from the marble parapet, down, down, into the turbid whirling river.

Engulfed are the sweet blossoms, yet not all at once—some swirl round the broad arches, others float away in the swift current, floating far away like dashed dead hopes, who knoweth where?

* * * * *

Time went by, but Brunhild held up her head no more. She lay sick at home in her little bed, motionless, and utterly careless of who came or went—careless too of how the morn succeeded night, and evening day, and night again the evening. It was all night to her, she thought.

For never again should she go forth and sell flowers in the public thoroughfares, never again should strangers pause and call her small face beautiful, never again should the wan tired fingers weave posies or garlands, nor earn praise and silver coins. Her sisters tended her, bewildered!

At first they guessed not what ailed her, having long since forgotten her idle speech. But presently, as her mind grew weak at times, and she became distraught and garrulous, they learned her secret.

"I love the king," she repeated with wide glittering eyes, and fevered cheeks that burned and glowed. And then again, more softly, like a sad wailing that would not be stilled:

"I love the king," she said.

Then were the sisters ashamed, and hid her from all the neighbours.

Yet one day—her elders knew not how—the child gathered the news that the king and his fair bride were to go a-hawking, and must needs pass by some green fields that stretched just without the city gate, but a short distance from the dwelling of these three poor girls—their home being very near the gate.

And the child prayed her sisters again and again, earnestly entreating them that they should carry her thither—for she was too weak to walk or stand—and lay her on the cool grass beside the straight road where the king must go by.

"He does not know me," said the child, weep-

ing sorely. "I would but look upon his face once more."

And, as her sisters yet refused:

"Once more before I die," she added.

The eldest girl was averse to the plan, but the second felt so great a sympathy that she said:

"Let us try to do it—we can but carry her to the edge of the field; no one need learn the reason why."

Thus they did as the child entreated them. She was very wan and weak that day. She bade them wrap her in a grey mantle that had once been her mother's. She was laid upon the slope beside the road so that the king's eyes could not but fall upon her. And, as she lay there, amidst the gaily-dressed folk, she seemed but a pale shadow—a twilight resemblance to her former self, so that all those who saw her pitied her, and forbore to press closely upon her. She lay in a green space apart.

Her elder sister stood beside her, but the younger one knelt, half crouching, and with her knees she pillowed Brunhild's head. Then, when at last the sound of trumpets struck the ear, and the people poured out from the gateway, and the falconers in green attire crossed the drawbridge, Brunhild's heart began to beat so loud and fast that her face grew ashen grey, and she could scarce see because of the mists that rose before her eyes.

And when the king and his fair bride—clad alike in green, with hawks upon their wrists—rode out from beneath the grim archway:

"Run! Run!" whispered Brunhild close to her sister's ear.

"And whither shall I run?" asked that sister.

"Run to the king," sighed Brunhild.

And her sister, without ado, laid the child's fair head softly down upon the sward and ran.

The king already came quickly on, riding his milk-white steed. But the young girl stood boldly in front, and he, seeing that she was but a slender maiden—a poor and sorrowful-looking one, moreover—drew rein.

"What wilt thou with me?" he asked, bending from his saddle.

"My sister prays thee to come," said the girl.

The nobles laughed aloud. The king, puzzled, and well-nigh annoyed, followed with his eyes the direction of the girl's hand. There, on the grassy bank, lay the dying child, swathed in her long grey

cloak. The people, seeing that she lay dying, had made a reverent circle about her—only her elder sister stood behind, wringing her hands and weeping.

"Nay, nay," began the king, but his gentle bride spoke in a whisper.

"Let us dismount and go to her. Be it not said that the poorest in thy kingdom needs thee, and that thou art not ready."

"As thou wilt, sweet one," replied the king.

He leaped from his saddle; with grace he lifted his bride from hers. Disregarding the entreaties of the courtiers, hand in hand and alone, the royal pair climbed the green slope and stood beside the child.

"What ails her?" asked the princess.

She bent down and softly raised the poor little fragile form. But the strained eyes rested not on her—they looked up beyond her, seeking the countenance of the king, who stood, graver than of wont, gazing down sorrowfully, for he saw that death was not far off.

The princess read the saying of the child's eyes, and she turned to her betrothed:

"Hast thou ever seen her before to-day?"

"Nay, not that I know," answered the king. Yet Brunhild's face evoked some memory—he could not disentangle what it was.

"I cannot remember," he said.

Then the princess, with gentle force, drew down both the king's hands, and placed them round the little flower-girl's shoulders, so that for a moment the child lay pillowed on them and supported.

And the crowd around was silent and strangely subdued. There was a hush that seemed to hold more intensity of meaning than the shouts of a thousand voices, and to be more earnest than ten score of prayers.

But the king, as he leaned down, bowed his knee, and, gently freeing one hand from Brunhild's heavy tresses, took his plumed cap from off his head, and laid it on the green sward beside him. And all the people round knelt likewise. For they were in the presence of Death.

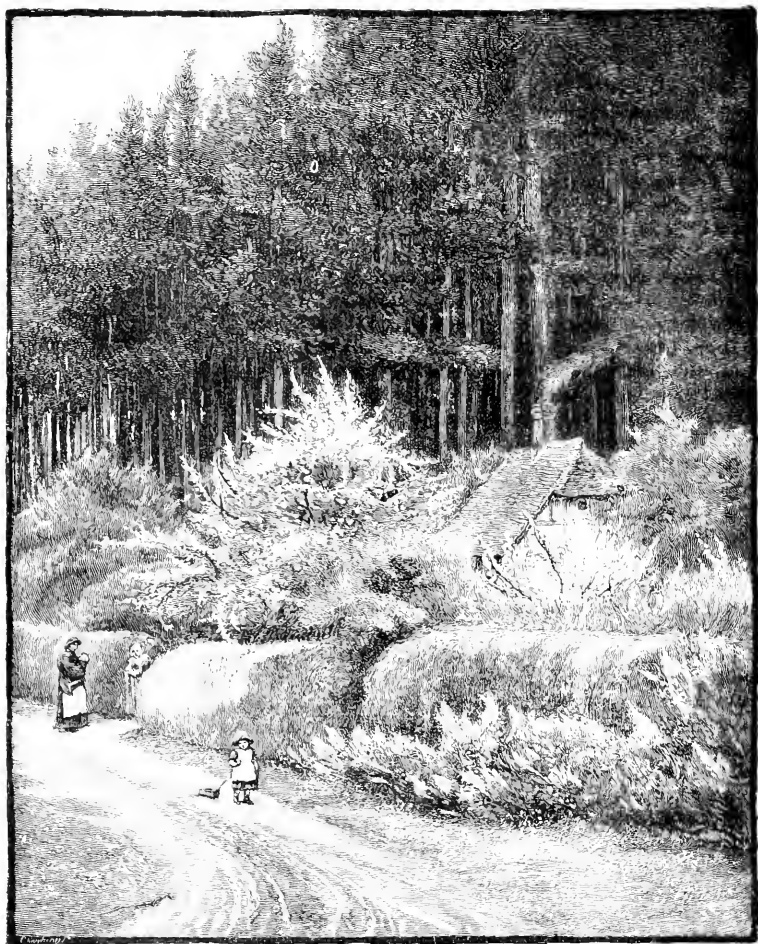
FROM A DRYAD.

(When asked to come South).

I COULD not live in verdant groves,
Of lowland elm and lime,
Where golden freight of harvest proves
The wealth of southern clime.
O'er moors that purple heather floods,
By rocks with wild thyme lit,
Through ebony and silver woods
Of pine and birch I flit.

My feet those meadows could not press
Where bluebells do not spring,
Where pansies (love-in-idleness)
Give no gay garlanding.
The song of languid streams to me
A language is unknown,
I only love the melody
Shrined in swift water's tone.

ELLA FULLER MAITLAND.



THE COTTAGE BENEATH THE WOOD.

From the Picture by MRS. ALLINGHAM.

SOME RECENT ENGLISH POETS.

PART II.

Ruth Hunt

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON, too, might be numbered among the classical poets, though of a different order. A modern Horace is he—a new Suckling, or Carew. And if anyone could reconcile me to “art for art,” it would be Mr. Dobson. He sings a light though learned Horatian ditty, but innocent and pure, chiefly appealing to the leisured and idle class. That any man can make poetry out of a modern drawing-room, and the men and women who frequent it, or out of what they think and say, seems to me little short of a miracle.

People used to pretend to wonder that Wordsworth could make it out of an old woman, a thorn, a waggoner, an idiot, or a leech gatherer; but out of a masher, or a society woman! And yet he has done this, whether or not Wordsworth always did the other. I am not a good judge of *vers de société*, for I don't, as a rule, care for them; but I usually care for Mr. Dobson's. Whatever he touches he adorns; he always does his work well, whatever it is. He is not troubled with the doubts and difficulties of his day, and very probably thinks with the aesthetes, that these should be banished from poetry. He can almost reconcile me to those ingenious *tours de force*, adapted from the French, to the ballades, villanelles, and rondeaus, which, at any rate, ought to be *wonderfully* well done, and with a very light hand, if at all. I was going to say he reconciles me even to that more or less amiable baby-babble of triplets; they become really pretty soap-bubbles when blown from his lips, or a kind of eddying rose-leaf. But then he has the saving savour of a fine and delicate humour: there is a twinkle of fun in his eye as he turns you out what in his case are really charming trifles.

No one can dance so graceful a minuet in verse. He is the Watteau of words—recalling patches and powder. It is because he is an authentic poet, however, and tinges his dainties with very essential attar of poetry, that he succeeds so well in his own airy style. Versemakers who have nothing to say preach to us that a poet ought not to have

anything to say—very naturally. But Austin Dobson, at all events, has something, and he says it charmingly. The *art for art* critic talks about “pure Poetry,” which is as much and no more a possible entity than the metaphysician's “pure Being”; he talks as if you could accidentally drop some meaning (or not, as the case may be) into this imaginary abstract—by which he seems really to mean the jingle of syllables. But, of course, in poetry proper there must be a subject-matter, however slight and frail; a sentiment, or a picture, if not an idea, or an action. If Nature abhors a vacuum, so does her sister, Art; and Dobson is not vacuum—though so arch and coquettish are his little things that it is astonishing how a *man* could have written them. Was ever the charming modern girl—not the very advanced one—but the kindly, sociable, and playful maiden, fond of gaiety, yet sincerely attached to her country-home and friends, hit off in more sprightly and sparkling verse than in the “Last Despatch”? Or the ball-going youth, with his gadding fancy “lightly turning to thoughts” of—rather miscellaneous—“love,” than in “Dora *versus* Rose”?

Mr. Dobson, quoting Lowell's dictum about the “ruddy drop,” sings:—

But now the shrunk poetic vein
Yields not that precious drop again.

Yet that is not even true of himself. For he has brief and serious lyrics, which have true and touching human feeling. Such are “The Cradle,” “Before Sedan,” “Apple Blossoms,” “The Forgotten Grave,” “A Song of the Four Seasons.” And now and then you get a quite unique mingling of playfulness and pathos, as in the charming vignette entitled “Good-night, Babette,” sketching a very young girl taking care of a very old man. The poet's sunny cheerfulness is well illustrated in “A Chapter from Froissart.” He seems as much at home in French as in English, and makes frequent use of French conversational phrases gracefully enough. As for the much mis-used expression, “Art for Art,” Mr. Dobson, in his “Nightingale in Kensington

Gardens," shows that he knows its legitimate signification, namely, that the artist must live for his art, and scorn to debase her for personal greed, or a mere fleeting popularity. Though I confess that some of his verse seems to me too trivial to be called poetry, yet, on the whole, he is one of the very best of our literary poets.

If Mr. Courthope would only give us another "Paradise of Birds," we should welcome him as one of the most distinguished of our classical poets. May he do so before long; for excellent as his prose is, it is not poetry.

That drop of ruddy human blood we find, at all events, in the Brownings, and in Robert Buchanan. Browning is our most dramatic recent poet, though dramatic in the modern way of minute analysis, like George Meredith and Tolstoi. And as his usual method is to make his characters analyse themselves in monologue, he is so far undramatic that such a habit of self-analysis is not always germane to their idiosyncracies. It is so in the case of an ambitious, subtle-souled ecclesiastic like Blougram, but not in that of a man like Sludge—that is the portrait of a hostile observer fallaciously attributed to the subject of his observation. The earlier work has my very earnest admiration: the volume originally published under the title "Men and Women," and "Dramatis Personæ." Priceless are these splendid dramatic studies—"Cleon," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Andrea del Sarto," "My Last Duchess," "The Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister," "The Bishop orders his Tomb." There you have masterly presentations of human nature, as objective as possible, wherein Browning does not obtrude his own hypersubtlety and love of dissection. They are solid and life-like as a portrait of Rembrandt. And some of the dramas are of supreme value—"Pippa Passes," "Colombe's Birthday," "A Blot on the Scutcheon," much of "Strafford," too, "In a Balcony," a "Soul's Tragedy." The later work is not near so rhythmical as the earlier, and the thought is not always raised to the power of poetry; there is too much of it done before us, in the process of making; while the minute psychological analysis of the characters and situations sometimes becomes tedious: the rhymes occasionally, too, seem illegitimately grotesque where they are constituents of a serious poem: beauty and harmony of effect are not sufficiently sought after for their own sakes. But

what can exceed the combined spiritual, sensuous, and rhythmical beauty of "Saul," or the startling realism touched to mystical and spiritual issues of "Karshish," which relates to the resurrection of Lazarus? "Paracelsus" and the "Flight of the Duchess" are also notable poems, full of beautiful illustration, fine verse, high thought, and ethical insight. Except when he makes a rascal or a moral weakening vivisection himself at undue length, Browning gives you a mental and moral tonic that braces you up to live better, to take healthy views of life, and your own duties in it. His nature was sound and well balanced; moreover, Destiny had behaved well to him, so that his outlook on the world was cheerful; almost too optimistic, one sometimes feels, yet most wholesome as a corrective to all our latter-day despondency, which is enervating and disorganising. His salient principle is that Evil is only Good in the forming: he is a poet of faith, and deep spiritual insight, showing a fundamental sympathy with essential Christianity, though not precisely orthodox. One chief factor in him is humour, broad and tolerant. Note "Caliban," an excellent parable, very humorous, though quite unorthodox. The voluminous "King and the Book" some consider his *magnum opus*: yet it is scarcely that, if you regard it as poetry, though containing extremely clever characterisations, and one of his most charming women, Pompilia. But, after all, she is a little over-intellectualised, Browning himself being just a little overweighted with dry intellectuality. Therefore, Pompilia is not quite equal to Goethe's Margaret, or to Hardy's Tess of the D'Urbervilles. The greatest modern triumphs of character-painting are to be found in prose fiction—in Hugo and Balzac; in Hardy, Meredith, and Tolstoi—whereas those of the Elizabethan age are to be found in Shakspeare and the poetic drama. But if Browning is a little over-intellectual, this does not prove that philosophy and science are no subjects for poetry, as some critics (whom these subjects happen to bore) love to urge. For at this rate, supposing critic Brown had a congenital incapacity for history, and critic Jones were colour-blind and stone-deaf to the glories of Nature, the poet might be cut off from every subject in succession by the particular ineptitude of each several oracle, if only this new Pythian could

secure the stool of inspired authority in some leading journal. Then the poor poet would be like the publican who had put up a notice about his business over his door; but, taking counsel with his friends, each had objected to a different word as superfluous, till at last he found himself without any inscription at all. Yet the omnivorous learning of Browning was a snare to him, for it was not always subordinated to poetic ends. The casual allusions to points of remote and recondite lore, added to the unusual difficulties of his construction, his elisions, parentheses, and transpositions of the parts of speech, make him often very hard to read; and more especially in *Sordello*, most of which, though it contains so much fine poetry, it is almost impossible to understand. It is as difficult as some of George Meredith, much of whose nature-poetry, however, has run clear of this inarticulateness, and is then of quite unsurpassed beauty. The other Meredith, Owen (Robert, Lord Lytton), by the way, has done some excellent work in verse, but he cannot take a very high rank, because he is, if not exactly imitative, yet undeniably reproductive. He reproduces Tennyson, Browning, and Byron, for instance. The directness and nervous strength of Browning's popular ballads, "How They brought the Good News" and "Hervé Riel," are in curious contrast to his obscure and rough work. So is "Ivan Ivanovitch" among his later poems. On the whole, he is a glorious old Titan, however rude and eccentric, of immense range, force, and weight; while in such memorable lyrics as the "Lost Leader," "Prospice," "One Word More," "The Last Ride," "England from the Sea," "O to be in England," the form is as fine as the idea and feeling, though the individuality that stamps all his work is so marked that you would know a bit of Browning anywhere. He is ever sincere.

Mrs. Browning, her husband declared, was more of a born poet than himself. She is more purely emotional. But she has an almost equal disregard of form, so far as the mere rhyme is concerned. The freedom she expressly justifies in this respect seems to me indeed justifiable, an imperfect rhyme in its own place commending itself to a good ear. But she carries the principle too far when she rhymes "candles" to "angels" in her "Dead Pan," and coins the adverb "oftly" for the sake of a rhyme in "Caterina to Camoens."

What she said of her husband's poetry is true of her own.

*From Browning some pomegranate, which if cut deep down
the middle
Shows a heart within blood-tintured of a veined humanity.*

And her lines about Euripides also apply to herself—

Our Euripides, the human, with his droppings of warm tears.

Here is essentially a noble *woman's* poetry; it flows from a deep and warm heart. It is a *mother's* poetry, as witness her "Mother and Poet," "The Cry of the Children," "Isobel's Child," "Little Mattie," "Only a Curl," "A Forced Recruit," "A Child's Grave at Florence." It is also a woman's passionate love-poetry, sublimely self-forgetting, glorifying the beloved. The "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and her other sonnets, are assuredly some of the finest in our language, worthy of a place beside those of Milton and Wordsworth. They are unstrained and simple, yet distinguished in diction; not over elaborated, or affectedly euphuistic, like so many of Rossetti's; they never smell of the lamp. There is no pathos in our poetry more genuine and poignant than Mrs. Browning's. One has only to name "The Runaway Slave," "Bianca among the Nightingales," "The Cry of the Children," "The Cry of the Human," and the episode of Marion Erle in "Aurora Leigh." What treasures of affection lie shrouded in "Loved Once," "The Valediction," "Caterina to Camoens"! I have heard it hinted that many of the learned young ladies at Newnham and Girton now regard Mrs. Browning as quite antiquated, and obscurantist in her views upon the "woman question"—although, when "Aurora Leigh" was written it was regarded as rather audacious and very advanced. But we move rapidly.

And the worst of it is that one may sometimes "advance" in the wrong direction. But had she been more sexless, I doubt if Mrs. Browning would have produced such good poetry. It would have lacked the man's strength, and the woman's tenderness. "Aurora Leigh" is a thoroughly feminine poem; and I suppose that is what is objected to. Aurora is a woman very much above the average intellectually; but she is a thorough woman for all that, even in her ideas about a true woman's nature, function, and destiny. She was not for confounding the sexes. Aurora indeed

objects to Romney, the hero of the story, because of his patronising attitude towards women—true; and so far she claims more equality of respect, more recognition of independence for her sex, the right to live its own life out, not merely as adoring satellite of man; but she *chiefly* objects to Romney as a suitor, because she thinks he does not woo her for her own sake, so much as in the character of a useful co-worker; for the sake of the philanthropic objects to which his energies are devoted—and that is very feminine. In the end, the poem extols love and motherhood as highest. After all, the bearing of children, and the education of the generation that is to succeed us, is no such very contemptible office and function. The sexes are necessary to one another and complementary. Some advanced people seem only anxious to rase utterly, to pull down, any venerable conviction that has been built, or taken root, through the slow and bitter experience of past ages, and to sow the site of it with salt—then something will spring up in a night, like a big mushroom, they think, to take its place. In this long poem there are exquisite phrases and lines, as well as charming descriptions of nature; but there is a certain occasional spasmodic straining after effect in the expression (remining one of Dobell, and Alexander Smith, good poets both), also a *bizarrie* about the metaphors, which almost degenerate into conceits; while the descriptions of scenery sometimes suggest the hyperæsthesia and disordered nerves of a lifelong sickchamber (“Lady Geraldine’s Courtship” has always appeared to me rather hysterical). The views put forth incidentally about art in “Aurora Leigh” are sound and admirable; they repeat the doctrine of one of the finest and most imaginative of the longer poems, “A Vision of Poets,” and one of the most perfect lyrics, “A Musical Instrument.” She held that the highest poets must suffer, in order to sing, and held in contempt the mere posing verseman. “Sleep” is another lovely lyric. The author of “Cowper’s Grave” was, of course, profoundly religious; an Evangelical, and yet learned, not narrow; indeed, her “Wine of Cyprus” shows considerable Pagan affinities, which were awakened in the course of her Greek and Latin studies. Her long religious poems, the “Drama of Exile” and the “Seraphim,” seem to me comparative failures, but some of her romantic ballads are

of extreme beauty; such are the “Romance of the Swan’s Nest,” “The Lay of the Brown Rosary,” and the “Rhyme of the Duchess May.” “Casa Guidi Windows” is a very fervent poetic effusion inspired by sympathy with the movement in favour of Italian independence.

I come now to Robert Buchanan, certainly one of our best living poets, though hardly a favourite with the critics. Is it, I wonder, that many of them have been to college, and he has not, so that they fancy he cannot know so much of that Greek and Latin on which they plume themselves? Or is it that he is rather akin to Dryden, Burns, and Byron, than to Shelley? And Shelley sets our poetic fashion now. Perhaps his methods are of the past rather than of the present. His diction is terse, nervous, limpid, and direct; not allusive, ornate, and complex. In Shelley, and especially in his successors, there is a sort of incessant verbal coruscation, “bower of bliss,” and transformation scene business going on; every tinted, mellifluous word, so to speak, has an ethereal halo round it; you get almost the effect of a chromatrope, or a kaleidoscope, rather than of a clear, definite picture; you are dazzled by a crowded democracy of equibristant details, not impressed as by the creation of a harmonious, well-ordered whole, with due prominence and subordination of constituent figures. One is capable of finding that fatiguing. All is in high light without shadows; there is no gradation; all is climax; and if every detail is not thus sublimated, the “precious” critic shouts that it is unpoetical. Yet long ago Horace Smith advised Shelley “not to sow with the whole sack.”* But in tragic intensity and pathos Buchanan’s best pages have hardly been surpassed—though I admit that he is unequal. Yet I scarcely know anyone who can draw such telling

* A few telling masterstrokes of Byron, a few pregnant phrases, set the dying gladiator in the Roman Coliseum before you—not the scene alone, but the whole situation—the imagination is penetrative; whole catarracts of melodious adjectives, a whole carnival of whirling words, dazzling diction, and dulcet syllables out of Shelley would fail to make you realise it as can Byron. Shelley was a fine poet: but he has put his disciples on the wrong road. And they have out-Heroded Herod. Byron, Wordsworth, and Keats, in his later vein, carried out the great and venerable tradition of English verse; and Tennyson also at a later date.

It was Shelley who, first among English poets, as Matthew Arnold remarks, set the example of using words in verse without a fully definite meaning. He tried, moreover, “to make every word poetical,” which he ought not.

pictures in a few words, or set before you a group of figures with their background so distinctly, as by some flash of lightning issuing out of the darkness of stormy night. He loves to depict primitive, elemental natures, those of the "dim common populations."

He takes such men and women at moments, and in moods, when some circumstance or situation of their lives brings out the fairer and more human traits in them. Over them he sheds the softening glow of sorrow, or the stormy glare of tragedy. And thus he may hope that their rags and grime, dialect, and accent, may be condoned by many sympathetic hearts—though hardly by persons with pouncet-boxes. Into the murky dens of great cities, into rude shielings on the mountain side, and huts on lonely shores this poet takes us, and having touched our eyes he bids us look around with him upon brothers and sisters often far nobler than ourselves; he places our hands upon beating hearts. "Nell," "Liz," and "Tiger Bay" are of this kind among the "London Poems"; but perhaps these are not equal to "Meg Blane," which has a certain Keltic glamour of environment thrown over the tragedy, enhancing and heightening "the pity of it." Meg, that rough gaunt daughter of the sea, brave and strong, is possessed by an immense love for the man who had shared her bed, and then deserted her. She lives in a hut by the Northern Sea with her half-witted son, and between them also there is affection strong as death. For years she waits and hopes for her mate's return. At length, he is wrecked on this very coast, and she having put out in a boat to save the crew, of course ignorant of his presence, brings him ashore; but when he has been half recovered from his drowning trance, she learns by his delirious ravings that he has married another

woman, who has borne him children. Then she sinks slowly and dies, crooning wild songs, weaving her own shroud, the poor half-witted boy sitting by her listening. The lyrical lines commencing "Lord! with how small a thing," and "O bairn, when I am dead," are of magical, haunting beauty. "White Rose and Red" is, again, a splendidly told story, with its delineation of a wild, primitive Indian girl's passionate love for a white hunter, beautiful, but shallow and unworthy. The descriptions of scenery, too, are masterly; the English is admirable, the verse facile and very musical; all is as clear as day. There is plenty of humour, too, which is a strong point with Buchanan. "St. Abe," the Mormon satire, is a notable instance of it. So are "Tim O'Hara" and the "Wedding of Shon Maclean." A splendid ballad, the popularity of which not all the "superior persons" have been able to prevent, is "Phil Blood's Leap," vindicating the humanity of the Red Indian. Another is the "Lights of Leith." "The Outcast," his latest work, is one of his most beautiful, brilliant, and witty, a little disfigured by personalities, somewhat sensuous, indeed rather reminding one of "Don Juan," but sound at the core, and humane of heart. But there is also a mystical element in Buchanan, which is absent from the writers with whom I have compared him. "The Book of Orm," "Balder," a mythological poem, his recent "City of Dream," and the "Ballad of Judas Iscariot" (the latter, I am told, is the only piece of Buchanan's admitted by the Academics, and .Æsthètes into their Canon), are all in this mystical vein, and contain some of his choicest poetry. "The Book of Orm" includes the weird and impressive "Conisken Sonnets," the "Vision of the Man Accurst," and the "Vision of the World without Death," all full of insight, high thought, and shaping imagination.

(To be continued.)

August



"...and then they will be hands,
And then two hands."

MAISIE DERRICK.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DRUSILLA'S CONFESSION.

FROM Shakespeare's days, and long before them, time has flown all too swiftly between the date named for a marriage and the day itself. So much has to be done, and there is such constant distraction offered from without, that day speeds after day without fulfilling that which was to have been accomplished in it.

Mr. Yardon was once more infatuated by Drusilla as he read the prettily-worded note she sent him by the maid who had been engaged to wait on her and on Maisie. In it she thanked him for his goodness to her, and for the confidence he had shown her. "I am willing to marry Mr. Stanmore," she ended, "and I hope my dear father will forget the nonsense I talked."

Her father felt years younger while he re-read the childish words. He went to the girl's room and praised her for her submissiveness, and Drusilla kissed him in a loving, daughterly way that completed her fascination.

She was, however, self-willed on one point. She

asked him to keep the secret of her birth till after her marriage, giving as her reason that she did not want to have to talk it over with Maisie.

Mr. Yardon consented, but he resolved that his lovely child should be spared any temptations to break faith. He wrote to Mr. Stanmore that the wedding must take place in three weeks, and he settled Miss Savvay and with Maisie that all should be ready by that time.

Drusilla looked astonished when he announced his decision, but she yielded with a gentleness that delighted him.

She was surprised at herself and at her own defeat: she did not know how potently her father's assurance that she would have an income of her own had weighed against her chances of life with Mr. Boyd. She knew very well that if she made a runaway marriage she should forfeit this income, and be wholly dependent on her husband. Mr. Boyd would be less exacting, she fancied, than Mr. Stanmore would be, but she shrank from being entirely at his mercy now that

her horizon had mounted by the change in her own position.

Maisie fancied, as she watched the girl, that her lover's influence had raised Drusilla's tone; it was, perhaps, her chief merit in Maisie's eyes that she seemed now really to care for her promised husband.

Maisie had grown thin, and Miss Savvay thought she looked years older, but no one could have guessed from any outward sign how keenly the girl had suffered.

She told herself that time would cure the pain she suffered, but it was a great relief to learn that Mr. Stanmore had taken a house in London, and would not return to Figgsmarsh when he and Drusilla came back from their wedding journey.

It wanted only four days now to that fixed for the wedding, and Maisie wished they were over: everything was done that could be done at home. The Vicar and Miss Auricula, Miss Savvay and her nephew would be the only guests. Mr. Stanmore's one living relative, a cousin, had sent a handsome gift to the young couple, but she was too much of an invalid to travel. Maisie would only have to arrange the flowers on the marriage day and help the bride to dress. She had been glad to hear that Mr. Boyd had left the Manor House: Maisie had taken a singular dislike to the red-whiskered man when he came to the Hall.

It had been a tiring day: several presents had arrived, and Maisie had unpacked them so as to exhibit them to her visitors from the Manor House and the Vicarage. Mr. Ray had come down overnight and the settlements had been signed this morning. Now he was gone, and Maisie gave a sigh of relief as she at last sat down in the library to rest.

Drusilla had gone to her room after lunch; she had not seen any of the afternoon visitors.

"I have a good deal to see about in my room," she said; "you can do very well without me."

As Maisie sat resting in one of the high-backed chairs, the only luxuries in the library at Vardon, she thought how strange it was that in the weeks they had spent together no real confidence had grown up between her and Drusilla Lescure. She had taken the girl on trust as her grandfather's ward, but she knew no more about Drusilla than Christabel did about the hark-haired Geraldine.

Was it her fault or Drusilla's, Maisie wondered,

that they had remained, with an outward show of intimacy, really strangers to one another? Her face burned as she remembered that but for the reticence she had observed towards the girl, Drusilla might have discovered Maisie's mistake about Luke Stanmore—perhaps she had done this and felt constrained by the knowledge.

"It has been all for the best," Maisie said, "I was getting to love her till I saw the truth: I should soon have been devoted to her. It is best as it is: I shall not miss her when she goes, and I shall be able to give myself up wholly to my grandfather; he will miss her sadly."

She was interrupted—the butler came in to say she was wanted. A poor cottager, with a baby only a week old, had been suddenly taken ill, and had begged her husband to fetch Miss Derrick.

"I'll go at once, Warren. If Miss Lescure asks for me you can tell her where I am."

"Miss Lescure is out, ma'am; went out an hour or so ago."

It was six o'clock, an unusual time for either of the girls to go out walking, and Drusilla had said she was tired. Maisie thought she was probably in the garden, but there was no time to look for her, and she hurried down to the gates. The nearest way to the cottage for which she was bound was up some steps cut in the hedge bank nearer the common, on the opposite side of the lane, and over a stile set in the hedge itself.

By the time Maisie had crossed the fields and reached the cottage, which stood alone in a rough road, she found the woman better. A neighbour had come in to stay the night with her, and there was no need for Miss Derrick's presence: she stayed a few minutes, and then went away, promising to come again in the morning.

The evening was darker than usual, for a dense, dark purple bank of cloud had risen in the west, and, though a golden light still showed above this, it had become cold and pale.

There was plenty of light on the field path, but the hedges were in gloomy shadow.

The woman's husband had asked to see Miss Derrick home, on account of its being late, but Maisie had declined this offer. All at once she felt afraid: it seemed to her that a tall, dark figure was moving swiftly along in her direction, keeping beside the hedge on her right. Maisie walked faster and faster so as to reach the stile

first, and as she strained her eyes to see if she were gaining on her pursuer it seemed to her that there were two figures, one larger than the other—a man and a woman she fancied.

She smiled, and felt reassured.

"A pair of village lovers," she thought, "skulking under the hedge to avoid notice;" and she walked on rapidly to the stile without taking any more heed of the skulkers.

She crossed the stile, and looked back from the top of the bank, and then turned sick with a sudden dread. The dark slender figure was some way in advance of the other: the face was turned away, but Maisie felt sure that the turn of the head, the graceful, gliding walk, and the large hat with its drooping feather were Drusilla's. Well, why not? Drusilla and Mr. Stanmore had, perhaps, settled to take a walk together this evening. Maisie's eyes went on to Drusilla's companion: he was a man, but he was not Mr. Stanmore; he was shorter and much stouter in make: and he looked like a stranger.

Maisie stood with her hand on the stile. She wondered whether she ought not to go back and meet Drusilla, but she shrank from doing this. The figure in the shadow of the hedge might be Mr. Yardon; it did not look like her grandfather, but there was always the possible doubt. She turned away, and, going down the steps, crossed over to the Hall gates. Half-way up the drive, she stood still and waited. Presently the gate clicked, but Drusilla did not overtake her. The person who came in passed up the drive on the farther side of the rhododendron clump to that on which Maisie stood. The light tread told that it was a woman.

Maisie waited till the hall-door had opened and closed, and then she went through the side shrubbery walk on to the lawn. Mr. Yardon was pacing up and down below the drawing-room windows.

"Where have you been?" he said, gravely. "It is too late for you to be out alone: you would have done wisely to imitate Drusilla. Matthews tells me she has been resting in her room ever since lunch."

Maisie explained in a confused manner her own summons to the sick woman, and then she hurried away from her grandfather as quickly as she could. She felt guilty of knowing Drusilla's

secret, yet she could not speak of it till she had asked the girl its meaning.

The dressing bell had rung before she reached her room, and Mr. Yardon was exactly punctual. Maisie knew that it was useless to seek Drusilla before dinner: she thought she could speak to her in the time they usually spent together while Mr. Yardon retired to his study for a quiet nap. But this evening Drusilla lingered in the dining-room.

"Must you have a nap this evening?" she said; "may I not stay in here with you?"

Her father looked grave from the effort he made to repress his delight.

"I will come with you into the drawing-room," he said, "and you shall sing me some French songs."

"Sing you to sleep, eh?" and, as they rose from table, she took his hand and drew it under her arm.

Maisie opened the door for them to pass out; she was puzzled by the new tenderness of Drusilla's manner. Her grandfather too had changed, she fancied; he did not joke and laugh with his ward as he used to; he was now often grave when he spoke to her; but Maisie thought she saw even more affection in his eyes than there used to be when they rested on Drusilla.

She felt sad and isolated; it must surely be her own fault that she failed to win her grandfather's love in ever so small a degree when this stranger had so quickly conquered his whole affection—and seemingly without making any special effort to please him. She was thinking this as she walked slowly across the hall to the library; Drusilla's sweet thin voice was singing the refrain:—

—"*Majoline,
Ma jolie Majoline?*"

"I believe I am jealous," Maisie said, as she looked out across the darkened grass-plot and saw how black the elm branches were against the cool, grey sky. "I have conquered one jealousy only to fall into another, and jealousy is such a mean, pitiful feeling."

She wondered at herself—how could she think it possible that anyone could prefer her to Drusilla, or even like her nearly as well?

"I am jealous," she repeated, "and so I fancy all sorts of evil about poor Drusilla; I even

thought she was pretending just now to be fonder of grandfather than she really felt."

The door between the drawing-room and the library opened, and Drusilla came softly in; she went up to Maisie and put her arm round her.

"Talk out loud to me," she said, "I want to whisper to you. Do not say to anyone that you saw me in the field; I saw you and I will tell you about it later."

CHAPTER XXVII.

PLAIN-SPEAKING.

MAISIE sat brushing her hair before her dressing-table; she had guessed that Drusilla meant to pay her a visit, but as time went on, and the girl did not come, Maisie took down a favourite book and began to read. She soon found this unsatisfactory. She put down her book, and began to gather up her rich shining hair into two long tails; then she once more tried to read. But she was too restless; something, a feeling that she could not define, warned her to be on the alert, to keep all her faculties awake, so that she might prevent mischief—it seemed to be in the air.

And yet, what could she do? Maisie asked herself. She looked at her watch—half-past eleven, and then she remembered that her watch had been slow when she compared it with the clock in the library. The day had been mild rather than warm, yet Maisie found the air of her room oppressive. It seemed to her, as she sat thinking, that it was her own fault that she was so perplexed. It would have been so much more simple and natural if she had called out to Drusilla from the stile, or, at any rate, if she had waited to come indoors with her.

She went to her window and looked out. The dense bank of purple cloud now looked leaden as it spread upwards, the whole sky was rapidly darkening, the wind had risen, and it was howling among the tall elm-trees that sheltered the house on either side. A gauze-like mass of black vapour came from the west and scudded across the grey overhead as if it were the herald of coming tempest. Maisie leaned out and watched the filmy veil swept by the wind round the farthest angle of the Hall; she suddenly drew back from the window and retreated a few steps into the

room. Near her came a murmur of voices, and one of them was surely Drusilla's.

Maisie did not stop to reflect; her only idea was to find the girl—she shaded her candle with her hand as she left her room and closed the door behind her: then she went swiftly across the dark passage and down the few stairs that led to the landing with the baize door.

She tried this, but it would not open, and fancying it had stuck fast, she set her candle down on the short stair-flight: the flame flickered wildly in an eddy of wind that had got into the house, and Maisie feared she should be left in darkness, while she strove with both hands to open the door; it would not move; evidently someone had drawn the bolt on the farther side. She stood still, wondering who could have fastened it. She was the only occupant on this side of the house, on this floor; there were servants overhead, but they communicated only with a back staircase. The closing of this door cut her off from everyone. Maisie felt indignant, but she had no power of redress; she could not rouse the household for the sake of having that door unbolted. It was, she supposed, a servant's carelessness.

She took up her candle and went back to her room. There was an eerie feeling about it, now that she knew how completely isolated she was.

But her adventure had quieted her restlessness. She reflected that the voices she had heard might be those of the servants on the upper floor: it was possible that they too had opened their windows and had leaned out talking. Maisie undressed and said her prayers—she had put out her candles, when a tap came at the door.

The girl was so startled that she could hardly strike a match, but while she relit a candle Drusilla's voice said, cheerfully—

"Can't I come in? It's only me."

Maisie opened the door, and the girl came in. She had thrown a black cloak over her dressing-gown, and she looked very cold.

"Why do you lock yourself in?" she said; "are you afraid of thieves, Maisie?"

Maisie smiled.

"You are very late," she said; "I was just going to bed."

"It is late," Drusilla said, coolly; "I can make up for it by a long night; you won't see me at breakfast, you excellent Maisie, and I'll keep you

up the shortest possible time. Now look here," she sank into Maisie's easy chair as if she were tired, "I wish to keep the peace, and it would vex my guardian terribly if he knew about my walk. I do not want to vex him just before I go away."

Maisie lit another candle; she could hardly see Drusilla's face in the dim light.

"Why did you do it, then, if you knew it would vex him?"

"Maisie! I often think you are too good to be real; you never do anything you would not care to proclaim on the housetops?"

"But, Drusilla, you were doing something very strange—it was not Mr. Stanmore you were walking with." Maisie spoke very abruptly; she could hardly get the words out.

"You had best let well alone, Maisie." Drusilla was loosening her hair, and she let it fall round her shoulders like a golden cape. "You are so innocent, though, that I mean to trust you; I am sure you will not tell tales. Besides, you would do no good if you did tell. You saw that the person who was with me was a stranger."

"I saw that it was not Mr. Stanmore, because of the difference in height; but in the shadow of the hedge I could not see distinctly."

"That's all right," Drusilla spoke as if she were relieved. "No, he is not a friend of yours, Maisie. I knew him abroad in my mother's lifetime. She—she—" Drusilla hesitated a minute before she went on: "Well, she parted us; or perhaps I should never have appeared at Yardon. As it was, I forgot him, and I preferred Luke Stanmore; but when this poor fellow found me out, and asked for a chance of saying good-bye—I don't even think you would be so hard-hearted as to say I ought to have refused to see him. That's all," she said, gaily; "it's all over. Why should I rake it up, and make Mr. Yardon think it ever so much more than it really is?"

"It seems to me," Maisie spoke very gravely, "that if you shrink from telling my grandfather, you had better speak of this meeting to Mr. Stanmore; but, I beg your pardon, you have perhaps told him all about this—this affair."

Drusilla stretched herself out in the easy-chair, and looked insolently at her companion.

"I do not tell Luke Stanmore everything," she said, slowly; "I certainly should not bore him

with my little difficulties. I do not tell tales about myself, nor about you either, most wise Duenna."

Maisie drew still farther away from her companion.

"I do not understand you," she said, sternly. "You cannot tell tales about me to anyone; I have not any secrets."

She was sorry as soon as she had spoken, for she saw that Drusilla looked very angry.

"What hypocrites good women are," she said, passionately. "I may have failings, but I don't pretend to be good while all the time I am craving after a man who cares nothing for me. No, I will speak, Maisie—I've been silent long enough. Do you suppose your eyes have not told tales? I believe, even to-night, when you spied after me in the field, you were hoping to make up a story so as to set Luke against me. You'd best try, that's all; you may try your heart out, but you'll do yourself more harm than you'll do me, I can tell you."

She gathered her cloak round her, and snatching up one of Maisie's candlesticks, she hurried out of the room and along the dark passages.

Maisie stood still. A tempest of shame and horror seemed to be whirling her off her feet. She put out her hands, and caught at the table near which she stood.

She had, then, betrayed her secret, and this girl who had guessed it had proved herself to be as unfit to marry Luke Stanmore as Maisie, in what she had called a jealous mood, had thought her to be. "Drusilla is—there is no use in thinking of her," the girl sternly checked herself. "She will tell him, but he will not blame me, and I do not think he will even allow her to blame me."

Hot tears fell over her face. She stood in the darkness, thinking, thinking. It seemed useless to go to bed, for she knew she could not sleep while the wound that Drusilla had reopened smarted so keenly.

She shrank from the idea of daylight, and from seeing this girl again, but after a while she felt that it could not really signify what Drusilla thought of her, or said of her, either.

She went to bed at last, and she slept soundly. Relief came to her in the morning, before she had thoroughly wakened.

"If you please, miss," Matthews said, when she had drawn up the blinds, "this note came very early. It was to have come last night, the messenger said."

Maisie found only a few lines from Miss Savvay, asking her to spend the next three days at the Manor House.

Miss Savvay rarely interfered with others, but when she did her will asserted itself strongly, and conquered all opposition. She had noticed the change in Maisie's looks, and she entirely disbelieved her gay spirits; she knew that the girl would not be missed at the Hall, and she determined that she should come to her.

Maisie found her grandfather in singularly good spirits.

"Miss Savvay wants you to take care of her in her nephew's absence," he said, "and she will not be refused. she says: you will go, won't you, Maisie?"

"Yes, if you like," the girl said. It was a blessed escape, and she saw that her grandfather wished for her absence. Some weeks ago this would have pained her, but now it seemed only natural that he should want to have Drusilla all to himself for these few days.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE DAY BEFORE THE WEDDING.

DURING the night rain had fallen heavily, and on the lawn below the rhododendron bushes the fallen blossoms made miniature encampments of purple and lilac tints. The golden laburnum tresses, bent down with moisture, looked darker and duller than they had looked yesterday; so did the blossoms on one side of a huge lilac tree near the summer-house; but the other side, which had been basking for some time in the full glow of the morning sunshine, was a blaze of reddish flowers that seemed to open their calyxes ever wider and wider to the welcome warmth. But though the sun had been drinking thirstily from the grass, Drusilla found it still very wet when she crossed it on her way to the summer-house.

"It is so stupid," she said to herself, as her shoes became soaked in the wet grass, "there is no way to this corner without crossing the lawn."

The birds were singing everywhere; a burst

of music greeted her as she reached the summer-house, but she did not pause to listen; stooping down, she looked under its wooden seat and found the note she expected, stuck in between the bench and its rustic support.

Drusilla forgot her wet shoes; she sat down and read the note.

"How lazy these servants are," she sighed, as she put the note in her pocket. "It is almost six, and I don't believe anyone is stirring, unless it is my—I was just going to say guardian; it is so difficult to believe he is my father." She yawned, and then she laughed at herself. "I have not got up so early since I came to England. Oh, dear! how long the day will be. I was glad when Maisie went to Miss Savvay, but it is awfully dull without her."

As she walked towards the house, she found that her skirts were almost as wet as her shoes were; and when she reached her room, she decided that it would shorten this wearisome day if she went to bed again and had a nap before breakfast. She slept on so late, that at last Mr. Yardon sent up to inquire for her, and to tell her that Mr. Stanmore was waiting to see her.

Drusilla was breakfasting when the message came.

"How tiresome!" she said in French; she always spoke French before the servants, and this habit added to her unpopularity. "You can say I am coming, Matthews," she said to the maid.

Luke Stanmore was waiting for her in the hall, and he looked so delighted when she appeared that Drusilla smiled at him.

"I thought you were not to come to-day," she said; "I felt cross when I heard you were here."

"I knew I was not to come this evening, but I wanted particularly to see you this morning. Come into the garden, darling."

Drusilla gave a little shiver.

"It will be very damp after the rain, won't it? Is it not better to go in here instead? Now, what is it you want so especially to say? I expect Mr. Yardon is looking for me."

Luke Stanmore seemed to have forgotten his especial reason for coming to see her. He was so happy, standing there beside her with the consciousness that to-morrow would begin the new life he so ardently longed for, that he did not want to talk; he liked to listen to her pretty

French-English, as he stood looking down at her lovely face, with its liquid dark-fringed eyes, and the red-gold hair that glittered in the sunshine.

He was disturbed when Mr. Yardon came bustling into the room.

"You are still here, are you, Stanmore? I want Drusilla when you have done with her—the child has got to choose any especial books she wishes me to leave her in my will. She shall only have those she cares for; there's no use in filling up a bright modern house with old, musty, out-of-date stuff that can all go to the hammer when I'm hammered down. You'll find me in the library, dear child," he said, as he went away.

"You had better go at once," Drusilla said. "No, you need not take a solemn leave."

Stanmore laughed.

"It ought to be extra solemn, because I hope it is the last time we shall be parted for some time to come."

She looked gravely at him.

"You are a good fellow, Luke, and I shall always respect you. I wish you were richer, though," she said, with a sigh; and, breaking almost roughly away from him, she took refuge in the library.

"She is in a strange humour," Stanmore thought. "Are girls always flighty and unloving the day before the wedding, I wonder?"

He smiled in thinking of to-morrow.

When he reached the bottom of the lane he found himself surrounded by a gaping crowd of boys and girls as they came thronging out of school; they evidently considered him a sort of hero, a foretaste of the sight to which they were looking forward to-morrow.

Not one of the urchins had ever seen a grand wedding, and rumours of a white satin dress, and a lace veil, and various other items had excited the juvenile as well as the grown-up mind of Figgsmarsh.

Stanmore had plenty to do in the few hours left him: he had been giving every evening to Drusilla, and had yet his papers and accounts to put straight, besides the arrangements he had to make for to-morrow's journey. They were to go straight to London, spend a few days there, and then on to Paris. This had been Drusilla's plan, and although Stanmore would have preferred to avoid cities, he thought it was natural that she

should wish for the bustle and movement of London.

It was Drusilla's happiest thought to-day that she should never again have to live at Figgsmarsh, or in any such dull place: she was strangely unlike herself, fretful and impatient with Matthews, who was finishing the packing of her trunk so that it might be sent over night to the railway station; the woman was puzzled; and she began to think that Miss Lescure had some feeling after all, and was fretting at leaving the Hall.

Maisie came home in the afternoon, but although Drusilla had been wishing for her return, she met her without a smile.

Maisie, however, had brought with her a fresh stock of spirits: she was full of the new impressions she had received at the Manor House.

At dinner-time Drusilla was in the gayest spirits; she teased Mr. Yardon, and amused her companions; she imitated Miss Auricula's attempts at fashionable ways, so exactly that Mr. Yardon laughed heartily. Maisie smiled, but she felt pained: she knew how especially kind Miss Auricula had been to Drusilla, and the girl's keen ridicule of her seemed disloyal.

"Well, well," Drusilla abruptly checked her mimicry, "she has taught me a good deal, poor woman: I should have been quite ignorant without Miss Auricula's fashionable books and advice; but, my dear Maisie, even you would have laughed if you had heard her talk of her third cousin once removed, who is so well-bred and quite in society. When I am in society," she said thoughtfully, "I shall be able to see if Miss Auricula is all right; she seems to me to be a caricature," she sighed, and again she sat silent and moody till Maisie rose. Mr. Yardon followed the girls into the drawing-room, and asked Drusilla to sing, but she refused.

"I have no voice to-night," she said; "I am so tired that I had better go to bed; so had you, Maisie; or you will be as white as your gown to-morrow."

She just touched Maisie's forehead with her lips, but the girl caught Drusilla's hand as she passed her, and warmly kissed her cheek. "Can I not do something for you?" she said. "I'll come with you."

"Oh, no, please don't. I stood over Matthews and worried her till she had packed the last hair-

pin. I'm going to bed straight, thanks; there is nothing you could do to-night."

Drusilla hurried up to Mr. Yardon, put both arms round his neck and kissed him, and then in the same hurried way she left the room and closed the door behind her.

Her father sat still; his eyes were fixed on the ground.

"Do you think Drusilla is well?" Maisie said, timidly; "she seems so unlike herself——"

"Nonsense! She's excited, that's all. All

girls who have any feeling are strange and flighty at such a time. I'm glad to see the dear child cares so much about leaving us.

He walked off to his study, and did not reappear. Maisie sat thinking for some time longer. She was uneasy—it seemed to her that a strange change had passed over Drusilla during her own visit to the Manor House. It was impossible to think that the girl was happy in the prospect of her marriage. Her gaiety had been painfully forced.

(To be continued.)

TO ONE FAR OFF.

DO you think of me in the twilight grey
 When the sounds of the day are past,
 When the hues of the sunset melt away,
 And the shadows are falling fast?
 Do you think of me then—how hand in hand
 We have watched the darkness steal o'er the land?

Do you think of me when the morning sun
 Has wakened the world from dreams,
 Of the work we shared ere its course was run,
 Its winter or summer beams?
 Be it winter toil—be it summer play,
 I know not now what fills up your day.

Do you think of me in the silent hour
 When the night and the morning meet,
 When thoughts of the past come back with
 power,
 Lost voices and silent feet?
 Oh, love! must I cross a shoreless sea
 Ere I know—ere I know if you think of me?

MARY GORGES.



LOVE WHISPERING TO A SHEPHERD.

(After the Picture by LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WAILEFORD. From a Photograph by MESSRS. CAMERON & SMITH.)



GROUP OF CHILDREN WITH PALMS.

LADY WATERFORD'S DRAWINGS

PART I.

ONE of the greatest artistic attractions in London during the past season has been the loan collection of drawings by the late Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford. Owing chiefly to the loving care of her niece, Countess Brownlow, these drawings, over 400 in number, besides many unframed sketches and sketch-books, were gathered together from relations and friends, and even in many cases from strangers who had purchased them at exhibitions or bazaars—and the result has come as a surprise and a revelation even to those who best knew and loved the artist. Artist, indeed, Lady Waterford was, in the highest and best sense of the term. For though, as is well said in the memoir prefixed to the catalogue of the drawings, “her life was not specially devoted to art, her whole being was imbued with the sense of it. Painting was the expression of her inner life.” And no one who studied the drawings thus brought together at 8, Carlton House-terrace, could help feeling that here was the outpouring of a grand and noble nature,

happy in being granted—in such large measure as few ever have been blessed with—the power of expressing and of perpetuating for others those deep and beautiful thoughts which dwelt within it. Truly, to those who knew her life, in these drawings “she, being dead, yet speaketh.”

Let it be at once and distinctly said that it is not the partial or affectionate estimate of her relations and friends which gives to Lady Waterford a place in the very front rank of artists. The collection of her drawings has been visited and revisited by nearly all our greatest artists, and the verdict of one and all is well summed up in the words of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.: “Our time has only produced some twenty real artists, and Lady Waterford was one of the greatest among them. In colouring she is a Tintoretto, and in the grace and ease with which she threw her figures on the canvas she equals the greatest masters. I am as a child compared to her, though I have painted all my life.” Such is the published opinion of this celebrated painter; and in private conversa-

tion he has been even more enthusiastic in his comments. On one occasion, after going round the room and uttering the most appreciative praises of the drawings, he added, "But I dare not say all that I feel about them; I *dare* not." And he went on to say that what so much struck him was, not merely the lovely colouring, not only the extraordinary fertility of idea, but the nobility, the beauty of the whole tone of Lady Waterford's mind and soul, as expressed in her works. Again, Mr. J. C. Horsley, R.A., writes to a friend, "You must study and *worship* the collection as I have been doing for the last ten days, more or less. For the first time in my long life my artistic soul has gone forth, with an *élan* of enthusiasm it would be difficult to describe, to the art work of a woman! Lady Waterford's really resplendent genius is a revelation to all, and one is at a loss which to bow down to most, her lovely poetic thoughts, and impressive rendering of the holiest subjects, or her astonishing artistic gifts of colour and composition."

It is needless to give the names of the other distinguished artists who paid repeated visits to the exhibition. One and all expressed the same opinion, in almost the same terms as Mr. Watts and Mr. Horsley—and their one regret seems to be that the collection, once brought together, should ever again be dispersed.

Before turning to the drawings themselves, let us at once admit that the anatomy of the figures is not always correct. We occasionally come upon a leg or an arm which is without a doubt somewhat "out of drawing." But does that make the slightest difference to the reverence of our admiration? We feel it for an instant, and then it is entirely forgotten in the vigour and nature of the action represented, or in the dignity and repose of the subject treated. Had Lady Waterford received a regular artistic training she would assuredly have been one of the greatest artists of this or any other century. But to those who saw the effect of a course of study under the guidance of Mr. Ruskin, as displayed in the studies of schoolchildren and peasants, shown on a separate screen at the exhibition, it cannot but be a source of rejoicing that when that great artist saw the effect of his advice, "to attempt the *exact* portrayal of nature," he retracted it, and bade her follow the impulse of her own genius.

And how she did so, let us now turn to her drawings to discover. Mention should be made of the large paintings in distemper with which she decorated the schoolhouse built by her at Ford Castle. The series runs completely round the room, and is a portrayal of Scripture stories of children—Cain and Abel, Jacob and Esau, the young Josiah, &c., &c.; sixteen in all. At the ends of the room are two really magnificent pictures—"Christ among the Doctors," and "Christ blessing little Children." Seven of these so-called Frescoes (in reality they are painted on thick paper backed with canvas) were brought from Ford for the exhibition. The children in them are all portraits of the Ford little ones, and I was told by Mr. Augustus Hare that he "had often seen little Cain and Abel sitting doing their lessons under their own portraits."

Though it would be impossible to describe more than a few of the drawings, the illustrations, from photographs kindly furnished by Messrs. Cameron and Smith will, though alas! lacking the gorgeous Venetian colouring, at least show us some of the grace of movement and charming conceptions of the originals. Look at "Spring," the children seem to be so alive with the swing of their merry dance, that one almost hears the tripping of their feet and the rustling of their garments. In the original, the bank to the left is one mass of bluebells, harmonising deliciously with the blue distance beyond the blue sky above. The large group of children's heads amongst interlacing palm-branches was painted from the children of Lady Waterford's gardener and butler, and we find the same heads repeated in many another sketch and finished drawing, for above all other subjects she loved to depict children. Children dancing, asleep, singing, gathering blackberries, driving geese, we find them in every kind of attitude, colouring, and story. One of the loveliest little drawings in the whole collection is that of a mother kneeling beside the cradle of a dying child, while angels surround the pillow, and, bending over, seem preparing to receive and bear away the little departing spirit. In "Love whispering to a Shepherd"—we have a totally different subject and style. Cupid, behind the sleeping youth, is gently and cautiously preparing to wound him with Love's fatal arrow—and in composition, in drawing, and in colour,



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SPRING.

After the Picture by LADY WATERFORD.

From a Photograph by Misses CAMMOW & SMITH.



Art Reproduced in Col. No.

From a Photograph by MESSRS. CAMERON & SMITH.

CHRISTMAS.

"Christmas must have its offering as on its first day. . . . The Lord of the Season always sends His representatives to receive our homage and our offerings."

After the Picture by LADY WATERFORD.

this picture is perfect. One of the greatest of our Royal Academicians, upon my asking him which drawing in the whole collection he liked best, led me up to this one as his favourite. Then again, in another perfectly distinct style, we have a portrait of a Turkey Cock. The rendering of the bird's head and plumage is perfectly marvellous, and one almost recoils from the wicked look in his eye.

"Winter" is a charming example of Lady Waterford's power of expressing her meaning by a few masterly touches. The old man bending under his load of faggots, the rooks, tamed by hunger, advancing in their own peculiar bow-legged fashion over the deep snow—all this

in the original seems scarcely more than a little dark subdued colour on a large sheet of white paper. Yet how telling and forcible it is! Does it not show true genius, akin to that of the old Masters? A great artist said in my hearing, while looking over one of Lady Waterford's large sketch books, "Had I been told some of these were by one of the old Italian Masters, I should not have hesitated to believe it." In these large sketch, or rather scrap-books, it is most interesting and instructive to trace her method of working. Sometimes we see a few hasty touches, evidently dashed in on the spur of the moment, yet entirely expressing the idea she wished to convey. At another time we come upon two or



Art Reproduction Co., Inc.

WINTER.
After the Picture by Lady Waterford.

[From a Photograph by Messrs. CAMERON & SMITH.]

three versions of the same thought, treated in slightly varying fashion. Of the large finished drawing called "The Wise Woman" there are several sketches in various stages of roughness. Occasionally, she made several finished studies of the same subject, though even here no two of them are exactly alike. Of the beautiful, and one of the best drawings in the whole collection—"Christmas"—there were three different versions exhibited. Each drawing has the same deep subdued

of having seen in Portman-square three children waiting to cross the street, and describing the careful motherly attitude of the elder girl, the clinging trust of the younger, and the impatiently arrested movement of the boy. She seemed at once to realise the whole scene, and made the clever drawing, which is an example of a very rare gift—that of making the figures seem to be really alive. The three little ones have evidently been scared by some passing vehicles when on the very



TWO BLIND MEN SAT BY THE WAYSIDE.

Lady Waterford, pins.

colour, the same pathetic look of want and grief in the woman's face—yet each differs from the others in minor points. It is as though Lady Waterford *must* be original, and that she could not copy even her own fancies without altering and often improving them.

I have spoken of Lady Waterford's marvellous fertility of idea. Even a sentence in a letter could furnish her with a subject for a whole lovely picture. For instance, a year or two before her death she received an account from a cousin

edge of the kerbstone, and have only just drawn back in time to escape the danger. She sent the drawing to her cousin with the simple question, "Is this like what you tell me you saw the other day in Portman-square?"

Lady Waterford was a deeply religious woman, of a simple and earnest faith which allowed no room for a doubt to creep in. "She knew, And loved to know her Bible true," and Scripture scenes and incidents form a large proportion of the best and most successful of her drawings. The

large picture—"Two blind men sat by the wayside begging"—is thought by some critics to be spoilt by the perhaps abnormal height of the principal figure. But it is a most noble piece of composition and colour, and the rendering of the distant mountains and the sky above and beyond them is worthy of Titian at his best. She seems to have been most inspired by the many touching *human* narratives in the Bible, such as the Prodigal Son, Hagar and Ishmael, The Shunamite's Child (of which there were three or four drawings in the exhibition), The Holy Family, The House of Nazareth, and many others of like nature, were evidently drawn by her with the deepest and most earnest feeling of their truth and beauty.

Although Lady Waterford evidently developed her genius for form, colour, and idea during the visits she paid to Italy in her youth, yet that the talent was inherent in her is shown by the little drawing of her sister and herself done by her at the age of seven. Though naturally somewhat uncertain in drawing and crude in colouring, it is a marvellous production for a child of that age, and that she retained her gift and faculties till almost the end of her life we may see from the fact that many of her grandest and best drawings were executed after she was seventy. "The Stairs of Life" (which it is hoped to illustrate and describe in a succeeding article), "The Prodigal Son," done when she was seventy-two, and others, almost equally fine, are examples of this. Few, indeed, are the women—or men either—who could exhibit such a lengthy record of genius. And yet, with all her talents and beauty and rank, she was one of the most simple and humble of characters, and indeed it is almost a pity that, in her humility, she undervalued her genius for painting. She writes: "I feel so small and unworthy. I have something which has been given to me to comfort and fill up a void, but it is no more. To me, without children, without even family, it was given to be used, not only for self, but in some measure for a setting forth of ideas which I have no mouth, no eloquence to speak, and because it may sometimes express what was otherwise sealed up. . . . The best art master I could ever have is Nature itself. I never could attain to even one work which I see in my mind's eye, and if I could it would be less than that of the great men of old, whose greatest works have

not quelled evil or taught good. The duty is not there. It, the gift, is a *great* blessing to be thankful for. . . . I *could* not live for art—it would not be what I am put in the world to do. I do not despise art, but I should feel it was not given for that. Two homes have been given to me, and it is to try and do what I can in them that they are given for brief life."

And in another letter she says, evidently in answer to one urging her to devote herself to art, "I think art may direct to good, but I would rather put it the other way, that *good* may direct to art; but it must be only the fruit of the good, and knowledge of the best peace and happiness."

Therefore Lady Waterford deliberately made of her splendid talent, not a profession, but a comfort and relaxation amidst the duties of her beautiful and charitable life. In her lonely evening hours she used to have her painting materials ever at her side, as other ladies have a worktable; and some of her most charming work is to be found in the little sketch books—some thirty or forty in number—which were shown at the exhibition in the wall cases round the room. She worked much by candlelight, and very rapidly, amusing herself by noting down in colour the ideas suggested by the book she was reading, or the friend (if she had a visitor, which was a very rare thing, for she spent months entirely alone) who was talking or reading to her. The drawing—"Head of an Old Man"—was painted in half an hour one evening, while the lady who exhibited it was reading aloud. She seemed to see exactly what she wished to depict, and to make it *grow* out of the paper; and it is easy to see in her drawing the certain and unerring manner in which she worked—no hesitation in line or colour—no *daubing*, but clear, beautiful colour, put on in exactly the right place and in the right way, and the outline never lost or obscured. She was particularly clever in preserving her high lights, scarcely ever using any body colour to obtain her effects. This is particularly well seen in the Picture numbered 125 in the catalogue, one of the three or four examples of a very favourite subject—"Christ among the Doctors"—where the clear outlines and high lights of the bald heads of the old Jewish Rabbis are a wonderful lesson in drawing.

But one might go on to describe for many more pages Lady Waterford's unrivalled talent. Enough, perhaps, has been said to give some small idea of the beauties of this exhibition of her drawings. Of her life of usefulness, charity, and piety, her splendid beauty, her manifold accomplishments, I

hope to speak next month, and also to describe some more of the best drawings, which, by the kind permission of their owners, have been photographed, and which it is proposed to reproduce in the September number of ATALANTA.

EVELYN M. WOOLWARD.



CHILDREN DANCING IN A RING.

Lady Waterford, pinx.

(To be continued)

MY SWEETHEART.

BRIMFUL of mirth and chatter,
 Frank-faced and debonair,
 You think when looking at her
 Of curds and country air.
 Eager as bees at swarming
 And confident as dawn,
 Her very faults are charming,
 Like daisies on a lawn.

BLUE JAY.

A FIERY FLOOD IN PENNSYLVANIA.

C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.

IN all the records of startling catastrophes, I doubt whether there has ever been one more terrible than that which on June 5, 1892, wrought such sudden destruction in the very heart of those strange oil-fields of Pennsylvania, where mother earth stores so large a portion of the world's oil-supply.

From time immemorial a certain overflow from that subterranean storehouse has oozed to the surface, floating on streams which glided through silent forests, and thence collected by Indian tribes as a sure specific for the healing of all manner of wounds on man or beast.

Then came the pioneers of commercial industry, sinking shallow shafts here and there, and finding their reward in moderate returns of dirty black grease. These were quickly followed by more systematic workers, who with patient energy bored deep till they struck the buried reservoirs and released the long imprisoned fountains, which thereupon leaped with resistless force to the surface, in many cases springing to a height of 60 or 100 ft. in the air, and pouring forth their wealth of oil with such vehemence as to mock at the strongest tanks, their overflow saturating the soil.

Very soon the forest shades were a memory of the past, all available timber being converted into wooden houses and derricks, the tall pines being replaced by taller chimneys, poisoning the atmosphere with dense clouds of black oily smoke.

The very heart of the oil region is the now desolate valley through which flows the stream known *par excellence* as "Oil Creek," so numerous were the oil springs tapped all along its course. By these, in the course of a few weeks, fabulous fortunes were made, which, in many cases, were as quickly lost in succeeding ventures.

Round each group of springs there sprang up small towns, with a temporary population of several thousand persons—a number which dwindled to hundreds as the yield of the springs became less, and more uncertain. Now, the two principal towns are Titusville, with a population of 8,000, and Oil City, with 11,000. The latter lies near the junction of Oil Creek with the Alleghany River. It stands on low ground, hemmed in on one side by steep hills, near the base of which flows the river, dividing the town into two parts which were connected by bridges, one of which was 1,150 ft. in length.

These two towns are eighteen miles apart, but between them (all in the low-lying flats along the Oil Creek) lie nine small towns which have attained to the dignity of possessing post offices; and these, again, are connected by small villages clustering round isolated oil-springs, so that the whole distance of eighteen miles is (or was) an almost continuous succession of wells, refineries, and other oil-works.

Oil City is the principal market of the Pennsylvania oil region, the produce of the valley being exported thence by rail. We can judge that it is no mean city from the fact of its possessing thirteen churches, six banks, and various factories.

Titusville is likewise a place of considerable importance. It has nine churches, an opera-house, several banks, printing offices, large iron-works, engine and other factories, and several important oil-wells and refineries.

Seven miles above Titusville lies Spartansburg—a small town hemmed in by steep hills. It stands on the banks of a good-sized stream which flows into Oil Creek. In order to secure water-power for mills this stream was dammed, throwing back the waters so as to form a lake a mile and a half

in length and covering about a thousand acres. Here began the mischief which so rapidly culminated in appalling disaster, adding one more to the many proofs of the dangers of constructing reservoirs in such a situation that any accident must involve certain danger to the inhabitants of the valley below.

Throughout the month of May rain fell so ceaselessly that the land was saturated, and every streamlet was swollen to a torrent, when on the afternoon of Saturday, June 4, a water-spout poured forth such a deluge as burst the embankment, and the freed waters poured down the hill in a mighty impetuous flood, which swept all before it with resistless force, carrying with it hundreds of thousands of logs. One embankment after another gave way, and at about two o'clock on Sunday morning, the sleeping population of Titusville was awakened by the appalling roar of the rushing waters as they swept through the streets.

Men, women, and children fled in all directions, but many were overtaken by the torrent and drowned. Others were overwhelmed within their homes, or sought refuge on the house-tops, crying aloud in frenzied terror for the help which none could render. Thousands assembled on the bridges and in the upper part of the city watching the rapid spread of the inundations, the swirl of the impetuous flood below, the pitiless down-pouring of the rain, and the dazzling forked lightning, whose glare only intensified the blackness of the night.

The natural gas by which the city is chiefly illuminated was immediately shut off as a precautionary measure, and the rushing waters having flooded the boilers at the Electric-Light and the City Water-works, the whole town was left in almost total darkness; moreover, when, too quickly that darkness was illumined by terrible conflagrations, it was found that with water on every side, there was none available for the use of the fire-engines, which might have stayed the spread of the flames from beyond the area of unquenchable petroleum.

Suddenly a terrific explosion announced that the lightning had struck the huge reservoir of the Acme Oil Refinery, wherein were stored many thousand barrels of oil, half fluid and half vapourised, and in a moment the whole was ablaze, the flames spreading rapidly to the neighbouring houses. Then, as the water-flood swept

over this and other huge oil-tanks, its surface became covered with oil, and with incredible rapidity the fire spread, till the whole was a raging sea of floating flame.

Fires seem to have started from many different centres, for just about the same time another dull explosion was heard, and a pillar of flame, fully 200 ft. in height, shot up from the Crescent Oil Refinery, throwing a glaring light over the vast expanse of surging waters. In less than three minutes the whole huge building was one sheet of flame.

At another point a heavy goods train was run on to a bridge that its weight might act as an anchorage, to steady it against the rushing waters with their burden of crushing logs. The train got into position, and the torrent rose till it reached the level of the fire-box. The surface of the water was already covered with oil, and in an instant the whole was ablaze, and the flames spread with lightning speed to a tank containing 35,000 barrels of refined naphtha which stood at the further end of the bridge. Of course that immediately exploded.

In other cases oily waves were observed to wash into houses or sheds where a fire was burning, and instantly the sharp tongue of fire flashed forth and seemed to fly over the surface of the water. Happily much of the flame was due to gasoline, or naphtha gas and benzine, which blaze only for a moment like a flash from gunpowder, whereas oil burns fiercely and long. Hence many persons who were caught in the flames saved themselves by plunging beneath the surface and there remaining till the wave of fire had rolled by. Amongst those who were thus saved were the three men in charge of the aforesaid freight train, who happily escaped with a scorching and contrived to reach the shore in safety.

As the flood reached one refinery after another it swept away scores of great iron tanks, containing thousands of barrels of oil, and, these being dashed against one another, burst open, pouring fresh stores of oil on the raging flood. Thus the area of fire continually increased till it formed a sea of flame, which seemed to reach the dark, low clouds. The flames leapt to a height of fully seventy feet and at one point formed a vast fiery lake quite a mile in length. The ever-spreading

flames leaped up the walls of the houses, revealing pitiful groups of suddenly-awakened sleepers in all the agonies of despair. There was little to choose between the horrors of death by fire or by water, but in their anguish many plunged into the liquid flames and some, albeit scorched and naked, reached safe ground, only to realise how many of their kith and kin had perished.

The river of fire dashed onward at the rate of nine miles an hour, consuming all the dwellings and factories on either side of Oil Creek till, of the nine townlets and all their bridges, not a trace remained save blazing wreckage. From Spartansburg to Oil City not a single bridge remained, nor any boat. Of the utter powerlessness of water to quench the flame of petroleum here was proof indeed, for neither the raging flood below, nor the pitiless rain pouring overhead had any effect in subduing this ever-spreading fire-demon.

By three a.m. the storm had subsided, and day dawned cloudlessly on that terrible Sunday morning, revealing an indescribable picture of death and desolation, as helpless and despairing men and women (many of them almost naked) clustered dazed with terror and misery, round the still blazing wreckage which formed the funeral pyre of their families, and which alone remained to mark what a few hours previously had been happy and luxurious homes.

In Oil City, the river skirting the foot of the bluffs divided the town into two parts. Those who had sufficient presence of mind to rush at once to the hills, fared best; but here, as elsewhere, the bridges were all very quickly burnt, and the dwellers on the further shore were left to their fate. Not that the fire swept the whole city, either here or in Titusville—only a wide belt along the course of the river where soapworks, wax factories, coopers' stores, oil refineries, and private dwellings were all crowded together.

In the appalling panic of their terrible awakening, men, women, and children, paralyzed with terror, rushed from their houses to try to reach higher ground, and many, stumbling, fell to the ground and were trampled to death. To stand against a rushing crowd is almost like attempting to withstand an ocean breaker, but some brave men earned true laurels that day by resolutely rallying round the fallen, and rescuing women and

feeble old men, and many actually plunged into the flaming river and contrived to save some of those who were battling against both fire and water—fearful odds indeed.

Those who reached places of safety had then to watch the awful fate of many who, unable to escape from their homes, climbed on to the roofs, mostly clothed only in their white night dresses, vainly appealing for help, till the flames swept over the flood and licked up the houses beneath them, or else, suffocated by the volumes of dense smoke, they sank to rise no more.

Where the danger was from water only, brave men with boats and ropes battled against the tremendous current with such resolute determination, that hundreds were saved from the houses and from the floating wreckage; but, in many cases, the powerless spectators on the shore watched groups of half-drowned women and children clinging to the driftwood, and could also see tanks of oil being dashed about in the torrent till they exploded, and before help could possibly reach the sufferers they were enveloped in flames from the blazing oil. Truly an awful race betwixt life and death.

It is a chapter of horrors in which each incident seems more painful than the last; for even in such a case as that of a woman who, by dint of heroic exertions, was rescued from the whirling waters with the five children whom she had contrived to hold together, all were so terribly scorched that it was very doubtful whether they could recover.

Here a mother was seen clasping her baby to her breast with one arm, while with the other she clung to a floating plank. The strong current carried her straight to the railway station, where the suction was so great that she was drawn in beneath the platform, never to be seen again in life.

A young mechanic and his wife were awakened by the flood silently rising in their room. Rushing up-stairs to waken a lodger, they caught sight of the fiery waves leaping towards them. Momentarily losing his head, the man leaped into the rolling flames, and diving beneath a mass of burning oil, rose safely beyond it in clear water, where, seeing a woman floating, he rescued her. Finding it was not his wife, he turned and saw her standing in the doorway, crying for help. A sea of boiling oil raged between them, and while

he looked the flames licked round her feet. Totally powerless to help, the wretched man beheld his wife burnt to a cinder, and the blackened corpse sank into the flood. There was a momentary ripple and an interval of darkness, and then another mass of oil floated down, and burned above her watery grave. When day broke the body of the lodger was found among the ruins.

The horror of the scene was, if possible, intensified by the intervals of darkness which occurred whenever the supply of oil or of gasoline had burnt itself out, but there was never long to wait for a renewed illumination with all its dreadful dangers. Clarence Osmer tells of his own marvellous escape. He and his mother and four other members of the family were awakened by the flood, quickly followed by a stream of oil pouring into the house. This caught fire, and flames raged around them. The mother gave up all hope, and, kneeling in prayer, besought them all to meet death calmly together. One of the young men, thinking there was a chance of life, stepped from the window and was immediately swallowed up by the fiery flames. Clarence was more fortunate—he contrived to clamber along a fence till he seized a floating log, and eventually was saved.

Another wonderful escape was that of a man—the last of many who fled through the Lake Shore tunnel in Oil City. He ran into the dark tunnel just ahead of the wall of flame, with the awful consciousness that the fiery billows would almost certainly pour into the tunnel after him. But it was the only chance, and he fled for dear life and won the race.

When the flames had burnt themselves out and the waters began to subside, the dazed and exhausted survivors were able to look around and seek for their relations—living or dead. Here was a father crazed with grief at the loss of his whole family. A little further a young man sat stupefied. He had been at work outside the city on the eventful night, and returned to find that his father and mother, brothers and sisters, and several uncles and aunts had all perished, and he was left utterly alone in the world, homeless and destitute.

A pathetic incident was the death of young O'Leary and the aged invalid mother, to whom he had ever proved a most devoted son. Left an orphan at the age of 14, he had ever since been

her mainstay and bread winner. It was evident that he had vainly endeavoured to save her, and finding the attempt hopeless he had knelt by her bedside, and there this true martyr was found as if in prayer, both bodies horribly burnt. The charred remains were identified by a weeping girl, to whom O'Leary had been engaged for five years, and only a few days before he had confided to his employers that he had saved enough money to enable them at last to marry. The girl is a young school teacher.

Temporary morgues were established in various churches and other places, and ghastly indeed was the array of blackened corpses here laid, for the most part burnt altogether beyond recognition. In one group lay a man, his wife and son; next to them a lady with her twin daughters, their blackened arms clasped round one another as they clung together in a last embrace. The father had only gone out from England a year ago, and his family had arrived quite recently. Now all are gone, father, mother, and five daughters dead, and the others all missing.

"Caste and position" were of small account when these poor corpses were buried in one great grave on the hill side, together with those of several poor lads, space being reserved for the missing members of that family. Altogether about 200 corpses were recovered, and the grave-diggers had heavy work.

As the waters began to subside, the scene of devastation was revealed in all its ghastliness. Corpses of drowned or scorched men and animals lying imprisoned by driftwood, broken bedsteads, fallen roofs, window-sashes, logs, and the thick, muddy water lazily rippling along. A remarkable feature is that in most cases the lower story of the houses remains intact, save where the force of the current had done damage. The work of the fire demon was all above high-water mark.

Wet, muddy, and unfed, the homeless crowds, bereft of everything, wandered about the long and weary day, seeking for their dead, or helping the quest of others. The one bright feature in this terrible story is the alacrity with which the citizens of more favoured towns came to the relief of the inhabitants of this afflicted valley, bringing all the alleviations which material comfort can give. But it must be many a long day ere the memory of the terrible fifth of June passes away from Oil Creek Valley.



THE VICTORIAN ERA.

(FIRST HALF: 1837-65.)

JOHN KIRKPATRICK.

LECTURE XI.

ITALY AGAIN—ARMY AND VOLUNTEERS—COMMERCE AND FINANCE—PAPER-DUTY—AMERICAN WAR—AFFAIR OF THE *TRENT*—DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.

AMID the hurly-burly of a General Election, the attitude of the student of history is necessarily calm and expectant. Of one thing alone he is certain—that posterity, beholding present events in their due perspective from the vantage-ground of fifty or a hundred years, will often see as mole-hills events which now appear mountains to our limited vision, and will often recognise as powerful rock-built strongholds edifices which seem to us built on foundations of sand. To the eye of genius alone it is given to penetrate in some measure the veil which shrouds the future; and if the seer obtains honour in his own country, it is rarely in his own time.

Among such seers was Garibaldi. As soon as Napoleon III. had annexed Savoy and Nice to France as his reward for helping the Italians, he deserted his late allies in the midst of their unsatisfied aspirations. The Austrians had

indeed been beaten, and Lombardy, Tuscany, Parma, and Modena had been added to the Kingdom of Sardinia (*i.e.*, to Piedmont); but Venetia still groaned under the Austrian yoke, the States of the Church and the Kingdom of Naples were still despotically governed, and Rome herself, once mistress of the world, the rightful capital of Italy, was held for the Pope by French arms. Italy aided by France might successfully wage war against Austria; Italy unaided could not possibly war against both France and Austria. It was at this juncture that Garibaldi, backed by the strong sympathy of Britain, conceived and executed his Sicilian expedition. Of the secret sympathy of Victor Emmanuel and his great minister Cavour he was also assured, but no responsible statesman could dream of openly supporting an enterprise which to all the orthodox politicians of the period must have seemed sheer midsummer madness. And yet within two months in the memorable year 1860 Garibaldi and his irregular troops succeeded in conquering the Kingdom of Naples. Throwing off the diplomatic mask, Cavour now seconded the efforts of

the patriotic general by invading the States of the Church, and by the month of February, 1861, practically the whole of Italy, with the exception of Venetia, was united under the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel. The wise and the prudent had ridiculed Garibaldi as a visionary or denounced him as a lawless adventurer; the event proved him a genius and the creator of modern Italy.

But British sympathy with Italy necessarily involved distrust of France and the designs of her scheming Emperor, and there seemed good reason to fear a French invasion of England. How was it to be repelled? Our army did not number more than one-third of the French; our navy was scarcely superior; our militia would certainly prove unequal to the occasion. Nor was it safe to rely on the cherished belief that an Englishman is as good as three Frenchmen. It was in these circumstances that the volunteer movement, begun in 1859, was vigorously promoted, and our army and navy so largely extended as to enable them to cope with any probable emergency. We must, therefore, bestow our meed of praise on the Conservative government which first sanctioned the volunteer movement, and on Palmerston and Russell, who further extended it and efficiently repaired our national bulwarks. It is interesting, however, to remember that, should these bulwarks seem at any time inadequate, the Queen is empowered to suspend the militia recruiting system and to revert to the militia ballot, under which every man between the ages of eighteen and thirty-eight, with certain exceptions, may be called upon to fight in defence of his country.

Of still greater interest and importance are the subjects of commerce and finance, for they are at once the sinews of war and the chief mainstays of our national life. And inseparable from these subjects are two of the most illustrious names of the century. To Cobden more than to any one else we owe the repeal of the corn-laws. He had worked with all the enthusiasm and energy of a genius in a cause which the wise and the prudent had pronounced insane and ruinous; but within a few years the verdict of his short-sighted opponents was triumphantly reversed by the almost unanimous nation. No man, therefore, could be better qualified than Cobden to negotiate the commercial treaty with France which formed an integral part of Gladstone's budget for the year 1860, nor any man better qualified than Gladstone to adapt his

budget to the manifold requirements of the country. The elaborate details of his masterly scheme were explained by Mr. Gladstone in an interesting and historic speech in the House of Commons on 10th February, 1860. The chief features of the commercial treaty, in which Napoleon himself had taken a great personal interest, were the great reduction of all the French duties on British imports and the almost absolute repeal of all the British duties on French imports. Materially regarded, the treaty was a boon to the commercial interests of both nations, while, morally regarded, it was even more important as a new bond of union and amity between the once hostile nations. Of the budget itself it may suffice here to say that, while it secured an ample revenue for the purpose of carrying on the business of the country, it repealed a great many vexatious and hampering duties, particularly those on all manufactured goods. In 1845 the articles liable to customs-dues numbered 1,163; in 1859 Mr. Gladstone had reduced them to 419, and he now further reduced them to 48.

Part of Mr. Gladstone's financial scheme, though contained in a separate bill, was the repeal of the duty on paper. This part of the scheme met with some opposition, but ultimately the whole measure was passed by the Commons. But the bills had yet to undergo the formidable ordeal of the House of Lords. These august legislators, although for nearly two centuries they had not ventured to interfere with finance, which had come to be regarded as the exclusive province of the Commons, took the unusual course of rejecting the Paper Duties Bill, while accepting the other parts of the measure. Why this hostility to paper, it may be asked? Because it was thought by these jealous guardians of the morals of the nation that cheap paper would mean cheap newspapers, and that cheap newspapers would corrupt good manners. The Commons, or at least a large majority of them, were indignant at the rejection of their bill; numerous petitions prayed them to vindicate their exclusive control over taxation; and several members framed angry motions calculated to lead to a collision with the House of Lords. But Palmerston, ably seconded by Gladstone, proposed three resolutions of a mild and conciliatory character, admitting the right of the Lords to reject money-bills, but indicating that the Commons might so frame such bills in

future as to prevent any undue exercise of that right. The storm was thus averted. Next year Mr. Gladstone included the repeal of the paper-duty, along with all his other financial proposals, in a single bill; the House of Commons, notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of the Conservatives, passed the bill; the Lords could not, of course, venture to reject the whole measure; and the cause of the penny newspapers was victorious.

Once embarked on finance, we may now conveniently conclude our chapter on the subject. It is unnecessary to examine the details of Mr. Gladstone's budgets of 1861-65, as we already know something of the enlightened principles on which they were framed; but above all it is very desirable to note, as their author himself declared, that they were framed with a view "to set free the industry and intelligence of the British people." A very laudable object, the attainment of which is amply proved by the immense increase in our commerce and industries during the period in question. Comparisons, although proverbially objectionable, are sometimes useful. Contrast our system with that of France or of Italy for example. In these countries, where protection is rampant, and where scarcely a single import from any foreign country escapes duty, trade is even more hampered by the vexatious and interminable formalities of the custom-house than by the duties themselves, while the frontiers require to be jealously guarded by armies of revenue-officers. And the ulterior effects of your McKinley and other hostile tariffs are even worse. For, not only is commerce impeded, but the protected industries are almost certain to languish from lack of the stimulus of competition, while the whole community suffers in being compelled to pay higher prices for inferior goods. How immensely preferable, then, is that beneficent system of finance which strives "to set free the industry and intelligence" of the nation!

But the mention of protection reminds us that we must speed across the Atlantic to see how our American cousins are faring. Protective duties were imposed in the United States for the first time in 1824, for the justifiable purpose of fostering the native industries while in their infancy. But the best authorities are agreed (and have they not common sense on their side?) that when the tender infant is grown up, protection hinders his development and makes him a nuisance to his

neighbours. During the British period of their history, the Americans strongly objected to the Navigation Laws, passed for the purpose of protecting British trade and shipping. In that case they felt distinctly where the shoe pinched; but, unaware that these laws did British trade more harm than good, they afterwards fell into the error of imitating the policy of the mother-country. Protection, advocated by the North, and slavery, cherished by the South, were the two leading causes of the great civil war of 1861-65, a terrible internecine war between Unionists and Secessionists (Federals and Confederates, Northerners and Southerners). The eleven Southern States seceded from the twenty-six Northern, partly because the protective tariff of the central or union government was calculated to foster the industries of the manufacturing North at the expense of the agricultural South, but chiefly because the union government wished to abolish slavery in the Southern slave-holding states. On both sides were used several weighty and interesting arguments. Slavery, said the North, is a terrible blemish on the fair fame of the United States, and must be abolished. Each state is entirely self-governing, said the South, save only in so far as it delegates authority to the central government for purposes of common defence; we therefore deny the right of that government to interfere with our "domestic institution" (the euphemism for slavery), to emancipate our "persons held to service," and thus confiscate our private property. To these and similar arguments the true answer is probably this: A central (or, as we call it, imperial) government ought not, as a rule, to interfere in the local affairs of the different countries or provinces under its control; but if the conduct of a local government is such as to offend the public conscience, and bring reproach on the community at large, the central government is bound to put a stop to it. It was on this principle that the United States Government proposed to abolish slavery in the Southern States in 1860, and also that they have passed laws prohibiting polygamy in Utah and other territories. But, next, a word as to protection. Is a central government entitled to impose tariffs for the protection of the industries of one part of the country at the expense of another? Where might is right the thing is often done, but it is manifestly unjust. If Peter is a foreigner, and we rob him to pay our

own countryman Paul, our conduct is at least natural; but if both are our countrymen, a moment's thought will satisfy us that we injure them both. In connection with this subject another important question arises. Is the levying of duties on imports a local or an imperial affair? The answer must obviously depend on many circumstances. Canada and Australia, for example, are parts of the British Empire; but as their circumstances and requirements are widely different from those of our own islands, one and the same customs-tariff would not suit all these three countries. On the other hand, where the component parts of an empire are contiguous, it would clearly be very inconvenient that each should have a different tariff; and it was this inconvenience which led to the formation of the Zollverein or customs-union of about thirty German States, long before the foundation of the modern empire of Germany. Lastly, of all the questions debated between North and South in 1860, the most vital was that of the right of secession. The United States, each of them nominally sovereign and independent, had, in 1787, voluntarily formed a union for purposes of mutual support and defence: had any one of them a right to secede from the union at any time and declare its absolute independence? Yes, said South Carolina, we secede: and ten other states followed suit. Intolerable, retorted the North; for if such a right were conceded, the whole union or empire would go to pieces; *l'union fait la force*: disunion would ruin each and all of us. So North and South flew at each other's throats, with the result that slavery was abolished and the alleged right of secession for ever negated.

Let us now return home by way of the West Indies, and take our passage in the *Trent*, a British mail-steamer. Among our fellow-passengers are Messrs. Mason, Slidell, McFarland, and Eustis, at whom we look a little askance, as there is evidently some mystery about them. But an unexpected adventure is in store for us. The *San Jacinto*, a United States man-of-war, commanded by Captain Wilkes, bears down upon the *Trent*, boards us, searches us, and forcibly carries off the mysterious passengers. Surely an insult to the British flag. What is the explanation? Can such violence be justified? The explanation is simple. The Southern or Confederate States

had been blockaded by the Northern. The mysterious passengers had run the blockade, reached Havana, and taken passage to England. Two of them were agents or commissioners of the Confederates, accredited to Britain and France, and were, of course, regarded by the Northerners as rebels. Nothing can be more certain than that the Northerners had as little right to kidnap them from the *Trent* as they would have had to invade Britain for the purpose. The Americans, indeed, argued that a belligerent's men-of-war were entitled to search neutral vessels for contraband of war, *i.e.*, for gunpowder, firearms, and other munitions of war, which the neutral might be carrying to the hostile camp: but that human beings were contraband of war was a novel, startling, and untenable doctrine. Britain was naturally incensed, and France, Austria, and Prussia supported her demand for the restitution of the captives. At the same time she prepared for war, and sent a large contingent of troops to Canada. But the Americans wisely yielded, and by restoring the captives to the protection of the British flag averted a storm which might have ruined their country. Congress, indeed, committed the international rudeness of passing a vote of thanks to Captain Wilkes for his illegal act; but the patriotic feeling which actuated them was too natural and pardonable to be further resented.

The *Trent* carries us safely back to England in November, 1861, but we hear sad news soon after landing. On 8th December the Prince Consort fell ill, on the 11th his illness developed into a fever, on the 14th he died. The grief of "the heart-broken Queen," as his illustrious widow has described herself, was intense. She had lost an almost idolised husband, and the best and soundest of advisers; their children had lost a most affectionate and judicious father; the nation had lost its most generous and enthusiastic patron of art, science, and culture. The debt of national gratitude due to Prince Albert was never thoroughly appreciated until after his death, but we have since learned to cherish his memory as that of a great public benefactor. Too rarely, alas, are princes better than other men, too often they are worse; but nowhere, perhaps, in the whole range of history has a nation been blessed with a better and wiser counsellor, benefactor, and friend, than the deeply-lamented Prince Consort.

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

- I. Explain briefly how Italy gained her independence in 1860, and how far her cause was furthered by Great Britain.
- II. State and discuss in outline the principles of Mr. Gladstone's finance from 1860 to 1865.
- III. Trace the chief causes of the American War of 1861-65, and describe the affair of the *Trent*.
- IV. Sketch the career of Prince Albert.

Please answer one, or at most two, of these questions; state the total number of words (which must not exceed 500) contained in your answer or answers; and address your paper to the SUPERINTENDENT, R.U., ATALANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., on or before 25th August.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.
State if you know anything concerning the real person called Helen Walker.

II.
1. Mention the occasion on which some one is said to have—
“Peeped through the keyhole, and I—what saw he there?
Why,—a Broomstick bringing a rush-bottomed chair.”

2. What was the magical word used to work the spell?

III.
Name two well-known novels in which the same incident occurs—the hero joins a band of rioters, hoping to restrain them, whereupon he is arrested as one of their leaders, and thrown into prison.

IV.
How was Miss Patty Pace dressed when first seen by Willie Sullivan?

V.
1. Of what poet was it said that his “genius had angelic wings, And fed on manna?” 2. Where may the words be found?

VI.
What was etched on the great white buffalo-horn belonging to Salvation Yeo?

All readers of ATALANTA may send in answers to the above questions. Reply-Papers should be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R.U., ATALANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, and must be sent in before 15th August. They should have the words “Search Questions” on the cover.

VII.
What was Pomona's method for dealing with a savage dog?

VIII.
Give the real names of 1. “Mr. Burchell,” 2. “John Stone,” 3. “The Knight of Snowdown.”

IX.
Give author and work where the following quotations occur:—

1. “Word was brought to the Danish King,
(Harry!)

That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
(Oh! ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl:
And his Rose of the Isles is dying!”

2. “When a mountain sky-lark sings
In the sunlit summer morn,
I know that heaven is on high,
And on earth are fields of corn.

“But when a nightingale sings
In the moonlit summer even,
I know not that earth is merely earth,
Only that heaven is heaven.”

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (JULY).

I.
1. Campbell, *To Caroline*. 2. Wordsworth, *Highland Girl*. 3. Scott, *Marmion*. 4. L. Morris, *For Life*. 5. Allison, *Cherry Ripe*. 6. Shelley, *Rosa and Helen*. 7. Tennyson, *Fatima*. 8. N. P. Willis, *Better Moments*. 9. Wordsworth, *Yarrow Visited*. 10. Byron, *Bride of Abydos*. 11. Wordsworth, *Tables Turned*. 12. W. M. Praed, *Lilian*. 13. Emerson, *Threnody*. 14. Wordsworth, *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*. 15. Wordsworth, *A Memory*. 16. C. Lamb, *To Hester*. 17. Lord Lytton, *Light and Darkness*. 18. Tennyson, *In Memoriam*. 19. Browning, *Garden Fancies*. 20. D. G. Rossetti, *Honeysuckle*. 21. Byron, *The Giaour*. 22. T. Hood, *Ruth*. 23. J. Wilson, *The Life of Palms*. 24. Tennyson, *The Daydream*.

II.
1. Coleridge, *Delusion to Poesis*. 2. Whitier, *The Wife of Manoa*. 3. Milton, *Lycidas*. 4. Whittier, *Among the Hills*. 5. Burns, *Energy on Captain Henderson*. 6. Shakespeare, *The Tempest*. 7. Beattie, *Morning Sounds*. 8. R. Buchanan, *Wedding of Shon Maclean*. 9. Mrs. Hamilton-King, *Summer*. 10. Parnell, *Song*. 11. Moore, *Lalla Rookh*. 12. J. H., *In an Old Garden*. 13. Oliver Wendell Holmes, *Spring has come*. 14. K. Carter, *A Vision of Spring*. 15. G. H. F. N., *In my Garden*. 16. Browning, *In a Balcony*. 17. Keats, *Ode to a Nightingale*. 18. H. M. Burns, *The Wind that Kissed the Rose*. 19. Lewis Morris, *Olympus, Epic of Helen*. 20. Keats, *Endymion*.



THE PLANET MARS.

WHEN you read the above title do not turn over the page with an exclamation such as: "I don't care or understand anything about astronomy." Give me a fair trial, and if, when you have finished this essay, you are not filled with an ardent desire to find out more about our solar system upon which I can only lightly touch, I have failed—failed in my chief object in writing it. I am going to hoot about something quite out of my usual line this month, but it is a subject in which many girls take an interest. Formerly, even the slightest knowledge of astronomy was looked upon as out of the reach of any but scientific men, because only technical and scientific books were written on the subject. Now all is changed, and we are expected to know a little about the universe to which we belong; elementary books have been written on the subject, and so interestingly written that they are a delight to read. Astronomy is a wide word, and includes the study of not only the solar system but of the whole multitude of stars in the sky. However, I am not going to speak about stars at all at present, but will confine myself to one particular planet—Mars, the first of the exterior planets of our primary: that is, the next one to us on the further

side from the sun. Of course, you know that there are eight planets revolving round the sun (the Earth being one of them) at various intervals, Mars being the fourth one at the distance of one hundred and forty millions of miles from the sun! It is very difficult to imagine the vast distances with which we have to deal, but if you realise that an express train rushing through space at the rate of sixty miles an hour from Mars to the sun, night and day without stopping, would take about two hundred and seventy years reaching its destination, you have, to some extent, realised the distance of this planet from the sun.

Mars in July and August will be shining conspicuously in the south-eastern sky, brighter than it has ever shone since 1845. This year it will rival the mighty Jupiter in brilliancy, and you will not fail to find it if you look eastwards some hours after sunset. This year is an important one for astronomers, for in August this planet will be "in opposition" to the sun. Perhaps you do not quite understand what I mean by "in opposition," so I will explain as shortly and clearly as possible. The Earth and Mars revolve round the sun independently of each other, and it sometimes happens (every alternate fifteen and seventeen years) that

the three bodies are in a straight line with each other, the earth being in the middle, so that when the sun is setting Mars is rising, and *vice versa*. Mars is then said to be in opposition, because we see it in exactly that part of the heavens opposite the sun. Now, if you think a moment you will see that at this time Mars will be as near to us as it ever can be, only thirty-four million miles away. I say *only* because when it is at its furthest point from us it is *two hundred and forty millions* of miles from us; just think of the difference. No wonder that astronomers from all parts of the globe will turn their glasses to this planet of never-ending interest!

Mars is smaller than the earth, but very similar in many respects. Like the earth, it has been proved to consist of land and water; there is, however, nearly four times as much land as water, and divided in such a way that you could walk round Mars without coming in contact with the sea, and although there is not much water, yet you could easily go round the Martial world in a boat. The geography, or rather *areography*, of Mars is peculiar. Two huge oceans and various bottle-shaped straits and inlets is all that the sea part consists of, the rest is land—and what a wonderful land it must be! Perhaps you have wondered why the planet shines with such a reddish light. Here is a very remarkable answer. The vegetation on Mars is supposed to be red. All the statements I make in this essay are proved facts except this one, which is a disputed point. Such men as Sir John Herschel, Lambert, and many eminent astronomers believed in this theory, so they observed the planet very carefully with a view to finding some proof to establish it as a fact, and they noticed that during the Martial summer, when all vegetation would be in full bloom, the planet presented a redder aspect than it did during its winter. Although this was no actual proof, yet it strengthened the theory, which was at first looked upon as a very unlikely one.

Like our own earth, Mars has a north and south pole, which are always surrounded with snow. For a long time when these two white patches were seen on the planet astronomers wondered very much what they were, and there were some who thought it very likely that snow would surround the Martial poles, as it does the terrestrial poles; accordingly they watched them

closely, and it was found that these white patches actually increased during the Martial winter, and decreased during its summer. When this and other facts proved that there was snow on the planet it was a great triumph, for then it was found out that Mars has many elements in common with the earth. Rain falls there, and rivers are formed thereby, day and night succeed each other in regular succession, as do the seasons four in number; the seasons, however, although the same in number, are very different to ours, owing to the eccentricity of Mars' orbit and his great distance from the sun. I have said that the earth and Mars are very much alike in many ways, and yet another point of similarity has been discovered during the last fifteen years. Mars was always supposed to be an exception to the rule that all the exterior planets are accompanied by one or more moons, Sir William Herschel spoke of

"The snowy poles of moonless Mars,"

and astronomers had so often looked for one near this planet in vain that it seemed almost a hopeless task which Professor Hall took upon himself in 1877, when he determined to search diligently for a satellite accompanying Mars in his rapid journey through space. His diligence was, however, rewarded, and in that year when the British Association were at Plymouth a telegram flashed across the Atlantic with the startling news that *two* moons had been seen revolving round Mars. They were named Deimos and Phobos, and are very small indeed, Deimos being but eighteen miles in diameter, and Phobos about twenty-three. What a powerful telescope it must have been to distinguish so small a body at the distance of thirty-four millions of miles!

It is a marvellous fact that a map can be had of a world, which is often 240,000,000 of miles distant from us, and not only has the land and water been clearly seen and marked out, but even named, so that there is "Kepler" land, "Dawes" Ocean, "Herschel" Straits, &c. How surprised the Martialists would be if one of us were spirited to their world, and told them with what trouble we had found out all that we have about their planet, and then spoke of their seas and continents by the names we had given them, they would, no doubt, be very puzzled; perhaps

they would confide the fact that they had also worked hard to find out all about our own world, for Terra with her moon must be a magnificent orb as viewed from Mars, a larger one than we ever see in the heavens. The question whether the planets are inhabited is one upon which volumes have been written. When one goes deeply into the subject it may be rather hard to believe that there are intellectual beings on the other planets as well as on our own, but let me warn you against the argument that there cannot be inhabitants on the planets simply because *you* cannot understand how creatures can exist, some so far from the sun that it looks like a mere star, others so close that the sun burns ten times more fiercely than upon our equator. The argument is a very weak one; in fact, none at all. It does not follow that, because you do not understand it, it cannot be. God's ways are very marvellous, and, when we once begin to find out the laws of His mighty universe, we must not refuse to believe everything that we do not quite understand. If the Almighty has filled all His worlds with living creatures, He has, doubtless, so provided for them that the conditions which seem to us so unfavourable meet exactly with their requirements. A time will come, I am sure, when all doubt concerning this point will have vanished; and although the idea may now seem extravagant (as would the idea, a hundred years ago, have seemed to our ancestors, had anyone believed that the time would come when a message might be flashed across the Pacific in a few minutes), yet who knows but that the time may also come when the inhabitants of Terra and Mars will have found some means of communication with each other?

Edith Piton Warlow.

* * *

IF anything can be a test of the musical development of a country, its military music should surely be the criterion.

Wherefore, the very best way of spending a hot afternoon is to go to Kneller Hall, sit under the trees, and listen to the Band which will play from four to six every Wednesday this month.

Kneller Hall is the School of Music of the British Army.

It is a quaint old house—restored, but not defaced—hedged about by a perfect labyrinth of

little nameless villages. It is easily accessible from Hounslow, and is within even an August day's walk of Twickenham or Teddington. The Hall originally belonged to Sir Godfrey of the name, whose artistic remains, of course, are interred at Hampton Court for all time, but whose bones, so tradition alleges, lie tangled in the roots of the raspberry canes in his kitchen garden. And here I must admit with regret that on the death of the owner, the Hall fell into the hands of one Emanuel, a pawnbroker, from whom Government bought it. Subsequently, Dr. Temple, the Bishop of London, endeavoured to utilise it in the rearing of some new strange sort of schoolmasters, unsuccessfully. And finally, in '57, the year, by-the-by, of the Mutiny, Kneller Hall was converted, at the instigation and under the direct supervision of the Duke of Cambridge, into a cradle for the martial music of our arms. Very recent experience in the Crimea had taught us that if we had nothing to fear from the rivalry of foreign soldiers as soldiers, as bandsmen they bore all the laurels. An indictment which is sadly corroborated, at the British Museum, by the testimony both of the quantity and quality of the instruments in use in the British Army in the earlier half of the century.

At Kneller Hall in its last decade there can be no question of rivalry!

The place is a veritable bee-hive. The open air concerts are admirable both in wind and strings. And more than this. Not only are many of these coming bandsmen, technical proficient, but composers of thoroughly good music—and interesting as good. Mr. Griffiths, the director, cannot be too warmly congratulated on the successes attending his careful supervision.

There are two divisions of students at Kneller Hall. "Students," properly so called, being men holding the rank of Sergeant qualifying as bandmasters, who will presently, with their new dignity, be entitled to two hundred a year and all found. And "Pupils," more commonly known as "The boys"—dear little miniature musicians who have served six months in the ranks, and who are supposed to be fourteen years old!—in training as regimental bandsmen. These occupy big barrack-like rooms in companies distinguished by the instrument each studies. Thus, there is the Clarinet Room, the Trombone Room, and so on, each with its rows of rolled bedding and uniforms

piled on high shelves, reminding one somehow of a forced march and a desert. There are classrooms and a library, pianos in all corners, and black-boards scored over with counterpoint and harmony meet one on all sides, for a bandsman's training is no sinecure either to him or his tutors. For a pupil the minimum course of training at Kneller Hall is eighteen months, for a student it is two years. It is interesting to know that "the boys" constantly return to the hall as Students. And this creates much good feeling, as is natural. Of these boy soldier-musicians in the old Hall, I should like to have told more. But I must be content with saying that in their chapel with its picked orchestra and choir one may hear (the commandant, Colonel Shaw-Hellier, himself presiding at the organ) some of the very best anthems in England most admirably rendered.

I. Cecil Cotes.

* * *

SANTA CLAUS HOME AT HIGHGATE.

OUT of small beginnings great things grow, and it is most encouraging to note how a tiny seed, sown and watered in the right spirit, blossoms into goodly fruit. Two ladies, sisters, a few years ago set themselves to collect from their friends toys, and dolls, and books for the sick in hospitals, especially for the children; this work grew into a little society, which also undertook to help many a patient recovering health to gain admission to convalescent homes. But there are many sad little invalids among the children of the poor suffering from hip and spinal disease, wounds, or other complaints, which require a longer time of nursing and more attention than hospitals or convalescent homes can afford to give, and who can never get them from their poor relations. These ladies thus began to feel the necessity for a Nursing Home, and determined to have one if possible. They were not rich, but they had great love, and little by little their friends grew interested in the project, so that a year ago they were enabled to open a small house, with eight cots, on the top of Highgate-hill, in the fresh pure air, looking out on the green trees and a grassy garden. Soon more help came, and they added four other cots, and they can now take twelve children into the care of their kind and competent nurses. *Home* these little ones find it, indeed; each case is kept

till it is well, or at least fit to battle again with its ordinary life. During the past year, forty-four children, from the age of fifteen months upwards, have received this valuable assistance.

But though these ladies manage the Home themselves, and excellent doctors assist them, so as to spare every possible expense, the cost prevents them from extending their work, as they are determined not to get into debt. They want to double the number of the cots, there are so many poor children to come into them. Early in June, therefore, the birthday of the Home was celebrated by a garden-party, at which its objects were explained; many friends went through the house and saw the happy little patients, and could not resist the desire to help on the good work. There are many ways in which this can be done—by visiting and reading to the children; by gifts of flowers, food, or clothing to help in house-keeping; or by annual subscriptions; or by paying for a patient. The Brown Owl even hopes a hoot may be of some use to these modest workers, and wishes to send visitors any afternoon, from two till four o'clock, to see for themselves the Santa Claus Home, 34, South Grove, Highgate.

* * *

IT is one of the well-known phases of human nature that it likes to get a peep behind the scenes. Curiosity is inherent in the minds of most people, and from our Mother Eve down we like to taste of the Tree of Knowledge.

Dorothy Wallis (Longmans), therefore, ought to appeal to a very large circle of readers. It certainly takes one very much behind the scenes. It reveals, at times, some hideous skeletons, and it shows in terse and forcible language, the great and pitiful struggle for life which is the lot of so many human beings.

The book contains a preface by Walter Besant, which fact alone will give it interest. Speaking of this autobiography, he says:—

"The presentation of any one girl's fight for life, truly and faithfully told, ought to be useful, whether it shows how difficult that fight may be, how brave must be the girls who attempt it, how frugal must be their life, how arduous is their labour, or whether it may lead some to consider what, if anything, may be done for the girls who have to face such a life."

Dorothy Wallis was determined to go on the

stage, and hers is the simple and truthful narrative of one who would not be discouraged by difficulties, and who thought no labour too much to take to obtain her modest ambition. She was never meant to be a great actress, nor did she become one, but in the end she won the success for which she toiled.

Those readers who follow her through the pages of her autobiography will be very hard-hearted indeed if they do not rejoice in her success.

But, apart from the interest which the main character of this book inspires, there is a freshness and ring in the way in which Dorothy recounts her queer experiences in connection with other men and women. Going behind the scenes with her, we come on new and queer phases of life.

She gives a graphic account of her first day in an establishment in Fenchurch-street, where ladies did copying.

"I dropped into a seat opposite a grey-haired little lady, with a beaked nose and eye-glasses, who reminded me strangely of a parrot. She eyed me curiously all over.

"'New,' she whispered loudly to her neighbour, a grey-haired, pale woman with spectacles, who looked ill.

"I had brought no pen, and was obliged to borrow one. I began writing quickly. The ink-stand was full; the pen spluttered. I did not ink the wrappers, but my fingers got horribly inked. I looked at them ruefully.

"'Want to wash your hands?' said the Beak-nose. 'There's a washstand in the corner.'

"She got up and inspected my writing, which she declared beautiful, but not copper-plate.

"I walked to the washstand, a little tin affair with a can before it. I washed my hands and resumed work, a girl with a squeaking voice telling us the exact time for about the third time in the last twenty minutes.

"As one o'clock approached the Parrot evinced great anxiety about the fire. She got up several times to inspect it, and asked at length doubtfully if it looked like toast. Finally she agreed that it did, and pulled out a toasting-fork. The kettle was then put on to boil, and caused some diversion. The Parrot and her neighbour took out cups and saucers, and sat down to sip their tea.

"A tall, slight, fair girl was seized with a fit of coughing. Everyone fluttered about her, patting

her on the back, suggesting this or that. She smiled faintly, and said that she was getting better.

"A dark, swarthy girl, unmistakably a Jewess, unrolled a newspaper of greasy aspect. Out came some fried fish, which she began to eat hungrily with bread and butter, first demanding if any lady would oblige her with a fork. But, meeting with no answer, she went on eating calmly without one. The Jewess then began a loud and voluble account of her admirers. It was the birthday of one of them, and she must give him a present. What could any lady suggest? Various things were suggested, but none appeared suitable, as he kept most of them, having a general store. It became a question as to what he did not keep, on which point she grew puzzled.

"A fat, moon-faced lady in black started asking riddles, which all who were not new knew perfectly, but pretended they did not.

"A brisk-looking lady passes through our room on her way to the inner office. She has always one observation. Whatever the weather, it is 'How delightfully breezy this morning'; hence we dub her 'Breezy.'

"One strange female brings her wig, takes it off, and hangs it up with her hat and veil. It makes her head cooler, she says. . . .

"The Parrot has names for every one, and persists in using them. There is the tall girl who was engaged, but whose ma said she was too young to be married. She was 'Louisa, because we loved to tease her.' . . . The Parrot also affects a great interest in the Royal Family, and speaks of them familiarly by name as if they were old friends of hers. Sometimes she brings the newspapers, and reads the Court news aloud. She has always something to say about their doings. 'Beatrice had been imprudent in that,' and 'Louise was quite surprising.'"

The remuneration for the work carried on at this office is according to the class of wrappers. Slow writers will take from eight to twelve shillings in the week. They are paid at the rate of five shillings a thousand wrappers. Dorothy Wallis says that the fault of all these great organisations is to reduce the workers to mere machines.

After this her stage experiences began, but for this I must refer readers to this most interesting and entertaining book, as no extracts can give the least idea of Dorothy's life. *L. T. Meade.*





SPRING IN AUTUMN.

ATALANTA

VOL. V.

SEPTEMBER, 1892.

No. 60.

THE CROWN OF THE YEAR.

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

GIVE me the Autumn—gracious is the Spring
With all her dainty wayward promising,
Her sweet shy secrets, half concealed, half told ;
But Winter scarce has loosed on her his hold,
And she's as fitful as her April days—
Give me the golden corn where poppies blaze,
The laden orchards, and the strange rich glow
That dreaming Summer o'er the earth doth throw
To paint the reddening leaves before they die—
Trysting with Autumn as she passes by.
Here is fulfilment : joy of work that's done,
The hour of triumph ere the last sands run :
Fair is the Spring, yet tired hearts find cheer,
When Autumn's patient strength crowns all the
Year.

MY TERMINAL MORAINÉ.

FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady or the Tiger," &c. &c.

PART III.

NOW the bottle came slowly through. It was a small beer-bottle, I think, and several times I was afraid it was going to stick fast and cut off communication between me and the outer world; that is to say, between me and Agnes. But at last the cork and the neck appeared, and I pulled it through. I did not drink any of it, but immediately applied my mouth to the tube.

"Agnes," I said, "my dear Agnes, really you must not prevent me from speaking. I cannot delay another minute. This is an awful position for me to be in, and as you don't seem to realise——"

"But I do realise, Mr. Cuthbert, that if you don't walk about you will certainly freeze before you can be rescued. Between every two or three words you want to take at least one turn around that place. How dreadful it would be if you were suddenly to become benumbed and stiff! Everybody is thinking of that. The best diggers that Mr. Burton had were three coloured men; but after they had gone down nothing like as deep as a well, they came up frightened and said they would not dig another shovelful for the whole world. Perhaps you don't know it, but there's a story about the neighbourhood that the negro place of punishment is under your property. You know many of the coloured people expect to be everlastingly punished with ice and not with fire——"

"Agnes," I interrupted. "I am punished with ice and fire both. Please let me tell you——"

"I was going on to say, Mr. Cuthbert," she interrupted, "that when the Italians heard why the coloured men had come out of the hole they would not go in either, for they are just as afraid of everlasting ice as the negroes are, and were sure that if the bottom came out of that hole they would fall into a frozen lower world. So there was nothing to do but to send for paupers, and they are working now. You know paupers have

to do what they are told without regard to their beliefs. They got a dozen of them from the poor-house. Somebody said they just threw them into the hole. Now I must stop talking, for it is time for you to walk around again. Would you like another sandwich?"

"Agnes," said I, endeavouring to speak calmly, "all I want is to be able to tell you——"

"And when you walk, Mr. Cuthbert, you had better keep around the edge of the chamber, for there is no knowing when they may come through. Mr. Burton and the foreman of the icemen measured the bluff so that they say that the hole they are making is exactly over the middle of the chamber you are in, and if you walk around the edge the pieces may not fall on you."

"If you don't listen to me, Agnes," I said, "I'll go and sit anywhere, everywhere, where death may come to me quickest. Your coldness is worse than the coldness of the cave. I cannot bear it."

"But, Mr. Cuthbert," said Agnes, speaking, I thought, with some agitation, "I have been listening to you, and what more can you possibly have to say? If there is anything you want, let me know. I will run and get it for you."

"There is no need that you should go away to get what I want," I said. "It is there with you. It is you."

"Mr. Cuthbert," said Agnes, in a very low voice, but so distinctly that I could hear every word, "don't you think it would be better for you to give your whole mind to keeping yourself warm and strong? For if you let yourself get benumbed you may sink down to freeze."

"Agnes," I said, "I will not move from this little hole until I have told you that I love you, that I have no reason to care for life or rescue unless you return my love, unless you are willing to be mine. Speak quickly to me, Agnes, because I may not be rescued and may never know whether my love for you is returned or not."

At this moment there was a tremendous crash behind me, and, turning, I saw a mass of broken ice upon the floor of the cave, with a cloud of dust and smaller fragments still falling. And then, with a great scratching and scraping, and a howl loud enough to waken the echoes of all the lower regions, down came a red-headed drunken shoemaker. I cannot say that he was drunk at that moment, but I knew the man the moment I saw his carrotty poll, and it was drink which had sent him to the poor-house.

But the sprawling and howling cobbler did not reach the floor. A rope had been fastened around his waist to prevent a fall in case the bottom of the pit should suddenly give way, and he hung dangling in mid-air with white face and distended eyes, vociferously entreating to be pulled up. But before he received any answer from above, or I could speak to him, there came through the hole in the roof of the cave a shower of stones and gravel, and with them a frantic Italian, his legs and arms outspread, his face wild with terror.

Just as he appeared in view he grasped the rope of the cobbler, and, though in a moment he came down heavily upon the floor of the chamber, this broke his fall, and he did not appear to be hurt. Instantly he crouched low and almost upon all fours, and began to run around the chamber, keeping close to the walls and screaming, I suppose, to his saints to preserve him from the dangers he was in.

In the midst of this hubbub came the voice of Agnes through the hole: "Oh, Mr. Cuthbert, what has happened? Are you alive?"

I was so disappointed by the appearance of these wretched interlopers at the moment it was about to be decided whether my life—should it last for years or but for a few minutes—was to be black or bright, and I was so shaken and startled by the manner of their entry upon the scene that I could not immediately shape the words necessary to inform Agnes what had happened. But, collecting my faculties, I was about to speak, when suddenly, with the force of the hind leg of a mule, I was pushed away from the aperture, and the demoniac Italian clapped his great mouth to the end of the tube and roared through it a volume of oaths and supplications. I attempted to thrust aside the wretched being, but I might as well have tried to move the ice-barrier itself. He had per-

ceived that someone outside was talking to me, and in his frenzy he was imploring that someone should let him out.

While still endeavouring to move the man, I was seized by the arm, and turning, beheld the pallid face of the shoemaker. They had let him down so that he reached the floor. He tried to fall on his knees before me, but the rope was so short that he was able to go only part of the way down, and presented a most ludicrous appearance, with his toes scraping the icy floor and his arms thrown out as if he were paddling like a tadpole. "Oh, have mercy upon me sir," he said, "and help me get out of this dreadful place. If you go to the hole and call up it's you, they will pull me up; but if they get you out first they will never think of me. I am a poor pauper, sir, but I never did nothin' to be packed in ice before I am dead."

Noticing that the Italian had left the end of the aperture in the block of ice, and that he was now shouting up the open shaft, I ran to the channel of communication which my Agnes had opened for me, and called through it; but the dear girl had gone.

The end of a ladder now appeared at the opening in the roof; and this was let down until it reached the floor. I started toward it, but before I had gone half the distance the frightened shoemaker and the maniac Italian sprang upon it, and, with shrieks and oaths, began a maddening fight for possession of the ladder. They might quickly have gone up one after the other, but each had no thought but to be first; and as one seized the rounds he was pulled away by the other, until I feared the ladder would be torn to pieces. The shoemaker finally pushed his way up a little distance, when the Italian sprang upon his back, endeavouring to climb over him; and so on they went up the shaft, fighting, swearing, kicking, scratching, shaking and wrenching the ladder, which had been tied to another one in order to increase its length, so that it was in danger of breaking, and tearing at each other in a fashion which made it wonderful that they did not both tumble headlong downward. They went on up, so completely filling the shaft with their struggling forms and their wild cries that I could not see or hear anything, and was afraid, in fact, to look up toward the outer air.

As I was afterwards informed, the Italian, who had slipped into the hole by accident, ran away like a frightened hare the moment he got his feet on firm ground, and the shoemaker sat down and swooned. By this performance he obtained from a benevolent bystander a drink of whisky, the first he had had since he was committed to the poorhouse.

But a voice soon came down the shaft calling to me. I recognised it as that of Tom Burton, and replied that I was safe, and that I was coming up the ladder. But in my attempt to climb, I found that I was unable to do so. Chilled and stiffened by the cold, and weakened by fatigue and excitement, I believe I never should have been able to leave that ice-chamber if my faithful friend had not come down the ladder and vigorously assisted me to reach the outer air.

Seated on the ground, my back against a great oak-tree, I was quickly surrounded by a crowd of my neighbours, the workmen and the people who had been drawn to the spot by the news of the strange accident, to gaze at me as if I was some unknown being excavated from the bowels of the earth. I was sipping some brandy and water which Burton had handed me, when Aaron Boyce pushed himself in front of me.

"Well, sir," he said, "I am mighty glad you got out of that scrape. I'm bound to say I didn't expect you would. I have been sure all along that it wasn't right to meddle with things that go agin Nature, and I haven't any doubt that you'll see that for yourself and fill up all them tunnels and shafts you've made. The ice that comes on ponds and rivers was good enough for our forefathers, and it ought to be good enough for us. And as for this cold stuff you find in your gravel-pit, I don't believe it's ice at all; and if it is, like as not it's made of some sort of pizen stuff that freezes easier than water. For everybody knows that water don't freeze in a well, and if it don't do that, why should it do it in any kind of a hole in the ground? So perhaps it's just as well that you did git shut up there, sir, and find out for yourself what a dangerous thing it is to fool with Nature and try to get ice from the bottom of the ground instead of the top of the water."

This speech made me angry, for I knew that old Boyce was a man who was always glad to get hold of anything which had gone wrong and to try

to make it worse; but I was too weak to answer him.

This, however, would not have been necessary, for Tom Burton turned upon him. "Idiot," said he, "if that is your way of thinking, you might as well say that if a well caves in you should never again dig for water, or that nobody should have a cellar under his house for fear that the house should fall into it. There's no more danger of the ice beneath us ever giving way again than there is that this bluff should crumble under our feet. That break in the roof of the ice-tunnel was caused by my digging away the face of the bluff very near that spot. The high temperature of the outer air weakened the ice, and it fell. But down here, under this ground and secure from the influences of the heat of the outer air, the mass of ice is more solid than rock. We will build a brick arch over the place where the accident happened, and then there will not be a safer mine on this continent than this ice-mine will be."

This was a wise and diplomatic speech from Burton, and it proved to be of great service to me: for the men who had been taking out ice had been a good deal frightened by the fall of the tunnel, and when it was proved that what Burton had said in regard to the cause of the weakening of the ice was quite correct, they became willing to go to work again.

I now began to feel stronger and better, and, rising to my feet, I glanced here and there into the crowd, hoping to catch a sight of Agnes. But I was not very much surprised at not seeing her, because she would naturally shrink from forcing herself into the midst of this motley company; but I felt that I must go and look for her without the loss of a minute, for if she should return to her father's house I might not be able to see her again.

On the outskirts of the crowd I met Susan, who was almost overpowered with joy at seeing me safe again. I shook her by the hand, but, without replying to her warm-hearted protestations of thankfulness and delight, I asked her if she had seen Miss Havelot.

"Miss Agnes!" she exclaimed. "Why, no, sir; I expect she's at home; and if she did not come here with the rest of the neighbours I didn't see her; for when I found out what had happened, sir, I was so weak that I sat down in the kitchen

all of a lump, and have just had strength to come out."

"Oh, I know she was here," I cried; "I am sure of that, and I do hope she's not gone home again."

"Know she was here!" exclaimed Susan. "Why, how on earth could you know that?"

I did not reply that it was not on the earth, but under it, that I became aware of the fact, but hurried toward the Havelot house, hoping to overtake Agnes if she had gone that way. But I did not see her, and suddenly a startling idea struck me, and I turned and ran home as fast as I could go. When I reached my grounds I went directly to the mouth of the shaft. There was nobody there, for the crowd was collected into a solid mass on the top of the bluff, listening to a lecture from Tom Burton, who deemed it well to promote the growth of interest and healthy opinion in regard to his wonderful discovery and my valuable possession. I hurried down the shaft, and near the end of it, just before it joined the ice-tunnel, I beheld Agnes sitting upon the wooden track. She was not unconscious, for as I approached she slightly turned her head. I sprang toward her; I kneeled beside her; I took her in my arms. "Oh, Agnes, dearest Agnes," I cried, "what is the matter? What has happened to you? Has a piece of ice fallen upon you? Have you slipped and hurt yourself?"

She turned her beautiful eyes up toward me, and for a moment did not speak. Then she said: "And they got you out? And you are in your right mind?"

"Right mind!" I exclaimed. "I have never been out of my mind. What are you thinking of?"

"Oh you must have been," she said, "when you screamed at me in that horrible way. I was so frightened that I fell back, and I must have fainted."

Tremulous as I was with love and anxiety, I could not help laughing. "Oh, my dear Agnes, I did not scream at you. That was a crazed Italian who fell through the hole that they dug." Then I told her what had happened.

She heaved a gentle sigh. "I am so glad to hear that," she said. "There was one thing that I was thinking about just before you came, and which gave me a little bit of comfort: the words

and yells I heard were dreadfully oniony, and somehow or other I could not connect that sort of thing with you."

It now struck me that during this conversation I had been holding my dear girl in my arms, and she had not shown the slightest sign of resistance or disapprobation. This made my heart beat high. "Oh, Agnes," I said, "I truly believe you love me or you would not have been here, you would not have done for me all that you did. Why did you not answer me when I spoke to you through that wall of ice, through the hole your dear love had made in it? Why, when I was in such a terrible situation, not knowing whether I was to die or live, did you not comfort my heart with one sweet word?"

"Oh, Walter," she answered, "it wasn't at all necessary for you to say all that you did say, for I had suspected it before, and as soon as you began to call me Agnes I knew, of course, how you felt about it. And, besides, it really was necessary that you should move about to keep yourself from freezing. But the great reason for my not encouraging you to go on talking in that way was that I was afraid people might come into the tunnel, and as, of course, you would not know that they were there, you would go on making love to me through my diploma-case, and you know I should have perished with shame if I had had to stand there with that old Mr. Boyce, and I don't know who else, listening to your words, which were very sweet to me, Walter, but which would have sounded awfully funny to them."

When she said that my words had been sweet to her I dropped the consideration of all other subjects.

When, about ten minutes afterward, we came out of the shaft, we were met by Susan.

"Bless my soul and body, Mr. Cuthbert!" she exclaimed. "Did you find that young lady down there in the centre of the earth? It seems to me as if everything that you want comes to you out of the ground. But I have been looking for you to tell you that Mr. Havelot has been here after his daughter, and I'm sure if he had known where she was, he would have been scared out of his wits."

"Father here!" exclaimed Agnes. "Where is he now?"

"I think he has gone home, miss. Indeed I'm

sure of it; for my daughter Jennie, who was over here, the same as all the other people in the county I truly believe, told him—and I was proud she had the spirit to speak up that way to him—that your heart was almost broke when you heard about Mr. Cuthbert being shut up in the ice, and that most likely you was in your own room a-cryin' your eyes out. When he heard that he stood lookin' all around the place, and then he asked me if he might go in the house; and when I told him he was most welcome, he went in. I offered to show him about, which he said was no use, that he had been there often enough; and he went everywhere, I truly believe, except in the garret and the cellar. And after he got through with that he went out to the barn and then walked home."

"I must go to him immediately," said Agnes.

"But not alone," said I. And together we walked through the woods, over the little field, and across the Havelot lawn to the house. We were told that the old gentleman was in his library, and together we entered the room.

Mr. Havelot was sitting by a table on which were lying several open volumes of an encyclopædia. When he turned and saw us, he closed his book, pushed back his chair, and took off his spectacles. "Upon my word, sir," he cried: "and so the first thing you do after they pull you out of the earth is to come here and break my commands."

"I came on the invitation of your daughter, sir."

"And what right had she to invite you, I'd like to know?"

"She has every right, for to her I owe my existence."

"What rabid nonsense!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "People don't owe their existence to the silly creatures they fall in love with."

"I assure you I am correct, sir." And then I related to him what his daughter had done, and how, through her angelic agency, my rescuers had found me a living being instead of a frozen corpse.

"Stuff!" said Mr. Havelot. "People can live in a temperature of thirty-two degrees above zero all winter. Out in Minnesota they think that's hot. And you gave him victuals and drink through your diploma-case! Well, miss, I told

you that if you tried to roast chestnuts in that diploma-case the bottom would come out."

"But you see, father," said Agnes, earnestly, "the reason I did that was because when I roasted them in anything shallow they popped into the fire, but they could not jump out of the diploma-case."

"Well, something else seems to have jumped out of it," said the old gentleman, "and something with which I am not satisfied. I have been looking over these books, sir, and have read the articles on ice, glaciers, and caves, and I find no record of anything in the whole history of the world which in the least resembles the cock-and-bull story I am told about the butt-end of a glacier which tumbled into a cave in your ground, and has been lying there through all the geological ages, and the eras of formation, and periods of animate existence, down to the days of Noah, and Moses, and Methuselah, and Rameses II., and Alexander the Great, and Martin Luther, and John Wesley to this day, for you to dig out and sell to the Williamstown Ice Company."

"But that's what happened, sir," said I.

"And besides, father," added Agnes, "the gold and silver that people take out of mines may have been in the ground as long as that ice has been."

"Bosh!" said Mr. Havelot. "The cases are not at all similar. It is simply impossible that a piece of a glacier should have fallen into a cave and been preserved in that way. The temperature of caves is always above the freezing-point, and that ice would have melted a million years before you were born."

"But, father," said Agnes, "the temperature of caves filled with ice must be very much lower than that of common caves."

"And apart from that," I added, "the ice is still there, sir."

"That doesn't make the slightest difference," he replied. "It's against all reason and common-sense that such a thing could have happened. Even if there ever was a glacier in this part of the country, and if the lower portion of it did stick out over an immense hole in the ground, that protruding end would never have broken off and tumbled in. Glaciers are too thick and massive for that."

"But the glacier is there, sir," said I, "in spite of your own reasoning."

"And then again," continued the old gentle-

man, "if there had been a cave and a projecting spur the ice would have gradually melted and dripped into the cave, and we would have had a lake and not an ice-mine. It is a perfect absurdity."

"But it's there, notwithstanding," said I.

"And you cannot subvert facts, you know, father," added Agnes.

"Confound facts!" he cried. "I base my arguments on sober, cool-headed reason, and there's nothing that can withstand reason. The thing's impossible, and, therefore, it has never happened. I went over to your place, sir, when I heard of the accident, for the misfortunes of my neighbours interest me, no matter what may be my opinion of them, and when I found that you had been extricated from your ridiculous predicament, I went through your house, and I was pleased to find it in as good or better condition than I had known it in the days of your respected father. I was glad to see the improvement in your circumstances; but when I am told, sir, that your apparent prosperity rests upon such an absurdity as a glacier in a gravel-hill, I can but smile with contempt, sir."

I was getting a little tired of this. "But the glacier is there, sir," I said, "and I am taking out ice every day, and have reason to believe that I can continue to take it out for the rest of my life. With such facts as these before me, I am bound to say, sir, that I don't care in the least about reason."

"And I am here, father," said Agnes, coming close to me, "and here I want to continue for the rest of my days."

The old gentleman looked at her. "And, I suppose," he said, "that you, too, don't in the least care about reason?"

"Not a bit," said Agnes.

"Well," said Mr. Havelot, rising, "I have done all I can to make you two listen to reason, and I can do no more. I despair of making sensible

human beings of you, and so you might as well go on acting like a couple of ninny-hammers."

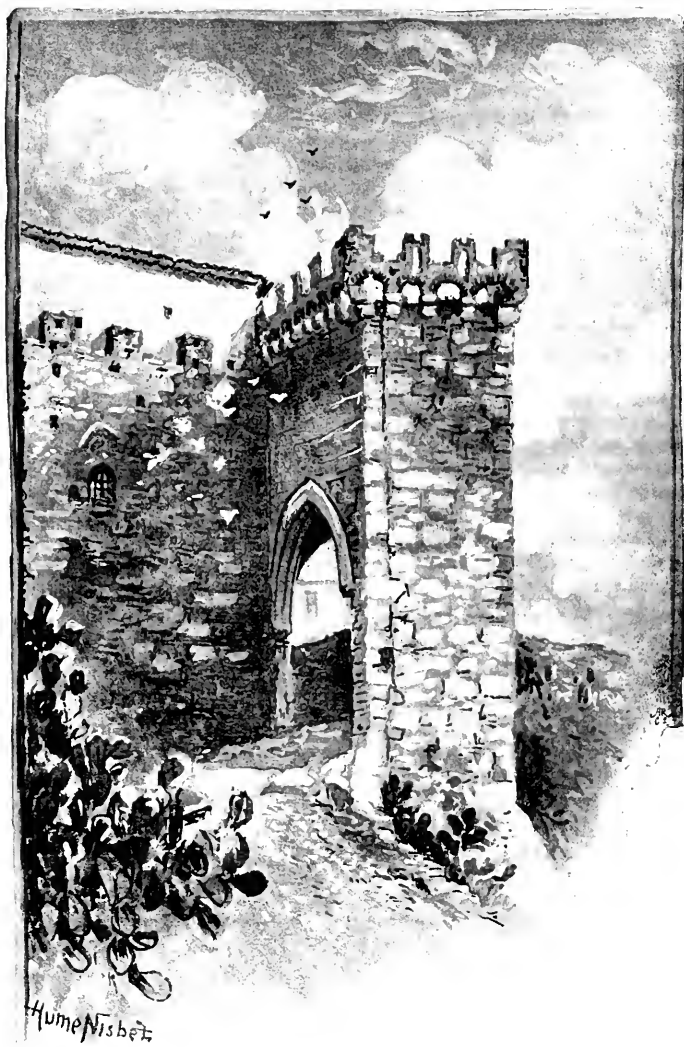
"Do ninny-hammers marry and settle on the property adjoining yours, sir?" I asked.

"Yes, I suppose they do," he said. "And when the aboriginal icehouse, or whatever the ridiculous thing is that they have discovered, gives out, I suppose that they can come to a reasonable man and ask him for a little money to buy bread and butter."

Two years have passed, and Agnes and the glacier are still mine; great blocks of ice now flow in almost a continuous stream from the mine to the railroad-station, and in a smaller but quite as continuous stream an income flows in upon Agnes and me; and from one of the experimental excavations made by Tom Burton on the bluff, comes a stream of ice-cold water running in a sparkling brook a-down my dell. On fine mornings, before I am up, I am credibly informed that Aaron Boyce may generally be found, in season and out of season, endeavouring to catch the trout with which I am trying to stock that ice-cold stream. The diploma-case, which I caused to be carefully removed from the ice-barrier which had imprisoned me, now hangs in my study and holds our marriage certificate.

Near the line-fence which separates his property from mine, Mr. Havelot has sunk a wide shaft. "If the glacier spur under your land was a quarter of a mile wide," he says to me, "it was probably at least a half a mile long; and if that were the case, the upper end of it extends into my place, and I may be able to strike it." He has a good deal of money, this worthy Mr. Havelot, but he would be very glad to increase his riches, whether they are based upon sound reason or ridiculous facts. As for Agnes and myself, no facts or any reason could make us happier than our ardent love and our frigid fortune.

THE END.



SARACEN GATEWAY, TAORMINA.



LUIGI.

A SICILIAN CITY.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

PART II.

HALF a day is the time allotted by most guide-books to the sights of Taormina. This will allow of a hurried visit to the theatre at sunset, and, if the tourist be sufficiently energetic, of a

second visit at sunrise, before he proceeds on his way to Catania or Syracuse, with the satisfactory sense that he has *done* Taormina thoroughly.

Others are wiser, or more fortunate. There



ON THE SHORE, TAORMINA.

are travellers who linger here spell-bound by the loveliness around them, and find it impossible to tear themselves away. Persons who came with the intention of spending a day or two at Taormina have been known to remain here for months, and even for years. Happy are the visitors who find quarters in the Hotel Timeo, which stands just under the Greek theatre, and commands the same superb view of Etna and the sea. This inn, bearing the name of the Greek historian Timæus, a native of Taormina, was built some ten years ago by the landlord of the modest little *albergo* down in the town. Seeing the advantages of the situation, he scraped and toiled till he could save money enough to buy the plot of ground in front of the theatre and build his hotel. People laughed at the notion, and called him a fool for his pains. His friends scoffed, his family grumbled, but, "like Columbus of old," he persevered, and the success of his experiment has proved his wisdom. Since then, he might have sold his hotel many times over for thrice the money it cost him, but

he refuses every offer, and intends to live and die there. He is an old man now, but will tell you the story if you care to listen, and make you welcome to his house, where you will find the comforts of home, combined with an old-fashioned simplicity, that makes Hotel Timeo a delightful resting-place.

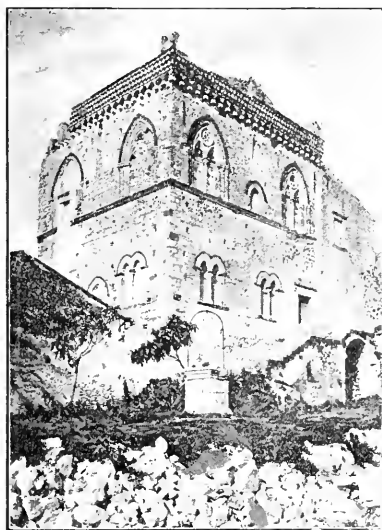
Pleasant it is to live there with that matchless prospect spread out at your feet, and bask on the sunny terrace among the orange-trees and roses of the garden. Pleasant to grow familiar with Etna under all its varying aspects, and learn all the lovely changes by heart, day after day, to see the splendour of the morning followed by the stillness of the noontide, till that gives place in turn to the "incomparable pomp of eve," and when the last glow has faded in the west the moon rises over the glittering snows. Each hour has its own charm, each season its special delight. Even the clouds which occasionally gather round the summit of Etna seem to add a new grandeur to the scene, and make us understand why the gods chose Olympus for their dwelling-place. But

to the last we can never quite make up our mind which is the most beautiful, the last half-hour before dawn, when the snows of Etna gleam in pure whiteness against the twilight sky, and the sleeping sea lies like a sheet of pale blue satin at your feet, or the moment when the rising sun, breaking over the mountain-tops, floods valleys and shore with a fire of crimson.

This, however, is not all. There is much to see in Taormina itself, much that is striking and interesting in the old city, with its Saracen walls and mediæval palaces of Sicilian Gothic. Let us take a stroll up the long winding street, once the Kasr of the Arabs, but which now, like all the chief thoroughfares of Italian towns, bears the commonplace name of Corso Principe Umberto. Just below the Theatre hill and Hotel Timeo, in the old Largo del Foro, is the Palazzo Corvaja, a fine specimen of the palaces formerly inhabited by the noblest families of Taormina. The diapered frieze of black and white lava still runs along the forked battlements, and the Gothic windows of the upper storey still keep their slender shafts. Only one, however, retains its carved stone balcony, and we



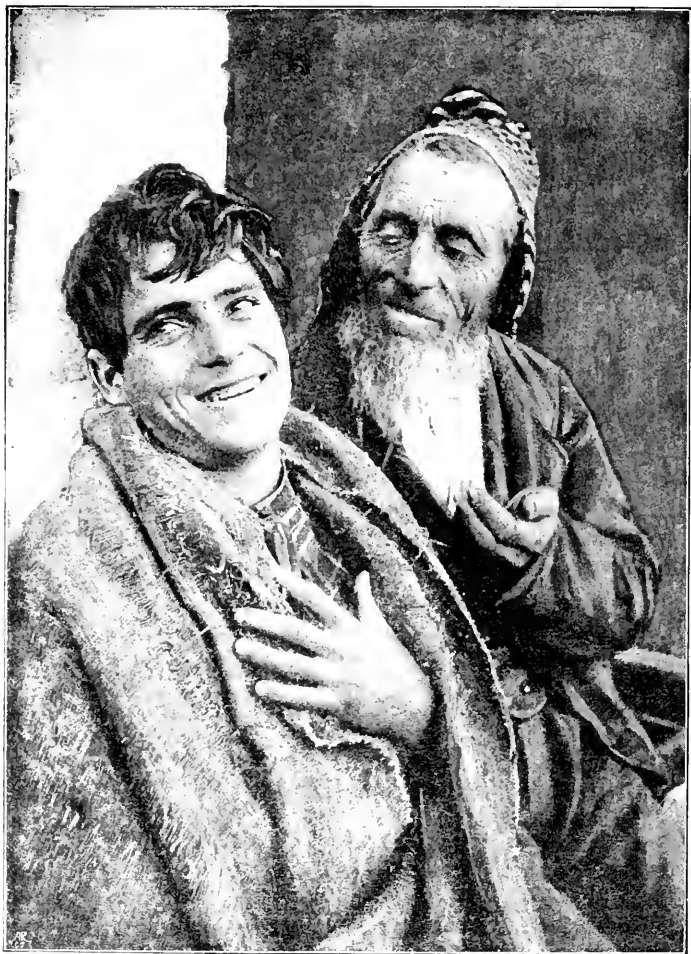
SICILIAN SHEPHERDS.



PALAZZO SAN STEFANO.

look at that one with especial interest. But no face is ever seen at that window, for there in poverty and solitude, the last of the illustrious Corvaja race is said to live. The other windows are crowded with the heads of women and children, and whole families occupy the ground-floor, and may be seen picturesquely huddled together in the deep recesses of the ancient archways. Within the courtyard is a fine stone doorway, and a flight of stairs, adorned with quaint bas-reliefs, representing the creation of Eve and the Temptation, together with the Corvaja arms. The spacious rooms are rich in sculptured ornament, and the massive oak beams of the ceilings are black with age.

On we pass up the winding street, with houses on either side of us, telling the same tale of departed grandeur. Wherever we look, the same richly-carved doorways and pointed windows, the same rose windows and elaborately-worked balconies meet our eyes. Sicilian sculptors seem to have lavished all their skill and fancy on the decoration of the stone balustrades; pilasters and



FATHER AND SON.

corbels are adorned with cherub heads, with foliage and fruit, and every variety of ornament. The street teems with life. All the world is out of doors, and the scene is gay. There is brightness and colour everywhere. Oranges and lemons lie in golden heaps on the floor, women in red and blue handkerchiefs and gaily-coloured shirts look

out of Gothic windows, crimson carnations trail over the crumbling stones of Renaissance balconies. Children of all ages hang about the stone staircases that form so picturesque a feature of these old palace courtyards, women sit spinning or cooking macaroni, and old men smoking their pipes in the doorways. At every turn you come

across pictures that would delight an artist's eye. Take any one of the narrow lanes up the hillside, and you will come across some lovely fragment of Gothic doorway, or arched window, where oranges hang in golden clusters among the glossy leaves, some sunny terrace where a group of cypresses or tall palm-tree rises against the sky. And always, at the end of every street, and across every lemon-garden, you see the same radiant waters, the same purple seas.

Follow the steps cut in the rock under the old Saracen wall, overgrown, as it is to-day, with broad-leaved cactus and masses of red valerian, and you will come on one of the finest Gothic buildings in Taormina—the fragment known as *La Badia Vecchia*. The roof is gone, and the old walls are fast crumbling to pieces, but the facade is still adorned with an exquisitely-worked string-course, and a row of pointed windows through which you look straight up at the deep blue sky, while one single palm rears its graceful shape in the desolate garden. You can return to the Corso by the broad flight of steps in front of the Church of S. Francesco di Paolo, and passing the old Roman baths popularly known under the erroneous title of the *Naumachia*, reach the *Piazza del Duomo*. There the band plays on Sundays and *festàs*, and the peasant women come out in the gayest of costumes, wearing gold necklaces, earrings, and silver daggers stuck in their coils of jet-black hair. The clock-tower on the mediæval gateway and a fountain crowned with a griffin, are picturesque objects in the old square, but the view over sea and mountains from the long low wall at the end, is best of all.

A fine marble doorway carved with a symbolic frieze of grapes and vines, and a figure of our Lord in the centre, leads in'to the Duomo. Within, the steps and altars are of red Taormina marble, the massive pillars of the nave all came originally from the theatre, and marble lions and Centaurs—the ancient arms of Taormina—support some of the columns.

Beyond the Duomo we find another Sicilian-Gothic palace, that of the *Duca*

di S. Stefano. This stately pile has the same forked battlements and diapered string-course that we have already noticed in the *Badia* and *Palazzo Corvaja*, the same finely-pointed windows and delicate shafts, the same richly-decorated doorways and balconies. The vaulted crypt below and the ancient towers are said to be of Saracen origin, and the tall palms in the garden give the place an Eastern aspect. Through a lovely growth of roses and geraniums we can descend to the Dominican Convent which stands on a projecting spur of the rock and forms so prominent an object in the view from the terraces of *Hotel Timeo*.

There are many monastic foundations in Taormina. There is the Convent of the Cappuccini



DOORWAY IN PALAZZO CORVAJA, TAORMINA.



AT THE FOUNTAIN, PIAZZA DEL DUOMO.



MARINA.

outside the Messina Gate, and that of the Osservanti, now the Hotel of Sante Caterina, in the same direction, and the Augustinian monastery near the church of S. Augustine, with the carved doorway on the Corso. But this of the Dominicans is the finest and most imposing of all. Even to-day, in its decayed and abandoned condition, these spacious halls, wide corridors and triple cloisters present a very striking appearance. The convent church was the favourite burial place of the Taormina nobles. Each illustrious family had its own chapel, where Corvaja or Marciani, or Ciampoli, as the case might be, each rest in their order. There is a fine fifteenth century monument of a Corvaja knight, resting on his tomb, in full armour, and richly diapered, and a charming portrait bust of a boy, the only child of Giovanni Corvaja, who died in 1621.

The great cloister commands a noble view of the Theatre hill on one side and of Etna on the other, with orange groves leading down to the sea in the foreground. The second is smaller, but singularly picturesque, with Ionic columns and a well

and clump of cypresses in the centre, while the rude arches of the third date back to the twelfth or early thirteenth century, and belong in all probability to the period of the convent's foundation.

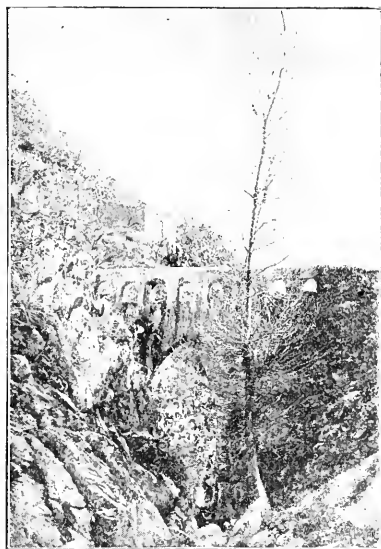
When the city itself, with all its treasures of antiquity, has been sufficiently explored we can wander further afield. Countless are the lovely walks and expeditions to be made in the neighbourhood of Taormina. We can descend through orange and lemon gardens to the shore of the bay, and visit the grottoes fringed with coral and maidenhair along the rocky shore, or row across to Isola Bella, and dream as we look into the waters, how, deep under their crystal surface Alpheus flows, bearing bridal gifts to Arethusa. Or else we can climb the steep mountain sides to the ruined Acropolis on the heights above, and watch the sunrise from Mola, perched like an eyrie on its lofty rock. We can wander up the fair valley of Letojanni to



OLD FLOREO.



SANTA AND LOLA.



RAVINE NEAR TAORMINA.

the marble quarries of Monte Zirreto, or cross the Cantara to see the giant forests on the lava fields; and visit the site of ancient Naxos and the "sacred waters" of Acis, under the watch tower of Etna. These little *paese* are full of interest, the people are simple and primitive, so little used to visitors that they come out on their balconies to gaze in wonder at the traveller, and ask strange questions as to whence he has come and what brings him to their home. But they are always friendly and gentle, eager to offer hospitality, and to make him welcome under their roof.

These are the valleys where Galatea ran, picking flowers, and filling her lap with blue-bells, and laughed the giant-shepherd to scorn as she danced down the rivulet to her home in the wild sea-waves. These are the meadows where Persephone plucked her daffodils till the coal-black horses

rose out of the ground, and bore her away to the dark realm of Hades, far from the pleasant light of the sun. These, again, are the scenes beloved of Theocritus, "sweetest of pastoral singers that knew the Dorian strain," where the cicala sings in the shade of the oak-trees, in the well-watered dells of Etna. The music of his idylls still haunt these shores between Etna and the sea. The murmur of his melodious song still whispers to us alike in the pine-forests and in the running stream. With him we can listen to "the music of the waters, falling from the high face of the rock," and hear the shepherds "singing as they shepherd their flocks," and piping as they piped in the golden days when the world was young. These, too, are the vales of which Milton sang in his lament for Lycidas:—

"Return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues."



Flowers, indeed, there are here, at all seasons of the year. Even winter brings its blossoms. The cyclamen lingers in the valleys, and the narcissus and blue iris are in flower at Christmas. At the New Year the almond-groves burst into snowy bloom, the asphodels break into bloom, and the very image of faint daintiness descends on the hill-sides and ravines. Then the orange and lemon harvest begins and the peasants of Taormina have a busy time. But enough of the fruit is left to decorate the wayside, and make a golden blaze against the blue of sea and sky, for many weeks to come.

Then one day the almond-blossom comes snowing down upon our heads and the spring green breaks out everywhere. The colouring becomes a little monotonous, and is hardly so beautiful as in the late autumn when the decay of nature decks the hills in gorgeous hues, and the slopes of Etna wear the loveliest shades of deep purple and steely-blue. But April brings a very wealth of blossom. All the old common flowers sung by Theocritus and familiar to us in English meadows and hedgerows—poppies, and cornflowers, and fox-gloves, and convolvulus—these spring up in our footsteps, with pinks, and gladiolus, and anemones, and violets in delicious profusion. And every day the atmosphere grows clearer and brighter, every day the same jewelled sea delights our eyes. The sense of beauty is so vividly felt, so constantly present, that at times we begin to feel as if a bit of ugliness would be a positive relief. Yet



PALAZZO CIAMICOLI,
TAORMINA.

the charm of the place and of the people grows upon us hourly. As the days go by we seem to lose our reckoning, and are well content to slumber, with the lotus-eaters of old, on these enchanted shores, and let the world go by. "O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander

more." At last, however, the end comes. One day we are rudely wakened from our trance, we look once more on Etna and the far hills of Syracuse, and then go on our way, "turn back from the sweet south to the north, come back to

do my day's work in its day, play out my play.' The dream is over, but the memory of Taormina lingers with us still, a vision of loveliness to cheer many a wintry day and brighten many a dark hour.

SOME RECENT ENGLISH POETS.

PART III.

Robert Keble

J. A. SYMONDS is one of the poets people do not much read yet, partly because he has made his fame as a writer of admirable prose, partly also, I presume, because they think he is—or is not—in the Koran; or, again, the mere echoes of genius toned down to mediocrity can boast a level, and a pitch better adapted to dull ears. But, anyhow, he is worth reading. There is, perhaps, no writer of the present day through whose senses the sheer beauty of men and women, and the great breathing world that lives and burns unquenchably around us, has poured and throbbed in so ardent a volume of over-mastering fire. His poems in praise of adolescent beauty are like pagan hymns in praise of the sun or of wine; they are vivid flame. He has drunk deep at the springs of beauty. He is a born Pagan, and steeped in classical lore; but he has also a Christian heritage of ascetic renunciation which makes conflict; while the inevitable doom of modern doubt, after all perhaps enriching and fertilising, like the overflow of Nile waters upon Egypt, has devastated him, and so the result is complex; there is joy on the one hand, but unrest, unhappiness on the other. In such early verse-stories as "Palumba," "The Lotos Garland of Antinous," and the "Tale of Odatis," his perception of human and scenic beauty reigns almost alone; gorgeous and brilliant as they are, there is a certain hard glare and glitter about them, a want of repose, of tenderness, of light and shade; a facile rhetoric, perhaps too highflown, and literary conventional; so that I have been tempted to call him (as also William Morris) the poet of pageant,

the Veronese of verse. But there are, besides here, poems of comradeship, of ardent friendship and self-devotion, which, so far as I know, are, out of Whitman's "Calamus," without parallel in Anglo-American literature. Such are "Calliocrates, A Tale of Thermopylae," "In the Syracusan stone-quarries," the beautiful lyric, "Give freely to the Friend thou hast," and the heroic strain of "Love and Death." For splendid allegories of the fell dominion of flesh over spirit, we have "For an Intaglio" and "The Valley of Vain Desires." The poet's hand is not always sure in the lyric, but some of his lyrics are simple and delightful. One may name "Alone," "Saxifraga, Pyramidalis," "Fortunate Isles," "In March." But the poetry of Symonds has matured, and his undoubtedly finest poetic work is to be found in the two latest books, "Animi Figura," and "Vagabunduli Libellus." These are in sonnet form, and of that form he has made himself a master, though the sonnet-sequence arrangement which he employs is, comparatively speaking, new, the thought being often carried on from one sonnet to the next.

The contrast in style between the earlier volumes, and "Animi Figura" is almost startling. There is here so much of restraint and austerity, as if he had borrowed some from the sonnets of Michael Angelo, which he has so admirably translated. The great speculative problems of life and belief are dealt with in pregnant verse of extraordinary lucidity and condensation; the grasp on them is large and firm, the treatment evincing earnest and strenuous personal interest.

The conflict with them has been so serious that it has drawn blood. There is here no *dilettante* languor of merely literary attention or virtuosity. I suppose they are not at all "precious" in the cant, æsthetic sense, but they are so in the human; the subjects are not got up merely as good subjects by a professional *littérateur*. That is the province of talent, not genius. The verse has that nervous energy, and compact symmetry of expression which (pace the "precious" modern verseman) one ventures still to find in Pope. I cannot believe that the sonnets entitled "Innovators," "Vgdrasil" (especially the fourth so entitled), "Passing Strangers," "The Debate on Self," "L'Amour de l'Impossible," "Intellectual Isolation," "Self-condemnation," "Amends," "Versöhnung," "Unrest" (especially the second so called) "Gordian Knot," "Sacro Monte," "The Thought of Death," "Mystery of Mysteries"—I cannot believe that these poems, profound in thought, and steeped in heart-wringing life-experience (not, of course, always personal, yet always sympathetically imaginative) can ever prove otherwise than memorable to kindred spirits. They debate, they beat about, and wander: they sound the depths; but a large firm faith—though not orthodox, yet essentially Christian, because it has learned that there are "treasures of darkness," and divine issues, even from sin and suffering—dominates on the whole, even if feebly glimmering, and obscured by rolling clouds. This series belongs, the writer tells us, to another, entitled "Stella Maris," in "Vagabunduli Libellus." And these deal with an imaginary passion for a woman who was beautiful but unworthy, association with whom brought the lover shame, remorse, and a sense of degradation, though he obtained the gratification of sense: because he, with his higher spiritual nature, sought for more than this from her, looked for a measure of love and companionship. Not being able altogether to sunder love from desire, he longed to find, and foster in her the soul that must be hidden somewhere, even in one who seemed a mere beautiful animal, herself seeking only momentary pleasure, and the satisfactions of mercenary greed. These sonnets are characterised by passionate longing, as also by a profound sense of disappointment and bitter self-reproach: the verse is masterly, the metaphors and similitudes, together with the surroundings of Venetian

scenery, being much more lustrous and luxuriant than in the more purely intellectual volume, "Animi Figura." Many of the verses that follow "Stella Maris" in the later book are equally good, especially some descriptive of those Alpine heights among which the poet has long been constrained to sojourn by reason of ill-health. But I should perhaps warn my readers that these two latter works, like Buchanan's "Outcast," are rather strong meat for grown up people than milk for babes. Quitting, then, this fine, though turbid and turbulent poetry, I proceed lastly to comment briefly on three women poets. Space forbids me to notice the delicately refined, and soulshadowed poetry of my dear friend, blind Philip Marston, or that of his friend, James Thomson, which, though latterly morbid, and even morbid in its oppressive atmosphere of unrelieved gloom, is in some respects really great, and in its earlier phase positively gay, full of joyous life. I must also pass over the work of Emily Brontë, Mary Robinson, Mathilde Blind, Michael Field, Mrs. Pfeiffer, Lady Charlotte Elliot, Mrs. Webster, much of which I admire. Though not very familiar with the verse of our younger writers, I have been struck with the racy vigour of Rudyard Kipling's ballads, and with some verse by Le Gallienne, Eric Mackay, W. Watson, William Sharp, Horace Groser. Among writers of an elder generation, the names of Rossetti, Patmore, Swinburne, Cory, Theodore Watts, Cosmo Monkhouse, the Australian Gordon, Sir Alfred Lyall, Edw. Arnold, Hawker of Morwenstow, A. Austin, G. Macdonald, David Gray, Barnes, Bridges, Skipsey, Dobell, Bailey, Alexander Smith, G. Massey, Myers, Stewart Ross, occur to me as belonging to writers of genuine inspiration. But let it be remembered that I do not profess to be a critic, only a poet trying to say what he likes, and why. The three remaining poets I have chosen for comment here are Emily Hickey, Mrs. Hamilton King, and Christina Rossetti.

In Emily Hickey we have a poet distinguished by the same kind of womanliness as distinguishes Mrs. Browning. Some women of the day may not think that a compliment; and yet our sex hardly consider it an ill-compliment to be told their work is virile. The chief notes of Miss Hickey's best work are, I think, humanity, tenderness, and pathos, together with a certain agreeable vein of

playfulness. I do not know anything of its kind better than "A Dead Worker" in her first volume, entitled "A Sculptor." It is a brief poem, which one would not change a word of, about a quite ordinary woman, with no peculiar beauty of soul or body, who had missed even love out of her life; she is lying dead, alone, unwept, with coins on the eyes to keep them shut—a woman who had simply worked hard all day, just to live—and in contrast to the thought of Goethe that immortality cannot surely be for ordinary folk who can boast of so little soul, the singer's tenderer eyes transfigure this woman, in the light of some nobler future, only by virtue of her humanity. The feeling is very much that of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs." "An Old Maid" is equally tender; but then this old maid shed the quiet sunshine of her loving care upon many around her. "Davy Carr" is a little story of a little dead child, whose girl-cousin thinks he is asleep, and comes in to look at him in the hush of the death-chamber, crooning half to herself and half to him very softly, so as not to wake him, how she had taken care of his toys, and garden, and pet bird for him, and how lonely she is till he wakes again—playing all by herself—and she asks, "How did you keep the bedclothes so tidy all night?" The poem must draw tears from all eyes; there is no false note in it. I think it more moving than the Laureate's "May Queen." "Too Late" is a passionate woman's wail over the grave of one who had loved her, and who, being rejected by her on account of an evil deed, went from bad to worse, but who (she now moans to herself) might have been saved had she not refused him the strength and solace of her love. In "Good-bye," on the contrary, we hear of a dying woman, who cherished and kept her great love to a man, though he had not been always faithful to her, and on her deathbed comforts him, anguished and repentant, by the assurance of her unbroken trust in him who has now returned to her, of her perfect forgiveness. In the "Sculptor" (concerning one who failed to realise his ideal in art for lack of the shaping faculty), and in "Margaret: A Martyr," there is a good deal of rugged power. But this first volume has not, on the whole, that accomplishment of verse and rich melody which we find in the two next, although the "Dead Worker" and "Davy Carr" could not

be bettered. The writer's lyrical gift receives, however, its full development in her latest book, entitled "Michael Villiers." The character of these last poems is a certain passionate rapture of human love, and a similar rapture aroused by external nature, which latter strain we rather miss in the early poems. "Autographs" is a warm, radiant poem of the class first named, in which a woman, though poor, passionately and indignantly refuses to sell some love letters written to her by her lover, a dead poet, when asked to do so by a collector, although he reminds her what large sums have been given for those of Keats to Miss Brawne; and rather than that the profanation, as she deems it, of publication should befall them at her death, she burns them every one. Beautiful lyrics of the same order are "Thank You," "M. to N.," "It Is Well" (a translation from the French), "A Weak-minded Woman's Comparisons," while of the poems that deal with Nature, I must name first "Harebells," which seems to me quite a miracle of loveliness. It has a combined fairy and childhood feeling in it, which gives a special romance and flavour to the dainty flower-rhyme. This lyric is worthy of a place beside Philip Marston's "Garden Secrets," and his other flower poems—beside Mrs. Hamilton King's mystical and musical ballad "Ballad of the Midnight Sun." All these are veritably happy inspirations, and such are not too common, even in professional poetry. A similarly charming Nature-rhapsody is "A Primrose." Among other notable poems are "A Dream of Spinning and Weaving," "De Profundis," the "Babies' Mystery Play," the "First Christmas," and the fine piece inspired by our new social aspirations—"Utopia." "Michael Villiers" is a novel in verse, or, rather, a conversation-poem, dealing more at large and most intelligently with the same subject. But, though the discussions are interesting, and though there are memorable "purple patches" here, good as anything the writer has done, on the whole I do not think this poem touches the high-water mark of her achievement. For so long a piece the characters seem too shadowy, and there is too much discussion in proportion to narrative.

And I ask myself: Do feminine women, who can write well about concrete things deal, as a rule, so happily with the abstract? I am not

sure. But I think that Miss Hickey's muse is more at home in the poems I have before named, and in "Creeping Jenny," where a plant's life is made the vehicle of a higher lesson, in "Christophera," "Katey" (Irish dialect), "In Shadow One and One in Light," concerning a rich and a poor child who made friends, and the fervent lines on "Father Damien." These are all in her second book, "Verse Stories, Lyrics, and Translations" (from the Anglo-Saxon), as also are the pregnant "Expectans Expectavi," and "Per te ad Lucem." A certain characteristic vein of arch pleasantry appears in "Polly, a Governess," "Church Mice," "Saint Swithin," "A Sea-storm" is a brief tale of heroism, which would be suitable for recitation. "Comrades," like "The Sculptor," deals with the problem of failure in a generous and pitiful spirit.

"The Disciples" of Mrs. Hamilton King, which is in the same key as her first book "Aspromonte," is a very remarkable achievement, relating to the protracted struggle for Italian independence under Mazzini, and his "Disciples." Of our poets, Byron had thrown himself heart and soul into an earlier movement of that great contest, and Mrs. Browning, from her "Casa Guidi Windows" in Florence with enthusiasm had watched another. Mrs. Hamilton King's fine "Overture" tells us how she came under the personal influence of that born seer, lover of liberty, and maker of heroes, Mazzini, and how he appointed her to be the Bard of that great national uprising, to which his life was one long devoted sacrifice. And she felt the trust committed to her a sacred one. Through long-continued ill-health and various hindrances, she worked at her task, but the master, alas! never saw even its commencement. Death removed him before she could begin. This is, indeed, a modern Saga, relating the great and doughty deeds of heroes, men of our own time, men of staunch and devoted heart, who, like those of old, braved many difficulties, slew dragons, suffered martyrdom, and died, seeing only with the eye of Faith, like Moses, the promised land afar off. The event proved the master well justified in his selection. The poem is written with a fervour and enthusiasm that hurries us along upon the rush of its sustained and ardent verse—a blank verse usually flexible and melodious; our hearts beat with the high

hopes and militant efforts of that noble band, the noblest of whom, perhaps, was the beautiful and devoted monk, Ugo Bassi, that new Savonarola who never flinched, the eloquent preacher, the helper and healer of stricken men, the Red Cross Knight of Italy. In his mouth the poet places the highest Christian lore concerning sufferings' apparent loss and real gain. There is also, as in all the best modern poetry, much sensitive and alert response to natural beauty. Some parts indeed relating the patriots' active operations flag poetically; but this was almost inevitable under the circumstances. And on the whole the book, though necessarily a fragment, is an eminent success. "The Book of Dreams" is as different a book from this as can well be imagined. It is woven of gossamer visions and fancies, showing subtle and exquisite feeling for Nature. Then came "Ballads of the North." To the "Ballad of the Midnight Sun" I have already alluded. It has for subject a strange, disembodied experience of the meeting of two loving spirits, who sought one another. A young man dying in a northern realm of ghostly beauty longs for his soul's mistress, a high lady, who, in her turn, drawn by his passionate yearning, feels his influence in the midst of a brilliant banquet afar off, and sinks into a trance before all the guests, going in some astral form to clasp him lying cold and white in the northern snow. The scenery, verse, and phrasing form an admirable harmony in silver grey; it is a creation of dainty and delicate beauty. All the best poems in this volume have a supernatural element; that is their especial quality. As I have said elsewhere, Mrs. Hamilton King seems to walk firmly and swiftly in these twilight realms, even as the somnambulist is said to tread with sure foot where others could but hesitate and fall. Her tender pity for the lost, blended with a subtle and rarified imagination of the Beyond, forms a poem of unique enchantment in "All Souls' Day"; while the "First of June" tells of a sweet soul who has passed, without knowing it, through the gate of death, and wandering in a vernal land, relieved from wearisome, long pain, refreshed inhaling the nimble air's young joy, first learns the truth from meeting one whom she had loved and lost from earthly life. "The Haunted Czar" strikes a sterner and more piercing chord. He has cruelly

slain an enemy fallen into his power, but has since repented, even come to love and respect his victim, so that he is tortured by remorse, and longing to know that this victim has forgiven him. In a vision of Christ he hears himself pardoned, but the murdered man condemned for his selfish absorption in Paradisal bliss, and neglect of his murderer's long supplications for some token of forgiveness. But the Czar pleads with the Judge that the victim's undeserved earth sufferings have frozen his heart. Then he sees Roman, his murdered enemy, whom now he loves, moved at length to bend from his place of happiness, and give the kiss of reconciliation. The poet evidently believes in the annealing fires of penitence after death as able to save the sinner, that is, to bring him to a more righteous spirit, even at that hour. So we read the nobly audacious and arresting piece entitled "Dives," as likewise the "Impenitent Thief," and "Chatterton." There is profound ethical insight in the book, as well as great poetic capacity, both for invention and execution. The poems are deeply religious; flowers of ethereal beauty nurtured in a cloistered atmosphere of shadowy pain, and watered, alas! with human tears. They remind one of Fra Angelico and Perugino. Even "Harebells," and the "Seasons," fine as their observation of Nature is, recalling the "Book of Dreams," are suffused with that spiritual haze or glow characteristic of the writer's later manner; while in "Workgirls," pure womanly pity for their forlorn condition is tinged with the roseate hues of faith's clear-seeing consolation.

Christina Rossetti's poetry has affinities with the last-named. There is a similar aloofness from life, ascetic religious purity, perfect refinement, without over-subtlety or artificiality of diction. Miss Rossetti's lyrical gift proves not seldom exquisite as that of the Elizabethans or Herrick; her words sing themselves, set themselves to music; not, indeed, invariably, but often. She is a born song writer. The playful fancy, or rather fantasy of "Goblin Market" is shot through with a certain extramundane spirituality of intent—for I suppose the Goblin fruits are the pleasures of this world: similar is "The Prince's Progress," a poem of quiet and dreamy beauty, breathing an aroma of symbolism high and holy. It is the story of a long-expected bridegroom, who delayed and dallied in setting forth from his far

country, and journeying to his bride, till, at length arriving, he finds that she who had so long waited with ardent expectation for him has now pined away; she lies on her bier, with funeral lamps, and mourning maidens around her strewing poppies. He comes too late—only to weep, and to discover that having spent himself on so many of the world's inferior lures, the Best is for him no longer attainable, while the former have already turned to dust and ashes. There is more than fancy, there is imagination in both these long poems. Miss Rossetti's is a poetry of pensive melancholy that lifts seraph eyes above this world to one which only spirit discerns—although, indeed, pieces like "A Birthday" have a glad note, while "Twilight Calm" and "Spring Quiet" are clear, hushful pictures. But most of her work is in a minor key. Some of the sacred verse is particularly beautiful, notably "The Convent Threshold" and "From House to Home." Of the rest I may briefly name "Life and Death," "Bird and Beast," "The Poor Ghost"—concerning the forgotten dead—"Dream Lore," "Songs in a Corn-field," as snatches of delightful music. Such songs as "When I am Dead, my Dearest," "Somewhere or Other there must Surely Be," the maiden's lilt when the Prince at length arrives in "The Prince's Progress"—all these, and more like them, have not often, if ever, in their own vein, been surpassed. "Mirage" and "Shut Out" are songs of disappointment. But to handle and comment on such lyrics is as though one should handle a flower from which, as he holds it, the frail petals fall. The secret of their being can no more be formulated than that of a perfume, only felt; but, at any rate, we may say of them, that they have the indispensable grace of simplicity and sincerity. Meretricious art, produced for effect, however skilful, must soon pall and fall out of favour, while such as these abide with their own dew fresh upon them.

As a rule, I think that Miss Rossetti has a good ear for irregular measures. But there are some lines of hers which suggest a remark concerning technique which seems to me important:—

To few chords, and sad and low,
Sing we so.
Be our eyes fixed on the grass,
Shadow-veiled as the years pass,
While we think of all that was
In the long ago.

Not to speak of "was" and "pass," which the modern precisian would probably object to as a rhyme, he might also object to the clause, "as the years pass," urging that "*the*" ought not to be accented because the sense does not warrant it, yet that the rhythm demands an accented syllable in that place. To which the poet might possibly reply, that her ear prefers the syllable unaccented; and if a general competency of the poet to know her particular business has been proved, some deference may surely be paid to her execution of a particular detail, as probably adapted to the general scheme of his or her metrical, or other artistic idiosyncrasy. And, further, I think we ought to remember that since rhymes and special rhythms constitute, after all, an arbitrary conventional mode of speech, a certain poetic license of accent and pronunciation may fairly be conceded also, if on other grounds desirable in a particular instance.

Again our poet has

On the last, warm summer day
He left us; he would I not stay.

A newspaper reviewer would probably pounce triumphantly on the second line, and plume himself hugely on detecting a mistake in the number of syllables there; only, unfortunately for himself, such a person would not have allowed for the pause demanded by the meaning where the semicolon comes.

Let us at least make very sure of our position before we permit ourselves to carp at a detail in the work of a professional artist of mature skill, who has already shown some knowledge of her own business. However, not being a born critic, I cannot claim for myself that marvellous *minimizing* faculty which differentiates him so proudly among his fellows, and must doubtless enlarge the scope of his own enjoyments, while so eminently qualifying him also to enhance the happiness of others.

All I have desired to do here has been to win for a few who may possess a kindred taste in poetry some share in pleasures which I unfeignedly believe to be of a lofty kind, by directing their attention to those beautiful things of which I have spoken.



THE WRAITH OF TURVILLE.

THERE is an old Manor House down in the country at a place called Turville, never mind in what county—knowing the name of a county is like learning the recipe of your favourite cakes, you think they are ethereal until you hear they are made with butter and sugar, and then you wonder why you ever liked them—it is a very beautiful county at all events, and the Manor House is just the house you would expect to see in such a place, for it runs into all sorts of odd shapes and corners, and it is covered with creepers of all kinds, white and yellow roses, and sweet smelling jasmin and purple clematis. And inside you would see queer passages, and unexpected steps, and hidden cupboards, and—but why am I telling you all this? For my story is not about the Manor House at all, but about something still more ancient and cobwebby—the old, old Castle of Turville. There is nothing left of it except the wine cellar under the present house, and an old bit of wall here and there, and the dried up moat in the field; but there is a curious mound of earth standing a little away from the house, all grown over with trees and bushes, and covered with grass and fir cones, and—on Monday mornings—with clean handkerchiefs put out to dry; and it is this mound I want you to remember, for I am going to tell you the history of it.

Ever so long ago, before people wanted to prove why grass is green, and what makes the birds sing, before English history was invented—which is why I cannot tell you in whose reign it happened—Baron de Moleynes lived in the Castle of Turville. There was plenty of water in the moat then, and it washed close up against the castle walls; and when the Baron went out hunting the drawbridge had to be let down before he could leave his dismal old dwelling. And beyond the moat were beautiful green fields and hedges and rivulets, which seemed to mock at the man for putting this ugly building in the midst of them. Now the Baron's wife was dead, and the only relation he had in the world was his daughter. Ah, yes, you will say, there could not be a moat and a castle and a baron without a beautiful

daughter! But, most unfortunately, she certainly was not beautiful at all; indeed, if we may use such a term of anything God has made, she was very ugly indeed. Although the Lady Rilva was only twenty-two years old, yet her face was white and drawn as if she had been twice that age, her back was bent with some deformity, and she walked with a slight limp. But one thing of beauty this lady had, besides her woman's soul, and that was a pair of intensely dark blue eyes, eyes that could flash with anger and pride and scorn, as her father well knew, or that could grow soft and tender and womanly, as everyone in trouble among that tiny garrison well knew also. And I think if she had shown her better side to her father, and could have broken through her cold reserve, Baron de Moleynes might have been a better man. But then, my story would not have been written.

One day the Baron rose from his midday meal and called for his horse and his armour.

"Where are you going, father?" asked Rilva, listlessly, as she buckled on the latter dutifully. She was not really interested in his movements, for she knew none of his friends.

"Out of the sight of your ugly face," he growled, and then added with a leer, "to bring you back a husband, my dear!"

She drew herself up, and stood back coldly as he mounted his horse, flung another jeering look at her, and then thundered across the drawbridge out of sight.

"Do you know where my father is going, Oswald?" she asked the warder, who was waiting to draw up the bridge. Oswald muttered something unintelligible, and evaded her clear blue eyes. She turned away contemptuously, and wended her way upstairs to her own chamber in the north turret. Oswald was the one member in the garrison whom she never trusted, and she had some dim foreboding that evil was in the air.

Two days, three days, four days passed away, and on the morning of the fifth, as the Lady Rilva stood on the battlements, bathed in all the new life of a May morning, she saw, far away in

the grey distance, something which flashed and glinted as it caught the rays of the sun. She knew well enough it was the reflection of her father's armour; though as the bright speck came nearer it revolved itself into two horses and two figures, one of which she easily recognised, but the other?

"Who can it be? My father so rarely brings anyone home," she murmured with some eagerness, straining her eyes to gain a better view. "Is it some cousin of whom I know nothing, or can it be some guileless stranger entrapped by my father for the sake of his ransom? God forbid!" But by this time the horsemen were before the castle and the drawbridge was slowly creaking on its rusty hinges. And in that brief moment the Lady Rilva saw and learnt her fate and her doom. As she stood there looking downwards, the young stranger raised his visor, and by a mere chance glanced up in her direction. He did not see her, but what she saw was a youthful open face, full of life and strength and beauty. The next moment he had ridden into the castle hall, but Rilva was left up there in the sunshine with a great wild beating at her heart, and the vision before her eyes of the man she had dreamt of all her life, the one man she would live and die for.

For many hours she sat and mused in her lonely turret chamber. And about sunset there came a heavy step on the little winding-stairs and the Baron stood before her.

"Girl," he said in his rough tones, "you know I have brought home a guest to share with me. I wish you to entertain him."

Rilva started. Generally, when there were guests at the castle, it was her duty to remain hidden.

"You wish me to be present at the evening meal?" she began, hiding the glad feeling at her heart.

The Baron laughed scoffingly.

"Nay, nay, my lady, not so fast. My guest's chamber is beneath the armoury, and——"

The girl put her hand to her heart, and gave a cry.

"Father! beneath the armoury—the torture chamber——?"

"Listen to me, Rilva!" he said fiercely, "and cease your wailings. This youth is son of my ancient enemy, Sir Hugo. But he is rich, he has broad acres and much gold. Also, I wish to be

charitable, and to do my duty to God and man,"—Rilva shuddered involuntarily—"so I will even forgive the son of my ancient enemy——"

"By getting him into your power and torturing money from him," said Rilva calmly.

"Wrong again, my lady," sneered the Baron, "the condition on which he obtains his release is that he marries you!"

The room reeled round her.

"That he marries—me?" she gasped slowly.

"And why not, girl? He is young, handsome——"

The sarcasm of his tone roused her.

"He is rich and will give you money, you mean!" she said bitterly, "so this is why you have beguiled him hither? What mean you by such base unknighly conduct?"

The Baron struck his fist on the table with an oath. "He is willing, nay delighted!" he swore. "I have told him you are young and fair, and that you love him——"

Rilva covered her face with her hands.

"Well, are you ready?" said the Baron impatiently.

"What is your will?" she said calmly, uncovering her face and folding her hands before her.

"You are to go to him at once, to the arms of your lover," he scoffed. And he held the door open and forced her to precede him to the door of the torture chamber, which he unlocked. With a last look of reproach at De Moleynes, she entered the room, the door behind her was slammed to, and she stood before the man she knew she loved.

He sprang up from his seat as she came in. He was many times more handsome than she had even thought him, with frank, dark brown eyes, and curling chestnut hair, and a smile of eagerness and welcome on his lips. For a moment a wild hope leapt up within her that perhaps she was not so ugly as they all told her, but the next instant a dull despair had settled upon her heart, for a look of disappointment, not to say repugnance, had flashed over the young knight's countenance, and he took a step backward. "Pardon me," he began, with some hauteur, "I was expecting the Lady Rilva—and—and——"

She looked at him with her clear blue eyes, and there was no fire or emotion in them now.

"And I have disappointed you, my lord?"

"Well, to speak frankly," answered he with a boyish laugh, "you—you have. Are you some waiting-woman, some—stay!" with more eagerness, "if you are a wise woman, a witch, will you give me some potion by which I can make the Lady Rilva love me?"

"There is no need to do that, my lord, for——"

"For what? Why do you hesitate?"

"For she loves you already," said Rilva, in a low tone.

The boy stood still in the middle of the room.

"She—loves—me," he repeated slowly.

"Do you doubt it, Sir Knight?" cried Rilva, passionately. "I say she loves you, worships you, would *die* for you!"

Her passion surprised him.

"And you, who are *you* that tell me this?" he asked, with more interest than he had previously shown in her.

"I, my lord? I am what you said, a witch-woman," she answered softly, clasping her hands together, and he noticed for the first time what a beautiful voice she had: "only a witch-woman, to make or mar the happiness of others, and to taste none of it myself."

"You speak sadly," he said, coming closer to her. "If to make the happiness of others is to have none of it yourself, why not leave others alone and have more heed for yourself?"

"Because I am a woman, my lord; I know no other reason," was the calm, simple reply.

Young Sir Hugo felt a strange interest in this witch-woman. Her wonderful eyes burnt into his soul, and he was yielding to the influence of her voice.

"Be seated, lady," he said, with more respect and motioning to a bench.

She swept to her seat with a grace he could ill connect with a witch-woman. He remained standing before her.

"The Lady Rilva bids me say, Sir Knight——"

He started. Had the witch-woman so far bewitched him that he was already forgetting his plighted troth?

"Ah! the Lady Rilva?" he went on in some confusion.

"Bids me say that she cannot see my lord to-day. She would fain try his patience for a few more hours, but there is one favour she would ask him if he will grant it out of his good heart."

"It is hers," he answered warmly, with visions again before him of a fair damsel of wondrous beauty and grace.

"It is that when my—when the Lord Baron speaks of our interview you should say it is the Lady Rilva with whom you have been speaking to-day; that she has pleased you greatly, but that it is the pleasure of both of you to wait yet a few more days for the marriage."

"It shall be as my lady wishes," he answered absently, for he was marvelling why she looked so sorrowful.

Then she rose to leave, and he dropped on one knee and saluted her white fingers with a kiss. She was only a witch-woman, forsooth! but there was that in her which commanded his respect.

"Then, to-morrow at the same hour?"

"To-morrow, at the same hour, my lord meets the Lady Rilva."

The Baron was dumbfounded at the result of his plan. Instead of finding his guest disgusted, furious at the trick played upon him, and ready to pay the enormous ransom his host was prepared to demand from him, he found the youth elated, apparently full of eagerness for the marriage, and as much in love with the reality as he had been with the shadow. This was not at all what De Moleynes had expected, and for the moment he was wild with baffled rage.

As for Lady Rilva, she was in a wild tumult of conflicting feelings. She had a difficult part to play, and at first she saw no way out of it. To Sir Hugo she was always the sad, quiet witch-woman, bearer of messages from the invisible Lady Rilva, and exciting in him an interest he did not care to own even to himself. As for herself, she knew she lived each day for that one stolen hour with her beloved, and she gave not a thought to the rest. The second time she entered the torture-chamber she saw again that look of expectation, quickly succeeded by one of disappointment.

But this time it was not so bitter as before, and he led her to a seat, with some show of welcome.

"The Lady Rilva is occupied?" he said inquiringly.

"She bids me say she craves your patience for yet another day, my lord," said the witch-woman's soft voice, and the boy replied as before——

"It shall be as my lady wishes."

And then they fell to talking of other things. She told him such trifling incidents of her daily life as would not betray her identity ; and he told her all about himself, how he had fought and loved already in his young life, and how his chief aspirations were an unsullied honour, a blood-stained sword, and a beautiful wife. And at this last the poor witch-woman winced involuntarily, and said he would find his wish in the Lady Rilva. Whereat he blushed like a boy, and inquired eagerly when he should see his betrothed.

"To-morrow, at the same hour, my lord sees the Lady Rilva," she answered as before, and rose to leave. But this time he detained her by the hem of her gown, and asked her half-awkwardly, "Then is this farewell, lady?" And he marvelled at the flood of colour which overspread her insignificant features as she broke from his grasp and left him.

For some days things went on as before. Every interview was a stolen one. Lady Rilva knew she had no right to cheat Sir Hugo ; sleep left her at nights, and hour after hour she paced up and down her tiny chamber, making wild resolutions not to see him again. But, when sunset came, nothing could keep her from the torture-chamber, and, once in his company, she forgot everything save that she loved him and he did not know it. Of the day when he should know that she had deceived him, she did not allow herself to think.

For Sir Hugo, after the first two or three visits from the witch-woman, forgot to look disappointed when the door admitted her instead of the Lady Rilva. Indeed, except for the formal question and answer which began and ended each interview, they hardly mentioned Lady Rilva's name at all. Instead, he talked about himself—he was very fond of talking about himself—and it flattered him that she cared to listen ; while she cherished every word that fell from his lips, and trembled lest he should see the yearning love in her eyes.

"But I know not why I tell you these things," he cried one day, "nor why it should interest you to hear them."

"Because the Lady Rilva hears them again through me, and the Lady Rilva loves my lord, ah, so dearly !"

He sprang to his feet and walked to the other end of the room.

"The Lady Rilva loves me?" he burst out impetuously, "then why does she never wish to meet me? Why is she fooling me thus, day after day? I am no boy to be kept thus dallying after a lady's moods! Marry," he added with a short laugh, "it amazes me much that she should not be jealous of the witch-woman she sends to bear her messages!" Rilva's heart was beating violently, but she bent her blue eyes in a long calm gaze on the knight's face, as she answered him slowly and steadily:—

"The Lady Rilva is a beautiful woman, my lord, and hath no cause to be jealous of a deformed witch-woman." His brown eyes dropped before hers.

There was a dead pause. Then she rose and walked with a dignified step to the door.

"Then to-morrow at the same hour?" he said mechanically. She looked at him with a mocking laugh.

"You are a constant lover, my lord! To-morrow at the same hour, the Lady Rilva——"

"No!"

The cry rang through the bare chamber, and was echoed back from the vaulted roof in a long-drawn wail. Her mocking laugh had decided him, and shown him his own heart's secrets. She had no time to utter a sound before he took three swift steps across the room, and was kneeling at her feet with a flood of sunlight pouring in through the tiny loophole, and shining over his golden brown hair.

"My lord, I pray you—you know not what you do—the Lady Rilva——," she faltered.

"The Lady Rilva is dead to me. It is *you* I love and worship and honour. For you I will suffer death and torment ; but for the Lady Rilva—*nothing*! O lady, if you love me not, sooner would I end this life——," and the impetuous youth, thinking he read hate instead of love in her pale, trembling face, sprang to his feet and drew his sword.

The blade flashed forth, but with a low cry she threw herself on the bare weapon.

"My lord, be calm! I love you, I love you ; I am yours and you are mine till death, and after! Would you rob me of the life you have just given me?"

The sword fell clanking on the rough stones as he flung his strong arms round her quivering form

and pressed his lips upon hers. He kissed her forehead again and again, and when she lay unresisting on his breast, with her eyes closed and a happy smile on her face, he kissed both her eyelids until she opened them.

"Is it true, my lord?" she whispered presently.

"As true as life and death, my sweet lady," he replied.

And so it was that the noble knight fell in love with the ugly Lady of Turville; and the great love they had for each other worked their weal and their woe.

That night, at the stroke of twelve, Baron de Moleynes entered the torture chamber. Sir Hugo had been long enough a prisoner to know that he was no guest of his fierce old host, but was only kept in restraint for some unknown reason until he should marry the beautiful Rilva.

It was, therefore, with some feelings of trepidation that he saluted the Baron, as he strode into the room, set his torch on the table, and glared fiercely at the young knight.

"Well, Sir Knight, and how long is this dallying to go on?" he demanded sternly.

"As long as your fair daughter shall think fit, my Lord Baron," he answered with some spirit.

"My daughter, sire, is ready and willing," said De Moleynes angrily.

"Your daughter, sire, has evinced no such desire," retorted Sir Hugo in the same tone. He was obliged by his promise not to divulge that he had never seen the Lady Rilva, but he thought she at least deserved some censure for the treatment he had received at her hands.

"The Lady Rilva is well pleased with you, Sir Hugo."

"The Lady Rilva hath no pleasure in my company, my lord ——,"

"You are compromising your plighted word, Sir Knight."

"Your daughter has trifled with my patience, my lord Baron."

Now the Baron had every reason to believe, as we shall see, that Sir Hugo and Rilva really loved each other; and if this were so, would it not be better to gain his object, which was money, by peace rather than war? He might get himself into an ugly mess if he detained the knight for his ransom, whereas by giving him his daughter

in marriage he was only keeping his original promise.

"You have told her your love," he said, with fury.

"No love words have passed between us, my lord."

De Moleynes clapped his hands. The door flew open and admitted Oswald the warder.

"Say what you have seen, fool, and stand not gaping yonder," shouted his lord with an oath. Oswald neither moved nor frowned.

"This eventide, at the setting of the sun, I heard the young gallant there and my lady mistress swearing words of love," he said stolidly.

"It is a lie," said poor Sir Hugo.

Oswald looked at him.

"You are a false-hearted villain!" cried the boy.

Oswald glanced at his master. De Moleynes nodded. The warder made a spring, laid the unprepared knight on the ground, and pinioned his arms before he could make a struggle.

"Help! Treason! Help, ho, there!" roared the undaunted knight, making futile struggles to rise.

"It is useless, young sire," jeered De Moleynes; "you are in our power, and no one in the castle can hear you."

Sir Hugo relapsed into sullen silence.

"Now, Sir Knight, I offer thee three alternatives," began De Moleynes.

"First, you marry the Lady Rilva."

Sir Hugo thought of his witch-woman, and felt his courage returning.

"God helping me, I will not."

"Secondly, you pay me down ten thousand pieces of gold."

The boy's brown eyes flashed.

"And if I refuse?" he demanded haughtily.

Oswald came a step nearer, and an exultant smile flitted over his wicked countenance.

"And if you refuse—the cauldron."

In spite of himself Sir Hugo's cheek paled. He was alone with two unscrupulous villains, who, as he well knew, would not hesitate to do what they threatened. But, on the other hand, could he honourably call upon his father for money he knew he did not possess himself? And Sir Hugo's notions of knightly honour were in advance even of those of that romantic age.

"Are you resolved, Sir Knight?"

Oswald laughed a fiendish laugh.

"I am resolved, my Lord Baron. I will never marry the Lady Rilva, who hath trifled with me beyond my patience. Neither will I pay what you have demanded of me. I will marry my own true love, and I defy you to do your worst."

"Your blood be on your own head, then!" said the Baron, in a fury, and turned with Oswald, and left him alone in the darkness and the silence of the night.

Their footsteps died away in the distance. What did it all mean? Was he to be left thus, bound and helpless, till the morning? He shuddered at the thought, and, glancing up through the tiny loophole at the stars beyond, wondered if he should ever walk beneath them again in the cool fresh air outside. Then he thought of his gentle witch-woman, and the thought made him strong and hopeful again, and he rolled over on the stone floor and dropped into a sound sleep.

He slept for about an hour, and then a creaking noise beneath him seemed to enter into his dreams, and grew louder and louder until he awoke altogether, and found that the noise continued. It was still pitch dark, but he felt the ground on which he lay begin to shake and move, while the grinding noise never ceased. He grew cold with a sudden apprehension, and a dew broke out on his brow. Horrors! Was he lying on some trap-door? And would the villains open it downwards and hurl him into some bottomless abyss? He raised his voice in a long, lusty shout for help, but it died away unanswered and he fancied he heard the triumphant laugh of Oswald the warder coming up from below. He knew he was helpless, and he set his teeth and resolved to die like a man.

Half-an-hour passed away, and it began to dawn on his fevered brain that the stone floor was becoming warm. He banished the thought as a foolish fancy, but with increasing horror he became aware that he was under no delusion, and that by some unseen means his hard bed was being converted into a furnace.

He rolled over on his face and groaned aloud. This, then, was what the Baron had meant by his "cauldron." He was to be roasted alive in the first flush of manhood and life, because he would

not reduce his father to beggary, nor marry woman he had never seen.

But his position soon became too uncomfortable for cool reflection. The stones grew hotter and hotter every minute, until everything passed into oblivion, and Sir Hugo lay in a dead swoon.

* * * *

When the Lady Rilva left her lover the day before, she met De Moleynes on the stair.

"Well, doth he find the Lady Rilva to his taste?" he asked her with a sneer.

Some girlish whim made her resolve to keep up the delusion a little longer.

"Alas! he hath this moment told me he means never to marry her," she answered with a sigh.

The Baron swore a mighty oath.

"Either he marries you or he dies for it," he shouted. "Away with you, girl." De Moleynes was in one of his most violent rages, and waited not for remonstrance or explanation. He dragged her frail form across the courtyard, and up into the north-turret chamber, where he flung her upon the floor and locked her in.

And it was from this room that she saw a torch-light crossing the courtyard at midnight, and the light flickered across the dark faces of her father and the warder. Then she knew what they were going to do, and she knew she was helpless to prevent them. But she did not despair as her lover had done: she set her woman's wit to work to try and devise some means of rescuing Sir Hugo. It was not long before she had hit upon a plan, but the difficulty was in getting out to set it afloat. She went to her narrow window, and looked out into the night. The wall went straight down into the courtyard, and she drew back shuddering. Suddenly a light came into her eyes.

"The secret staircase," she murmured breathlessly, and went to a wooden panel in the wall, which with some difficulty she managed to move. It disclosed a dusty flight of wooden steps, which had been untouched some hundred years, and looked as rotten as they were dirty. She knew they were not considered safe, yet she never hesitated a moment. Hastily taking a long white wrapper from her bed, and with a torch in her other hand, she rapidly descended the stairs. More than once did the wood crumble beneath her feet; once a whole step gave way, and she barely saved herself from being precipitated

down a fall of twenty-five feet. But she did not dream of turning back, and when she reached the bottom, and stood in the courtyard, a flush of triumph was on her face. Then she crept across to the south side, having extinguished her torch for fear of being seen, and stood at the top of the stairs which led to the torture chamber. There was the sound of voices in the cellar below that room, but she only had time to cover herself completely with the white linen before the lower door opened, and De Moleynes and Oswald came forth. She shrank back in the dark corner, while her father growled out, "Go and heat the furnace still more, and bring me news in the early morn." If Rilva had been undecided before, nothing could have moved her from her resolution after that! She waited while Oswald sped round the corner out of sight and hearing, and then stood out in the full light of the torch as De Moleynes came slowly up the stairs. He gave a cry of horror, and sank trembling on his knees.

"O spare me, spare me, whoever thou art," he exclaimed in abject terror, "I will give all I have to the Church, to be sung in masses for thy soul—I will——"

"John de Moleynes," said Rilva, in a solemn whisper, "I am the shade of thy dead wife. As thou hast ill-treated me, so thou hast ill-treated our child, Rilva. And now thou art venting thy wanton cruelty on her betrothed. Deny it, if thou dare!"

"I do not deny it, it is all true. O spare me, spare me, sweet ghost, kind spirit," sobbed the guilty wretch, grovelling before her.

"Thou canst save thyself by saving him," quoth Rilva solemnly, pointing her long white arm at the door of the torture-chamber.

The Baron broke out into fresh groans.

"It is too late; it has been heated an hour or more. He must be dead ere now. Oh, have pity——"

"Haste ye, villain!" shrieked Rilva, in a tone which would have betrayed her had not her listener been so utterly terrified.

"The key, on your peril!" she gasped, clutching at his girdle. He turned with a howl of dismay, and fled from her, but he left the key and the torch in her hands.

It was the work of an instant to spring down the steps and push open the heavy iron door. Alas! there lay her lover in a deathlike swoon,

his hands and face blackened, his beautiful hair singed, and his clothes burnt in many places. With a low sob she rushed to his side and covered his face with passionate kisses. But there was no time to be lost. She never heeded how cruelly her bare white feet were being burned, but she lifted her lover in her arms and sped, with more than human strength, away from the horrible chamber, up the stairs, and out at the postern gate, nor did she rest until she flung down her burden on the green sward by the moat, and washed his face with her tears. Then she bathed him with the water from the moat, and wept over him again, and loosened his bonds, and then fell to kissing his lips, and his eyes, and his forehead.

"Look up, my beloved, my loved one! Sleep not when thy love is here to awaken thee. My brave knight, my own true lord, look up and tell me thou art not dead."

Slowly his eyes opened and looked up into hers, then, with a cry of joy, he flung up his arms and embraced her. "My own love, my dear witch-woman; how camest thou here?" Then the whole truth flashed upon him.

"My love, 'twas you who saved me! You came—I was well nigh dead—you brought me here! Oh, lady, sweet, brave lady!"

"It was but little to do for my lord," she answered, humbly; "and indeed, it was by my Lady Rilva's commands——"

"A truce to my Lady Rilva," he interrupted, hotly.

"But truly, if my lord will let me say it, it is the Lady Rilva who loves my lord——"

"Prithee——"

"And it is my lord who loves the Lady Rilva," she added, with a smile playing on her lips.

"What mean you by these riddles?" he demanded, half angrily.

"I mean, my lord, that I have played you a woman's trick; that I am no witch-woman who has bewitched you, but a high-born lady who has won your love in fair and open——"

A deafening noise drowned her words. It was as if heaven and earth were combining to make a tumult which should destroy day and night, love and hate, in one fell blow. A lurid glare lighted up the whole landscape, while at the same moment a cloud of dust obscured it. As this cleared away they saw what had happened.

The wretched Oswald, occupied in making even

hotter his cruel furnace, and gloating over the sufferings of his victim, did not notice the close proximity of the gunpowder stores, neither did he realise its explosive powers, for it had been but recently used in England. A large quantity of it had blown up almost the whole south wing of the castle, and with it the unhappy warder, thus destroyed at his wicked work.

Rilva sprang to her feet in violent agitation.

"My father's chamber yet stands—I may still save him——"

"You shall not again risk your life! It is for me——"

But he fell back with a groan, for he could not yet stand. In feverish horror he lay and watched his love speeding across the green to the castle. Dawn broke as she disappeared from view within the south gate, and cast a pale yellow light over the ruined scene, rendering it still more awful in the eyes of the agonised knight. And then there came a far, far more terrific explosion than before—a noise which rent the very heavens asunder and died away in a dull horrible roar, which the hills threw back again and again in a series of echoes. And Sir Hugo closed his eyes, and prayed aloud that he might die too.

* * * *

It was sunset once more. But what a change was there! One huge heap of ruins where the south wing of the castle had stood but yesternight, and instead of the heartbroken knight lying on the sward, there were now two warriors engaged in silent and deadly combat. For although the Lady Rilva lay buried beneath the pile of ruins, yet her father, whom she had gone to save, had managed to escape, and was now about to suffer for his sins at the sword of the knight who had loved his daughter. Long and desperately did they fight, and so engaged were they that they never noticed the extraordinary mist which was beginning to creep up around them. Then a most wonderful thing happened. For, out of the midst of it all, came walking, slowly, with a look of heaven on her face—the Lady Rilva.

"Have no fear," she said to the two men, who had sunk trembling on their knees before her wondrous beauty. "I come but to bring peace where there hath been war, and to sow love where man hath sown hate.

She paused. And De Moleynes bent low his grey old head and sobbed out a plea for forgiveness. But Sir Hugo stretched out his arms towards her and forgot all his fear in the strength of his deep love.

Then the Lady Rilva laid her white hands lightly on their two bent heads and she spoke words of consolation to them.

Then the mist rolled round them closer and closer. And she bent down and took Sir Hugo in her arms, and so they met at last for ever and ever. And to the Baron kneeling there, it seemed as if the white wraith gathered them up in its embrace and took them away for always. And so the mist vanished away as it had come, and the lovers were gone from the green sward, and the Baron was left alone in the twilight.

* * * *

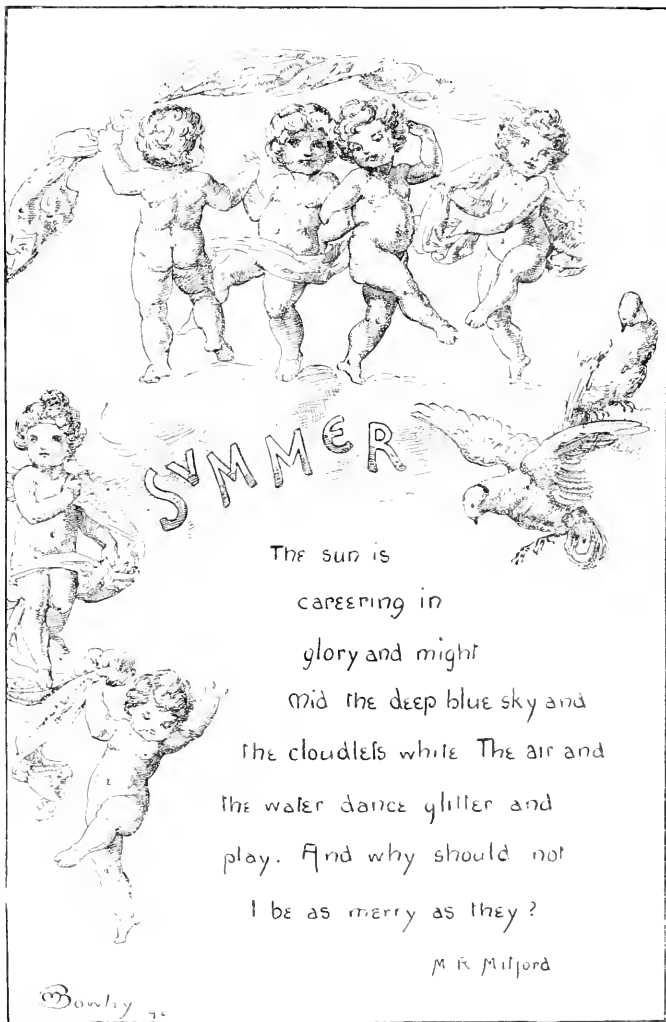
What became of the Baron? Well, he grew into a better man through the love in one woman, and he never rebuilt the torture chamber, nor looked out for another warder.

And the rest of the castle crumbled away in time, and was forgotten, as everything is forgotten in life except Love and Death. But the ruins of the south turret were neither lost nor forgotten. The country people named the heap "The Lady Rilva's Grave"; and, after another hundred years, the grass had grown all over it, and the birds had carried seeds to it: and now it is a beautiful green mound covered with trees of all kinds.

And sometimes, on still quiet evenings, when the trees are whispering secrets to one another, and the flowers are just dropping off to sleep, and the birds are singing under their breath, the white wraith comes rolling up all round the "Lady Rilva's grave." And the country folk look at it in awe, and call it the Wraith of Turville; but to all true lovers there is something more in the midst of it than mere mist. For, verily, if we could but see them, Sir Hugo and Lady Rilva are floating side by side all over the place where once the torture chamber stood, the scene of their great happiness and their great sorrow.

But, alack-a-day! Some of us are blind, and can see nothing but mist. And some of us are woolly-headed. But some of us are in love, and so the Lady Rilva has not lived and died in vain!

EVELYN J. SHARP.



The sun is
careering in
glory and might
mid the deep blue sky and
the cloudlets white The air and
the water dance glitter and
play. And why should not
I be as merry as they?

M. R. Milford

Bowley 95



CHRIST AND THE CHILDREN.

LADY WATERFORD'S DRAWINGS.

PART II.

IN the August number of *ATLANTA* a description was given of the loan Exhibition of drawings by the late Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, recently held in London. It is now proposed, whilst illustrating some more of the drawings, to describe the life and surroundings of this gifted lady, and to endeavour to shew something of the personality of one who has left behind her, in these drawings, such a wealth of enduring beauty.

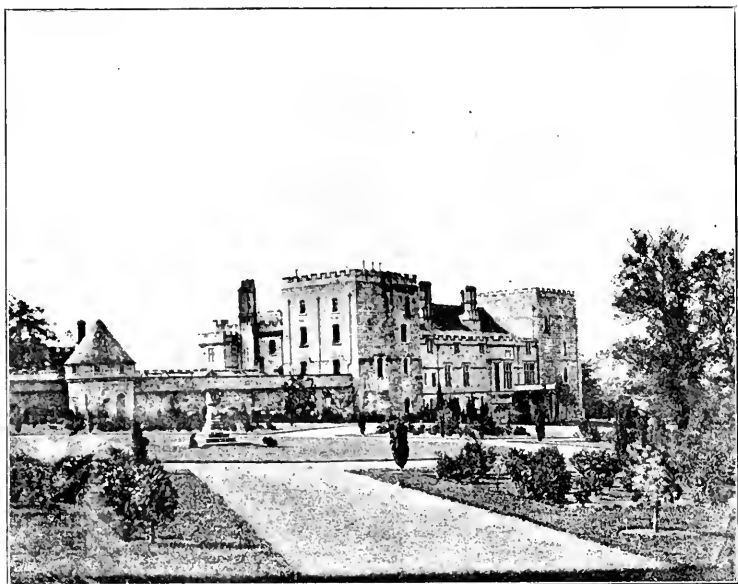
Louisa Anne, afterwards wife of Henry, third Marquess of Waterford, was the second daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothesay. Her mother was Lady Elizabeth Yorke, daughter of Philip, third Earl of Hardwicke, and from her, herself no mean artist, both Louisa and her sister Charlotte (afterwards Countess Canning) seem to have, in great measure, derived their artistic talent. On her father's side she was descended from the noted Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, so that there was talent and ability on both sides of her family. She was born at the British Embassy at Paris,

where her father, then Sir Charles Stuart, was Ambassador, in 1818. Her early years were chiefly passed in France, and Charles X. used to speak of her and her sister, who was only a year older, as "*mes petites sujettes*." The children were admirably educated under the care of their wise and excellent mother, and both of them from their earliest years evinced a strong taste and talent for drawing. Lady Canning's drawings of Indian landscapes and flowers are very clever. Mention has been made in a former article of the drawing done by Louisa, at the age of seven, of herself and her sister; and her early pen-and-ink sketches also showed great genius. Charlotte was married, at the age of eighteen, to Charles Canning, afterwards Earl Canning and Governor-General of India, and Louisa was presented the same year. Both the sisters were of distinguished beauty, tall, and splendidly formed; but whilst Lady Canning was lovely from her infancy, Lady Waterford's early years scarcely gave promise of the remarkable beauty which developed as she grew up.



LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD.

(After the Picture by G. F. WAITS, R.A. From a Photograph by MESSRS. CAMERON & SMITH.)



LORD CASTLE.

People still remember the wonderful effect produced by the two sisters when they first appeared in London society. The large miniature of them by Thorburn, shown at the Exhibition gives some idea of their grace and beauty. But it is said by those who knew her when young, that none of the portraits there exhibited, not even the lovely one painted in 1838 by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., entirely do justice to Lady Waterford's superb beauty. Not only the face, but the splendidly arched head, the grand figure, the magnificent hair, contributed to render her one of the handsomest women of her day. At the famous Eglinton Tournament in 1839, she would have been proclaimed Queen of Beauty but for the rule that the distinction could only be borne by a married woman.

The portrait of her by Hayter was done when she was about to be presented at Court, at the age of seventeen. It is said that when her mother first took her to the artist's studio he warmly expressed his admiration of her girlish beauty, and

that then Lady Stuart de Rothesay took off her daughter's bonnet, and let her hair stream down over her figure. Mr. Hayter used to relate how dazzled he was by the vision of loveliness before him, clad in a rippling vesture of golden hair, reaching far below her knees. And many of us have actually seen that same golden hair—for one of the most touching things in the Exhibition was the portrait of Lady Waterford by Sir Edwin Landseer, the large oval surrounded by a broad plait of hair. Not long after her marriage, Lord Waterford was driving his bride on a drag, with half-broken horses, when an accident happened which nearly cost her her life. She was thrown off, and received a most severe concussion of the brain; and her husband carried her, quite insensible, for a considerable distance, fording a river with her in his arms. She lay for some time at death's door, until gradually her superb constitution triumphed, and she completely recovered. Her lovely hair, however, was condemned to be cut off; and Lord Waterford would allow no hand but his own to

execute the sentence. Part of it he had placed around her portrait, and it is said that the rest was, by his own desire, buried with him. As a proof of her general vitality and strength of constitution, it may be mentioned that, after this accident, her hair grew again to such a length that it more than reached the ground. It was, however, much darker in colour.

But, before her marriage, Louisa Stuart paid that visit to Italy, which was to have such a happy effect on the future of her artistic life. True artist as she doubtless was by nature, it must have been from her loving study and deep appreciation of the old masters of Italy that she imbibed that glorious richness and brilliancy, that wonderful gorgeousness of harmonious colour, which makes her drawings glow with true Venetian splendour. Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, Giorgione—how must she have revelled in their masterpieces! How must her artistic soul have gone out in rejoicing over the rich harvest of colour and form which Italy alone could give her in full measure!

She spent a year in



THE STAIRS OF LIFE.

Italy with her father and mother, returning to England in 1837, and it is said that the effect she produced in Roman society was extraordinary. She had a rich and well-trained contralto voice of great compass, and she was already known as an artist. Every painter and sculptor wished her to sit to him, and she was during her visit there the centre and cynosure of the brilliant Rome of those days. On her return to London, and until her marriage, the admiration she met with, and the conquests she made were the constant talk of society, and became even wearisome to herself. But her beauty and accomplishments were the least of her merits. She was as humble and modest as she was lovely. She esteemed everyone as better than herself, and the charm of her manner and conversation served but to enhance the singular elevation and refinement of her mind and character.

After a few years of this brilliant life, a great change came over it. She married, in 1842, Henry, third Marquess of Waterford, whom she had first met at the Eglinton Tourna-

ment three years before. He took her to his place at Curraghmore, in the south of Ireland, and here they lived a quiet secluded life. He devoted himself to hunting and to the duties of a country squire, and she divided her time between her painting and visits to her poor Irish neighbours, whom she tried to make clean and tidy—often herself making the beds, to show them the way. At the time of the great famine in 1846-7, she was unwearied in her efforts to help them, and her work received a public acknowledgment in the House of Commons. Amongst the benefits which she conferred upon

latter's departure for India. But the greatest blow of her life fell upon her in March, 1859, when Lord Waterford was killed whilst hunting. He was one of the best and boldest riders of his time, and a thorough English country gentleman, and although no two people could have been more unlike in tastes, temperament, and disposition, they were devotedly attached to one another. He was a very handsome man, as is seen in Lady Waterford's portrait of him shown at the Exhibition, which is said to be an excellent likeness, and is painted with the most loving care and finish.



THE PRODIGAL WITH THE SWINE.

her neighbourhood was the establishment of a cloth manufactory at Kilmaethomas, which gave employment to hundreds of people, and which flourishes to this day. Much was also done in church building and religious education during the time of her residence in Ireland.

Lord Stuart de Rothesay died in 1845, and it was a great grief to Lady Waterford that her duties in Ireland prevented her being with her father during his long illness, and also from seeing much of her only and beloved sister before the

After recovering a little from this awful shock, Lady Waterford left Curraghmore, and went to live at Ford Castle in Northumberland, which had been left to her by her husband. She had no children, and her life became, if possible, even more secluded than before. Ford is an ancient border residence, within whose keep James IV. of Scotland slept the night before the Battle of Flodden (fought on the estate). The house was in bad repair, a small part only having been inhabited for many years. The surrounding

farms and cottages were also in a bad state, and she soon began to think how she could improve them. She moved to a small cottage, and began to restore the Castle, and make the beautiful pleasure grounds and gardens which now surround it; and at the same time she carried on the building of the fine school, and of many houses in the village, and erected a column and drinking fountain to the memory of Lord Waterford.

Many years later than the time of which we are now speaking, Lady Waterford started the mission work to which the proceeds of the Exhibition of her drawings have been devoted by Lady

cient, and it is hoped that Lady Waterford's friends and admirers will not allow the charitable work which was so very near her heart to fail, for lack of the £80 per annum necessary to continue it successfully.

And thus she passed through life. Though so richly endowed with gifts of body and of mind, she was content, in the prime of her years, to go and live in the shade, and to find her happiness in those works of charity and mercy which have rendered her name an abiding gladness to her neighbourhood.

In 1861 she had the great sorrow of losing her



THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Brownlow. Having heard of the neglected condition of some of the colliery villages on the coast of Northumberland, she proceeded to visit them, and gradually established lady workers in the parish of Seaton Sluice, gave part of a disused glass-factory for mission purposes, a brewery for a chapel, a loft for a parochial hall, and the pay-office for the ladies' mission-room. From that time until her death she took the greatest interest in the work, and annually collected the funds to carry it on. The profits from the Exhibition are to be invested to form a little capital fund for the mission; but this will not be by any means suffi-

cient, Lady Canning, who died in India just as her mother and herself were eagerly expecting her return; and to the comfort of that beloved mother Lady Waterford devoted herself for the next six years. Lady Stuart de Rothesay died in 1867, and her daughter then succeeded to the estate at Highcliff, in Hampshire, and henceforward divided her time between it and Ford.

We might well think that Lady Waterford's life—left alone, without children or near relations—was a sad and lonely one. But she herself had no such thought. In one of her letters she says, "I have been quite alone since November" (this



PRESENTATION OF THE INFANT SAMUEL.

was written in February) "except two four days' visits from different ladies. It is not lonely. Such a perfect winter I never remember—no rain, no snow, scarcely any frost; the place so nice, a great deal to think of, some nice books of *every sort*. . . . I don't know dullness. I am probably never coming again to London—certainly not if I can help it."

And, above all, she had her Art. As the years went on, she seems to have spent more and more time in painting, using her great talent as a means of procuring money for the charities she loved to support; and she continued to gain in depth and beauty of ideas, and in her power of expressing them, until almost the last. As has been already said, many of her best drawings were done after she was seventy. "The Stairs of Life"—called

in the catalogue, "Three Ages of Life"—one of the very finest of all her works, is an example of this. In the beautiful reproduction from Messrs. Cameron and Smith's photograph we see first—on the top of a long flight of stairs, the young lovers, holding close together in their early life. Lower down, in staid and sober middle age, the husband and wife seem to have drifted a little apart, she busy with her clinging children, he with his newspaper—but still each clasps the other's hand. In old age, when the pair have reached the foot of the stairs, they turn again and lean on one another, before they enter, apparently (happy people) together, the angel-guided boat, which will take them across the Dark River. Could anything be more touchingly conceived, or more finely rendered? The colour-

ing is beautiful—nothing glaring, but deep rich tones blending into one harmonious whole. I saw Mr. Gladstone, during one of his visits to the exhibition, stand long and silently before this picture; and one could not help fancying that he must be thinking of his own "Stairs of Life," and of the wife who has been such a help and comfort to him during his toilsome descent of them.

The "Prodigal with the Swine" is one of the most wonderful drawings in the whole collection. Lady Waterford seldom dated her works, but happily to this one she has put the date, *L. W., '90*. This tells us that the drawing was done when she was seventy-two—the year before she died. Look at the utter abandonment of wretchedness shown in the gaunt figure of the kneeling prodigal, as contrasted with the entire content of the sleek, well-fed pigs! The desolate rocky landscape and the stormy sunset sky are all in harmony with the subject, and one seems almost to hear the despairing cry, "I will arise, and go to my father."

This touching and beautiful drawing must have been one of the last elaborate ones which Lady Waterford ever did. Her wonderful constitution seemed to promise an unusually long life, but, in the autumn of 1890, while at Highcliffe, her health began to fail, and to cause alarm to her friends. Probably the last pleasure she was able to enjoy was a visit to the Queen at Osborne, and

Her Majesty's kind and affectionate reception gave her great delight. She removed to Ford in November, and gradually became worse. She died May 12, 1891, and was buried in the old churchyard at Ford, amidst the most touching expressions of sorrow from rich and poor alike. And there she lies—the Cheviot Hills, in their rugged grandeur, looking down upon her last resting place—her dear memory enshrined for ever in the hearts, not alone of the people she had lived among and worked for, but in those of many far away who knew, and, therefore, who loved her.

The following quotation, from a letter written by one who saw her at the last, is perhaps the most fitting conclusion to this short notice of Lady Waterford's noble life:—"I have a vision of a very grand composed figure awaiting the end when it should come, with a look of having done her duty, ready and willing to go when called. It was like some great ship slowly sailing into harbour, and into smooth water. No one who has not been with her can take in what her genius was, the play of her imagination, her lovely poetic fancies. She has been like a Priestess of the Most High, leading one upwards along the paths of beauty and goodness. What an example of singleness of aim and unworldliness she has been!"

EVELYN M. WOOLWARD.



THE SIXTH STANDARD.



MAISIE DERRICK.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DRUSILLA'S WEDDING-DAY.

MAISIE had a disturbed night, full of terrible dreams, from which she awakened trembling with terror, only to fall asleep again and dream of fresh alarms. She arose early, and sat reading by her window, looking out now and then at the fresh loveliness of the garden. The sunshine was gilding everything: even the tiniest grass blade quivered with enjoyment as it basked in the universal brightness, while the chorus of birds was more musical than ever. One stout brown thrush on a tree close by seemed to be giving a singing lesson to his neighbours, he made so many trials before he let his voice pour out into a full tide of song.

Maisie sat absorbed, listening to the thrush, when into the midst of the song came discord—a thundering rap on her door.

"What is it?" she said, as she crossed over to open it.

Her grandfather stood outside; he looked very ill, his face was pale.

"Can I come in?" He spoke roughly and harshly, as if he were suffering.

Maisie opened the door to admit him.

"What is it?—you are in some trouble, grandfather?"

He had fixed his eyes on hers with such piercing scrutiny, that for an instant her eyes sank under it, but she rallied and looked at him so firmly that his suspicion fled.

"Do you know anything about Drusilla? Have you seen her this morning?"

"No; why do you ask?"

His sorrow had got the better of his anger, and Maisie's sympathetic eyes reflected the anguish she saw in his face.

"Shut your door; shut your window. Now, Maisie, what did you mean last night? Did you know anything when you said she was strange?"

There was such eager hope in his eyes that the girl felt tenderly pitiful.

"I hardly know what I meant. I felt that Drusilla has changed very much in these few days while I have been away at the Manor House; she seems so much older."

"Good Heavens, and I saw nothing different! I have been a blind, deluded fool. She—she's gone—she went away this morning."

Maisie could not speak. She felt as if she had known all this before—every word her grandfather said was expected as if she had already heard it; she could only stare at him with wide-open, startled eyes.

"Are you out of your senses? Why don't you speak?" he said angrily. "Can you give no help—no clue? Can you do nothing but stare?"

"I think, grandfather," the girl said. "that Drusilla must have gone away to meet someone; someone who has taken her away. I believe you will get news of her at the railway station."

The words seemed to come without her will, but Mr. Yardon hailed them with relief. Half an hour ago Warren had roused him from his sleep with the news that Miss Lescure was missing; he was still stupefied with the sudden shock, but Maisie's suggestion had given him something definite to do.

"What makes you say that? Have you a reason?" Then he stretched out his hand to check her answer, and hurried away.

Maisie waited anxiously for his return.

An hour before the time fixed for the wedding she wrote a note to Mr. Vernon, and took it down the hill to the Vicarage. She simply wrote that the marriage was unavoidably postponed, and she asked if Mr. Vernon would be kind enough to go to the Manor House and tell this fact to Miss Savvay.

She had just made a hurried lunch when Mr. Yardon came in to the dining-room. He looked ghastly, but he did not speak, and Maisie did not venture to question him. He drank off a glass of claret and ate a few mouthfuls of bread; then he looked up at his grand-daughter.

"You were right, Maisie, there was news at the station. Miss Lescure travelled by the 5.45 train to Elling. I learned at Elling that she was joined on the platform by a gentleman, and that they were married at the Roman Catholic Chapel at Elling. I called on the priest and found that both parties, she and Boyd—Boyd is the scoundrel—satisfied him that they were members of his communion, and I came back here—that is all." He said all this slowly, as if he had learned it, while he sat stiffly upright—he seemed to have lost all feeling.

"I am dreadfully sorry," Maisie said at last.

He smiled.

"Are you? I believe you. You usually say what you mean; but I cannot really see what you have to be sorry about. She was nothing to you—worse than nothing; she came in your way in more senses than one. Poor Stanmore, poor chap; I could hardly stand the look on his face; I'm not sure he believes it yet. It's a case of heartbreak, poor lad.

"There, there, you are a good girl, Maisie; yes, you are really a good girl—but—but I am best alone, child. Go away, now."

Maisie longed to put her arms round the desolate old man, and to try and comfort him; but he had said he wished to be alone, and she quietly left the room.

With true love, fear for the beloved one goes hand in hand, and as the girl sat thinking in the library, she felt an anxious dread.

Her grandfather's perfect calmness had surprised her. Suppose this sudden shock was even now working him serious mischief.

She sat a few moments thinking sadly how very desolate he was; she did not think he had one friend to whom he could turn for comfort in this strait. Her intense pity warmed into renewed life the love she had felt for him when first she came to Yardon; almost unconsciously she moved quietly to the door which divided the library from the study, and stood there. Suddenly she heard a strange sound, a cry for help in a voice she did not recognise—then a heavy fall.

* * * *

Maisie had found her grandfather lying senseless on the floor, to all appearances dead; but he had rallied with wonderful quickness, and now, at the end of some weeks, the doctor pronounced him to be almost as well as he was before his seizure.

To-day the doctor paid a longer visit than usual, and when he went away he told Maisie he thought her patient was going to have a nap. "You should go for a walk, Miss Derrick," he said, "I gather from what I hear that you have taken far too much off the nurse's hands; I shall have you for my next patient if you are not careful. You need all your strength, for you must take your grandfather away as soon as you can: he is quite able to travel now, and he wants a thorough change."

Maisie smiled; she felt a longing to escape from

Figgsmarsh and its associations, but she feared that her grandfather would not consent to leave home.

Maisie had been very lonely during Mr. Yardon's illness, but a new hope had come into her life. More than once she had met her grandfather's eyes fixed on her with a look that puzzled her—it was so sad and yet it was not unkind; lately, too, she had seen with surprise that he preferred her services to those of the nurse.

Maisie was so incredulous of her own powers of pleasing the strange old man that she scarcely allowed herself to believe in this hope, and yet every day some fresh proof rebuked her doubt.

When the girl came in from her walk, Warren met her in the hall; he said his master wished to see Miss Derrick in the library. Mr. Yardon was sitting with his back to the windows, looking, Maisie thought, strangely grave, but his face softened as she came up to him.

"The doctor has been frightening me about you, my girl, let me look at you?" he said. "You are not so pale, either; I suppose your walk has given you a colour. Should you like to pack up your traps and start off for Switzerland with such an old fellow-traveller as I am, eh, Maisie?" The sparkle in her eyes and her deepened colour answered him.

"I should like it ever so much," she said, "but are you sure you wish to travel, grandfather?"

He put out his hands for hers, but the look in his eyes was enough for Maisie.

She bent down, and putting her arms around him, she kissed him.

He held her clasped for an instant, and then he whispered:

"You have much to forgive, child, and I have much to make up for; but, please God, I'll do it, yet."

CHAPTER XXX.

IN A SWISS VILLAGE.

ONE sunny June afternoon Mr. Yardon was resting half-way up the green side of a mountain. Maisie strayed about on the flowery turf, half wild with delight at the abundance and variety of the blossoms that carpeted the slope.

Mr. Yardon looked stronger and much younger than when he left England. He had for some

months gone back to the wandering habits of his younger days, and had shown Maisie many very interesting cities and countries. The girl had often dreamed about these places while she read about them, but she had never expected to see them. She found Mr. Yardon an experienced guide, and he was pleased to discover how well-informed his young companion was, and how much knowledge her reading had given her of the places they visited.

Perhaps of all Maisie's qualities the one that endeared her most to her grandfather was her cheerful acceptance of the little troubles and disappointments that are apt to beset travellers; more than once when his own temper had become upset by a delayed dinner or an inability to find rooms, or when an unlucky trunk had gone astray, Maisie's bright smile and cheerful words, and above all her ready helpfulness, had set all straight. Her grandfather told her she was courier and companion united.

She came up to him now with her hands full of delicate white flowers.

"Maisie," he said, "I want to talk to you; come and sit down—bless you, child, those weeds are not worth the store you set by them."

"Wait a bit," Maisie laughed, happily, "just wait till I have time to put them in water, and you'll see how bright that desolate little sitting-room will look; you won't recognise it."

"Maisie," her grandfather said, abruptly, "how should you like Drusilla to come home and live at Yardon again?"

The light faded out of Maisie's face, her shy, shrinking manner came back; she looked a limp contrast to the happy girl of a few moments ago, as she sat bending forward, her eyes fixed on the turf.

She felt crushed by her grandfather's question, and then her honest nature, which had become more outspoken during these months of freedom, asserted itself.

"I should not like it, grandfather," she said; "I could not be happy with her, because I could not trust her."

He gave her a sly, humorous look.

"To think how hard a good woman can be! Well, well!" he sighed. "The poor thing is in the same plight of want of confidence; she says she can't trust her husband, he quarrels with her

for being extravagant, and she is very unhappy. There, you can read, and see what you make of it. It's a sad business."

Maisie's lip curled as she read Drusilla's petting, caressing words. Mrs. Boyd wrote she had long ago repented that she had chosen for herself instead of relying on her dearest father's unerring judgment. More than one page was filled with vehement complaints of her husband's ill-treatment and his stinginess. She said she had his permission to come to England and stay with her father, and that she longed to see Yardon and his kind, dear face again. She longed, too, to take her place as the daughter he had so lovingly taken to his heart. There was no expression of contrition for the pain she had given; Drusilla only repented because her choice had not proved a success.

Maisie sat dumbly holding the letter when she had finished reading it.

"Well," he said, in the mocking tone she had not heard for so long, "what is your verdict, Maisie? Shall we go home to receive the prodigal, and kill the fatted calf?"

She looked up at him gravely; she could not understand how he could joke about what seemed to her so very serious.

"Did you get this letter to-day, grandfather?"

"No, it came two days ago. I wanted to think it over quietly; it took me some time to digest."

Then his manner changed, and he turned to Maisie with the deep, loving look in his eyes which she had never met there until his recovery a year ago.

"My dear, I have already decided. I have written to Mrs. Boyd, and I have given her the best advice I can. I have told her that at present, at any rate, I do not wish to see her. Who knows," he said, with a faint smile, "Drusilla is such a fascinating little witch, I might be simpleton enough to let her deceive me once more."

Maisie felt grateful to Mr. Yardon for his decision, but she knew that it was for his own sake, as well as hers, that he refused to receive Drusilla.

Mr. Yardon had made a fresh will before he left England. The bulk of his property was left to Maisie, but he had settled a small yearly allowance on his daughter, so that in the event of her being left unprovided for she need not want. He still believed Drusilla would come right in the

end, but he felt a stern satisfaction in punishing her for her deceit. He had told her of this provision in his letter; he wished to prevent her from cherishing undue expectations, and he also felt that it would be a test of her sincerity.

Three days later a tall Englishman left the train at Landquart and set off to walk up to the little Alpine village, although the steep three miles' climb was in the full blaze of sunshine.

The traveller's brown skin showed that he was accustomed to a much warmer climate, and he climbed the winding road as briskly as if the sun were not at its prime of heat and light.

Once or twice he stood still, and turned to look down the steep descent into the valley. Then, seeing that on his right hand the mountain rose up like a green wall beside him as the road climbed it in zigzag, he halted, and took a long breath before he went on again.

At last, as he turned an angle of the road, he looked up and saw the long white hotel of the village rising out of the dark shrubs and trees of its garden, backed by the green mountain which went up still another thousand feet or so above.

Just then the garden gate opened, and Mr. Stanmore's eyes glistened as he saw his old friend come out and take the road leading down towards him.

"It will be a surprise to him," Stanmore thought.

He soon saw that he was observed. Mr. Yardon stopped, shaded his eyes with his hand, then he put on his glasses, and having taken a good look through them, he came forward at a quickened pace.

"This is unexpected! I'm delighted; my dear boy, how are you?" He shook Stanmore's hand as if he never meant to let it go. "Where do you hail from, eh?"

"From London. I only left it yesterday. I wanted so much to see you again."

"You have not spent much time in London; your skin tells me that." Mr. Yardon had been noticing his friend's sun-bronzed face.

"No; I have been a year in Spain railroad making. I went there soon after I left Figgsmarsh, and was glad to get the appointment. Is Miss Derrick with you?"

"Yes." Mr. Yardon gave an uneasy smile.

"Oh, yes; she's up in the village sketching. I hope you found this Spanish affair profitable?"

"Yes; and it has opened the way for a still better appointment. I feel," Stanmore smiled happily in the elder man's face, "that my foot is firm on the ladder now. It must be my own fault if I don't go right up it."

"Bravo! that's good news." Mr. Yardon shook his hand heartily.

"Shall we go and find Miss Derrick?" Stanmore did not say this in the same firm cheery tone. He looked questionably at Mr. Yardon.

"Yes; we'll go up and find her. Why not? Are you come to stay, Stanmore?"

"That depends: I hope so."

The older man eyed him keenly. He had almost said, "You were always impetuous, my friend: do not be in too great a hurry now."

They walked on in silence till they came to a point where, still on a lower level than the hotel, the road forked, and led up on the right, round the long white building, to the spur which held the little black-spired church, suspended, as it were, above the valley, while the road on the left took its way to the Rath-haus, along the village street which showed long, straggling lines of chalets seeming to cling to the green hillside.

"You will find Maisie in that direction," Mr. Yardon said. "I will go on to the inn and order your room before the diligence comes in with fresh arrivals."

Stanmore strolled upwards till he reached the first line of chalets. Rows of straw beehives showed in the gardens of these chalets, and in front of the hives were flaming poppies and yellow nasturtiums and the ever-present carnation, with a background of huge blue-green cabbages, and here and there a plot of golden maize and tall hemp. There were three rows of these straggling chalets, and in the third row one of them attracted Stanmore's especial notice. The balcony under the broad eaves was bright with pot flowers, and a profusion of fuchsias and carnations showed on the rude wooden shelves below each window.

Maisie was standing opposite this cottage as if she were considering it, but her sketch-book lay on the block of wood behind her.

"Miss Derrick," Stanmore said; and she turned round.

She looked very bright, ever so much younger,

he thought, than when he had last seen her; her dark eyes glowed with pleasure when she saw him.

"Have you met my grandfather?" she said, as they shook hands.

"Yes; I met him on the slope, and he told me where to find you."

"Is not this a picturesque Swiss village? If you like to come a little higher I will show you an exquisite view into the valley beyond us; but there are beautiful bits on every side, especially if you climb."

"Do you climb alone?" he said, laughing. Her animation relieved his embarrassment.

"I am seldom alone," she said, with a happy assured look that Stanmore had rarely seen on her truthful face. "My grandfather and I take our walks together. He has been teaching me how to climb since we came here, but he says these mountains are very easy and insignificant; I suppose they will not satisfy you."

He looked into her eyes.

"I am come here to rest." He paused. She met his look so frankly that he felt checked, and he remembered he had resolved to be cautious. "Where is this view? I should like to see it, if you are not tired."

"I am never tired here, I am so happy. I find my grandfather such a delightful companion; he has travelled so much that he knows something about every place we visit."

Every moment as Stanmore walked beside her his feelings strove to overmaster his prudence. His love for her had come back months ago, and had gained strength from repression; and till he saw her to-day, he had felt fairly confident of success; but now fear was stronger than hope.

It was so long since they parted, much might have happened in that interval: it was possible that she was no longer free. She looked so handsome, so distinguished, that she must have found admirers.

"This way," said Maisie, cheerily, as she hurried on into the thick fir-wood they had been making for.

It was rather perilous walking in this wood; the path went along the very edge of a steep ravine, and the ground was so slippery and broken, that Maisie caught every now and then at one of the slender fir trunks on the right. They came

out at last on a projecting spur that bulged forward into the ravine; there was a small clearing here among the pines, and Stanmore exclaimed at the beauty of the view. The Rhine valley, gemmed with tiny villages, lay at his feet, while a succession of pale pearl-tinted mountains rose above the dark ridge that walled in the valley, till they seemed to melt in the sky-line. Just below the point on which they stood, a torrent leapt down the face of the rock into the sunshine; it halted half-way to take breath, and seemed to take also an increase of colour as the sunbeams touched its spray.

"This is delightful!"

Stanmore flung himself down on the brown carpet of pine needles. Maisie had already seated herself on a huge moss-grown stone.

Stanmore felt a sense of heavenly rest and happiness as he looked at his companion. Her eyes were fixed on the far-off mountains, and he could gaze his fill on her noble, trusting face; he thought she looked so sweet and true, so free from vain and petty thoughts. He had discovered long ago that he had deserted the true woman for the lovely falsehood who had deceived him, but he had never so fully realised this as he now did sitting at Maisie's feet.

"Maisie," he said, suddenly, "I want to be forgiven, I have come here to tell you so."

"Forgiven?—You?"

She looked troubled, and he began to feel hopeful.

"I mean that I had learned soon after I came to Yardon that only you could make me happy; yet I was infatuated enough, foolish enough——"

"Please stop," Maisie said; "it was a grief to us all that you were deceived, but I do not see how you could help it—everyone was deceived."

"It is like your sweetness to say that, but a man ought not to be a child, led away by a mere fancy. I do not deserve forgiveness, and yet I ask for it."

Maisie was silent.

"Will you forgive me?" he repeated, tenderly.

She tried to look at him calmly.

"Indeed I have nothing to forgive; I have always felt that you were my friend. We never quarrelled, you know," she smiled, and rose from her mossy seat; "shall we go and find my grandfather?"

He took her hand to detain her; she saw the masterful look in his eyes she so well remembered, but his eyes did not thrill her now as they had done all those months ago.

"No, I cannot let you go till I know my fate; I do not believe in your forgiveness while you remain so cold. Will you not believe I love you, Maisie?"

She drew her hand away.

"I cannot—it is not my fault, but I cannot."

He heard the trouble in her voice; it trembled with agitation.

She turned from him and went along the slippery path. Stanmore was obliged to follow her in silence till they came to the plank bridge; he went on first here, and held out his hand to guide her over, but Maisie only touched it lightly with her fingers.

He stood before her when she reached the meadow so that she could not pass him.

"You will give me another answer—you must!" he said passionately, clasping her hand between his; "Maisie, you cannot be so unforgiving."

"It is not a question of forgiveness," she trembled very much, but she frankly raised her eyes to his; "I say 'No' for your happiness as well as for mine. I should not make you happy if I did not believe in your love; besides," she smiled brightly as she again drew her hand from his grasp, "you forget my grandfather; so long as he wishes it he must be my chief care in life; I love him very dearly, and he knows it."

Stanmore stood still, barring her way, with wistful, hungry eyes.

"That is no reason at all; we could both care for him, if you would have it so. Why should you be so full of love and mercy for him, and yet have none for me? Tell me how I can make you believe that you only can make me happy?"

She turned her head away; he thought she was weary of his pleading.

"Have I come too late?" he cried. "Oh, Maisie, tell me, you might spare me my useless hope; well, I deserve this."

He stood aside to let her pass, but she turned to him; her eyes were full of tender pity.

"It is not as you think," she said; "I find it hard to explain myself, but I must make you understand this: I know that I could not make you happy unless I could fully trust your love; and

if you were unhappy"—she paused—"well, I should be unhappy too."

She smiled at him, and Stanmore understood—it was plain to him that Maisie still feared Drusilla's power to revive his feelings.

They walked on side by side in silence; he thought if he could only have patience he might win her, but it was terrible to have to wait in doubt. As they walked on, he told himself that determination must conquer; time and his own constancy must convince Maisie of the truth of his love; he could not give up hope.

All at once she ran forward, and he saw Mr. Yardon waiting for them at the gate of the farthest field.

Mr. Yardon looked at the girl's earnest loving eyes, and then his glance anxiously travelled on to her companion.

Stanmore's face told him what had been said between them; he drew his granddaughter's hand under his arm, and tenderly pressed it.

"My friend Luke is a simpleton," he said to himself, "so much the better for me; the foolish fellow should have waited."

There was a little shop at the corner of the village street, and Maisie went into it, telling her companions she would follow them.

"I must get you to say my good-bye to Miss Derrick," Stanmore spoke so abruptly that his companion stared at him as he went on. "Yes, for the present, I have ruined all my hopes by my confounded impatience; I spoke too soon; but I do not give up. I must go; you will not see me till I am more master of myself than I am just now."

Mr. Yardon looked at him curiously. "Did my granddaughter give you any hope?"

"No, not in words; but, thank God, she said she was free; that is, she implied it, and she said it as if she meant me to understand that though she will not listen to me now, she has not listened to anyone else. She will not trust me," he said bitterly; "that's it."

They had reached the door of the inn; Stanmore looked back, and he saw that Maisie was slowly following them.

"Good-bye," he said, hurriedly. "The kindest thing you can do is to let me go."

Mr. Yardon led the way through the house into

the garden, which ran along the front and commanded a view of the valley.

"Stay a minute," he said, "we shall not be followed, and I will start you on your way. Now, look here, Stanmore," he stood still when they were outside the gate, "you must not be hard on Maisie; are you sure that—that *you* are free: you know what I mean?"

Stanmore reddened. "Do you really think I should have dared to offer myself to such a girl as Maisie if I had not learned that I cannot be happy without her? You must have seen, you could not help knowing, that I loved her almost as soon as I saw her."

"Yes, I knew. And I was blind enough to think you a fool; but, my good fellow, that only makes your position worse. If a man is changeable once——"

"No, I cannot agree with you." Stanmore spoke so very earnestly that Mr. Yardon was greatly impressed. "I have never really loved anyone but Maisie; but till to-day I did not know how I loved her, or how little I deserve to win her." His voice suddenly faltered. "Let me go," he said—"Good-bye."

Mr. Yardon turned sadly into the house: his talk with the engineer had recalled what is always the most odious of memories, the conviction that by our own self-will we have wrecked the happiness of others. It seemed to Mr. Yardon that if he had allowed Stanmore and Maisie to manage their own affairs, they might now be happily married.

Later in the afternoon, when the heat had lessened Mr. Yardon and Maisie were driving through the lovely Prattigau to Klosters.

For a long time there was perfect silence between the fellow travellers. Then Mr. Yardon said abruptly, but with a smile at Maisie: "Now, young woman, I observe that you have inherited your grandfather's strong will; do not be too severe on that poor fellow, Stanmore: we owe him some amends for all he has had to suffer, don't we?"

Maisie smiled, a soft colour rose in her cheeks, and she put her hand lovingly into her grandfather's.

"Perhaps we do," she said.

THE SOUND OF MANY WATERS.

Sir John Millar, Bart.





THE VICTORIAN ERA.

(FIRST HALF: 1837-65.)

JOHN KIRKPATRICK.

LECTURE XII.

THE COTTON FAMINE—AFFAIR OF THE *ALBA*—THE IONIAN ISLANDS—DENMARK—
ECCLESIASTICAL AFFAIRS—DISSOLUTION OF
PARLIAMENT—DEATH OF PALMERSTON—
CONCLUSION.

THE year 1862 opens sadly. At home the Queen's bereavement cast a gloom over the whole nation; beyond the Atlantic, over our own kith and kin, hung the lurid thunder-clouds of a deadly civil war. On that western horizon was turned the anxious gaze of all Europe, and of Britain especially: for on the result of the war depended several momentous issues. First, was the cause of slavery or the cause of freedom to triumph? Secondly, were North and South to remain a great united Empire, or were they to be separated into two independent republics? Thirdly, how long were the industrious millions of Lancashire and other manufacturing districts to be deprived of their cotton supply, how long was British trade to be crippled? On these questions British hopes and fears, sentiment and sympathy,

were pretty equally divided. Approximately, it may be said that the upper classes mainly sympathised with the South, the lower with the North. But sympathy with the South proceeded from a variety of motives. The Southerners are oppressed, thought some; they are the weaker party; they are gallantly fighting for their vested interests; why should they not be independent if they wish? There is something poetic and attractive about the genial sunny South, said others; something prosaic and repellent about the hard, cold, business-like North. As to slavery, of course we do not defend it; but, after all, it is a picturesque old institution, and most of the slaves are far better off than they would be if suddenly emancipated and turned adrift. Too often, however, sympathy with the South proceeded from envy, jealousy, and selfishness. The United States are growing too powerful, said the calculating diplomat, the wire-pulling balance-of-power-monger; let us take this capital opportunity of disuniting and weakening them, lest they some day domineer over the whole

world. Besides, however desirable the abolition of slavery may be, the maintenance of British interests is vastly more important. But what said the other half, chiefly the poorer half, of the nation? In singleness of heart (and was not their heart in the right place?) they sympathised with the North, believing that the cause of the North was the cause of freedom. What are British interests, what the balance of power, what even the cotton on which our life depends, when all thrown into the scale against the righteous cause of the abolition of slavery? Assuredly they will kick the beam. Well may Britain be proud of her sons who reasoned thus.

Well, too, may Britain also be proud of the noble and disinterested conduct of her working-classes during the cotton famine of 1861-65, for never yet in history had adversity so clearly shown her uses to be sweet. A week or two ago we read of many murders and other terrible outrages being committed by the strikers at Pittsburg, chiefly because they objected to a slight reduction of wages, and about the same time we heard of a dreadful fire at Christiansand, which led to scenes of brutal drunkenness and cruel, cowardly plunder. Surely better things might have been expected of the citizens of the mighty American republic, and of those of industrious, law-abiding Norway. Such incidents, trifling as they may seem, are apt to injure the character of the whole nation; for they show that under the thin veneer of civilisation lurks a coarse and evil nature. Happily for the fair fame of Britain, the overwhelming calamity which overtook a large section of her working-classes in 1861 fell upon far different soil. For about four years the cotton famine, caused by the blockade of the Southern States of America, to a large extent deprived about two million workers of their usual means of subsistence. Immense efforts were made both by Government and by private individuals to relieve the starving masses. At one time it was estimated that the factory-hands were losing at the rate of eight millions sterling per annum in wages, and that half-a-million persons were wholly dependent on charity. The task of the relief committee at Manchester, presided over by Lord Derby, was therefore extremely arduous, but fortunately the calamity was ultimately fraught with blessing. Thousands of working-men

exhausted the whole of their small savings, and turned their hands to other occupations, rather than live on charity; others busied themselves with the improvement of the condition of their class; and all exhibited remarkable fortitude and self-denial. In the midst of their distress, and contrary to their own immediate interests, they continued staunch in their sympathy with the Northern States of America, in gratifying recognition of which these States sent several substantial contributions to the relief-fund. Nor did the calamity bring moral healing only on its wings, for even mentally and physically the sufferers were ultimately destined to benefit. Their health continued excellent, their education and their admirable co-operative societies were extended and improved, and their ingenuity was stimulated to seek new outlets for their energies. Did ever greater blessing come in disguise, was ever nobler victory won than by these poor Lancashire factory-workers?

The story of the *Alabama* forms a famous and dramatic chapter in the history of privateering and of international arbitration. In outline the facts are these:—During the American Civil War the Confederate States of the South secretly ordered Messrs. Laird and Sons, of Birkenhead, to build them a swift steam-sloop of 1,040 tons register, pierced for twelve guns, and capable of carrying two heavy guns amidships. Hearing of this, the Federal Government of the Northern States asked the British Government to prevent the vessel from leaving England, on the ground that a neutral power cannot lawfully furnish munitions of war to belligerents. After long delay, our Government held it sufficiently proved that the steamer was being built as a war-vessel, and ordered its detention. The order was to be executed on 31st July, 1862, but on that very day the bird had flown. Having arrived at Terceira, one of the Azores, the *Alabama* was joined by a vessel from London, bringing her guns, stores, and coals; while another vessel from Liverpool brought Captain Semmes and his officers to the scene of action. In a few days her equipment was complete. At the end of August, manned with eighty seamen, chiefly English, and hoisting the Confederate flag, she started on her deadly mission. Within two years she captured, and in most cases burned, sixty-five vessels belonging to the

Northern or Federal States, thus not only destroying property valued at about one million sterling, but terrorising Federal trade and raising insurance-premiums to a ruinous pitch. In June, 1864, she entered the port of Cherbourg for repairs. On the 19th a strange drama was enacted. The United States war-steamer *Kearsage* had arrived a few days after the *Alabama*, and her officers spoke insultingly of Captain Semmes and his crew. No fighting could take place on neutral ground, but the two captains agreed to a naval duel. They steamed about three miles out of port, and fell upon each other with fury, and within an hour the *Alabama* was riddled with shot and went to the bottom. Captain Semmes and a number of the crew were picked up by an English yacht, while many others were captured by the *Kearsage*. Britain's suspected connivance at the escape of the *Alabama* from Liverpool caused intense indignation in the United States. That she had been dilatory, at all events, in her measures for detaining the vessel was certain; it was also known that the advocates of "British interests" favoured the Southern States, although happily others favoured the North, deeming it the noblest of British interests to support the cause of freedom. To the latter class belonged Richard Cobden, who, in discussing the *Alabama* question in the House of Commons in 1864, declared that we had practically been guilty of levying war against the United States. Long and embittered was the controversy, with its numerous side-issues, which raged between the two countries, but at length the question was peacefully settled by the Geneva arbitration. In 1872, by a majority of four to five, the arbiters found that Britain had not given due diligence to prevent the escape of the *Alabama*, had unlawfully allowed her to put in for stores and repairs at ports belonging to British colonies, and was liable to the United States for the damage done by her and other Confederate cruisers to the extent of about three and a quarter millions sterling. The story teaches several lessons, and chiefly that the peaceful expedient of international arbitration is infinitely preferable to the dread arbitrament of war.

The last few years of Lord Palmerston's administration are comparatively uneventful. The illustrious Premier was approaching the age of

fourscore years, and, although his Government was Liberal, he was personally Conservative in sentiment. The lull of these years marks the close of the period of which we are treating. The progress of events was beginning to call for new reforms—Parliamentary reform, reforms in Ireland, reform of education, and others. Palmerston was not the man to initiate or to carry such measures. Ere long he would be succeeded by statesmen in closer touch with the needs of the nation. One of his last acts, requiring us almost for the last time to follow him to the Continent, was an act of justice to Greece. The fairest spots on God's earth often have the most chequered history. Since ancient times the beautiful Ionian Islands have been among Dame Fortune's favourite shuttlecocks, her chief battledores being Turkey, Naples, Venice, Russia, France, Britain, and others, in constant and rapid succession. From 1815 onwards these islands formed a republic under British protection, but as the High Commissioner or Governor appointed by the Crown had the chief power, they in reality formed a British dependency. Down to 1848-49 the Government had practically been a mild despotism veiled under the form of a republic. As elsewhere, insurrections broke out during these memorable years of democratic upheaval, with the result that a number of the chief grievances were redressed. Yet the people were still dissatisfied, and wished to throw off the British yoke. In 1858 Mr. Gladstone was sent on a mission to the islands, and reported that nothing short of their annexation to Greece would satisfy the national aspirations. At last, in 1863, the election of Prince George of Denmark, as king of Greece, coupled with the marriage of the Prince of Wales to the prince's sister, afforded Britain a fitting opportunity of at once complying with the wishes of the islanders and getting rid of a burdensome possession. The islands had cost us £100,000 a year for about forty-eight years; we had improved their trade and their education, we had provided them with excellent roads, and we had constructed many useful public works. Whence, then, proceeded their ingratitude? Simply from national sentiment and love of independence, feelings which John Bull has ever been slow to understand. However wisely a father may rule, the son will one day throw off the paternal yoke; however luxurious

the life of the town mouse, the country mouse will always prefer her humble but independent rural *ménage*.

As in the sunny isles of Greece, so in the less genial climate of Denmark we find the same national sentiment expressing itself in a somewhat different way. The Danish question, like the Ionian and so many others, dates chiefly from 1848. At that time Denmark consisted (please glance at your map) of Jutland, adjoined on the south by the duchies of Slesvig, Holstein, and Lauenburg, besides the large and fertile islands to the east of the peninsula. But about half of the population of Slesvig, or Schleswig, and the whole population of the two other duchies was German. Slesvig had generally been a fief of the Danish crown, but Holstein and Lauenburg were governed by the King of Denmark, not as a Danish king but as a German duke, inasmuch as they were members of the Germanic Confederation. Owing to international jealousies and differences, the king desiring, on the one hand, to extend and consolidate his kingdom, the duchies, on the other hand, anxious to maintain their German nationality, war broke out between Denmark and the duchies in 1848. The Prussians had intervened on behalf of the Confederation, but the Danes had defeated their German enemies, peace had been concluded through the mediation of Britain in 1850, and in 1852, by the Treaty of London, the integrity of the Danish monarchy had been guaranteed. At the same time Denmark undertook to respect the autonomy and the German nationality of the duchies, and not to separate Slesvig from the two others. Her conduct, however, was not consistent with her promise, her policy being to favour Danish officials, Danish institutions, and the Danish language, with a view to the gradual absorption of the duchies. At length, in 1863, Frederick VII. published a new constitution for Holstein, giving that Duchy complete autonomy, but in such a way as practically to imply the incorporation of Slesvig with the kingdom of Denmark. The Confederation at once protested and threatened war, and shortly afterwards the king died. As the new king, Christian IX., declined to abrogate the new constitution, Prussia and Austria, acting on behalf of the Confederation, declared war against the little kingdom of Denmark. Denmark had not behaved

well; she had tyrannised over her German duchies, and she had tried to expand her own monarchy at their expense; but the British public, understanding nothing of all this, strongly sympathised with Denmark as the weaker power. 'Trusting to the guarantee of her integrity signed by the chief powers in 1852, and hoping to the last for help from Britain, Denmark gallantly continued the war against overwhelming odds. But when it became apparent that the sympathy of Britain and of Lord Russell, the Foreign Secretary, would be confined to words, the poor Danes were reduced to despair, and a large section of the British public were indignant. The inevitable, of course, happened. In June, 1864, the Danes were utterly and finally defeated, and the whole of the duchies were annexed to Prussia and Austria.

Britain has often posed as the champion of oppressed nationalities, and never so successfully as under the guidance of Palmerston; but the rôle is a dangerous one, unless either backed by vigorous action or expressly confined to moral suasion, for a threat not meant to be carried out is really a falsehood, and cannot but injure the nation that uses it. No wonder that Lord Derby and a majority of the House of Lords condemned Lord Russell's policy of "meddle and muddle" in connection with the Danish war, and no wonder that the Government narrowly escaped defeat in the House of Commons. May we never be backward in helping the weak and the oppressed, but let us beware lest a futile display of the fist of menace be answered with the finger of scorn.

What is heresy? As a rule it is dangerous for the humble historian to soar into the giddy regions of theological controversy, but when the above question is asked as a question of law rather than of religion we must try to face it. In the years 1835-43 the Oxford or Tractarian movement, of which we obtained a glimpse in a previous chapter, had been denounced by many as heretical, on the ground that its chief authors (Newman, Pusey, Froude, Keble) appeared to be drifting Romewards. The Tractarians, on the other hand, contended that their High Church doctrine alone would prevent lukewarm Protestants from drifting into atheism. Probably, as usual, neither party possessed a monopoly of truth; yet the movement was certainly beneficial, for it tended to stimulate spiritual life and to

promote decorum and reverence in public worship. On the other hand, the absolute supremacy claimed for the authority of the Church, the discouragement of all private opinion, and the depression of even the Bible itself, could not fail to be followed by a reaction. And accordingly the High Church essays of the Tractarians were succeeded in 1860 by a series of Broad Church essays, also written chiefly by Oxford men, the chief feature of which consisted in their application of the ordinary rules of criticism to the Bible. The authors at once found themselves between the upper millstone of the High Church and the nether millstone of the Low Church. According to their teaching, neither Church nor Bible was henceforth to be absolutely supreme; private judgment might dispute the authority of the one, and historical criticism might question the authenticity of the other. Most flat heresy, cried their opponents: let us tear it up by the roots, let us cast out (pity we cannot burn) its sacrilegious authors. Two of the writers (Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson) were accordingly prosecuted in the Ecclesiastical Courts, where they were found guilty of heresy; but the judgment was reversed on appeal to the Privy Council. Strongly disapproving of this last decision, Convocation, in 1864, emphatically declared the essays to be heretical: but as the judgment of this ecclesiastical court was not confirmed by the Crown, it never obtained the force of law. Lastly, an attempt to prosecute Professor Jowett in the Chancellor's Court at Oxford for his share in the Broad Church heresy was frustrated by the good sense of the legal assessor of the court. These and other similar proceedings show that the Church of England, so long as she is under the law of the land, is wide enough to embrace the high, the low, and the broad. But do they not also indicate that, if freed from subjection to that law, she might become narrow, harsh, and intolerant? "One church, one faith," the dream of many devout persons, is unattainable in this world, whether the church be under State control or free from it: but, if we agree to differ as to those endless matters of opinion which neither Church nor State can ever decide, may we not at least aspire to one charity?

Closely connected with the subject of Church and State is that of the abolition of church-

rates, a tax levied from the whole community for the repair of churches. In 1858, during Lord Derby's administration, the Liberal majority in the House of Commons passed a Bill to abolish these rates, but the Bill was thrown out by the House of Lords. In 1860 a similar Bill passed by the Commons was again rejected by the Lords; but a cry of "the Church in danger," strongly supported by Mr. Disraeli, for a time turned the tide. In the three following years the advocates of the abolition of church-rates were defeated in the House of Commons, but at last, by Mr. Gladstone's Bill in 1868, compulsory church-rates were abolished. Yet the Church has survived in spite of the predictions of her ruin; for has she not a surer foundation than this petty and irritating tax?

As already noticed, demands for reform could not be effectively dealt with by a moribund Parliament and an aged and unsympathising premier. Bills brought in by Mr. Locke-King and Mr. Baines in 1864 for lowering the franchise in counties and boroughs respectively were accordingly rejected, and in 1865 Lord Chancellor Westbury's salutary measures of law-reform were rewarded with a vote of censure. Other reforms, notably those of our educational system and the liquor-traffic, would also require to be postponed to a more propitious season. Our period fitly closes with the dissolution of Parliament in July, 1865, aged about six years and two months, and with the death of three of our century's greatest men. In April died Richard Cobden, one of the best and worthiest of statesmen, chief apostle of free-trade, and saviour of starving millions. A few days later died President Lincoln—shot by an assassin—preserver of the Union, liberator of the slaves, second only to Washington in the esteem and affection of his countrymen. In October died the British Premier, Lord Palmerston—spirited, able, genial, the champion of oppressed nationalities, and chiefly successful as a foreign minister.

Having reached the end of our journey through a region of boundless attractions, we naturally ponder over the sights we have seen and regret those we have missed. But "through many a changing scene of life," one thought is often uppermost. Why do we travel at all? Is it to make money, or to gain power, or to store up knowledge? Is it to improve the shining hour?

We beg respectfully, but truthfully (for has not truth been our chief quest?), to answer in the negative. We are not commercial travellers, or scientific explorers, or religious enthusiasts; we travel simply for pleasure; we love to explore beautiful scenery, to study the ever-varying phases of human nature, to find here and there a pearl of

great price, to see many a blessing peeping out of some ugly disguise, to get a glimpse of the black cloud's silver lining, to make acquaintance with the heroes and heroines of the world's drama. As we love music, as we love art, or even as we love play, so we love Clío, muse of history, for her own dear sake.

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

- I. State in outline the chief issues between North and South in the American Civil War. How did the War affect Great Britain?
- II. Mention and discuss *either* the most important foreign *or* the chief domestic affairs of the last few years of our period.

Please answer one, or at most two, of these questions; state the total number of words (which must not exceed 500) contained in your answer or answers; and address your paper to the SUPERINTENDENT, R.U., ATLANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., on or before 25th September.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.
Mention the occasion on which these lines were spoken:—

"Here lies a brother by a sister slain,
All for the common good of womankind."

II.

What little girl had a Reindeer called "Ba"?

III.

State if you know anything concerning—1. "Clunty's Cage." 2. "Kerguelen's Land."

IV.

What work did Lord Byron declare was the "Best didactic poem in the English language"?

All readers of ATLANTA may send in answers to the above questions. Reply-Papers should be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R.U., ATLANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, and must be sent in before 15th September. They should have the words "Search Questions" on the cover.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (AUGUST).

I.

"Helen Walker practised in real life the virtues with which fiction has invested the imaginary character of Jeanie Deans." On her tombstone in Irongray Churchyard, Dumfriesshire, there is an epitaph by Sir Walter Scott. (*Heart of Midlothian*.)

1. In the *Ingoldsby Legends*, the *Lay of St. Dunstan*, the lay-brother Peter sees the incident referred to. 2. *Abacadabra*.

III.

Charles Kingsley's *Alton Locke*, and George Eliot's *Felix Holt*.

IV.

Miss Patty Pace had on some kind of black silk or satin gown, trimmed with brownish-looking lace; a grey cloak, and a little cape of a different colour; a bonnet twice as big as anyone else's; and a figured black veil, reaching nearly to her feet. She had a work-bag made of black silk, with pieces of cloth of all the colours of the rainbow sewed on to it zigzag, and pinned to this with great brass-pins were her pocket-handkerchief, a feather fan, a news-

V.
Give author and work where the following passage occurs:—

1. "Ah! two desires toss about
The poet's feverish blood.
One drives him to the world without,
And one to solitude.

"*The glow, he cries, the thrill of life,
Where, where do these abound?*
Not in the world, not in the strife
Of men, shall they be found.

"He who hath watched, not shared, the strife
Knows how the day hath gone.
He only lives with the world's life,
Who hath renounced his own."

paper, and many other things. (*The Lamplighter*, by Miss Cumming.)

V.

1. Milton. 2. Cowper, *The Task*.

VI.

"Cities and harbours, dragons and elephants, whales which fought with sharks, plate ships of Spain, islands with apes and palm-trees, and here and there 'Here is gold'; and again, 'Much gold and silver.'" (C. Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*)

VII.

She remembered the example of "Lord Edward," and "did not betray any emotion." (Frank Stockton's *Rudder Grange*.)

VIII.

1. Sir William Thornhill (*Tear of Wakefield*). 2. Julius Stedman (*A Woman's Kingdom*). 3. King James of Scotland (*Lady of the Lake*.)

IX.

1. Hon. Mrs. Norton, *The Danish King's Ride*. 2. Christina Rossetti, *Song-Song*.



HOW TO START A GIRLS' DEBATING SOCIETY.

NOT at Girton or at Newnham, where intellect pervades the air ; but at home, surrounded by house-keeping troubles, or in the midst of the engagements of social life, and the irritating details of everyday work. Picture a debating society in which there are no orators or platform women, but just your own friends and cronies ! It is in the common-place existence of home life that such an innovation as we have described is so specially good ; it is an absolute change of interest : it affords a happy meeting ground, which is neither a tea-fight nor a prayer-meeting, and where other subjects can be discussed than your neighbours delinquencies.

A theory appears to have gone abroad, that such a thing cannot exist among girls except at college, or at some similar seat of learning. Now, the number of girls to whom University life, whatever its advantages, is a possibility, is at present limited by various considerations. Many a girl cannot be spared from her home ; many a girl could be but too easily spared, if only the parental funds would allow it ; or there may be a dozen personal reasons why it is impossible for her to embark on such a decisive course. There is, however, no reason why this pleasant feature of college life should not be enjoyed by those who remain at home, without a soul being a penny or at most a shilling the worse for it in pocket, and to their great benefit in

other respects. A couple of hours, once a fortnight, can easily be spared, and set apart ; the subscription need not exceed a shilling or so, from every member.

Let us suppose a girl is keen enough upon this subject to wish to start a society of the kind. The first thing, in accordance with the old cooking adage, is to catch your members. At this point I do not hesitate to advocate the use of a little judicious mystery. Call a meeting—well, no ! not exactly ; but write a note to every girl you know, clever or stupid, and ask each to come and see you at some given time, as you have an Idea that you wish to impart to her. Be as vague as you like ; work upon her curiosity, it is no mean motive, and nine out of ten will turn up at the appointed hour. Give them no tea : that leads to gossip ; but seat them round a table, that makes them feel business-like and impresses them. Then propound your scheme, which, of course, will have been worked out beforehand, and ask their advice and assistance for it. Separately, each would have probably fought shy of it ; collectively, they will all become enthusiastic ; they will believe they have created it ; and you have at once the nucleus of a good debating society.

A society of this kind, once started, grows apace, and gives little trouble after the first few months. You may have a little difficulty at first

in getting girls to speak, but this obstacle can be got over by allowing the movers and seconders on either side to *read* their papers at the beginning; after two or three meetings the difficulty will be all the other way, for your members will have discovered what a marvellous flow of language they have, and will be anxious to display it. Even if they be compelled to speak standing, it will be found that they are only too ready to give vent to their ideas; and this last rule should, by the way, be most resolutely adhered to. A good president, or "Speaker," is a *sine quâ non*. My own view is that it is better to allow the members to elect a speaker from their own number, though there are some who favour the direction of a far older person; it is, however, probable that your members will pay more attention to the "Order! Order!" of the speaker of their own choice. No visitors should be allowed on any account, they are apt to make the girls think they are on show, and at the best they come from motives of curiosity; but it will be found a good plan to let each member have the right to bring one guest, or friend, as a candidate with a view to joining the society, if it please her. The question how members are to address one another is sure to arise at an early stage. In one society I know, this has been settled by each member adopting a constituency, such as "The Land of Nod" or "Castles in Spain," by which she is ever after known and addressed.

As to the time and hour of meeting, it will be found that once a fortnight, and some time between tea and dinner, suits most people best. Subjects may vary greatly, and range from Novel Reading to Capital Punishment; but it will soon be discovered that one subject grows out of another. Whatever it be, it must without fail be given out at the meeting preceding its discussion, so as to allow members time to do justice to it and to the society. If the funds of the concern admit of the expense, the issue of post-cards as reminders of the time of meeting and the subject of debate, about three or four days in advance, will facilitate matters. The feeling of the majority may of course be gauged by voting on any occasion. Minutes of the subjects discussed and the decision arrived at should be kept by an honorary secretary. Rules are indispensable, and they should be printed and circulated amongst

members, so that there may be no sort of excuse for irregularity. Talking on irrelevant subjects during a debate must be strictly prohibited, but expressions of applause or dissent will give a reality to the whole proceedings. In conclusion, while I do not pretend to have drawn a thorough scheme, or to have provided for every detail: I should strongly advise any girl who may have a turn for this sort of thing, and is fortunate enough to have a dozen friends living within a radius of three miles, to set to work to form a society of the kind we have sketched; it does not require any extraordinary amount of brains or money, it brings friends together in a pleasant, and at the same time intellectual way, while it introduces an entirely new element into the aspect and atmosphere of home.

Eva Anstruther.

ONCE a month, on * Mondays, and less * officially every Thursday afternoon, an insignificant and very dingy little door stands open in a back street adjoining Leicester-square. And from adjacent alleys, out of vacant areas, on all sides through those silent and mysterious approaches that always surround one in London, an ill-clad cadaverous little multitude stumbles and hurries towards it. It is a repressed, undemonstrative, hopelessly sensitive crowd. Its women wear faded silks and queer last century flounces; its men are mostly young, and come singly; their frock-coats are threadbare and shiny, their hands finely moulded but nerveless, their eyes gaunt and terribly urgent. Avoiding the greedy supplication of the beggar at the corner, one by one they glance past him into the little dark street, hesitate a moment, then muffling a veil or cloak more closely, cross over hurriedly and enter. Behind the dingy door it is pay-day for these indigents, claimants on the bounty of the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain.

The Society was founded more than a century ago, in 1738, to provide for the immediate necessity of old and ill-paid, very often starving, musicians, together with their widows and orphans.

Its origin was quite accidental. A celebrated German oboe-player of the name of Kytch, having made a great success in this country, took to drink, and finally, one fine morning, was found dead in St. James's Market. This event, closing

as it did so brief yet brilliant a career, caused some sensation for a time in the musical circles of that period, and then, as such events do, passed out of the popular mind. But Kytch, in spite of his failings, has been a magnificent oboist, and had made many friends. Shortly after his death three of them, Festing, a well-known violinist, Vincent, the oboe-player, and Weidemann, the flutist, who was also George the Third's music master, were standing at the door of the Orange Coffee House in the Haymarket when two boys passed by driving milch asses—the children of the unfortunate Kytch. The subscription which these three set on foot in the Orange Coffee House in aid of Kytch's orphans was the beginning of a fund annually set aside by many of the greatest musical lights of that time to alleviate the distresses of all other indigent musicians. From so small an incident was eventually established on April 19, 1738, the present Society of Musicians, afterwards incorporated by a Royal Charter.

In the Society's rooms in Lisle-street may be seen the portraits of some of the founders and supporters of the Institution, together with some extraordinary and interesting old records, letters, and personal memoranda. Gounod and Purcell were both patrons of the society, as Sir Arthur Sullivan and most of his competers are now. Handel during his life most warmly supported this Charity and at his death bequeathed it a legacy of a thousand pounds. He did more. He wrote a concerto expressly for the purpose, and played it at a concert given for the benefit of the Society in the Opera House of 1739, besides bestowing upon it the performance of the serenata *Parnasso in Festa* and others. *V. Cecil Cotes.*

“KEISERINDE AUGUSTA.”

(CLARA TSCHUDI: KJØENHAVN GYLDENDALSKE FORLAG, 1892).

THIS biography forms an able and interesting contribution to the history of Germany. The Norwegian authoress is well qualified for her task, having spent several years in Berlin, while her biography of the Empress Eugénie has given her the necessary experience. The book opens dramatically with Emperor William, at the age of eighty-three, weeping before a portrait of his

mother, Queen Louise. Of Queen Louise, one of the finest characters in German history, we obtain charming glimpses, while her son, Prince William, is necessarily one of the chief characters. We are told about his romantic attachment to Princess Radziwill, and about the rigid Prussian etiquette which made him break it off. Augusta next comes on the scene, a princess of Weimar, and daughter of the Grand Duchess Maria Paulowna of Russia, born in Weimar, then the Athens of Germany, and educated under the supervision of Goethe and other illustrious men. Augusta, at the age of seventeen, was the most accomplished, and perhaps the most beautiful princess in Germany. The pity of it is that her bright young life was so soon to be marred. At the age of eighteen she married Prince William. She had been struck with his handsome presence, and he with her beauty and vivacity. But on his part the union was mainly a *mariage de convenance*, and this the poor princess soon discovered. In the first place, their tempers and tastes were hopelessly divergent. The prince's one idea was the army (had not his mother, the good Queen Louise, been insulted by Napoleon, had not his country been ruined, and was it not necessary to be well armed against the French?); although good-natured, he was incapable of sympathy with the princess's refined and intellectual nature and her love of music and art; and unhappily, too, he was a faithless husband. Add to this that Augusta was naturally of a proud and impetuous temper, and the growing schism becomes intelligible. Politically, too, as a sympathiser with liberal principles, the princess was out of touch with a court which believed in the divine right of kings. The prince also became unpopular as a strong opponent of the spiritless policy of his brother, Frederick William IV. At last, in 1850, Prince William and his wife were sent to Coblenz, where his exile was veiled under his appointment as governor. This event proved the turning-point in the princess's history. Averse to the manners of Northern Germany, she had been nurtured partly in the more refined atmosphere of Weimar, and partly under French influences. On the Rhine she found a brighter and more genial climate, beautiful scenery, and, above all, a kindlier population. And here she began to find compensation for her sadly

blighted early hopes. From that period down to her death in 1890, she nobly and untiringly fulfilled her new and self-imposed mission as a foundress of hospitals and a benefactress of the sick and the needy throughout her empire. Nor must it be forgotten that latterly she was a constant sufferer from a painful malady, kindred to that which proved fatal to her son, Emperor Frederick. Fröken Tschudi also tells several good stories, for which we must refer to her book. The reviewer might have added others, as he formerly had many opportunities of seeing and of hearing about the august subject of the memoir. One little scene he may venture to describe. The Empress often worshipped at the English Church at Coblenz, and when she met the chaplain she generally stopped to say a few kindly words to him. One day the worthy man had been shopping for his wife and was carrying his parcels home. To his dismay he saw the Empress coming. There was no escape. So, hat in hand, and hugging his parcels under each arm, he made his obeisance. But, alas for his dignity, one of his parcels burst. It was a bag of rice. And during the whole interview the contents flowed steadily down his back !

J. Kirkpatrick.

* * *

THE book of the hour is "The Wrecker," by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. (Cassell & Co.) The papers have been full of the wonders of this romance, and amongst the book-loving public there has been a general sense of rejoicing that our modern Wizard has again spoken. For no one can quite tell a story like Stevenson. He has the power of casting a glamour over all who come under his influence. He has the power of making pictures look like reality, so that his readers go with him where he goes, breathing out their souls in his agonies, and rejoicing in his escapes.

The present romance, "The Wrecker," is not, perhaps, the greatest of the novels produced by this master of his art. It has by no means the distinct steadfastness of purpose which characterised "Treasure Island." "Treasure Island" was the work of a man with one idea. He had a story to tell—a straightforward tale of horror, bloodshed, and thrilling interest ; and he told it without looking to the right hand or to the left. "Kidnapped," too, with its breezy smell of the heather

and the pleasant North country, was unique and almost faultless in its way. The main interest in "Kidnapped" was also steadily sustained, and the tale was a genuine narrative, a story of the best sort, told in the simplest, soundest English, and the best style imaginable.

Now "The Wrecker" can scarcely be spoken of as a simple story. There is a story in the book—a thrilling story, too, with a grand, luminous, although horrible ending ; but the story is not the whole of this volume. There are many side-interests and side-issues, and the reader is sometimes weary, and sometimes puzzled, and sometimes inclined to throw down the book in despair of picking up the thread of the primary idea again. Of course, it is all right, and much better than any one else could do, but "The Wrecker" is not Stevenson at his best of best.

Still, it is a book miles above most other books, and has been already read by thousands and will be read by thousands more. The character-drawing in the book is so good as to be almost remarkable. Stevenson has evidently gone through a vast world of new experiences since he wrote his last romance, and out of these experiences he has evolved the shifting and many-sided character of Pinkerton. Pinkerton is a Yankee of Yankees ; he is a speculator with little pity for his victims ; he is a wild gambler with fate. At the same time he is lovable, and intensely true to his friends. Strange as it may seem, this creature with the wildest madness of speculation in his veins, and all the most objectionable attributes of the veritable Yankee in his manner and character, has, in many respects, the heart of a gentleman. He is loyalty itself to his partner, Loudon Dodd, and the best of husbands to the heroine of the story, Mamie. Pinkerton is also charmingly grotesque, and some of the most delightful parts of the book are about him. He is a man of ideas, and these ideas have many fantastic outlets during Loudon's stay with him in San Francisco.

"I've got it, Loudon," Pinkerton said. "Got the idea on the Potrero cars. Found I hadn't a pencil, borrowed one from the conductor, and figured on it roughly all the way in town. I saw it was the thing at last ; gives you a real show. All your talents and accomplishments come in. Here's a sketch advertisement. Just run your eye over it" :—

"*Sun, Ozone and Music!* PINKERTON'S HEBDOMADARY PICNICS. (That's a good catching phrase—hebdomadary—though it's hard to say. I made a note of it when I was looking in the dictionary how to spell *hectagonal*. 'Well, you're a boss word,' I said. 'Before you're very much older I'll have you in type as long as yourself.' And here it is, you see.) *Five dollars a head and ladies free. Monster olio of attractions. Free luncheon under the greenwood tree. Dance on the elastic sward. Home again in the bright evening hours, &c.* This was the origin of Pinkerton's Hebdomadary Picnics, soon shortened by popular consent to the Dromadary."

Stevenson is also a master of description. What can be more imposing than the following account of a storm at sea? "Overhead the wild huntsman of the storm passed continuously in one glare of

mingled noises; screaming wind, straining timber, lashing rope's end, pounding block and bursting sea contributed; and I could have thought there was at times another, a more piercing, a more human note, that dominated all, like the wailing of an angel; I could have thought I knew the angel's name, and that his wings were black."

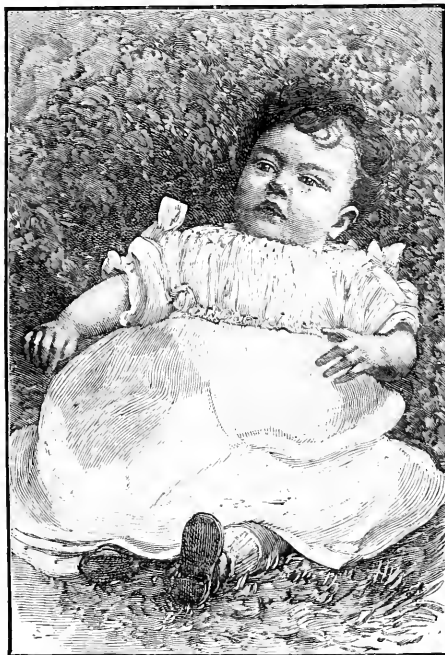
* * *

NEXT year, too, this Master of Romance is going to enchain the ears of the readers of *ATALANTA*. We do not yet know what manner of spell he will cast over us, but Rumour gives promise of something specially good, and I do not think we will any of us regret the fact that the new Romance will carry us back to old and beloved scenes, and to the country of "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

L. T. Meade.



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LORD STANLEY (now Earl of Derby), in an Address to the Students of Glasgow, said: "As Work is our Life, show me what you can do, and I will show you what you are."

WHAT QUALITY is MOST NEEDED in the LIFE of a GREAT PRIME MINISTER or an ILLUSTRIOUS STATESMAN? ELOQUENCE? NO!!! KNOWLEDGE? NO!!! TOIL? NO!!!

In answer to the question Mr. Pitt replied: "It is PATIENCE," a quality in which he was superb.

"What greater aim can man attain, Than conquest over human pain?"

IMPORTANCE OF EXCRETION.

THE condition of the organism which favours "taking cold" is not one of perfect health. The circulation at the time is feeble, and the blood itself not in a perfectly healthy state. Instead of passing quickly through the cutaneous capillaries, the circulation is retarded in the surface vessels, partly on account, as above suggested, of feeble heart's action, but mainly, I think, owing to the muscular fibres of the smallest arteries being relaxed, and the consequent dilatation of the tube of the vessel. The blood, very slowly traversing the cutaneous capillaries, being far too long a time exposed to the cooling influences, perhaps, of a draught of cold air, becomes the seat of chemical changes which differ from those ordinarily taking place in the blood constituents. The particular chemical compounds formed under these circumstances are not readily excreted. Remaining in the blood, they accumulate, and minute dioplasms grow and multiply. At length an influence upon the nerves is exerted, and then ensues the chilliness and other symptoms due to derangement of the action of many tissues and organs of the body which mark the invasion of the illness. After a time the materials in question begin to be eliminated and the patient gets well. If we promote the action of the excreting organs, we follow the suggestions of nature. —DR. BEALE, F.R.S., *Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine in King's College, London.*

The above proves that you can only catch cold when the blood is impure; also in proportion as the noxious substances (poisons) are removed by the organs of excretion, the recovery of the patient is assisted and cured, or, in other



words, you assist the only natural way by following Nature's teachings, by removing the various deleterious matters which have accumulated in the blood. Also, it proves you cannot take cold or fever when the blood is pure, because colds and fevers are nothing more or less than an excess of organic poison in the blood. How important it is, therefore, to everyone to have at hand some effective and simple remedy, such as ENO'S "FRUIT SALT," to check the disease at the onset, for this is the time. With very little trouble you can change the course of the trickling stream, but not the rolling river. It may defy all your efforts. I cannot sufficiently impress upon my readers the great importance of this matter. When a change is contemplated that is calculated to disturb the existing condition of health, let ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" be your companion under any circumstances; its use is beneficial, and never can do harm. When a feverish (cold, &c.) symptom occurs, the spark has been kindled, but you know not where it may end. And on this account it is a real necessity to have a simple remedy at hand that will always answer the very best end, with a positive assurance of doing good in every case, and in no case harm. Most persons never think of using any remedy until the feverish cold has got a firm hold, and then it is, of course, imperatively necessary to procure the best medical advice. But all that can then be done is to guide! The pilot can only so steer and guide as to bring the ship in safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm. I used ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life. —J. C. ENO.

TO ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.—Don't go without a bottle of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

It prevents any over-acid state of the blood. It should be kept in every bedroom, in readiness for any emergency. Be careful to avoid rash acidulated salines, and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" to prevent the bile becoming too thick and (impure) producing a gummy, viscous, clammy sickness or adhesiveness in the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal, frequently the pivot of diarrhoea and disease. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" prevents and removes diarrhoea in the early stages. Without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of life is immensely increased. There is no doubt that where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has in many instances prevented what would otherwise have been a severe illness.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation.

Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" Works, LONDON, S.E.

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